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Hollywood

GREETINGS

HOLIDAY

A Fawcett Publication

January

In Canada 15c

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MYRNA LOY



MYRNA LOY
Says It Pays
to be Homely

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Double Mint Gum

FOR BEAUTY OF MOUTH AND LIPS



**NATURE HAS PROVIDED A
WAY TO BEAUTY THROUGH CHEWING EXERCISE.**

*That is why DOUBLE MINT gum is so popular
with the STARS of the screen and stage.*

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487

A Dancing Darling (UNTIL SHE SMILES)



"Pink Tooth Brush"—

Makes her avoid all close-ups...dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm.

WHAT a heart-warming thing a lovely, swift little smile can be! And what a crusher of illusions it so often is.

It is true that a great many men and women are, unfortunately, *afraid* to smile. Neglect of the teeth, neglect of the gums, neglect of "pink tooth brush" have led to their own unsightly results.

No one is immune from "pink tooth brush." Any dentist will tell you that

our soft, modern foods and our habits of hurried eating and hasty brushing rob our gums of needed exercise. Naturally, they grow sensitive and tender—and, sooner or later, that telltale "tinge of pink" appears.

DON'T NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

And, neglected, that "tinge of pink" is often the preliminary to gingivitis, Vincent's disease—even pyorrhea.

Do the sensible thing—follow the

advice of dental science. Get a tube of Ipana today. Brush your teeth regularly. But—care for your gums with Ipana, too. Each time, massage a little extra Ipana into your lazy, tender gums. The ziratol in Ipana with massage helps speed circulation, aids in toning the gums and in bringing back necessary firmness.

Your teeth will be whiter with Ipana. Your gums will be healthier. And your smile *will* be the magic thing it should be!



IPANA

TOOTH PASTE

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. M15
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a 3¢ stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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Street _____

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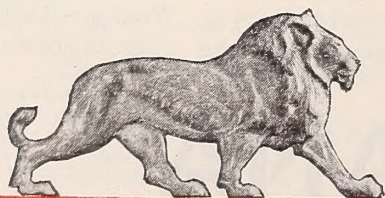


DAVID COPPERFIELD



ONE OF THE GREAT!

You have heard so much about it. The world's eagerness to see this beloved Charles Dickens novel on the screen will be amply repaid. The two years of waiting are at an end. Never before has any motion picture company undertaken the gigantic task of bringing an adored book to life with such thrilling realism. 65 great screen personalities are in this pageant of humanity, adapted to the screen by the famed Hugh Walpole. The original scenes, the vivid characters, the imperishable story . . . they live again!



METRO • Goldwyn • MAYER

Directed by GEORGE CUKOR
Produced by DAVID O. SELZNICK

W. H. FAWCETT, Publisher

DOUGLAS LURTON, Managing Editor



Wallace Beery finds another great rôle in *The Mighty Barnum*, a screen portrayal of the life of P. T. Barnum

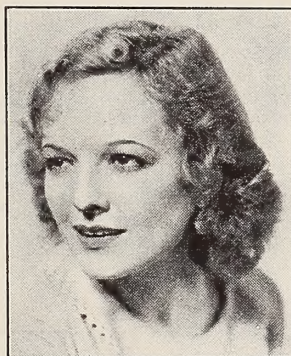
reason: too much kidding in Hollywood . . . Eddie Cantor's picture salary is reputed to be \$75,000 per vehicle with a percentage of the profits as well.

NOTES FROM THE EDITOR'S CUFF

THE THOUSANDS who attended the International Motion Picture Exposition in Vienna voted Wallace Beery and Katharine Hepburn as the greatest of all screen stars . . . 12,000 Charlie Ray fans scattered throughout the land have signed petitions to producers urging that Charlie be given a real comeback chance . . . Fay Wray, Canadian born, has been granted her final papers as a subject of Uncle Sam . . . Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., is in New York, where he will remain until the Lord and Lady Ashley divorce trial is concluded in London . . . the

OF INTEREST TO ALL FANS

IT WON'T be long now before Marian Nixon is a step-grandmother. When the youthful Marian wed Director Bill Seiter she acquired a twenty-three-year-old stepson and a daughter-in-law. And now the stork is hovering about the younger Seiter's chimney! . . . Ginger Rogers has written the book, lyrics and music for a musical comedy called *Three to Go*, and she'll produce it on the Los Angeles stage, hopeful of finding a Broadway buyer . . . No event in years has so thrilled Will Rogers as did the World Series . . . and you should see his imitation of Dizzy Dean warming up for a throw . . . Henry B Walthall and Mae Marsh are teamed in *Bachelor of Arts* for the first time since their appearance together in D. W. Griffith's *The Birth of a Nation* . . . Carole Lombard continues to send daily bouquets to Mrs Julio Columbo with cards bearing the message, "From Carole and Russ with love" . . . and Mrs. Columbo doesn't yet know of Russ' death . . . When it comes to big names on the guest list, Constance Cummings takes top rank as a hostess . . . when she and hubby, Ben Levy, gave a recent dinner in London, George Bernard Shaw, Clive Brook, John Barrymore, the Sultan and Sultana of Johore and the Duchess of Portland were among the big-wigs responding to the roll-call . . . Jimmy Walker, New York's ex-mayor, and his frau, Betty Compton, have signed to co-star in a production to be shot in England by our own Mack Sennett.



Dainty Marian Nixon is alluringly naïve and utterly adorable as the country cousin in *We're Rich Again*

Contents for January, 1935

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Cover portrait of Myrna Loy by Al Wilson

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J. Eugene Chrisman, Western Editor

With the NEWS SLEUTH

by HAL E. WOOD

*Nancy Carroll, resting between shots of her newest picture **Jealousy**, her first starring vehicle since she signed with Columbia*



Baby LeRoy is taking no chances on having Santa Claus pass up his house

Hollywood's reporter brings you the very latest, snappiest, up-to-the-minute gossip from Movieland

Greta Calls on George

THE GRETA GARBO-GEORGE BRENT palship is really getting somewhere now that Ruth Chatterton has divorced the handsome Irishman.

George's neighbors, peeping over the fence surrounding the backyard of his Toluca Lake abode, got the thrill of their lives when they discovered Greta sunning herself there, her gaze fixed on George as he went through his daily dozen with the punching bag.

The glamorous Swede has fully recovered from the attack of nerves that sent her to a hospital for rest following the completion of her rôle in *The Painted Veil*.

Ginger a Princess?

GINGER ROGERS has had hundreds of marriage offers since she crashed the movies, but none of them surrounded by the glamour attached to the altar pleas of the very, very rich Prince Singhji of Rajpipla, who wrote:

"I am mad about you, Miss Rogers. Will you accept my love and adoration and come to India to live as my princess?"

His Highness enclosed a photo of himself in polo togs and attended by two turbaned natives.

"It's rather tempting," Ginger confided to me, "but I think I'll pick an American when the time comes!"

Bill a Real Santa

CHALK UP THE name of cherry-nosed W. C. Fields as one of the more charitable of the stars. Seldom a day

passes that the comedian doesn't dig into his purse to aid some less fortunate soul.

Bill, entering Paramount's gates, espied nine-year-old Shirley McLennon in tears.

"What's the matter, child?" inquired Bill, taking her in his arms.

"I thought I was going to get a job," she sobbed, "but the director saw me crying and won't hire me."

"Why are you weeping?" Bill wanted to know.

"'Cause Towser, my dog . . . he . . . he got run over and killed just before I left home!"

Shirley not only got work, but a pedigreed canine as well. And Bill didn't stop there, either. That night he drove out to the shabby McLennon abode and completely restocked the empty larder.

Cultivates Voice

YOU'RE GOING to hear Claudette Colbert sing on the silversheet in the not far distant future.

Claudette is studying voice under Michelette Burani, who was her piano teacher when she was seven years old.

Al Smiles Again

THERE'S REASON a-plenty for the broad grin that decorates the countenance of Al Jolson these days.

Back a while ago, Hollywood was whispering that Al was washed up in pictures, so when producers failed to further seek his services, he submitted a proposition to the Warners. It was to appear in *Wonder Bar* on a strictly percentage basis.

So far, the talkie has grossed \$1,400,000 in the United States alone.

An Expensive Game

CLARK GABLE will tell you that horseracing truly is the sport of kings—kings with million-dollar income—and the star knows whereof he speaks.

A year ago, Clark unfurled his bankroll and purchased a filly named *Beverly Hills* as the initial cog in what he planned

Please turn to page eight

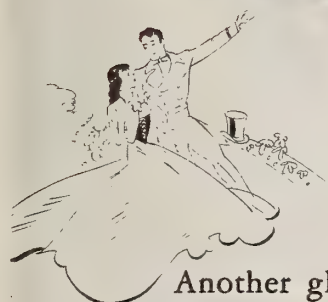
SOCIETY



EVERYBODY who is anybody in Hollywood is week-ending at Palm Springs now, for the social session is at its height at the desert resort . . . Jack Oakie "ribbed" Ernst Lubitsch into tossing off a swanky party for the younger set . . . and Jack and Mary Brian and the rest of their crowd showed up in rompers and gingham.

TOMMY FARRELL, Glenda's handsome son, is a diplomat . . . when Glenda entertained in honor of his birthday, one of the guests inquired as to his age . . . "I'm seventeen years younger than Mother!" was Tommy's retort . . . Patricia Ellis' pals tendered her a unique surprise party upon her return from an Eastern sojourn . . . Anna May Wong was hostess to thirty guests at dinner at the Tuey Far Low cafe in the heart of Los Angeles' Chinatown the other night . . . Anna wore a gown of aquamarine blue lame, with accordion pleated skirt and tunic for the occasion.

RKO - Radio's Christmas Gift to the World



Another glorious Hepburn romance to share your treasured memories of "Little Women". Another beautiful RKO picture from one of the great love stories of the ages. Another radiant acting triumph by the year's outstanding star, as she brings you a role endearingly different—the

Katharine
HEPBURN
in **"THE LITTLE MINISTER"**

by SIR JAMES M. BARRIE

With JOHN BEALE and ALAN HALE

An RKO-Radio Picture

Directed by Richard Wallace • A Pandro S. Berman Production

fire and wistful tenderness of Barrie's immortal Gypsy "Babbie". Really something more than a motion picture—a Christmas gift for your heart!

All of life's gladness... all its pain... blended in love's old sweet song!



Hollywood Offers You 3 steps to Beautiful Hair

Screen stars say, "Your hair is the key to your personality." Merely by a different hair arrangement a star can transform herself instantly from a boyish minx into a queenly beauty. First, the secret of a fascinating hair-dress is a wave of soft, lustrous natural beauty. For this very reason natural **DUART WAVES** are featured in 89 Hollywood Beauty Salons and are the choice of Hollywood's stars. • Second, Hollywood beauty experts recommend **DUART RINSE** after every shampoo. It cleanses and reveals the true brilliance of your hair. It **TINTS** just enough to accent the natural hair color. 12 correct shades. Not a dye. Not a bleach. Package of 2 rinses, 10 cents. Third, if after

shampooing your hair tends to be dry or too fluffy, use **DUART PERMANENT WAVE OIL**. It will restore the natural soft silkiness everyone admires. 15 cents. At your Beauty Salon or use coupon below.



DUART

Choice of the Hollywood Stars

SEND 10c FOR DUART RINSE AND 15c FOR PERMANENT WAVE OIL. 25c FOR BOTH. MAIL THIS COUPON TO DUART MFG. CO., 984 FOLSOM STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

Check here for full size bottle of Duart Permanent Wave Oil.

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Black | <input type="checkbox"/> Golden Brown | <input type="checkbox"/> Ash Blonde |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Dark Brown | <input type="checkbox"/> Titian Reddish Blonde | <input type="checkbox"/> Medium Brown |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Chestnut Brown | <input type="checkbox"/> Golden Blonde | <input type="checkbox"/> Light Golden Blonde |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Titian Reddish Brown | <input type="checkbox"/> White or Gray (Platinum) | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Henna | | |

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With the NEWS SLEUTH

Continued from page six

as an extensive stable. But now that he's had time to figure up the cost of upkeep, he has changed his mind.

Beverly has won only one race since being acquired by Gable.

He will enter the steed in the forthcoming Santa Anita meet, then sell to the highest bidder.

Ruby on Her Toes

RUBY KEELER, erstwhile Broadway terpsichorean sensation, has been sent back to dancing school preparatory to her appearance with hubby, Al Jolson, in *Casino de Paree*.

While Ruby is the leading exponent of tap steps hereabouts, her forthcoming rôle is that of a toe dancer, which furnishes the whyfor of the added training course.

Memories That Live

IF YOU WERE to ask Norma Shearer to name her favorite leading man, she would tell you he is Fredric March, and thereby hangs a tale.

Back in their lean days in New York rooming houses with meals prepared over gas jets, when each was fighting for a toe-hold in their chosen professions—Norma in the movies, and Freddie on the stage—they pieced out their meagre existence by posing for advertising photographs, usually working together and modeling everything from hats to shoes.

They drew \$3 a day each for the tedious toil!

Pity Poor Shirley!

STARDOM ISN'T all ice cream cones and chocolates for the youthful Miss Temple. In addition to reading, writing and arithmetic, Shirley must study a daily French lesson in order to overcome the necessity of dubbing her voice in French versions.

Redmen Get a Break

IT WAS A GALA DAY for the Indians attending Sherman Institute, the government school at Riverside, California, when Mae West spent an entire day there selecting four braves for rôles in her forthcoming vehicle, *Now I'm a Lady*.

Excitement was so great among the 200 bucks, squaws and papooses enrolled in the institution that it was necessary to suspend all classes during the star's visit.

Wait Pope's Approval

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN and Johnny Farrow have not yet reached the altar, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding. The lass from Dublin and her author-fiance are making a final effort to obtain a special dispensation from Rome.

Johnny's earlier marriage that ended in the divorce courts provides the fly in the romantic pair's honey.

Clara's New Home

WHEN CLARA BOW leaves the hospital following her forthcoming *blessed event*, Rex Bell will lead her to a new home now under construction in Holmby Hills, overlooking Beverly and the Pacific.

Clara has finally disposed of her Bedford Drive abode, which has been on the market for two years, and now Rex is trying to find a buyer for their big Nevada ranch before he settles down to life as a sedate Hollywood business man.

While the ranch is showing a profit, Clara believes its supervision is taking up too much of Rex's time.



The inscrutable mask of the Orient! George Raft, walking to his dressing room after a day's shooting of Limehouse Blues

New Teeth For David

YOUNG DAVID HOLT, hailed as Shirley Temple's male counterpart, is discovering that fame has its drawbacks.

David recently spent two whole days in a dentist's chair while duplicates were made of all his teeth.

Seems a company was held up for three days a while back when one of the lad's molars fell out, so studio heads are taking no further chances.

Fay's a Nimrod

I LIKED John Monk Saunders' method of honoring wifey Fay Wray's birthday anniversary.

It was a dinner for two—Fay and himself—served in their own abode.

Two tables graced the room, one laden with food, the other with John's gifts to his betterhalf.

Included among the latter were a diamond bracelet and a 20-gauge shotgun. Duck hunting is Fay's favorite outdoor sport, and she's a crack shot.

Hats Off to Bing!

BING CROSBY has just been handed a new four-year (no option) contract by Paramount that means sufficient guaranteed income to insure him against financial worries for the balance of his life.

And Bing, who tasted of poverty in his boyhood, is salting away the bulk of his heavy earnings.

Superfluous Advertising!

JEAN HARLOW's auto carries bright red signs fore and aft reading: "FIRE!"

Bill's Cashing In

BILL POWELL won't have any financial worries during 1935, for he is already signed for ten pictures to be made during the next twelve months. At \$50,000 per rôle, you can figure it up for yourself!

The Net Widens!

BRITISH PRODUCERS have contented themselves with raiding the Hollywood studios for stars, but now they're going out after the children of the luminaries as well.

One London concern is offering \$250 a week for the services of the three-months-old son of Joel McCrea and Frances Dee. Of course, the firm wants Joel and Frances, too.

Harry Comes Home

HARRY BANNISTER, ex-mate of Ann Harding, is back in town for a brief stay, most of which is being devoted to Ann and their little daughter.

Report has it that the actor is seeking a reconciliation with the star.

Dick Digs In

NO HOLLYWOOD STAR is more appreciative of his celluloid throne than is Dick Powell. And now that Little Rock's pride and joy is at the top of the

Please turn to page ten

JANUARY, 1935

THE COMEDY SUCCESSOR TO
"IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT"



GREAT ALONE... PERFECT TOGETHER!

WARNER MYRNA
BAXTER LOY

" IN
Broadway
Bill"

A FRANK CAPRA
PRODUCTION

By
'ROBERT RISKIN

Based on the story by
MARK HELLINGER

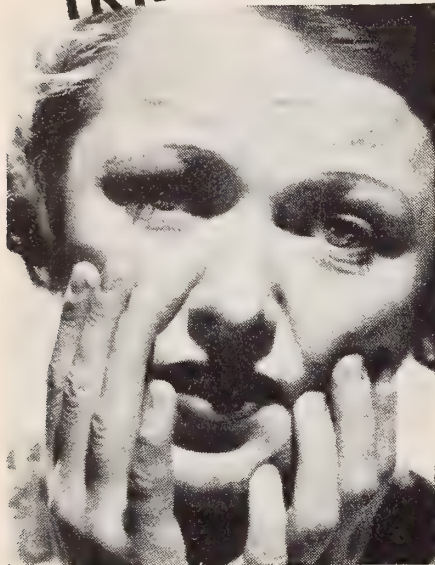
with

Walter Connolly—Helen Vinson
A COLUMBIA PICTURE

Ask at your favorite theatre when this picture will be shown



**NERVOUS?
FIDGETY?
IRRITABLE?**



**Thousands Find Relief in
This Remarkable
Nerve-Nourishing Food**

ARE you apprehensive, easily upset? Do little worries make you irritable and disturb your sleep? Do you often feel depressed and nervous? You do? Then you should combat your condition with a special nerve-nourishing food. You should supply your system with extra quantities of the substances now known to be absolutely essential to strong, steady nerves.

These substances are the vitamin B factors, the precious nutritive elements which, science has discovered, give tone to the nervous system and help to keep it stable. Ordinary foods contain only limited amounts of this nerve-protecting vitamin complex. Many common foods contain none at all! Is it any wonder that so many people fail to nourish their nervous system sufficiently to resist the strain of modern living?

There is one easy way that you can supply your nerves with the food substances they should have. Eat Yeast Foam Tablets. These pleasant tablets of scientifically pasteurized yeast contain concentrated stores of the vitamin B complex. They are pure yeast—and pure yeast, science now reports, is the richest known food source of the essential vitamin B elements. These elements will nourish your under-fed nerves, strengthen them and give them needed vigor and stability. At the same time they will help you to correct skin disorders, constipation, indigestion, lack of strength and energy.

Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today. Begin now to correct your touchy, irritable condition with this remarkable, nerve-nourishing, health-building food!

YEAST FOAM TABLETS

FREE

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

You may paste this on a penny post card

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO. FG-1-35
1750 North Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send free introductory package of Yeast Foam Tablets.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

With the NEWS SLEUTH



Continued from page nine

talkie ladder, he hopes to remain there for many years to come.

Picture rôles, radio broadcasts and vocal, instrumental and dramatic lessons leave the popular Dick with little time for recreation these days.

While Dick continues to carry the torch for Mary Brian, his over-abundance of toil affords him little opportunity to escort her about the mirth resorts. However, he doesn't give Mary much of a chance to forget him when she's in the company of his rivals.

When Mary entered a dinner place with Gene Raymond t'other night, the orchestra leader announced to the assembled guests that "the next number will be *I Have Only Eyes For You*, which we are playing for Mary Brian at the urgent request of Dick Powell!"

Sally's Set to Go

SALLY EILERS, who temporarily tossed aside her career four months ago to await the arrival of the stork, is all set to return to the screen as soon as her physician gives the signal.

Sally plans to limit herself to four pictures annually in the future, devoting the balance of her days to the upbringing of her first offspring.

Barrymore Still Ill

JOHN BARRYMORE is dividing his time across the Atlantic by working in a British film production in London and undergoing medical treatment in Paris.

The Crown Prince of Broadway's royal family has not yet fully recovered from the effect of tropical fever suffered two years ago, while an arm that became infected with poisoning several months back is still causing him considerable concern.

Dolores and the children—Dolores II and John, Jr.—did not accompany the actor on the trip.

Father Her Guest

COLONEL CHARLES J. O'SULLIVAN has arrived in Hollywood from his native Ireland, and plans an extended stay with his daughter, Maureen.

Alaska For March

DESPITE HIS physicians' warnings against too strenuous work, Fredric March, whose health has been far from robust in the last year, has signed for the
Please turn to page sixty-three



Johnny Weissmuller and Lupe Velez got an enthusiastic welcome from British fans upon their arrival in England. The film stars look happy but there are rumors that the war is still on

HOLLYWOOD



Donald Crisp as Dr. McQueen, warns Wearyworld (Andy Clyde), that he is courting trouble in casting aspersions on the name of The Little Minister and that anything he says will be used against him



Micah (Billy Watson), wistfully pleading the help of Babbie (Katharine Hepburn), to save his father

SIR JAMES BARRIE'S IMMORTAL CLASSIC COMES TO THE SCREEN

KATHARINE HEPBURN and JOHN BEAL in

The Little Minister



The Little Minister keeps his tryst with the beautiful gypsy girl who has bewitched him. John Beal in the title rôle and Katharine Hepburn as Babbie in a scene from The Little Minister



Again the bible in Katharine's hands plays its rôle in The Little Minister for the same bible was used in the stage version



Pointed comment on cinema affairs and people

by W. H. FAWCETT
Publisher of HOLLYWOOD Magazine

The Publisher's Page

An All-Star Issue

HOLLYWOOD MAGAZINE has always led the field in presenting the most interesting and fascinating news and pictures of Hollywood personalities. Next month it will fill a long-felt need with an all-star issue devoted more exclusively than ever to the intimate side of Hollywood.

Virtually the entire February All-Star issue will be written by the stars themselves—written right on the lot or in their own homes. Beauty, chatter and style features—all will reflect the personal touch of many outstanding film favorites.

No magazine in the world will be more intimately the stars' own publication issued especially for you—a magazine of the stars, and written by the stars. Watch for the February All Star issue.

No wonder Jack Oakie looks glum when a package arrives from San Quentin prison. Two years ago a convict sent Jack a woven hairbelt and the comedian mailed him a five-dollar bill. To date Jack has received fourteen hairbelts.



Pert Kelton

Drop One—Purl Two

PERT KELTON, one of our favorite comédiennes, tends strictly to her knitting these days. And when we say knitting, we mean it literally for Pert has been selected official knitter to His Highness Ancha-Se-Chan-Tung, four-year-old Prince of Tibet.

Here's how it came about. Not long ago a wealthy Tibetan merchant sent Pert some yarn from the wool of a sacred lamb with the request that she fashion a blanket for the little Prince, and Pert has enthusiastically set to work.

All of which affords us considerable satisfaction. The picture of a Hollywood star joyously engaged in the homely "drop one, purl two" process does much to affirm our faith in the genuineness of Hollywood people.

Ann Harding is looking for a lucky peacock feather. A lucky feather is rare for the superstitious claim this brilliant plumage brings misfortune. There are however a few lucky feathers and Ann wants one to wear during the filming of Peacock Feather.

Who IS Who?

SINCE THE APPEARANCE of the 1934 edition of "Who's Who in America" we have been trying vainly to figure out just how the editors of that book determined who was who in Hollywood.

We concur in the selection of such favorites as Katharine Hepburn, Ann Harding and Marion Davies, but it is difficult to know why Dorothy Mackaill and Norma Talmadge, neither of whom is prominent in films, should take precedence over Jean Harlow and Claudette Colbert. Nor can we understand why Ina Claire and Eleanor Boardman, both long absent from films, are picked when Mae West and Margaret Sullivan are ignored.

It is all very confusing so far as we are concerned but it strikes us that no board of editors can determine who's who in Hollywood. The verdict lies with the public.



Who's Who

Pleasant Prospects

ONE OF THE PLEASANT things to look forward to in 1935 is the certainty of most excellent fare from the film producers. We are going to see a whole lot of good movies.

During the closing months of the past year the screen brought us outstanding classics, history, biography and grand opera. The enthusiastic response of the public to these offerings has spurred producers on to a continuance of such good entertainment. Higher and nobler stories now fascinate on the screen where gangster heroes and problems of eroticism were displayed.

Doubtless the many censorship committees will take credit for this change but nothing could be further from the truth. The public determines what kind of films are wanted and the public has spoken.

The shades of old-time troupers must envy the Wheeler and Woolsey barnstorming tour, now playing one night stands, which travels from place to place in a fourteen passenger airplane. A contrast to the good old days.



Rudolph Valentino

The Sheik Lives!

OVERFOND OF HARPING upon the short memories of movie fans, the swamis of Cineland received an eye-opening jolt the other day when they discovered that although Rudolph Valentino has been dead for eight years, his pictures *The Eagle* and *The Son of the Sheik* are still making money for his heirs, and recently more than \$6,000 in royalties was turned over to the estate.

One of the greatest stars of all time, Valentino won a place in the Hollywood sun which no other male star has ever attained. His magnetic appeal and fiery ardor commanded the adulation of millions. The years have not dimmed the luster of this fame for Rudy is one of the screen's immortals whose memory will never die.

A dead herring is the world's worst actor and if you don't believe it ask Wallace Beery. In the filming of The Mighty Barnum a barrel of herring was used as a prop and heat of the arc lights did things to that herring which didn't help the air.

The Spectacle MASTER!

NOT SINCE THE days of D. W. Griffith has any man so completely captured the essence of ancient times and done so much to vitalize history as Cecil B. DeMille.

The secret of his success lies, of course, in his thoroughness. Weeks of steeping himself in the subject go into every DeMille production before the cameras describe a single revolution.

DeMille has now turned to the period of the Crusades. And again his preparatory technique goes into action. Even while in the hospital, following a minor operation, DeMille thought of nothing but his next production. The walls of his room were covered with pictures of the Crusades. Even bit players were summoned to his bedside for a discussion of their prospective rôles. Fantastic? Not a bit of it! For out of such things are the great masterpieces born.



Cecil B. De Mille

MY GOOD LUCK WAS BAD LUCK

Says CONCHITA
MONTENEGRO

The story of a young girl who
shot to the top too quickly . . .
and the "spanking" Hollywood
gave her

by BEN MADDOX

BEHIND THE SCENES in fantastic Hollywood are countless amazing *real* stories of how stars skyrocket and why they slip. Right now I know no tale more interesting than that of Conchita Montenegro and her present comeback.

It is astounding, of course, for anyone just turned twenty-one to be staging a comeback. Yet this is precisely what she is doing!

Hers is the story of the spoiled young girl shot to the top too quickly. Some people must have their own self-importance thoroughly squelched before they can actually begin to amount to something, start to truly live. Conchita has been one of them.

Likely as not your recollections of her became dim. A vivid Spanish beauty, she had nearly faded out of the running. Then, when Will Rogers went into that deliriously funny tango-adagio-rhumba in *Handy Andy*, you saw her again as his vivacious partner. She is now Warner Baxter's heroine in *Hell in the Heavens*, and with this lead she has stepped up into the major league once more.

At Fox they are scheduling a bright future for her. Everyone on the lot adores her. She is hailed as so attractive, so divinely feminine and so *obliging*. This latter tribute is a brand new one for Conchita. And therein is the clue to her re-discovery!

● If you'll remember, she was first brought to Hollywood from Paris with a great deal of to-do by M-G-M. She scored opposite Leslie Howard in *Never the Twain Shall Meet*. Her future was promising then, too. But it didn't materialize; gradually there were fewer and fewer parts. She made a personal appearance tour, enacted leads in foreign versions, did several "quickies."

"There was a definite cause for my bad luck," she asserts today. "It was—*too much good luck when I was totally unprepared for it!*" This can be told, now that Conchita is sport enough to admit it herself. When she was at Metro, she was self-willed, difficult and frequently plain foolish.

"The trouble," she hastens to declare, "was that I'd not been brought up to respect other people's opinions, or to work." Born in San Sebastian, the summer capital of Spain, and daughter of a prosperous army official, Conchita and her older sister were educated in a convent.

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JANUARY, 1935

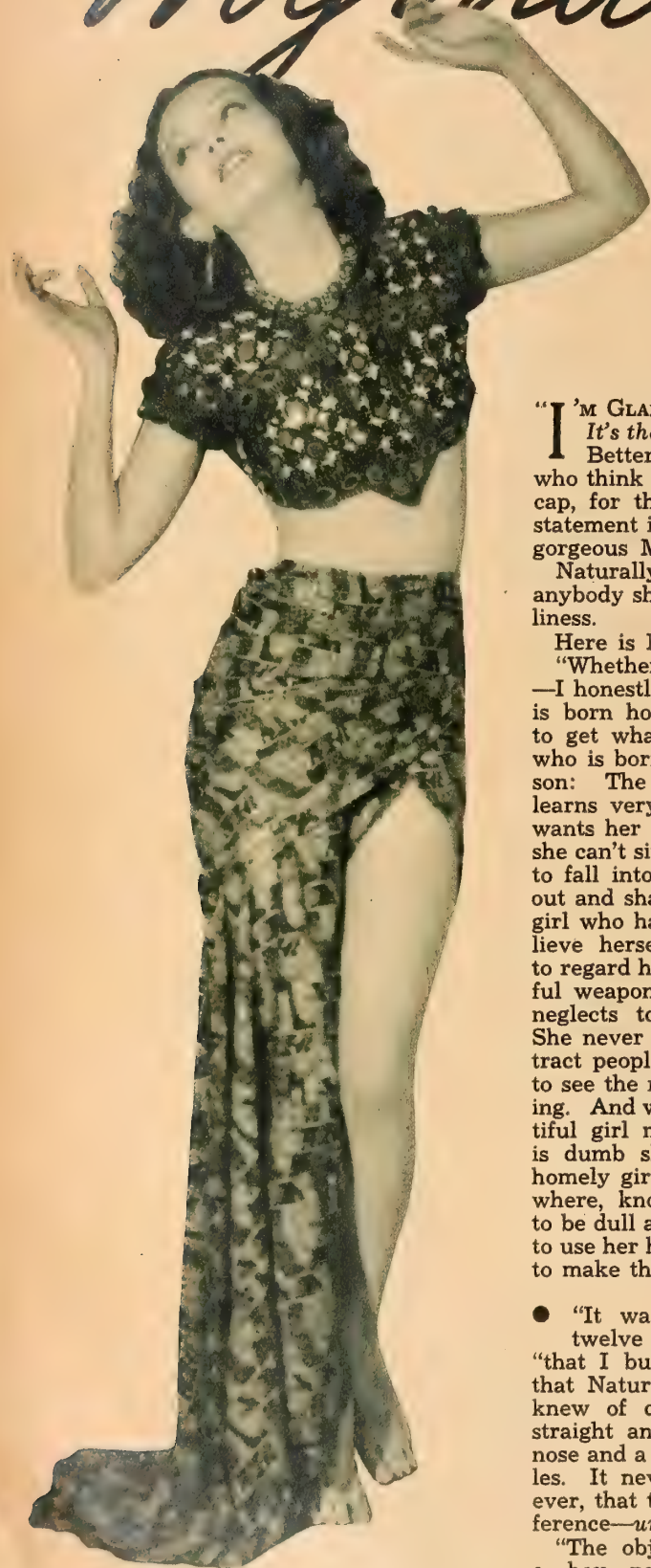


*Conchita Montenegro has the lead with Warner Baxter in *Hell in the Heavens*. She is the only woman in the cast and plays the part of a peasant girl with whom Baxter falls in love*

Myrna Loy

Says IT PAYS

by Grace Black



I'M GLAD THAT I was born homely. It's the luckiest break I ever had." Better read that again, you girls who think that homeliness is a handicap, for the author of that startling statement is none other than the very gorgeous Myrna Loy.

Naturally, you will wonder why anybody should be grateful for homeliness.

Here is Myrna's answer:

"Whether it's a career—or a man—I honestly believe that the girl who is born homely has a better chance to get what she wants than the girl who is born beautiful. For this reason: The girl who is born homely learns very early in life that if she wants her share of the world's plums she can't sit idly by and wait for them to fall into her lap. She has to get out and shake the tree. Whereas the girl who has been brought up to believe herself beautiful is too likely to regard her beauty as an all-powerful weapon with the result that she neglects to cultivate other charms. She never has to exert herself to attract people. Consequently, she fails to see the necessity of being interesting. And while it is true that a beautiful girl may attract a man, if she is dumb she seldom holds him. A homely girl, if she wants to get anywhere, knows that she doesn't dare to be dull and uninteresting. She has to use her head. And she has to learn to make the most of what she has.

● "It was not until I was about twelve years old," says Myrna, "that I bumped into the realization that Nature had done me wrong. I knew of course that my hair was straight and red, that I had a snub nose and a face splattered with freckles. It never occurred to me, however, that these things made any difference—until I fell in love.

"The object of my adoration was a boy named John Brown. He scarcely knew that I existed. To him I was just a red-headed, spindle-legged roughneck who threw stones and bloodied noses when anybody got fresh and called me 'Red' or 'Freckle-

Face.' He had eyes only for my playmate—a little girl named Jane.

"Jane had china-blue eyes and golden curls and a beautiful milk white skin. John would invite her to ride home on the handlebars of his bicycle, leaving me to tag along behind on foot. Each day I would think: 'Well, maybe he'll ask me tomorrow.' But he never did. Dimly I began to realize that it was because Jane was pretty and I was homely.

"Like every other girl, I wanted to be popular. I wanted to attract boys. It was obvious that I could never do it with my looks. I'd have to find some *substitute* for beauty. Then and there I decided that I would be a dancer or an actress. Looking back on it now, I know that my ambition was the result of the heartache that accompanied the discovery that I was an Ugly Duckling.

"In the years that followed I read every beauty article I could get my hands on. I began to massage my scalp and brush my hair and I learned to comb my hair in a way that was more becoming. I began to take care of my skin. I took a serious interest in my clothes. I worked like a dog at my dancing, for I knew that in order to compete with the girls who were pretty, I would have to be able to dance better than they did or I wouldn't stand a chance.

"And then one day I looked into the mirror and was suddenly aware that something had happened to me. My legs were not quite so spindly. My face was rounder and my hair had become fluffy. It even had the trace of a natural wave. I was quite astonished.

"'Why you don't look half-bad,' I told my reflection. 'Maybe there's hope for you yet.'

"Other people began to notice the change. 'What have you been doing to yourself, Myrna?' they asked. 'You're getting better looking.'

"A girl who is born beautiful becomes accustomed to being a receiving station for compliments. She accepts them as a matter of course. Only the girl who has taken the

Rôles like the above imprisoned Myrna for years behind an oriental mask. She hated these exotic parts and bided her chance to escape.

Myrna Loy a homely child! That's hard to believe! But read the startling statement made by the gorgeous Myrna herself in this exclusive interview with Grace Mack . . . Read of Myrna's fight for beauty and how she attained loveliness

TO BE HOMELY

assortment of features which Nature handed her, and through patience and perseverance has managed to improve upon them, knows what a real shot in the arm a compliment can be. I simply glowed.

"It was not, however, until I was about sixteen that I felt absolutely paid in full for all the time and effort I had spent trying to improve myself. If my career had ended then and there I would have had no regrets . . . Valentino had told me that I looked lovely!

"Here is the story:

"I had my first job as a dancer, in a prologue at the Egyptian theatre in Hollywood. Henry Waxman, a photographer, came to the theatre to make some pictures of the girls. For some reason he thought I was an interesting photographic subject and he made numerous studies of me. Little did I dream that this seemingly inconsequential incident would be the means of opening the door of opportunity for me.

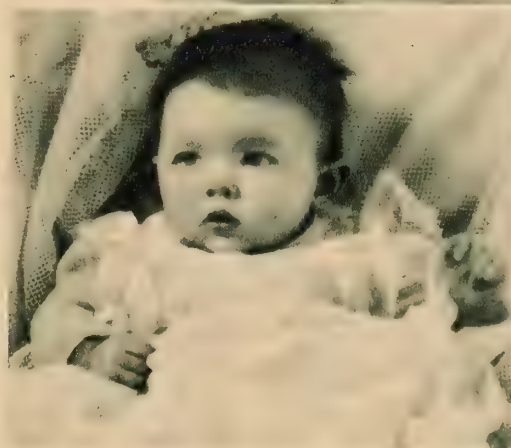
"A short time later, however, Valentino and his wife chanced—or *was* it chance?—to visit the Waxman studio. They saw my picture. Something about it intrigued them. Mr. Waxman showed him the other studies he had made. They told him they would like to have me come to their studio for an interview.

● "The day that I went to see Valentino will probably always remain one of the really big moments in my life. Like most girls of my generation, I was a Valentino addict. I had never missed seeing one of his pictures. The thought of actually seeing him in person and talking with him simply sent gooseflesh racing up and down my spine.

"I met Natacha first. I thought she was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen. I felt like a plain little mouse in her presence and I was terribly frightened. Then Valentino came into the room. He was so charming and natural that he immediately made me feel at ease.

"He explained that they wanted to make a test of me. Natacha loaned me a beautiful gown for the test. But there seemed to be no place for me

Please turn to page sixty



Myrna's homeliness doesn't seem to have started yet in this picture which shows her at the age of eight months. But then all babies are cute!

The Ugly Duckling Becomes A Swan! Myrna as she appears today in all the radiant loveliness of soft allurements. You'll see her next with Warner Baxter in Broadway Bill

LIFE IS A GAY ADVENTURE to

Miriam Hopkins

An intimate study of the sophisticated siren who knows what she wants and gets it . . . The story of a star who fights to make her dreams come true

by MARCELLA BURKE

She Loves Me Not. In this she played the part of a chorus girl. The critics panned her characterization, saying, "Miss Hopkins is not a chorus girl type—"

Miriam isn't and never was a chorus girl type. She is a miniature Michael Arlen heroine—romantic, alluring, extravagant and difficult!

Difficult to combat—few try it. Just before she had a job of any kind she was married to Austin Parker, a handsome aviator who came home from the war covered with medals.

Parker was a poor author in those days—Miriam hated poverty—she wanted money and success and fame. She clenched her little fists and through gritted teeth swore a solemn oath to succeed.

Miriam and her husband were both popular. They played around with the gayest and most amusing crowd in New York.

Miriam appeared in one or two amateur shows. They only whetted her appetite for the theatre more keenly than ever. She stormed the theatre where they had started rehearsal for the first Little Music Box Revue. Everything was chaos. Miriam walked up to a man and said, "Pardon me, but Hazard Short sent me over for a job in the show."

"Is that so—" the man lit a cigarette, flipped the match away, and looked Miriam up and down—coldly. "Well, I happen to be Hazard Short, and I never saw you before in my life."

Miriam was caught in a bare-faced lie, but she didn't budge an inch. She just flashed one of her swift, lovely smiles up at him and said, "Well, do I get the job Mr. Short?" They both laughed. Hazard was amused and said, "Sure, get over there in the line."

That was the beginning. That was her first professional job. In this same show, all the actors were "big league"—Ivy Sawyer and Joe Santley were the biggest dancing names in the business.

William Collier was a box office draw.

Wilda Bennett had her name in lights outside.

Miriam Hopkins was dancing in the chorus.

Today—twelve years later—she is one of Hollywood's highest salaried stars.

Please turn to page fifty-eight

TWELVE YEARS AGO Miriam Hopkins was a chorus girl in the first Music Box Revue in New York. Few people know that.

All they know of Miriam is glamour. They read her name on twenty-four sheets throughout the countryside—they see it thrown up against the sky in Neon lights—the unbelievably lovely Miriam!

Miriam Hopkins to them is an eloquent, artistic success who hides the tip of her small provocative nose behind sables—she is some one with innumerable legends shadowing her footsteps. She goes to sleep with white orchids beside her bed—she wakes only when her personal maid (following instructions) tells her her perfumed bath is drawn.

If Miriam Hopkins had been born during the reign of du Barry, the destiny of royalty would undoubtedly have been radically changed.

Life—to Miriam—is an adventure. It is a ceaseless excitement—willing things out of the ether.

In all her short life, Miriam has never known what it means to be bored. She has no use for people who say they are. She tells you breathlessly—"there isn't enough time to do one-half the things one wants to do."

Recently, Miriam made a picture for Paramount called

HOLLYWOOD *Beauty*



*Marlene
Dietrich*

Glamour, Allure, Beauty and Mystery—These are the qualities which lifted Marlene Dietrich from a German music hall to the highest pinnacle of cinema fame. You will next see her in *Carnival in Spain* and it is rumored that this will be her last picture under the directorship of her "discoverer" Josef von Sternberg



Hazel Forbes

Blond and beautiful Hazel Forbes, inherited millions of a tooth powder fortune and turned screen actress. She has played many colorful rôles

Binnie Barnes

Lovely Binnie Barnes scored an American hit in the English-made *Henry VIII*. Now she repeats the process in Universal's *One Exciting Adventure*





*Astrid
Allwyn*

Lovely as a poet's dream, blond Astrid Allwyn is one of Hollywood's most beautiful charmers. A successful New York stage career led to a contract at the Fox studios where she recently completed *Servants' Entrance*



*Ann
Sothorn*

Let's Fall in Love, first presented Ann Sothorn to the picture public, and her charming personality and wealth of talent has rocketed her to a high place in the ranks of screen favorites. She is now appearing with Eddie Cantor in *Kid Millions*



*Mady
Christians*

Mady Christians, glamorous Viennese star, is Metro's newest find. Formerly with the Max Reinhardt theater, she leaped to international fame as star of *The Waltz Dream*, produced in Europe. She has starred in German, French and English films and played on the stage all over the world. She makes her American screen debut in *Wicked Woman*.

Spitfire HEPBURN REFORMS



Katharine Hepburn has turned over a new leaf, her rôle in "The Little Minister" seeming to have worked the miracle

by JACK SMALLEY

YOU DON'T believe it?

Katharine Hepburn turning over a new leaf may sound as impossible as that well known leopard trying to change his deep-dyed spots, but it has happened.

No overnight conversion accomplished this. It has been a gradual transition between her last picture and the production of *The Little Minister*, but the fact that she has taken a different attitude has been forcefully demonstrated time and again.

Something has happened to our little Spitfire. Just what it was, nobody knows. Perhaps it was the strong emotional ordeal of her divorce; maybe it was the advice which her manager, Leland Haywood, gave her after that flight to Europe following the debacle of her play, *The Lake*. At any rate, the arrogant, high handed and stubborn Hepburn has changed for the better.

A few months ago the RKO publicity office would give you a hurt look if you mentioned Katharine Hepburn, and try to change the subject. She made life miserable for them. She had taken the stand that nothing mattered except a good performance—if that was good, she would receive good publicity.

Now they can't sing her praises in too loud a key, lauding her cooperation in publicising her new picture. And there you see lesson number One for Katharine: the value of publicity. The bitter experience of reading wrathful stories from writers, the denunciations of picture critics, and the unmerciful panning of her play taught her that publicity is powerful. The wrong kind of advertising can kill a show—or a star.

"You'd be astonished at the change in her," they told me, with pleased expressions. "Take this matter of still pictures—she will come in here and pose by the hour for pictures, though it used to be worth your life even to suggest sittings. What's more, her patience is amazing. If the prints don't turn out well, she blithely tears up the whole lot and calls for another appointment!"

"And say, does she pop ideas at you for exploitation? We wanted to make a trailer (those advertising reels announcing the coming attraction) and she said: 'Why not start with pictures of other actresses who have played in *The Little Minister*—Maude Adams, Ruth Chatterton, and so on to me?' Now, what other star would permit advertising other actresses? What's more, she insists on having John Beal appear with her in stills because, as she says, he is the Little Minister, and shouldn't be left out. And Please turn to page fifty-nine

JANUARY, 1935



Katharine Hepburn, in a scene from the famous screen version of Sir James Barrie's immortal classic, *The Little Minister*





Santa Checks up on



SANTA CLAUS is nobody's fool. You can bet that against the hankies you think you're going to get for Christmas, because that wise old gent has something up his whiskers besides pine needles and last years' candle drippings. During 1934 he kept a special set of books on the good and bad points of Hollywood stars, so that he can decide just what to leave by the artificial fireplace on Christmas Eve.

But he didn't count on HOLLYWOOD Magazine swiping that ledger out of his igloo, to scoop the stars on what they can expect from Santa this year.




Here you are, you trembling movie actors and actorines! Cast your eyes over Santa's book, and see what he thinks of your doings. And remember, it isn't too late if you see that the bad points outweigh the good ones. So here is the ledger, containing the lowdown by that wily St. Nick who sees all, knows all, and tells everything!

GOOD POINTS	BAD POINTS	GIFTS
<p>BING CROSBY. Now there is a fine lad; hope he continues to be a good boy, and gives us more like <i>She Loves Me Not</i>. Add two more good points—the twins. (Give Mrs. Crosby some credit there.)</p>	<p>Got put in the doghouse during the making of <i>We're Not Dressing</i> for keeping Director Taurog out all night.</p> <p>He and Carole Lombard tied a rope to the still man's camera and hoisted it to the roof.</p> <p>Makes Paramount worry by putting on weight.</p>	 <p><i>Triplets!</i></p>
<p>CAROLE LOMBARD. Proved she could act in <i>Twentieth Century</i>. Came back to start <i>Repeal</i> like a good trouser, though still suffering from the shock of Russ Colombo's death.</p>	<p>Still cusses when excited. But improving.</p> <p>Gets mad at stupid producers who want her to make stupid pictures, and makes one now and then in spite of herself. Put your foot down, Carole!</p>	 <p><i>A Real Vacation</i></p>
<p>MARLENE DIETRICH. When her studio make-up woman gave a little housewarming, Marlene came to the party and brought a gift.</p> <p>Keeps democratic; always lunches at Paramount cafe with common horde.</p>	<p>Caused great anguish and disappointment on return from Europe with trunks and trunks of gorgeous clothes—and then refused to appear in them, though all Hollywood waited in expectation. The meanie!</p>	 <p><i>Another Director</i></p>
<p>JOAN CRAWFORD. Kept her head and won respect by not rushing into another marriage.</p> <p>Has stuck by her career.</p> <p>Left off that extra splash of lipstick this year.</p> <p>Always gives us good pictures.</p>	<p>Suspicion that she has gone a bit coo-coo on cars. That big white limousine, and now that all white, satin upholstered roadster. Joan! How could you? And that horn can be heard fully three miles!</p>	 <p><i>A Plain Ford</i></p>

Good Boys and Girls

Scoop! Here's a preview of Santa Claus' ledger, where he keeps the records of Hollywood stars, and decides whether or not they deserve a Christmas present

by JOHN WINBURN

GOOD POINTS	BAD POINTS	GIFTS
<p>JEAN HARLOW. Well, you really finished that book, Jean! I like you to stick to things that way.</p> <p>Add good point; not letting personal problems sour her.</p> <p>Made her mother happy with beautiful room in new home.</p> <p>Lifted Bill Powell out of the dumps.</p>	<p>O, hum, with 115 pounds distributed like that, what are Jean's bad points?</p> <p>Hasn't sent the editor a copy of "Today is Tonight," her first book.</p> <p>Maybe he'll find one in his stocking!</p>	 <p><i>A Letter from Every Fan!</i></p>
<p>CLARK GABLE. For giving us <i>It Happened One Night</i>.</p> <p>Being always thoughtful of others.</p> <p>When a friend had no place to keep her dog, he gave it a home on his ranch.</p>	<p>Balks at picture assignments with women stars.</p> <p>Drives studio frantic by disappearing between pictures, when he is wanted for story conferences.</p>	 <p><i>More Dogs to Take Care of</i></p>
<p>W. C. FIELDS. For the biggest laughs of the year.</p> <p>For feeding that little blind duck on the pond back of his house every morning.</p>	<p>That fight with Baby LeRoy.</p> <p>GIFT: <i>New Rattle</i></p>	
<p>SHIRLEY TEMPLE. Refuses to be spoiled by compliments.</p> <p>Is Mrs. Santa Claus' favorite actress.</p> <p>Can now spell her name and count.</p> <p>Invited all Hollywood (almost) to her birthday party.</p>	<p>Shirley, you mustn't ask for so much gum—I heard you! After all, Mama isn't made of gum! But I guess you've been a very good girl.</p> <p>GIFT: <i>Carton of Gum</i></p> <p>Please turn to page fifty-six</p>	

It's hard to catch Santa! Shirley Temple planned to wait up for the jolly saint but she just couldn't keep awake



BIOGRAPHY OF A



Director Edward H. Griffith sits in front of the camera and James Wong Howe, Hollywood's most famous cameraman stands at his right, in this picture which shows a scene in the making from Biography of a Bachelor Girl. This picture gives an exceptional close up of behind-the-scenes, showing the arc lights, camera, microphone on its boom, and the sun shade held over the players. In the background right, are some extras

BACHELOR GIRL

*Right
on
the
Lot!*

When you see this scene
on the screen, remember
you saw it being made!

Ann Harding and Robert Montgomery are co-starred for the first time since When Ladies Meet. Here Montgomery is shown making a quick stop much to the camera crew's amusement

Photographed on the Biography of a Bachelor Girl set especially for HOLLYWOOD Magazine by Tanner

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Photographed on the Biography of a Bachelor Girl for especially for HOLLYWOOD MAGAZINE by Turner

What's new



Lucky Dog! But according to Hollywood gossip George Brent isn't doing so bad himself. Carbo and Brent in *The Painted Veil*

At Hollywood previews our staff of experts see the new pictures first and give you advance information on the newest offerings

Great Expectations

• • • • First to the finish line with the influx of Charles Dickens pictures, Universal romps home with a knockout in the mystery novel of the great author. Henry Hull as the convict presents fresh talent to the screen in a grand rôle and the rest of the cast falls in line superbly. Alan Hale and Florence Reed score heavily. The film clings closely to the classic book. Don't miss this one.—UNIVERSAL.

THE PLAYERS—*Magwitch*, Henry Hull; *Pip*, Phillips Holmes; *Estella*, Jane Wyatt; *Miss Havisham*, Florence Reed; *Jaggers*, Francis L. Sullivan; *Joe Gargery*, Alan Hale; *Mrs. Joe*, Rafaela Ottiano; *Young Pip*, George Breakstone; *Herbert Pocket*, Walter Armitage; *Young Herbert*, Jackie Searl; *Sarah Pocket*, Eily Malyon; *Molly*, Virginia Hammond; *Young Estella*, Anne Howard; *Uncle Pumblechook*, Forester Harvey; *Biddy*, Valerie Hobson; *Orlick*, Harry Cording; *Wopsle*, Douglas Wood; *Compeyson*, George Barraud; *Drumme*, Philip Dakin.

Kid Millions

• • • • This is Cantor's finest film, replete with grand comedy, tuneful songs, beautiful girls and a lavish background. The action takes Eddie from a Brooklyn barge to an ocean liner, an Egyptian palace and finally an ice cream factory in the U. S. A. Cantor at his best. Ethel Merman, Eve Sully and Warren Hymer get some great laughs. Don't dare miss this one.—SAMUEL GOLDWYN.

THE PLAYERS—*Eddie*, Eddie Cantor; *Jane Larrabee*, Ann Sothorn; *Dot*, Ethel Merman; *Jerry Lane*, George Murphy; *Ben Ali*, Jesse Block; *Fanya*, Eye Sully; *Col. Larrabee*, Berton Churchill; *Louie the Lug*, Warren Hymer; *Sheik Mulhulla*, Paul Harvey; *Khoot*, Otto Hoffman; *Toots*, Doris Davenport; *Herman*, Ed Kennedy; *Oscar*, Stanley Fields; *Adolph*, John Kelly; *Pop*, Jack Kennedy; *Stymie*, Stymie Beard; *Tommy*, Tommy Bond; *Leonard*, Leonard Kibrick; *Slade*, Guy Usher.

Broadway Bill

• • • • One of the smash hits of the year! Myrna Loy, Warner Baxter and a wonderful horse named Broadway Bill combine to make this a horse race picture par excellent. With a crooked gambling ring in the plot there is not an idle moment. Baxter and Myrna give charming performances. Highly entertaining. You mustn't miss this.—COLUMBIA.

THE PLAYERS—*Dan*, Warner Baxter; *Alice*, Myrna Loy; *Happy*, Lynn Overman; *Colonel*, Raymond Walburn; *Whitey*, Clarence Muse; *Edna*, Margaret Hamilton; *Eddie*, Douglas Dumbrille; *Rube*, Sterling Holloway; *henchmen*, Charles Levison and Ward Bond; *judge*, Samuel S. Hinds; *Pop*, Harry Todd; *Joe*, George Cooper; *Collins*, Charles Wilson; *trainer*, Forrester Harvey; *Whitehall*, Paul Harvey.

What Every Woman Knows

• • • • Excellent picture. Helen Hayes, self-effacing wife, makes her husband, Brian Aherne, a success then finds her happiness threatened by another woman. In the end however, her homely virtues help her in retaining his love. High honors go to Brian Aherne. Helen Hayes is good but disappoints just a trifle by over-emphasizing her rôle. Highly satisfactory show.—METRO.

THE PLAYERS—*Maggie Wylie*, Helen Hayes; *John Shand*, Brian Aherne; *Sybil*, Madge Evans; *La Comtesse*, Lucile Watson; *James*, Dudley Digges; *David*, Donald Crisp; *Alick*, David Torrence; *Venables*, Henry Stephenson.

Anne of Green Gables

• • • • A grand family picture with appeal for all. Tom Brown plays the lead but little Anne Shirley will steal your heart. The story, an old childhood favorite, is simple, but so worked out that there isn't a dull moment. O. P. Heggie and other members of the supporting cast are excellent.—RADIO.

THE PLAYERS—*Anne*, Anne Shirley; *Gilbert*, Tom Brown; *Matthew*, O. P. Heggie; *Marilla*, Helen Westley; *Mrs. Barry*, Sara Haden; *Mr. Phillips*, Murray Kinnell; *Diana*, Gertrude Messinger; *Mrs. Bluet's daughter*, June Preston; *Dr. Tatum*, Charley Grapewin; *Mrs. Bluet*, Hilda Vaughn.

• • • • FOUR STAR PICTURES • • • •



Eddie Cantor, in black face, and George Murphy in the musical comedy *Kid Millions*



Helen Hayes and Brian Aherne appearing in the screen version of *What Every Woman Knows*

on the Screen

RATING CODE

●●●● Excellent ●●● Good
●● Fair ● Mediocre

Kentucky Kernels

●●●● Four star flash for Wheeler and Woolsey fans. The two are foster fathers to "Spanky" McFarland. Spanky inherits a Kentucky estate. Wheeler and Woolsey assume a phoney southern accent and invade "Old Kaintuck." You can imagine what happens. In spite of the excellent comedy of Bert and Bob the real star is little "Spanky" McFarland. Clean, rollicking comedy.—RADIO.

THE PLAYERS—Elmer, Robert Woolsey; Willie, Bert Wheeler; Gloria, Mary Carlisle; Spanky, Spanky MacFarland; Colonel Wakefield, Noah Beery; Hannah Milford, Lucille LaVerne; Buckshot, Sleep 'n' Eat; John Wakefield, William Pawley; Colonel Ezra Milford, Louis Mason; Jess Wakefield, Frank McGlynn; Hank Wakefield, Richard Alexander.

The Painted Veil

●●●● A dramatic masterpiece in which Garbo turns in a masterly performance. The wife of a doctor in back country China, she finds a lover when her husband neglects her but after many trials goes back to her first love. Garbo was never more glamorous. Herbert Marshall, George Brent and Jean Hersholt form an excellent supporting cast.—METRO.

THE PLAYERS—Katherine, Greta Garbo; Dr. Fane, Herbert Marshall; Townsend, George Brent; General Yu, Warner Oland; Olga, Cecilia Parker; Professor Koerber, Jean Hersholt; Frau Koerber, Beulah Bondi; Annah, Soo Yong; Mrs. Townsend, Katherine Alexander; bridegroom, Billy Bevan; Waffington, Forrester Harvey; Dr. Feng, Keye Luke.

Music In the Air

●●●● John Boles and Gloria Swanson combine their talents and melodious voices to make this an entertainment masterpiece. The story is slight, that of a Bavarian girl and her father seeking to sell songs written by the father. Arriving in the Big City, they become involved in a number of mishaps. Douglass Montgomery is positively gooey but the film is excellent entertainment.—FOX.

THE PLAYERS—Frieda, Gloria Swanson; Bruno, John Boles; Karl, Douglass Montgomery; Sigelinde, June Lang; Dr. Lessing, Al Shean; Weber, Reginald Owen; Uppmann, Joseph Cawthorne; Cornelius, Hobart Bosworth; Martha, Sara Padden; Burgomaster, Roger Imhoff; Krischner, Jed Prouty; Zip Felhuber, Christian Rub.

Flirtation Walk

●●●● Another Warner musical masterpiece. No backstage story, the plot is laid in Honolulu and West Point.

JANUARY, 1935

●●●● FOUR STAR PICTURES ●●●●



Henry Hull, George Breakstone and Alan Hale in the Dickens classic, *Great Expectations*



Noah Beery, Robert Woolsey, Mary Carlisle and Bert Wheeler in *Kentucky Kernels*

Private Dick Powell is chauffeur for the General's daughter, Ruby Keeler. They drive to the Hawaiian beach where love is inspired by a beautiful native dance and you can guess the rest. Dick is appointed to West Point and all is well. Good fun.—WARNER.

THE PLAYERS—Dick Dorcy, Dick Powell; Kit Fitts, Ruby Keeler; Sgt. Scrapper, Pat O'Brien; Oscar Berry, Ross Alexander; Gen. Fitts, Henry O'Neill; Lieut. Biddle, John Eldredge; Sleepy, Guinn Williams; Eight Ball, Glen Boles; Spike, John Arledge; Gen. Landacre, Frederick Burton; Chase, John Darrow.

Please turn to page sixty-two



"You can't make fun of my red hair" Anne Shirley tells Tom Brown in *Anne of Green Gables*



Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell in a big moment from *Flirtation Walk*



—Photo by Devoy



An intimate picture of Movie-land written by one of its most charming members

Mary Brian was fourteen when she played her first rôle of Wendy in Peter Pan. She grew up with the movies and is today one of the most popular girls in Hollywood. Her next picture is College Rhythm with Joe Penner.



A Star's Day in Hollywood

by
Mary Brian

I OPENED MY EYES sleepily. A clock was striking in muffled tones just outside the doorway and brother Terry was practising his clarinet somewhere about the house. I peeked anxiously at the clock on my dressing table for I had an ominous feeling of having overslept. Heavens!—twenty minutes after six and the call on the set at Paramount was for eight-thirty. I whistled and ran to the bathroom to draw a cold tub. It was a little too cold and I put on a suit for a dip in the swimming pool outside. The water was glorious and my pretty Alaskan husky dog, "Northern Lights," came running out to frolic along the edge of the pool. He set up a terrific barking and growling when I splashed water all over him.



W. C. Fields came out of his home across the pond and shouted something about "waking honest folks from their slumbers" and I shouted back at him. His associate, Tammany Young, came out with an armload of pots and pans for the motor trailer that W. C. shaved and bathed in as he was driven to work. They both began to argue about something, but they were too far away to make out the cause and I went into the house for breakfast with Mother. A very light breakfast it was, too—orange juice and toast. Not a part of my regular diet, but I was behind schedule that morning and had to skimp somewhere. I went into my room and changed hastily into a heavenly little sports suit of tweed I had purchased in Hollywood the evening before. Mother brought the car out of the garage for me and I paused for a moment in the hope of hearing Bing Crosby singing in his bath next door. But the only sound was the crispy twitter of the birds and

the less joyous sound of my brother with the saxophone. I kissed Mother and drove out into the workaday world.

● Going over Cahuenga Pass from the valley I headed right down Vine Street to the Paramount studios. My pretty little white dressing bungalow there, with the white carpet and chintz curtains, had just been given a new coat of paint and I stepped carefully inside to put on the heavy panchromatic makeup. On the sound stage Jack Oakie seemed to be the only one on time and we spent a little while drawing animals on a back wall of the set. I drew an elephant and Jack drew a cow, then I sketched an alligator and Jack tried another cow. We also did a few studies of the little mechanical duck which served as a stand-in for Joe Penner's regular duck, Goo Goo, and were working on a very unflattering portrait of the director when he put in an appearance. After rehearsing us all morning the director decided to confer with the supervisor before making any takes. Jack and I bawled him out well for having made us put on makeup, but he

Please turn to page fifty-seven

An Open Letter to BORIS KARLOFF

From J. EUGENE CHRISMAN

In which Gene expresses gratification to the creator of his
nightmares



Dear Boris:

Perhaps you do not know it, Boris, but you are a national benefactor, fit to stand beside Washington, Lincoln, Edison, the NRA and Aimee Semple McPherson. Millions of insomnia victims from Florida's keys to Puget Sound's fogs are remembering you in their prayers because of what you have done for them.

I myself am one of those unfortunate beings who, being unable to find the favor of Morpheus, have spent my nights for years, counting sheep until a sheep became to me a thing of horror. If all the sheep I have counted were laid end to end, I have no idea what would happen but something surely would. Then I saw you in the rôle of *The Monster*, in Frank-

enstein. I returned home and when I put on the upper half of my pajamas, (which is all I have any use for), and turned in for another night of counting sheep, imagine my surprise and gratification to find a nightmare all saddled and bridled, just for me to ride. And my what a nice time I had. Instead of laying there, flat on my back, engaged in counting endless lines of sheep jumping over a gate, I was enabled, because of your talent for horror, to spend it galloping over meadow and vale, astride a lovely nightmare. Now when I am unable to woo sleep, I merely look through the list of what is showing at the neighborhood theatres, select your most recent horror effort, and return home to resume my nocturnal efforts

as an equestrian. Thank you Boris and thank you for my fellow men who share these rides. As a matter of fact, Boris, a select group of we insomnia victims have been getting together for these midnight rides on our nightmares and have been several times mistaken for Victor McLaglen's Light
Please turn to page fifty-three



SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S MOTHER REPLIES

To J. EUGENE CHRISMAN

Dear Mr. Chrisman:

Your open letter to Shirley was most kind and considerate. As you surmised, Shirley does not write and all she ever reads is picture-story books of the simplest nature. In view of the fact that you requested me to answer for Shirley, I will try and comply as straightforwardly as possible.

The kindly feeling shown in your letter is in keeping with the general attitude of the public. Let us right here correct any impression that people are rude toward our little girl. No one has ever been other than sweetly considerate, but naturally when we go to any public place crowds gather and stare. We try to avoid these crowds, figuring it is best for Shirley that she not become conscious too

*Shirley
doesn't write
so she got her
mother to answer
Gene's
letter*

soon of the fact she is the cynosure of all eyes and therefore of greater importance than other children. We aim to keep her a plain, simple child as long as we can, and I am sure you will agree with us in this decision and endeavor.

Concerning your reflection of the short careers of other children in motion pictures and how many skyrocketed to fame and then fell equally precipitous into oblivion, there seems to be little we can do about that. Shirley will remain in public favor only as long as the public wishes. We will try to avoid mistakes and apparent pitfalls, but, after all, it is the great public that determines the fate of a child or an elder actor.

Even in the case of some, who, as you point out, shone brightly for a short time and then faded away into the great unheard-of and unsung class, we must admit they did accomplish something. They, at least, had their hour and day in a huge world that continually brings forth millions of roses to bloom and blush unseen.

If the time comes when the public
Please turn to page fifty-two

THE GOOD FAIRY

Margaret Sullavan lives up to the letter of her latest rôle and invites you to the set for a series of intimate close-ups of her newest picture



Playing a scene for The Good Fairy, Margaret Sullavan comes to grief as Beulah Bondi, Anne Darling and the children cluster about her



➡
Character man par excellence, Alan Hale, last seen in Great Expectations, lends his talents to The Good Fairy — welcome news to the fans



←
The bewhiskered Herbert Marshall, co-starred with Miss Sullavan, in a dramatic scene with Frank Morgan

Even an orphanage has its moments when there are good fairies like Margaret Sullavan present

HOLLYWOOD



In this intimate production shot, Margaret Sullivan, flanked by powerful lights, undergoes the questioning of Beulah Bondi, superintendent of the orphanage where the early scenes are laid. Director William Wyler (in white shirt) is shown seated directly beneath the camera

An advance showing of Universal's "The Good Fairy," in which Margaret Sullivan reveals still another phase of her brilliant personality in the film version of Franz Molnar's famous stage play



The orphanage gate—strange setting for a fairy—with Margaret Sullivan as the lovable waif who will win your heart

Made up for her Good Fairy rôle, Peggy takes her ease between scenes on the tailgate of a truck



MISTER MURPHY

"O Paddy dear and did ye hear,
The news that's goin' 'round?"

THE NEWS THAT'S goin' 'round Hollywood is that Columbia, the studio which turned out *It Happened One Night* and *Lady for a Day*, has signed a young Irish lad by the name of George Murphy who is destined to make the screen's other young leading men, sit up and take notice.

Who is he? Did you ask me that? Have we seen him on the screen? Where did he come from?

Perhaps you haven't seen him on the screen, that is unless you have seen Eddie Cantor's recent film, *Kid Millions* or Columbia's picture, *Spring 3100*. These are the only two films in which he has appeared to date but that is enough. If you haven't seen either, grab your hat and run, not walk, to the nearest theatre where they are playing. You should have an eyefull of this lad, George Murphy.

George was born in New Haven, Conn., on Independence

George Murphy he was born and George Murphy he remains despite directors who want to re-christen him . . . He's a broth of a lad whose Irish guile threatens to win the hearts of all the ladies of the land

by J. EUGENE CHRISMAN

Day, 1903 which makes him just 31 years, doesn't it? His father was Mike Murphy, the great Mike Murphy, the most famous athletic director the University of Pennsylvania ever had. George was quite an athlete too at Yale where he graduated in the class of '26 with Peter Arno, the cartoonist, and Rudy Vallée, the crooner, as his classmates. In fact he earned so many letters at college that he has never liked alphabet soup since.

George and his beautiful wife, (yes, girls he's married and working at it), were a well known dancing team on Broadway when the eagle eye of Samuel Goldwyn spotted him. He had been in Hollywood once before, with George Olsen's band but the studios would have none of him. A screen test proved that he was just the lad Mr. Goldwyn wanted for the juvenile and romantic lead with Eddie Cantor in *Kid Millions* and so, almost before they knew it, Mr. and Mrs. Murphy were on their way to Hollywood.

But Mr. Perlberg, the casting director for Columbia had also spotted Mr. Murphy and before the final face had fallen to the cutting room floor on *Kid Millions*, Columbia had him under contract.

"The first thing they demanded was that I change my name," grins George, "but I reminded them that Murphy was a fine old Irish name when Hollywood was a grazing ground for deer and told them to go to the devil. Murphy I was born and Murphy I remain. The Irish are like that!"

This lad, George Murphy, is a broth of a boy indeed. He

stands five feet eleven inches and is one hundred and seventy-three pounds of solid muscle and bone. His shoulders are wide, his hips narrow and he walks with the light swinging stride of the trained athlete. His face carries the very map of Erin's Isle and his eyes are that smoky Irish blue, like the morning mists over the waters of Killarney. His hair is brown and he smiled as easily as any man you ever knew. Few men in the world today excel him in dancing, and he dances everything from an Irish jig to the carioca. His voice is low and pleasant.

His first ambition was to be a fireman and ride on one of those shiny red trucks, but he compromised on Yale and an engineer's degree. He went to Johnstown, Pennsylvania to get experience in a soft coal "slope" mine. A few months of this and he happened to be in the way when a cable broke, and away he went to the hospital for several months.

"I was so broke it was pitiful," he admits, "and so, back in New York it was a job, quick, or the park bench for me. I went in as a runner for a Wall Street brokerage firm. The Big Boss fired me for something which was

Please turn to page fifty

"YES, MOTHER, I AM GOING TO BE AN ACTOR"

Here is the heart-gripping story of seven-year-old David Holt's amazing conquest of Hollywood

PARAMOUNT was casting *You Belong To Me*. Al Werker, the director, was having the customary difficulty of finding a child suitable for an important rôle. Scores were tested and found wanting until at last Werker did what many a director has done before him, he assigned it to Dickie Moore.

Among the group of rejected ones was a bright, manly little chap named David Holt. The prospects of his getting the part had looked bright and although the failure didn't bother David much, it was tragedy to his mother. There wasn't any too much to eat in the house and the cupboard, like Old Mother Hubbard's, was almost bare.

Then came a ray of hope. On the eve of production, Dickie Moore was stricken with illness. Again the distracted Werker called for tests. Little seven-year-old David was led before him. Werker took one look,

"Too tall," he told Max Shargin, the boy's agent, "entirely too tall."

But by this time little David had come to know what it meant to his mother for him to get the rôle. He burst into a flood of tears. Werker looked at him again,

"Can you cry like that before the camera?"

"Sure I can," smiled David through his tears, "honest I can, Mr. Werker."

And so a new star was born. David got the part and there was rejoicing in the Holt household, for Mrs. Holt the gallant mother who had planned an acting career for her little David, even before he was born, knew that the long quest was ended.

When the first day of shooting was over, Werker went to a studio executive.

"That kid, David Holt, has something. I think he's the next big child star if we give him a break in this picture. Let me re-write his part and fatten it and I'll show you something which will surprise you."

When the picture was previewed, Werker's judgment was vindicated. Little David, in his first important rôle, had walked away with the picture. Even Lee Tracy, the featured lead, admitted that. Paramount, aware that they

Please turn to page sixty-one



Martha Massey Holt and David. Her own burning desire for a stage career frustrated, she determined her son should have his chance



by
**ALYCE
CURTIS**

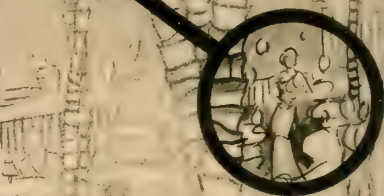


Alice Faye's silver cloth tunic has a cowl neck caught on each side with jeweled clips. It drapes flatly over each shoulder to the back waistline

Kathleen Burke glitters as she dances with Howard Wilson. An all-over design of tiny crystal beads is the only trimming on this gown of fine flesh crêpe with floating panels



Misty rose beige crêpe is draped to accentuate Carole Lombard's beautiful figure with floating panels providing a train. The jacket has rich lapels of blue fox



AT COCOANUT GROVE

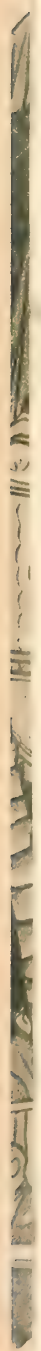
The latest finery worn by famous screen stars at the Ambassador Hotel's exclusive night club . . . Snapped and described for you by the Hollywood Style Sleuth



The focal point of Lupe Velez's costume is her collection of precious gems. Her gown has the new low square decolletage. June Knight's crinkly crêpe dress has a halter neck and cut-out sleeves

The dress worn by Mady Christians is of satin with blue and silver threads interwoven. The fullness of the skirt is at the back and ends in a little fishtail train

Sheila Mannors' ensemble of black velvet makes a stunning appearance with its full ruffle of starched mousseline edging the square collar



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HARRY CARR'S

The passing show of Movieland graphically portrayed by a noted film commentator

Shooting Script



Happy Days Are Here Again! Lovely Nancy Carroll, she of the auburn hair and dancing eyes comes back to the screen in the Columbia film, *Jealousy*



"No divorce for me!" Charles Farrell, film favorite tells the press upon his return to New York from a European sojourn

YEARS AGO, WHEN I worked with D. W. Griffith, there was an actor whom we all admired and hated. We dreaded his bitter and sarcastic tongue. I never have known any one who could make you feel so small, worm-like and inconsequential as Lowell Sherman. If he had just smiled that cold and contemptuous smile at Lindbergh as he was taking off for his world flight, Lindy would have climbed out of the plane and hunted a job as the driver of a garbage wagon.

And now the miracle: Lowell has

become one of the finest directors ever in a Hollywood studio; and his long suit—believe it or not—is his sympathetic understanding. He can make actors do better than they thought they could.

Mae West has never again been so good as in *She Done Him Wrong*. *Morning Glory* is likely to be remembered as the supreme masterpiece of Katharine Hepburn.

Mr. Sherman has been directing *Night Life of the Gods* which—from studio rumors—seems to be distinguished by the tons of fish old Neptune threw around.

Becky Sharpe

SHERMAN'S NEXT BIG picture will be *Becky Sharpe* with Miriam Hopkins.

It will be a test. I have seen two or three versions of *Becky Sharpe* on the screen; and each one has been slightly worse than the other. In most of them, the only virtue was some extremely handsome British huzzar uniforms.

Account for it in any way you will, it was not until the past two or three years that the movies learned how to make historic pictures. Lubitsch made two good ones before that; but *Henry VIII* really started it.

Slap At Hitler

IT WAS NOT entirely a spontaneous outburst of their love of art that induced Hollywood to get behind Max

HOLLYWOOD



by

Harry Carr



What! No 'arf and 'arf. Fawncy that! Douglas Fairbanks lunching at the Washington airport enroute to the coast. Eddie Rickenbacker, war-time ace (left) and Joseph Schenck, film producer (center)

Reinhardt. He had been over here twice before; and none of the producers could see him with a telescope. It was not until Hitler confiscated his estates; sent him flying from Germany—literally in the pants he wore that they cinched in their belts and decided to make him a success. When expelled from Germany, Reinhardt had only the money that happened to be in the pockets of his one suit of clothes.

His magnificent performance of *Midsummer Night's Dream* in the Hollywood Bowl was expected to be a red-ink box office failure. Irving Thalberg and other big Jewish producers were prepared to underwrite it. In spite of the heavy expense of the production, the profits amounted to \$65,000 for the week—and Reinhardt was signed by Warner Brothers.

Shakespeare For Scenarios

JACK WARNER, ALWAYS a sunny optimist—says that he is signing Reinhardt because he is convinced there is a future for the late Mr. Shakespeare, as a scenario writer.

Griffith thought the same years ago. He produced *Macbeth* with Sir Bearbohm Tree. It still stands as the most ghastly failure in the history of the movies.

Richard's Cave

ALL THE MOVIE STARS are going bucolic and buying ranches in California; but Richard Dix is the envied one.

He bought an attractive ranch and, to his own delight, found a bandit cave hidden under the cliffs of a little hill.

The cave has been identified as a hide-out of Joaquin Murietta, the "Robin Hood" of California's fifties.

Dick's Problem

I AM SURE THAT Richard Dix will not mind my telling this now.

He came to me once, terribly depressed. He could not conquer that strange mental quirk that had ruined the careers of many great actors—camera panic. The instant he heard the click of the camera, his blood froze in his veins... simply paralyzed by panic.

It was clear to my mind that it was due to some complex of which he was unconscious—probably a half-forgotten experience of his childhood. I persuaded him to go to a psychoanalyst. The next time I saw him he was all smiles. He had consulted the specialist; and his troubles were licked.

Open Arms

VERY FEW FOREIGN actors have been received with such open admiration as Charles Laughton. The first day he came on the set at M-G-M he confronted a group of actors he had never met. There was a moment of embarrassed hesitation; then they all broke into applause.

Margaret Behaves

LITTLE MARGARET SULLAVAN has stopped sulking and has begun to mingle with the folks... probably through the influence of John McCormick, ex-husband of Colleen Moore.

Several movie girls have shown this attitude—usually through shyness; but there are a lot of people in Hollywood and if they don't want to play, nobody is going to lose much sleep coaxing them in. Miss Sullavan achieved a triumph in *Little Man, What Now?* and if she will behave, she is likely to go to great heights.



Calling it a day—Frances Drake, one of Paramount's younger players, snapped as she strides through the studio gate

Helen Hayes

THERE WAS No reason why Hollywood should lose its breath because Helen Hayes dared the Gods by appearing in Maude Adams' greatest triumph, *What Every Woman Knows*... and got away with it. If you ask me, I think that Miss Hayes is a better actress than Maude Adams ever dared to try to be.

Marlene The Sailor

NOW THIS ISN'T just what you might have expected; but anyhow it has happened. Polly Moran has turned Marlene Dietrich into a viking.

For some reason, Polly got the yacht bug—having suddenly discovered that the seas could also be used for something other than to get bathing suits wet.

She invited Marlene down for a ride on her motor cruiser; and it must have been a good ride. She promptly got a well-known ship architect on the phone and told him to come on over and make her a ship.



Claudette's Brentwood home. The steps lead from the drawing room to a parapet overlooking a flower-filled ravine

Your first opportunity for an intimate glimpse inside Claudette Colbert's lovely home. Come wander through

with JERRY LANE

LET'S CALL

YOU NEED A MAP, a compass, and a native sense of direction to find Claudette Colbert's house.

But when you do find it—oo la la! She took it without bothering to look at the inside. She saw the tiled swimming pool, the tea pergola, the flagstone tennis court, the solid half acre of flowers; she stood on the parapet watching the sunlight on the sea and heard the whispering of the tall eucalyptus trees behind her—and she said, "Sold!" . . . That's Claudette for you. Gloriously impulsive. All a-tingle with life.

But as I drove through the gates and circled up the drive I couldn't help thinking, "I wonder if she knows about the ghost?"

A very nice, lady-like ghost to be sure. A psychic, who had been the chief highlight of a dinner party the evening before, had told me all about her. He had asked us to concentrate on one certain thing and Claudette's house popped into my mind. He turned on me sharply. "It's very beautiful, this place you're thinking of. There is a spirit living there. A gentle little temple dancer who has some connection with an image brought from the far east. . . . She has influenced and helped the young mistress of the house. . . ."

It was a strange story, but I didn't pay much attention to it. Not until I saw the image! There it was, resting on a table in Claudette's drawing room. A scarred antique figure of the Hindu god, Shiva. A companion image, supposedly that of his wife, was at the other end.

Now it's a funny thing about Claudette. She hates mysteries. She'd rather ride an elephant's trunk than read



Claudette herself, busy in the flaming gardens which occupy three acres of her estate, which is fifteen miles out of Hollywood

detective stories. And the one time she appeared in a "scare" play—*The Ghost Train*, which choo-chooed on a most successful run along Broadway—she lost twenty pounds. At every performance she frightened herself to death when the green lights flashed on and the head appeared. . . .

What would happen if she knew her house was haunted?

But she doesn't. The playful sprites at Katy Hepburn's hide-away, push the furniture around, and those at Pickfair sometimes keep Mary awake nights. But all Claudette's little temple dancer seems to do is to connive with De Mille to put her in exotic rôles! *Poppaea* in *The Sign of the Cross* and now *Cleopatra*—both of which boosted her stardom stock to the heights.

● "What about those oriental antique figures?" I asked as casually as possible.

"Oh those," she said, and from her tone it was obvious she'd never met her lady ghost guest. It seems she had picked them up in Bali when she and hubby Norman Foster were sky-larking around the world. "It was really kind of queer about them," she told me. "I wanted something that was actually old. Everything's so new

down there because they build with sandstone and it doesn't last long. I explained to an old crone who looked like a witch what I was searching for. 'I get,' she answered. And she did. The next day she came with something hidden under her apron and here were these images! I'll bet anything she just stole them out of a temple when nobody was looking. . . ."



A corner of Claudette's bedroom, showing her bed, which is of antiqued white wood upholstered in tan velvet. The chairs in white velvet have coral tufted wool trimming. The drapes are of white and tan velvet

Looking into the cozy living room done in gray, white and yellow



ON CLAUDETTE

Yes, it *was* queer. Claudette didn't know the half of it!

There's nothing of the mystic or exotic about her. As a matter of fact, she's pretty much the sort of person she played in *It Happened One Night*. Lovable, humorous—all impetuous girl. She married on the spur of the moment. She accepted her first movie offer the same way. And that's the way she moves into houses!

When you see that formal rose bed and enter the spacious tiled hall with its massive pieces you half expect to meet a French duchess. Then you spot the red bicycle nonchalantly parked by the door leading to the patio and you think, "A person of many moods lives here." And of course you're right. Claudette Colbert. . .

Joan Crawford gave her the bike. But no one sent her the magnificent flowers that are everywhere. They came out of her own garden. And by her orders they're informally arranged, the lowly daisy with the lily, flaming tropical blossoms with demure northern buds. There was a time in New York when she hoarded pennies to buy pots of geraniums to brighten up the small flat she and her mother had. And many a spring day—I'll probably be murdered for this—she used to skip lunch in order to get Mrs. Colbert a bunch of early daffodils. . .

● Claudette without flowers is a Claudette in a blue funk. There are seven bowls of them in the drawing room alone! In fact, the whole scheme of decoration seems planned as a background for them—the walls are a plain neutral tint, the drapes are white silk rep with a tiny green ball edging, the long Chinese rug is the softest



Another view of Claudette's bedroom, showing the fireplace and large over-mantel mirror. The carpet is white, the walls are cream with tiny brown stripes and the curtains are white organdie, edged with tan balls

of pearl gray tones and has a splash of colored flowers at one end. Against this she has done the unusual; she's covered the great sofa and arm chair on either side of the fireplace with gray corduroy trimmed with white. The two chairs flanking the high window facing the patio have yellow corduroy covers trimmed with gray. Try that in your living room if you want an air of absolute serenity and calm!

Claudette has balanced this with black furniture. And a couple of chairs near the door leading to the terrace are Please turn to page fifty-four

BROADWAY BILL

Myrna Loy, Warner Baxter and a wonderful horse in a gripping thriller of the race track



An executive session. Myrna Loy, and Warner Baxter discuss plans for the big sweepstakes with Broadway Bill cocking an attentive ear



The long arm of the law adds to Baxter's misfortunes when he is arrested for fighting and non-payment of feed bills on the eve of the race



Genial Walter Connolly, the tycoon of Higginsville and father-in-law of Baxter



Chances of winning the sweepstakes seem very slight to Baxter but Myrna is trying her best to console him

Give Yourself A BREAK IN Beauty

Says CAROLE LOMBARD

By MAX FACTOR
(Noted Studio Make-up Expert)

Carole Lombard wishes you
beauty and tells you how
to attain it



Carole advises two lipsticks—one for day and a brighter shade for evening

HAVE YOU MADE your New Year's resolutions? When you do, take a tip or two from Carole Lombard. . . .

"Don't begin by calling them 'resolutions' at all!" she says. "Because you're sure to break them if you do. Call them 'treats to yourself.' After all, that's exactly what they are. Give yourself a 'break' in beauty this New Year's! Make up your mind this is going to be *your year*. No matter how old you are, where you live or what your particular type is.

"Nothing on earth can give a woman confidence and that grand inner happiness like a little exterior decoration! Nothing, of course, except love. But romance depends on beauty. And I don't mean the beauty you're accidentally born with. I mean the sort of beauty that has come to be an 'applied art!'

"Naturally it takes a tiny bit of concentration. Personally, I think there are just five points to check over if you want to improve your appearance—and who doesn't? *Cleanliness, charm, cosmetics, color harmony and avoiding extremes.*"

Carole is right. She has summed it up very concisely, very thoroughly. There you have the five fine points to attractiveness. Now about that first one, cleanliness. . . .

To a child, it may mean only soap and water and a wash behind the ears.



Max Factor, noted beauty expert, advising Carole on the use of eye shadow

But for the smart woman of 1935 it has a far different interpretation. It implies cared-for hair, groomed hands, the utmost in personal neatness—and nothing is so enticing to a man. It means a clear, alive-looking healthy skin that has a glow to it. How about yours? Is it standing the "January test?" There's nothing that plays greater havoc with the skin, no outside force that is, than the storms and stinging cold of mid-winter. It leaves the face feeling dry and hard and wrinkled. Sometimes chapped. The furnace heat, with the windows closed against the cold, doesn't help that feeling. What to do?

To understand the method of correcting it, we've got to get to the truth about the skin. You see, the natural oil of the body is manufactured in what is termed the "sebaceous glands" which are situated in the second or "true skin" structure. This oil has a purpose you may be sure. It's furnished by nature to protect the skin against this very wind and cold



Carole also suggests the use of a different powder for day and night use

and sleet and dust. But very often the supply of it in the body is not equal to the demand. Carole who is intimately acquainted with the rigors of northern climate and who adores winter sports, explains *her* method of helping nature.

"Long ago I discovered there was a very simple way of keeping the skin perfect in all four seasons. You follow it closely. You make it a daily ritual—and your skin troubles are over! Like all good things it has to begin from within of course. And rest is the first essential. *Sleep*, why sometimes I get fourteen to fifteen hours of sleep a day when I feel my system requires it. I drink at least seven glasses of water a day because internal baths are quite as important

Please turn to page forty-four

Have a Steamed Pudding with Your Xmas Dinner

Steamed pudding hot!
Steamed pudding cold!
A good steamed pudding's
Worth its weight in gold!

by Grace Ellis

THE DINNER HAD been exceedingly smart. But only average enthusiasm had been shown for the food in general, until the pudding was brought on.—Lordly and velvety dark it lay on a silver platter, its base encircled with a gorgeous holly wreath.

Down to the serving table, with a flourish, came the pudding and as a deft and gleaming knife separated its savory excellence into thin steamy wedges, conversation stopped. A dozen famous, and customarily dramatic noses were wrinkled into that undramatic, but comic state which accompanies an anticipatory, "Ummmmmmmmmm!"—And which means, Did you ever in the world smell anything *half* so good?"

So a simple little pudding—for it really was a simple one—received a "bigger hand" on that occasion, than a certain star newly arrived from Broadway.—But it was Christmas time, you see and it *was* a lovely pudding. And the sauce which was ladled over it—though it was a simple sauce which you and I might duplicate at home any day—*was* delectable and tempting.—Tempting enough to make even a star whose flat figure is her fortune forsake her diet.

We were not at the dinner, but we have tasted the sauce . . . and the pudding too. We made them several times in our own testing kitchen, to

HOLLYWOOD takes pleasure in introducing to its readers, Mrs. Grace Ellis, staff Food Consultant. Mrs. Ellis is an expert home economist and during the past several years has prepared scores of food articles for nearly all of the outstanding national magazines. She has contributed material to innumerable cook books and has been sole judge at some of the largest food exhibits in the country. Every recipe recommended by Mrs. Ellis has been tried out in her own testing kitchen under home circumstances and you can successfully use the same recipe in your own home. Mrs. Ellis likes to answer letters from women interested in cooking and for years she has been receiving letters from women all over the world. She will be glad to advise you on your cooking problems. Address her care of HOLLYWOOD and enclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply.



Una Merkel, Metro featured player rather enjoys the cook's day out and goes into the kitchen to prepare her own meals

the "Oh'd" and "Ah'd" delight of everyone who happened to be fortunate enough to get a serving.

Would you like the pudding recipe? Then get out your pencils—I'll give you that first. Then I'll follow with some pertinent suggestions about steamed puddings in general. (The recipe for the sauce—a delicious Cider-Brown Sugar combination—is included in a little pudding sauce leaflet which you may have merely by writing for it.—And don't forget to enclose a stamped addressed envelope.)

Holiday Steamed Pudding

(Makes 8-10 servings)

- 2 cups cooked, pitted and chopped prunes or
- 1 cup chopped prunes and
- 1 cup chopped, pulled figs
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup molasses
- 2 eggs beaten
- 1 cup whole wheat flour
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup white flour
- 1 teaspoon each of cinnamon, nutmeg and soda
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup bottled milk or
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup evaporated milk and
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water
- 1 cup broken black walnut meats (optional)

Method:—Mix chopped prunes with molasses, beaten eggs and milk. Sift together all dry ingredients. Combine wet and dry mixtures beaten only until smooth. Turn into well greased pudding mold—two quart size—or greased baking powder or coffee cans. Fill each can only two-thirds full. Cover tightly and steam in a steamer, or a covered kettle partly filled with boiling water for $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

Serve hot with Cider-Brown sugar or any desired pudding sauce.

There's no trick to making a good steamed pudding, but there are several things to watch out for, if you want to avoid that soggy specimen which many new cooks turn out on a first attempt.

You *must* grease your mold or container *well*, if you want your pudding to come out in a nice sliceable shape. Then you *must not* fill your containers more than two-thirds full of the pudding mixture or normal swelling will force off the lids and allow the pudding to become water-soaked. You *must*, moreover, use cans or containers which do not leak and which have *tightly fitting* covers, or water may get inside the molds and make the mixture soggy. You *must* have the water boiling in the kettle in which you do the steaming and you must keep the water boiling gently until the pudding is done. If it is necessary to add more water from time to time, be sure that the added water is boiling hot also. If you let

HERE'S SAUCE FOR YOUR PUDDING!

Recipes for the delicious Cider-Brown Sugar Sauce and a number of other favorite holiday pudding sauces are contained in our Pudding Sauce Leaflet, which is yours for the asking if you will enclose a stamped, addressed envelope.

Other exceptional holiday recipes are contained in the following leaflets:

Christmas Candies You Can Depend Upon5c

Christmas Cookies From Prize Winning Cooks5c

Steamed Pudding SaucesFree

Write Grace Ellis, Food Consultant, HOLLYWOOD Magazine, 529 South Seventh Street, Minneapolis, Minn. Be sure to enclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply.

water in the kettle stop boiling before the pudding is thoroughly cooked, your mixture will fall just as surely as will a cake if you take it from the oven before it is done.

About pudding molds— Tin baking powder or coffee cans may be used if covers are tight fitting or a small pudding may be steamed in the top of your double boiler. Grease the top well, and turn in your pudding mixture, making certain that it does not come higher than two-thirds of the way up to the water-line, or the "shoulder" — since above this line the pudding will not cook. Have the water boiling in the lower part of the double boiler, set in the top, cover and let cook. Add fresh boiling water to the lower section, from time to time as the water boils away.

Regulation pudding molds with tight fitting covers can be purchased, but I like to use my heat-proof glass baking casseroles. The greased casserole containing the freshly mixed pudding mixture is covered, and set into a steamer or on a rack in a large kettle partially filled with boiling water. After steaming, the lid of the baking dish may be sealed to the dish with paraffin, and the pudding put away ready for emergency holiday use several weeks later.—Remove the paraffin, slip baking dish and pudding into a steamer, or into the oven. In a few minutes, fresh, hot steamed pudding is awaiting its sauce covering, and the congratulations of your guests.

A friend of mine, who is a rare cook, keeps a supply of steamed puddings tucked away in her cake box ready for instant uses throughout the winter season. She steams the puddings in 1- or 2-pound size coffee tins, then removes them from the molds, wraps them in waxed paper, and stores them in a cool place, in a container with a tight-fitting cover. She keeps them thus for weeks, reheats them by tucking one in the upper part of a double boiler or in an insert pan of her waterless cooker.

Three dependable, and delectable puddings whose excellence we will vouch for, here in the testing kitchen, are the following:—

Thrifty Plum Pudding

(If your purse is flat, try this! It costs almost nothing and is every bit as delicious as the luxurious type of plum pudding which calls for a variety of dried fruits and nuts.)

Blend $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening, or $\frac{3}{4}$ cups chopped suet with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, 1 beaten egg and 2 tablespoons milk. Add 1 cup grated raw carrots, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup currants, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup seedless raisins, and 1 tablespoon orange or lemon peel sliced thinly. Then add $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon baking powder, and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon each cinnamon and nutmeg, sifted together. Mix. Add 1 teaspoon soda dissolved in 2 tablespoons water. Blend. Steam mixture in molds for 1 hour. Bake in a moderate oven for 10 minutes following. Serve hot. Or store, reheat and serve.

Sally's Plum Pudding

(This is another inexpensive pudding—one which is most tasty when served with whipped cream sweetened slightly with brown sugar and spiced with a pinch each of cinnamon, nutmeg and cloves.)

Sift together $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour, 1 teaspoon
Please turn to page fifty-eight

JANUARY, 1935

"WHY JEAN! How did you ever get so slim?"

...then she revealed her secret!

"I Purchased a Perfolastic Girdle... wore it for 10 days on trial, and in a very short time I reduced my hips 9 inches, and my weight 20 Pounds!"

You can Reduce YOUR waist and hips THREE INCHES IN TEN DAYS with the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE

...or it will cost you nothing!

WE WANT YOU to try the Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere. Test them for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, they will cost you nothing!

THE MESSAGE-LIKE ACTION REDUCES QUICKLY, EASILY and SAFELY

■ The message-like action of these famous Perfolastic Reducing Garments takes the place of months of tiring exercises. It removes surplus fat and stimulates the body once more into energetic health.

KEEPS YOUR BODY COOL AND FRESH

■ The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breathe normally. The inner surface of the Perfolastic is a delightfully soft, satinated fabric, especially designed to wear next to the body. It does away with all irritation, chafing and discomfort, keeping your body cool and fresh at all times. A special adjustable back allows for perfect fit as inches disappear.

■ The Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere knead away the fat at only those places where you want to reduce, in order to regain your youthful slimness. Beware of reducing agents that take the weight off the entire body... for a scrawny neck and face are as unattractive as a too-fat figure.

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■ You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce you. You do not need to risk one penny... try them for 10 days... then send them back if you are not completely astonished at the results. Don't wait any longer... act today!

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Without obligation on my part, please send me FREE booklet describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card

Give Yourself a Break in Beauty

Continued from page forty-one

as external ones. They carry away the impurities from the blood and do wonders in clearing up your skin. And here's another significant thing in connection with water-drinking—it keeps the ankles from getting thick! A famous physician told me that. It seems the sediment from the kidneys lodges there and makes them grow large.

"Food, as you'd suppose, has more to do with the complexion than anything else. You have to avoid fatty foods, heavy pastries, fried stuff. And in winter especially it's such a temptation to have them! But if the meat is broiled—and lean—and you keep to vegetables and maybe a simple rice pudding or open-face fruit pie for dessert, you get along beautifully!

"So Much for the care from *within*. Now on the outside it's a matter of the creams you use. There are certain creams that almost every actress in Hollywood uses consistently. There's a cleansing cream that melts as soon as it touches the skin and needs no massaging. And if you don't think the time saved there isn't a blessing! We've learned through experience that it roots out the dirt from the pores and frees the natural oil which is frequently clogged by dust particles in the air. By cleansing the face with it night and morning it makes the skin fresh and lovely.

"But what about during the day? Well, most of us have grease paint on for the greater part of it! But when we haven't a studio call there's just one thing—*foundation cream*. If you knew there was something that would give your make-up a more natural, vividly beautiful look and serve to protect your skin from the blizzards at the same time, wouldn't you use it? There's no secret about what that 'something' is. It's foundation cream! In a shade that is made to tone in with your own skin and with the powder you use. For instance, you apply it in the white if you use flesh powder, in flesh with rachelle or brunette powders, rachelle for natural powder and natural for olive powder.

"I think every woman must know the benefit of night cream, the skin and tissue cream that softens the skin and helps to banish wrinkles and mean little creases and that awful dryness."

Now COMES Carole's second point—*charm*. That illusive quality that brings out good looks like a hidden ray of light. I'm inclined to agree with our friend, Maurice Chevalier, that feminine charm is the loveliest thing on earth. And the market on it is wide open to every girl! The basis for it—perhaps this will surprise you but M. Chevalier is the authority—is gentleness, a genuine liking for other people.

So check up on your charm equipment! How's your smile this morning? Are you going out of your way to avoid people—or to be pleasant to them? Carole herself, is a case in point. From the time she made her first screen hit that dazzling glamour of hers has been delighting a nation! She is one of the best liked stars in Hollywood, because she's genuine, real and charming. You'll

A NEW FROCK *from Hollywood*

Add this charming frock to your wardrobe by using HOLLYWOOD'S pattern service. Mail the coupon

NAVY blue and white combines to add interest to this molded frock worn by Claire Trevor, Fox Film player. The dress is also effective in a brown woolen mixture. The dress is part of an ensemble which includes a full length coat of blue wool.

Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38, and 40-inch bust.

Use the coupon below, in ordering this pattern enclosing 15c in stamps or coin. The large HOLLYWOOD fashion book is also 15c or 10c if ordered with one or more patterns. Address your order to HOLLYWOOD Pattern Service, 529 South Seventh Street, Minneapolis, Minn.



Hungarian peasant sleeves feature this molded frock from the wardrobe of Claire Trevor



Claire Trevor, Fox Film Player

HOLLYWOOD PATTERN DEPT.,
529 South Seventh Street,
Minneapolis, Minn.

For the enclosed.....send me Claire Trevor's

dress pattern No. 3389.....Size.....

Name

Street

CityState

Pattern 15c each. Fashion Book 15c. When Fashion Book is ordered with one or more patterns price is 10c.

notice her voice has a rich, impressive quality. She has a strikingly beautiful mouth. And her eyes are a fascinating grey.

And now we come to cosmetics. How much a year do you spend on them? In nine cases out of ten a woman can cut her cosmetic bill in half by buying exactly what's suited to her complexion—and not to that of her friends'. Half used lipsticks, discarded rouges, wrong eye-shadows that clutter up a drawer are mute testimony to unguided buying. There is a cosmetic chart prepared for your special type and you can easily find out just what it is.

WHY NOT have a regular beauty budget this year? What is really necessary on your dressing table? Here is what Carole Lombard lists: The three creams. One skin freshener.

Two lipsticks. One for daytime wear and a brighter shade for evening.

Two rouge compacts. One to serve during the day and the more vivid one at night.

Two boxes of powder—one for day and one for evening. One large puff. One face powder brush.

Make-up blender for the arms and shoulders.

Eye shadow.

Eyebrow pencil.

Eyelash make-up.

A wise, careful listing, that. It includes all the essentials and nothing is prohibitively expensive.

When you hear a girl say, "Oh, I can't wear eye-shadow because it makes me look so unnatural" you can be sure she's not putting it on right. The best way is to apply it to the center of the upper lid next to the lashes and then blend it along giving a fade-out appearance. And apply it *before* you put on your powder always. That makes it seem a very real part of your complexion.

I've heard complaints from girls too that they can't put on their eyelash make-up without daubing it. They can't seem to hold their eyelids still enough. In that event, open your mouth very wide while you're applying it. This will make the eye muscles taut.

AS FOR "color harmony" . . . I wonder if you girls realize the utter importance of that simple phrase? You wouldn't think of wearing a bright red sweater and a yellow hat with a purple dress! But I've seen girls with a vivid true-red on their cheeks, plum colored lipstick and yellow tinted powder! It's as bad if not worse. Because they're deliberately destroying their "face value." You're arrested if you do that to someone else's goods. The crime of it is you can do that to yourself with impunity. . . .

So test your colors. You want the lifelike, true tones that science has now made available. The greatest of all beauty aids. Don't be satisfied with less.

"Avoiding extremes" . . . that is the fashionable woman's sure path to good taste. There is never, for example, any beauty in a white-masked face with a brilliantly red slash for a mouth. Nor is there in hair twisted into exotic style. Carole's headdress is an exceptionally good one that is becoming to any number of girls. If you think it's adapted to you, cut out the picture of it and take it to your hairdresser.

Beauty in fuller, greater measure. In life, in looks. That is my New Year's wish for you. . . .

JANUARY, 1935

Why You Have ACID INDIGESTION

And a Great New
Advance in
Relieving Fussy Stomachs

THERE are many causes for the acid indigestion which at times troubles almost everyone. Eating too fast, an American habit, is one cause. Nervous strain and high tension living, another. Wrong habits in diet such as eating too much rich, highly seasoned foods—too many acid-forming foods—are at the bottom of a great deal of trouble. Then many people complain of certain foods, often their favorites, which for some reason, cause trouble. Even healthful fruits and vegetables contain certain acids or other chemical substances which may be irritating.

Quick, Safe Relief

A splendid way to relieve the distressing symptoms of acid indigestion is to munch 3 or 4 of the new antacid mints, called TUMS, after meals. TUMS have a distinct advantage over older methods. They contain an antacid which is neither acid nor alkali except in the presence of acid. This element acts as what scientists call a *buffer*—it neutralizes excess acid but never over-alkalizes the stomach. When the acid conditions are corrected, if there is any excess of TUMS it passes on undissolved and inert, and without having to go through the blood and kidneys. Unlike raw, caustic alkalies, TUMS soothe the stomach, instead of irritating it.

When mistakes in eating, drinking, excess smoking, cause your stomach to



Hurried meals, nervous strain, wrong eating habits are frequent causes of acid indigestion.

pour out too much acid, try TUMS. You will find them very pleasing, just like eating a dainty candy. They work so quickly to relieve the annoying heartburn, sour stomach, gas, bloating, and are harmless.

Eat Favorite Foods

You'll find you can eat many favorite foods without bad after-effects. Or

when you're not feeling just right, try eating 2 or 3 TUMS. You may be surprised at the difference they make. TUMS come in small rolls convenient for pocket or purse, so you can always have them handy for quick relief. You will find them in any drug store—only 10 cents. (TUMS contain no soda.)

FREE

1935 Calendar-Thermometer, beautifully designed in colors and gold. Also samples TUMS and NR. Send stamp for postage and packing to A. H. LEWIS CO., Dept. 8-ACC, St. Louis, Mo.

TUMS FOR THE TUMMY

TUMS ARE ANTACID
NOT A LAXATIVE

For a laxative, use the safe, dependable Vegetable Laxative NR (Nature's Remedy). Only 25 cents. NR



HANDY TO CARRY

Drop me a line

Dollars for your opinions! . . . Money for letters to the Stars!
 . . . Personal replies from your favorites! . . . Read the rules
 on page 47

Mrs. Harriet Jones,
 Twin Falls, Idaho

Dear Mrs. Jones—

I blush when I read your
 complimentary letter because
 I simply couldn't be as good
 as you maintain.

Your letter shows clearly
 that you are the type of mother
 and counsellor the modern
 girl needs and I am happy
 to know my pictures impressed
 you so much. My next is
 Molnar's "The Good Fairy"
 and I hope I am good in it
 because women like you give
 an actress an obligation
 with your encouragement.

Sincerely,
 Margaret Sullivan



A Toast to Margaret Sullivan \$10 Letter

Twin Falls, Idaho.

Dear Margaret Sullivan:

I've seen both of your pictures, "Only Yesterday" and "Little Man, What Now?" I loved you in both—you appeal to me as no other movie star has ever done. Perhaps it's because you bring me dreams of my own happy girlhood and moonlit nights that seem a very long time ago now—or perhaps it's because of the visions you give to me of my little girls as I'd like them to become—clear-eyed, honest, unafraid of the problems they will have to face and solve.

I am looking forward eagerly to your next picture, and am trusting and hoping that the part you are given will be worthy of your glorious talent and personality.

Sincerely,
 (MRS.) HARRIET P. JONES,
 337 Walnut Street.

Romantic Cabbages

SEVERAL PICTURES HAVE gone rural lately, and they have been thoroughly enjoyable. I am wondering if the near future will not find all of us back on the farm. Pictures have the happy faculty of making even cabbages romantic.

M. A. CULLUM,
 4500 Milcreek,
 Kansas City, Mo.

DOROTHY KINNARD,
 726 Eastern Avenue,
 Bellefontaine, Ohio.

A Toast to Frank Morgan

\$5.00 LETTER

DEAR MR. MORGAN:
 I want to voice my appreciation of your truly great acting. I have seen practically all of your pictures and not for one instant in any of your portrayals did I think of Frank Morgan, but only lived the part you were playing. That, in my opinion, is the mark of a great actor. One forgets the player but remembers the part; one forgets the actor's name, but the character he represents lives in memory. I sincerely hope I shall be privileged to see many more of your really good pictures.

Sincerely yours,
 HARRY S. WYKOFF,
 825 South Rockhill Ave.,
 Alliance, Ohio.

Babies vs. Dogs

\$1.00 LETTER

IF GARBO bane going home, we tank we won't stop her. We got Shirley Temple now, yah. Seriously, though, I am sure that after seeing *Baby Take a Bow* and *Little Miss Marker*, more people will be visiting the orphan asylums instead of the dog pounds. If, as a result of her popularity, the motherless babies in the United States get half the loving concern that has been lavished on canines, she will have already accomplished a life's work.

BETTY RACKNER,
 351 North Ogden Drive,
 Hollywood, Cal.

Panorama

\$5.00 LETTER

PANORAMIC VIEW of Hollywoodites:
 Clark Gable—Elk horns above a fireplace. Rugged Don Juan in Peter B. Kyne setting. Hamburger and onions.

Jean Parker—Sunbonnet girl on raisin box. Esthetic dancer in mid-air. Box supper at the church.

Guy Kibbee—Peanut shells on a park bench. Grandpa at the *Follies*.

Marian Marsh—Guinevere in an outboard. Giggling débutante at Coney Island.

Myrna Loy—Montana girl makes good. Nonchalance during an earthquake. Priestess at an alien shrine.

Ann Sothern—Crooner's inspiration. Choir singer meets traveling salesman. Sheet music clerk at the five and ten.

MARY HELEN FRANZEEN,
 520 Hampshire,
 Quincy, Ill.

Thanks to Ann Dvorak

\$1.00 LETTER

DEAR MISS DVORAK:
 I am a young lady, twenty years old. Ever since seeing that picture that you played in so wonderfully, *Housewife*, I have been positive that I would not miss one of your pictures. As the housewife in that film, you gave me advice that even my mother could not give me. As I am to be married very soon, and the man I am going to marry is somewhat ambitious and wants to make a name for himself, I know now just what I can do to help him make that success. Only a person with your clever acting could express the moral of a picture of that sort. Thanking you for the best advice a bride-to-be could receive, I am

Yours sincerely,
 VIRGINIA M. KABALLY,
 Monongahela, Pa.

HOLLYWOOD

For George Arliss

\$1.00 LETTER

DEAR MR. ARLISS:

I don't know you—really. Perhaps if I did, I might be disappointed because, you see, I've created such a lovely illusion of you in my mind. But, if people may be judged by their appearances at all, I'm sure I shouldn't be the least bit disappointed in you. You are quite easily my favorite actor, and I'm sure you couldn't desire a more ardent fan than I. I have enjoyed all of your pictures immensely, but particularly *Voltaire*. You see, he's a favorite historical character of mine—he and Cesare Borgia—and I think he would have been most pleased with your excellent portrayal of him, could he have seen it. I should like to meet you sometime, sir, if only to prove to myself that people are sometimes as fine as they seem.



Lyle Talbot

LYLE TALBOT

Dear Miss Montae

received since of all the hundreds of letters I have open letter and my reply was printed, yours is one of the prizes.

Yes, that's me, always giving out those confounded interviews and knowing that I'm heading for trouble but I keep on doing it.

Really now, Miss Montae, I'm sincerely sorry if there were any broken hearts but I doubt it for I'm afraid that you wouldn't find being the wife of a movie player all a bed of roses and neither, I suspect, would millions of other women who cherish such a dream. Of course you, and they, might like being married to a nice movie star but not to just a corn-fed boy from Nebraska.

But all joking aside, (and I hope you can take a joke), to have nice girls like yourself and the many others write to me is a thrill. I have my full share of masculine vanity, you know.

Hope that you do not die of old age without finding the husband of your dreams and assuring you that you will never find me with a harem, under any circumstances, I beg to remain,

Always looking for trouble,

Lyle Talbot

Advice to Lyle Talbot

DEAR MR. TALBOT:

Didn't you know when you gave that "confounded interview" that you were heading for trouble? Oh I'll admit you didn't say it in so many words, that you were looking for a wife, but you certainly left an opening.

As you said you couldn't marry all of us but regardless, why give the entire feminine population heart trouble? I personally would rather die of old age.

If you are not desirous of a Harem, and if you want to have a happy normal life, then "Never doooooooo that" you adorable rascal.

With high hopes for your future marriage.

I remain,

JOANN MONTAE,
746 Shotwell Street,
San Francisco, Calif.

Prizes!

Ten dollars will be paid for each letter published with a star's reply; \$5 for each of the two next best and \$1 for each of the next five. Duplicate prizes awarded in case of a tie. The editors of HOLLYWOOD will be the sole judges and right is reserved to publish all or any part of any letter received. Address: Drop Me a Line, HOLLYWOOD, 529 S. 7th, Minneapolis, Minn.

Most Amazing Typewriter Bargain EVER OFFERED

**NEW REMINGTON PORTABLE
ONLY 10¢ A DAY**

Big Price Reduction

FIRST TIME! Remington's new purchase plan now lets you buy a genuine latest model Remington Portable No. 5 direct from the factory for only 10¢ a day. Not used or rebuilt. Not incomplete. A beautiful brand new regulation Remington Portable. Standard 4-row keyboard, standard width carriage, margin release on keyboard, back spacer, automatic ribbon reverse; every essential feature found in standard typewriters.

ONLY 10¢ A DAY. The amazing low price and easy terms now make it possible for you to buy this genuine, complete Remington Portable for only 10¢ a day. But we cannot guarantee present prices long. Higher wage scales, rising cost of materials, everything points to higher prices.

So we say, "Act now... while our liberal offer still holds good!"

You don't risk one cent!

Try this typewriter in your home or office on our 10-day FREE TRIAL OFFER. Then if you do not agree that it is the finest portable at any price, return it at our expense. You don't even risk shipping charges. It's the best chance you've ever had to own so complete a machine for so little money. So don't delay. Mail the coupon NOW, or write Remington Rand Inc., Dept. 235-1, Buffalo, N.Y.

Money Making Opportunities Always Open

Hundreds of jobs are waiting for people who can type. Type-written sales reports, letters, stories, ideas, always command more attention than handwriting. A Remington Portable has started many a young man and woman on the road to success.

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If you want a gift for birthday, Christmas, or graduation... one that Father, Mother, Sister or Brother will use and appreciate for years to come... give a Remington Portable. It's the one gift the whole family will appreciate.



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FREE
TRIAL
OFFER**

FREE TYPEWRITER COURSE

With your new Remington No. 5, you get... ABSOLUTELY FREE a 19-page course in typing. Teaches Touch System, speeds up work. Soon you dash off letters faster than with pen and ink!

FREE CARRYING CASE

You also get FREE a sturdily built carrying case, covered with heavy DuPont fabric. Top is removed in one motion, leaving machine firmly attached to base.

CLIP COUPON NOW

Remington Rand Inc., Dept. 235-1, Buffalo, N.Y.
Please tell me how I can buy a new Remington Portable typewriter for only 10¢ a day. Also enclose your new catalog.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

TAKE CARE.. COLDS-SUSCEPTIBLE!

AN EMINENT physician states that of the 60,000 preventable deaths yearly in the U. S., many are due to neglect of the common cold. It is vitally important, therefore, that colds be kept under control.

If you catch cold easily—and your colds hang on—don't take needless chances. Follow Vicks Plan for Better Control of Colds. Thousands of clinical tests, supervised by practicing physicians, have proved its helpfulness—for fewer, shorter and milder colds.

When Colds
THREATEN
..VICKS
VA-TRO-NOL



If a Cold
STRIKES
..VICKS
VAPORUB



At the first nasal irritation, sniffle or sneeze, quick!... Vicks Va-tro-nol! Just a few drops up each nostril. Its timely use helps to prevent many colds—and to throw off colds in their early stages.

At bedtime, massage throat and chest with VapoRub, the modern way of treating colds. Through the night, its direct two-way action—by stimulation and inhalation—brings soothing relief—without risks of "dosing."

(Full details of this unique Plan in each Vicks package.)

VICKS PLAN FOR BETTER CONTROL OF COLDS

Stop a COLD the First Day!

**Drive It Out of Your System
—Roots and All!**

A COLD once rooted is a cold of danger! Trust to no makeshift methods.

A cold, being an internal infection, calls for internal treatment.

A cold also calls for a COLD remedy and not a preparation good for a number of other things as well.

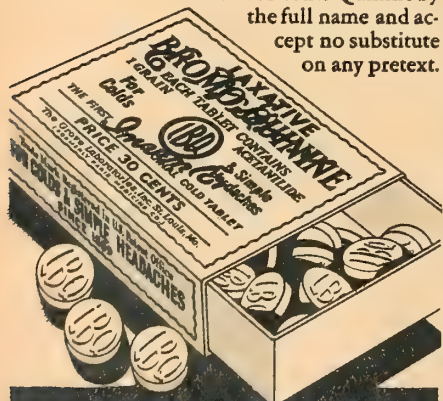
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I should like to ask.....

the following question.....

My name is.....

Address

It will be impossible to grant personal replies. Questions will be answered only on this page, and those of the most general interest will be given preference.

KATHARINE HEPBURN—Do you ever intend to quit the movies and go back to the stage? I hope so. How tall are you really? According to what I read, you are anywhere from five feet, three inches to five feet, six inches.

I hope to sandwich in an occasional stage play between pictures, but I don't believe I will ever return to the stage permanently. I am really five feet, three inches.

CLARK GABLE—What picture did you enjoy playing in the most?

You've caught me on that question. I've played in so many that I liked that I really don't know which I enjoyed the most. Sorry I can't answer your question a little more definitely.

CECILIA PARKER—What is your address? How old are you? Are you a brunette or a blonde?

You can write to me in care of M-G-M Studio, Culver City, California. I was born April 26, 1905, so I am just twenty-nine years old. I am a blonde.

JEAN HARLOW—What is your address? Would you write to a real good-looking man?

My mailing address is Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio, Culver City, California. I try to answer as much of my fan-mail as possible. Why, yes, I would write to a real good-looking man just as readily as I would write to one not so good-looking.

JACKIE COOPER—How old are you? What color are your eyes? When is your birthday?

I am eleven years old going on twelve. My eyes are blue. I was eleven on September 15.

JOAN BLONDELL—Are you married? What is your real name? How old are you? Have you any children?

HOLLYWOOD

Yes, I am married. My legal name is Mrs. George Barnes. However, my maiden name was Joan Blondell. I am twenty-five years of age. I have no children other than my darling baby.

JIMMY DURANTE—What do you eat for breakfast?

What do I eat for breakfast? That's easy—I eat food. Hot-cha-cha. I always eat one egg for breakfast. I only eat one egg because my ancestors were Frenchmen. In French, "egg" is "oeuf" and "one" is "une"—so in France "one egg" is "une oeuf." (Get it? "Une oeuf.")

CAROLE LOMBARD—When you were playing the piano in *Now and Forever*, did you play "Love In Bloom?"

Yes, I played one or two bars from "Love In Bloom" in *Now and Forever*. I don't know why—it just happened to be the first piece I picked up.

BUDDY ROGERS—Are you any relation to Ginger Rogers? Are you married? What year and where were you born?

No, I'm not related to Ginger (she can certainly be thankful for that). I was born August 13, 1904, in Olanthe, Kansas. . . . I'm not married.

LEW AYRES—What is your next picture? When is your birthday and how old are you?

My next picture is *Lottery Lover*. I am twenty-five, but will be twenty-six soon—on December 28.

GLEND A FARRELL—Is it true that love is more important than career?

I am afraid that your question cannot be answered with any general statement. It would depend entirely upon the individual concerned. In my own case, I do not intend to get married until I am through with screen work. I am sure that my career would not mix with love. However, some people are different. So, I can only say, every girl should choose for herself.

WILLIAM POWELL—What is your latest picture called? Also where may I get a photo of you?

My latest picture released is *The Thin Man*, but I am now working on another which will be released very soon. It is the sequel to *The Thin Man*. You can get my portrait at M-G-M Studio.

LANNY ROSS—Do you read your fan-mail? In what city were you born?

Naturally I read my fan-mail. And I try to answer as much of it as I can, too. I was born in Seattle, Washington.

ELIZABETH YOUNG—What color are your eyes and hair? What is your height and weight? When and where were you born?

I have blue eyes and dark hair. My height is five feet, five inches and my weight is one hundred and ten. I am a New Yorker, but I won't tell you when I was born.

JANUARY, 1935

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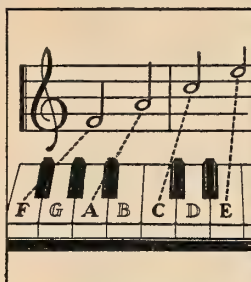
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	REEL NAME	REAL NAME	SCORE
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2	NANCY CARROLL		
3	RICHARD DIX		
4	ANN DVORAK		
5	JOAN CRAWFORD		
6	BRUCE CABOT		
7	CLAUDETTE COLBERT		
8	MARY ASTOR		
9	MARION DAVIES		
10	GEORGE ARLISS		

Real names listed on page 53

Meet Mister Murphy

Continued from page thirty-two

not my fault but I got even several years later when I was a featured dancer at one of the best night clubs. He came in with a party and couldn't get a seat. He recognized me and told the manager he was a friend of mine and asked for a seat on the strength of it. I looked at him and grinned and told the manager I had never seen him before."

But there was a girl. She lived in Detroit and she had ambitions to be a dancer. When she left home, came to New York and joined the class at Ned Wayburn's school of dancing, George decided that she was too young to follow a dancer's career alone. And so they married and formed a dancing team. After weeks of heckling, they induced a café man to give them a break. George decided that his feet could buy more shoes for baby by sliding over a dance floor than by running stocks on Wall Street and they began in earnest to build their careers.

THINGS CAME quite easy after their first break. They danced in the best night spots in New York. They broke all records for long engagements at such spots as the Montmartre and the Club Richman. They went to England with the English company of *Good News* and then to more Broadway successes. Then a trip to Hollywood with George Olsen's band but the movies turned their nose up at the Irisher with the nimble pins and it was back to Broadway for them.

George and his wife like Hollywood, despite the fact that during his rôle as Larry O'Rourke, the handsome young pug in *Jealousy*, Lee Ramage, the professional boxer, broke three of his ribs in a fight sequence. George just grinned and kept going.

You read of these actors who are supposed to be quiet, home-loving fellows who love best their wives and their books and pipes. Then you run into them, making whoopee with a blonde at the Trocadero. But George isn't that kind. He really prefers his wife, his home, his pipes and his books to looking upon the cup that queers. Anyhow, like that other sterling performer, Stepin Fetchit, he's a man what craves his rest.

"When you have put in years dancing in night spots as I have," he tells you, "you lose the taste for them. They work

you too hard out here for a man to spend his time away from the studio dissipating. I like my rest and my sleep and I'm getting 'em, Hollywood or no."

George grinned. I knew he had something to confess on which he had been holding out.

"About that screen test," he said, "it was really all luck. As a matter of fact I was just stooging for a chorine of whom the studio was making a test. They saw it and happened to like me better."

Oh yeah? The truth is that those who saw that test were asking themselves where this Irisher had been all their lives? They couldn't resist that bog-jumper's smile, any more than the women of America will.

Those who saw the preview of *Kid Millions* and of *Jealousy*, can't decide in which they like him best. He made love with equal facility and natural technique to Ann Sothern in an Arab harem and to Nancy Carroll on the steps of the New York public library. That's the way with Irish under a tropical moon or the Arctic lights, they do their stuff with equal ease. When you see George Murphy on the screen you'll understand why it is that tourists, in tropic isles or in snowy wastes are always running into such names as Miguel O'Brian or Woo Fang Riley. The world's greatest lovers, since harps twanged in Tara's halls! These Irish and how they do get around.

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Greetings
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Carole Lombard

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Wishes from
Garry Cooper

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Dick Powell

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How would you like this at your dinner table? A scene in the making from the new Bing Crosby picture, *Here Is My Heart*. Bing is the waiter standing at left

Shirley Temple's Mother Replies

Continued from page twenty-nine

tires of Shirley Temple, I am sure she will withdraw gracefully and we, her family, will draw the curtains with her, happy and content that the day was joyful and well spent. The threat of oblivion holds no terror for Shirley Temple or her family. I am speaking in the present, for Shirley has no idea right now what it is all about. She is intense and happy and having a good time playing a new game—called motion pictures.

On the other hand, it might be possible for Shirley to continue for quite some time in her film work. If the writers can keep pace with their stories and themes to fit her changing years, Shirley may retain appeal as she grows. At present she is interesting as a child of tender years. There should be no reason why she should not be appealing in a good story of a ten-year-old girl and so on. This all revolves around the question of the public losing interest in a face or a personality.

Each day it dawns upon me more forcibly that the responsibility for Shirley's screen career is in my hands. Certainly, this is so as concerns the Temple family. All of the little girl's film affairs are entrusted solely to me. I think you can see my task is not an easy one. I can only do what any other mother would do under the circumstances—give my little girl every aid, every confidence, every wise caution and all the kindly consideration possible. Many people tell me what I should and shouldn't do. I gladly listen to all suggestions.

But, will you permit me to call your attention to the fact that Shirley Temple is really Shirley Temple? She has arrived at her present station herself. It is that indefinable "something" she has that has placed her where she is. To reach the status of motion picture stardom at an age less than six years, required personality, a certain forwardness, winsomeness and I might even say a degree

of precocity, although I have come to despise the word. You must realize that there is a distinct Shirley Temple that I cannot thwart, stifle or throttle. It wouldn't be right to cover with a black cloth the light of genius. We must use keen and kindly judgment. Like you, I look at her and say to myself, "stay as sweet as you are."

As each year passes Shirley is going to have more and more to say about this. She has a mind of her own now, and this will not lessen with the progress of years.

What we must rely upon for the future is good example, development of refined and intelligent background and a solacing and proper environment.

If anyone can show me a better thing to do, I will be grateful.

Very truly,
GERTRUDE TEMPLE.



Red Woman (Sylvia Sidney and Gene Raymond) has been changed to *Behold My Wife*.

Limehouse Nights (George Raft and Jean Parker) is now *Limehouse Blues*.

Police Ambulance (Johnny Mack Brown and Sally Blane) is now *Against the Law*.

Caprice Espagnol (Dietrich) has been retitled *Carnival in Spain*.

One Hour Late (Morrison-Twelvevrees) has become *Me Without You*.

Broken Soil (Anna Sten-Gary Cooper) has been changed to *The Wedding Night*.

Enchanted April (Ann Harding) is being retitled but no new title announced.

Perfect Weekend (Cagney) has become *St. Louis Kid*.

HOLLYWOOD

An Open Letter to Boris Karloff

Continued from page twenty-nine

Horse Troop out for a trial spin or a location company of the *Bengal Lancers*.

People get fed up, Boris, on the usual emotional stimuli. We grow tired of romance on the screen, of gangsters and of triangles and Cinderella stories. Lon Chaney was the first to give us the thrill our rigid spines required for a good shakedown. We love to see you on the screen in all your horrific glory, because our souls are starved for that sort of thing. We like you for the same reason that people down the ages have liked ghost stories. You fill a part of our emotional program which no other screen star does.

But Boris, how does it feel to be the screen's A-No.-1 *Boogie Man*? Does it upset your sensitive soul to have people point you out as Boris Karloff, the *Monster*? Do you ever yearn to be just a straight leading man, a fine character actor? You are a fine character man, as is evidenced by your many successful rôles, such as that of the *Reverend Isopod* in *Five Star Final*. Do you feel embarrassed when people print cracks about employing you to haunt houses and when little children come to your home, as once they did on Hallowe'en and ask for the *Monster* to come out and scare them?

Being a *Monster* isn't all a bowl of cherries, Boris. Lon Chaney found that out when the strain and the agony of his screen makeups, undermined his magnificent constitution and sent him to an early grave. You are no imitator of Lon, that is certain, but beside yourself, no other actor has ever been able to capitalize on monstrous makeup or horror rôles. Lon entered this field, deliberately well knowing the demand of the public for thrills. Chance brought the opportunity to you but you were wise enough to take advantage of it.

But is the agony of it worth the rewards? How uncomfortable, what agony you must have endured, in the guise of the *Monster* in *Frankenstein*. How you must have suffered under the yards and yards of tape and the coats of plastic clay in which your body was encased, as you spent endless hours under the white lights for *Im-ho-tep* in which you played *The Mummy*. Your normal body has been bent and distorted, even as Chaney's was and while even ordinary studio

makeup for character rôles is uncomfortable enough, yours must be almost beyond human endurance.

Do You remember, Boris, the first time I met you, in the little office at the Universal Publicity Department? You had just finished *Frankenstein* and been given your first term contract with a studio. It was all a bit unreal to you. For years you had been attempting to reach that point. You had played many weary years in the tank-town stock companies. You had gone into the slime of ditches to earn your daily bread. You had driven a truck and juggled heavy cement sacks to earn your five dollars per day. What screen work you did was as a character man. It had been a long, hard road and now at last you were there, because of a talent even you had never suspected, the flare for horror rôles. I wonder how many of your fans realize the artistry of them, the ability to chill the spine and cause the heart to leap. It isn't just the genius of the studio makeup men which makes you Hollywood's master of horror, Boris, it's because you are inherently a fine actor.

We, here in Hollywood, know that behind the masks of your characterizations, lies the soul of an English gentleman. We know how fine and gentle you are, what a good husband and pal you are. But the millions who see you only on the screen, your real self submerged beneath grotesque makeup, what of them? They have read of your interest in the sports of your native England, of your association with such men as Clive Brook, Ronald Colman, C. Aubrey Smith, Charles Laughton and Herbert Marshall but I know they would like to read, in your own words, how it feels to be a *Monster*, Hollywood's master of horror. Won't you give me an answer to this letter, in your own words, for our next issue. Thousands of readers will be eagerly waiting for it. Don't disappoint them.

Thanks again for all the lovely nightmares and we'll be looking forward to your answer.

Sincerely,

Eugene Christman

Here are their Real names

Here are the stars' real names... Do you know their real names... Turn to page 50 and score yourself on your knowledge of the stars.

- 1 DOLORES ANSUNSOLO
- 2 ANN LA HIFF
- 3 ERNEST CARLTON BRIMMER
- 4 ANN McKIM
- 5 BILLIE CASSIN
- 6 ETIENNE JAKES DE BUJAC
- 7 LILY CHAUCHOIN
- 8 LUCILLE LANGHANKE



9. Marion Douras



10. George Augustus Andrews



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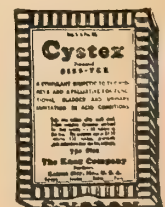
Kidneys Cause Much Trouble Says Doctor

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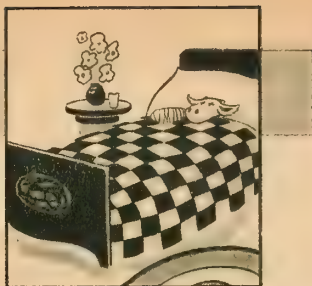


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STRANGE movie FACTS



RICHARD DIX rescued a young calf from a stampede scene and bandaged its injured leg . . . when the day's shooting was done Dix took the animal home and put it to bed in his own room.

Francis Lederer carries an antiseptic stick in his pocket and uses it on his lips before and after a kissing scene no matter who the lady may be.

Irvin Cobb, now occupying one of Garbo's former abodes, has had the fence heightened by two feet to insure seclusion.

Director E. H. Griffith has smoked the same corn cob pipe for twenty years and novelist Hugh Walpole has 65 pipes, exactly alike which he smokes in rotation . . . it requires four days to complete the circuit.

It's an honest fact that LeRoy Prinz, ace dance director, can't dance a step himself.

Vincent Lopez, the orchestra boss, has

a collection of autographs for which he recently refused \$100,000 in cash.

An autographed photo of Germany's air ace, Baron Von Richthofen, brings ten dollars a day rent when used by the studios.

Charlie Butterworth credits a poker game with having opened movieland's success gates to him . . . it seems the game cost him his job as a newspaper reporter.

It required two full hours for Lionel Barrymore to don his David Copperfield makeup each morning.

Maxine Doyle was so scared when she was selected as master of ceremonies for a Hollywood premiere that she couldn't eat for two days.

Lanny Ross won his way through both Taft and Yale on scholarships.

My Good Luck was Bad Luck

Continued from page thirteen

A BENEFIT FOR THE poor of the parish was the simple event that completely altered her life. The lavish applause which greeted the informal dance put on by Conchita and her sister gave her a fresh desire. She told her mother she should be taken to Paris to study at a fine dancing school. The wish was followed by the deed, as was customary.

Gifted with a natural grace, Conchita and her sister, in their early teens, proceeded to become overnight sensations. They danced professionally in the fashionable spots in Paris, Madrid, London and Berlin. At fifteen, ripened into a ravishing charmer, Conchita was offered the lead in a silent French film.

The triumph went like wine to the head of the thrilled fifteen-year-old. She spent the succeeding two years leisurely touring the continent with her parents, and everywhere she was fêted and flattered. Metro scouts, impressed, dangled a contract before her, and she arrived in Hollywood just a few months prior to her eighteenth birthday.

The studio anticipated much. So did Conchita who, chaperoned by the older sister, promptly went stellar with a vengeance. She took an elegant house in the exclusive Brentwood district; she bought a limousine and hired a liveried chauffeur.

"But mentally I was unprepared for a Hollywood career because I was arrogant. I was high-hat. Soon I bumped up against the orders of others. It sounds silly; no one can quite understand unless she has been reared as I have. When the studio asked me to go to a hairdresser to try new coiffures I was insulted! When

I was asked to play a scene differently than I imagined it, I felt like a servant.

"I resented advice. I had never been criticized before. Studio discipline was a strange monster to me. So whenever I was opposed, I argued; I stormed. I dissolved into tears of pity for myself. I felt deeply hurt because I couldn't invariably do as I wished."

M-G-M TIRED OF this temperament. Conchita was plunged into the free-lance field, she was on her own for the first time in her life. Slowly she began to observe astonishing facts—that she wasn't infallible, that she mightn't be the world's greatest actress, that she would have to cooperate if she wanted to stay in the cinema sun.

By now she did want to last in Hollywood. She had a longing for the excitement and fame which was being taken away from her. Her sister returned to Europe and she was left alone.

Inherently intelligent, Conchita eventually found out that reason was more effective than rage. She stopped spending indiscriminately. Painfully she adjusted herself to the conditions she was forced to face. The climb back up the ladder hasn't been spectacular. But she has changed and Fox is rewarding her for having conquered her childish pride and temper.

"I aspire to emotional rôles," she says, "but I'm not good enough yet to attempt heavy characterizations. I must build to them and I am going to try."

She sums up her life to date with the frank exclamation: "I needed Hollywood's spanking!"

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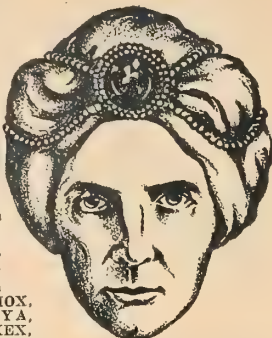
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F. M. D.—Your readings have proven so satisfactory for the past two years that I am now sending for my next year's reading. Will I get the foreman's job when the present party leaves through a marriage the first of the year?

Ans.—You will get this job as you are already chosen for this promotion by the heads of the firm.

N. A. F.—Your readings which my sister recently received from you we think are wonderful. Will I make the trip to Honolulu which I am planning and will there be a marriage for me this coming year?

Ans.—There will be a marriage for you and a honeymoon trip to Honolulu during this winter.

K. H. T.—The best reading I ever had is the one I got from you the beginning of this year. I am now sending for my next year's reading. Will my husband get an increase in wages where he is now employed or would you advise him to start a business of his own?

Ans.—I would advise him to start a business of his own where you and your daughter can both be of help to him. According to his birthdate he should be running into a four-year lucky cycle beginning the first of next year.

H. N. W.—I am greatly in love with a dark-haired boy whom I am slightly acquainted with. Does he care anything for me?

Ans.—This boy and you will become better acquainted but I do not believe there will be a marriage within two years for you. According to your birthdate 1936 appears to be a year when matrimonial happiness will come your way.

M. R. D.—I am a widow of 35 and was left consider-

able property. There are three men who wish to buy an interest in this business who were previously employed by my husband. Would you advise me to sell out to them or take them in as partners or just continue to keep them on the payroll?

Ans.—A partnership proposition is the best and what I would advise.

S. F. L.—Whom and when will I marry?

Ans.—You will marry a rather heavy set party with the initials of H. C. with whom you are slightly acquainted in a business way at the present time.

T. N. A.—Your readings and advice are certainly wonderful. If I marry the girl with whom I have been keeping company for the past year would it turn out successfully?

Ans.—According to your two birthdates you are well mated and a happy and successful marriage is indicated for you during the early spring.

F. B. F.—Would you advise us to buy our own home at the present time or start a business of our own first?

Ans.—I would advise you to buy your own home and also start the business that you have in mind as you will be successful in both paying for your home and making a success of the business.

S. N. T.—I recently made a very happy marriage. My husband is only getting a small salary. It is against the policy of the firm where I am now employed to have married women on the payroll. Will this firm find out and discharge me?

Ans.—The boss has a good idea that you are married. However, so long as you do not say anything to him about it, your position will last.

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If you have a friend or relative who wishes reading, include \$1.00 bill for the two readings. J-1-35

Santa Checks Up

Continued from page twenty-three

RALPH BELLAMY

Good Points: Refusing to let fame turn his head. Buys his own stamps and entertains his own wife.

Bad Points: That dizzy jacket he bought in Paris.

Gift: *Stardom.*

CLAUDETTE COLBERT

Good Points: For earning and keeping the admiration of all fans.

Because her form has nothing but good points.

For giving us her share of *It Happened One Night.*

Bad Points: Hates to take stills and is always trying to get out of it.

Takes too many people's advice and worries too much about meaningless criticisms of trivial matters.

Gift: *That Long Planned Trip to Europe.*

CHESTER MORRIS

Good Points: Put in a swimming pool for his family instead of buying a new car. Always lives within his means.

Swell performance in *Repeal.*

Bad Points: Entirely too modest.

Gift: *A New Car.*

GARY COOPER

Good Points: Settling down to being a good husband.

Never kicks about a picture rôle.

Let Shirley steal one picture and gave her a present for it!

Bad Points: Has terrible memory or else a convenient forgetter.

Spoiled one scene by putting on wrong tie and forgetting where the right one had been tossed.

Gift: *A Rifle.*

MAX BAER

Good Points: For bringing the championship back to Paramount and America.

Bad Points: Why bring that up?

Gift: *A Horseshoe.*

JEAN PARKER

Good Points: She's America's next sweetheart, because she is the sweetest thing in pictures.

Devoted to her adopted mother, Jessie Wright.

Does her own shampoos, manicures, won't let anyone wait on her.

Bad Points: Lost her temper when a dray team wrecked her little Ford.

Wept when she didn't get *Ann of Green Gables.*

Works too hard; should conserve her strength.

Gift: *Big Limousine.*

RICHARD DIX

Good Points: An orchid for marrying the girl he loved, even if she was just his secretary and not a big star.

Sticks to rôles the public likes.

Bad Points: Too retiring; doesn't give us enough to read about in Hollywood.

Gift: *A Big Family.*

JACKIE COOPER

Good Points: On that personal appearance tour you signed autographs till your arm ached, and never complained.

Bad Points: Too much candy, maybe.

Don't let yourself get fat, Jackie.

Gift: *Midget Car Racer.*

JACK OAKIE

Good Points: For being more than a

dutiful son; takes her out to dinner every Sunday and loves it.

Bad Points: Arrested for speeding.

Another black mark for that ancient sweatshirt he wears to parties.

Gift: *Full Dress Suit.*

GEORGE RAFT

Good Points: For never forgetting a friend.

Bad Points: That fist fight at the Brown Derby.

Gift: *A Night Club.*

WILLIAM POWELL

Good Points: *The Thin Man*—worth a dozen good marks.

Got our favorite child, Jean Harlow, out of the dumps.

Built a new home with a swimming pool for his nine-year-old boy.

Bad Points: Can't find any black marks to chalk down against Bill. He has a good word for everybody, and everybody has a good word for him.

Gift: *Monogrammed Hankies and Scarf.*

LILIAN HARVEY

Good Points: For refusing to give up the ship when her pictures failed to click. For being swell to interviewers.

For sticking to Willie Fritsch though oceans part them.

Bad Points: Should have realized that punk pictures were hurting her long ago and put her foot down sooner.

Gift: *A New Chance in Pictures.*

GRETA GARBO

Good Points: For just being the most fascinating star in pictures.

For doing *The Painted Veil.*

For creeping out of her shell a bit.

Bad Points: That inhuman hermit complex.

Refusing to sign a new contract and keeping Metro and all her fans in suspense.

Gift: *A Husband.*

JOHNNY MACK BROWN

Good Points: Took it like a good soldier when some of the best acting of his career was cut from the Mae West picture to change the plot around.

Always has a ready smile and cheerful disposition.

Bad Points: Still rather shy in a crowd (or is that a bad point?)

Won't talk about his love life because he's happily married and wants to stay that way, even if it isn't being romantic.

Gift: *A Schnauzer Dog.*

JUNE KNIGHT

Good Points: For a really swell piece of work in *Wake Up and Dream.*

For making Paul Ames as happy as his brother Steve.

Bad Points: Why not get married, June? These long engagements keep us on pins and needles.

Didn't give us a dance in her last picture.

Gift: *A Wedding Ring.*

MONTE BLUE

Good Points: For coming out of his long retirement and giving those fine rôles in *Student Tour* and *Bengal Lancers.*

Bad Points: Delaying his return to pictures for ten years while he just lazed around and enjoyed life.

Gift: *Home Movie Machine.*

HOLLYWOOD

A Star's Day in Hollywood

Continued from page twenty-eight

laughed and gave everybody the afternoon off, whereupon we shook hands all around.

I tucked the script under my arm and returned to the bungalow to find Dick Powell sitting there with an impudent smile on his face. He had just returned from a personal appearance in the East and seemed to be having a day off before *The Gold Diggers* of 1935 began at the Warner Brothers Studios. Dick thought it would be a nice idea to drive down to the County Fair which was being held in Pomona, about fifty miles from Hollywood. I chased him out of the bungalow while I removed the makeup and changed into my tweed suit. We paused on the way out to watch Gary Cooper in a scene from *Lives of a Bengal Lancer*.

Dick mentioned that it would be an excellent idea to have a bit of lunch and I agreed, for the same idea had occurred to me. We climbed into my roadster and drove into nearby Beverly Hills where quite a crowd was assembled at the Brown Derby. Joan Bennett was there with her little daughter, Diana, and Gene Raymond was accompanied by his mother. I was really thrilled to see Pola Negri, who recently arrived from Europe, lunching with her old director, Ernst Lubitsch.

Over my protest Dick ordered a couple of huge luncheons and joked about it when I ate every bit. Marian Nixon and William Seiter drove up as we were leaving and the autograph hunters, who were lurking in the doorway, became engaged with them as we slipped out.

IT WAS RATHER a cool afternoon and the drive down to Pomona was delightful, with the exception of the time when a couple of bees from the orange groves found their way into the car and precipitated a near panic until Dick shooed them out with his hat.

We both wore dark colored spectacles and they worked very well for, although the fair grounds were thronged with people, no one seemed to notice us.

We made the rounds of the little midway and tried a hand at each of the games, but neither of us managed to win even a plaster dollie. Dick was rather crestfallen until he won a dollar and a half at the trotting races and became quite elated for I lost seventy-five cents. We called it a day and drove home in the soft twilight which was beginning to fall across the sky.

I had an engagement with Jack Oakie that evening and had to hurry a good bit for he is quite fussy about punctuality, which is his one nervous point. And right enough, as the clock struck eight, the chimes of the front door blended in, and Jack entered grinning like a little boy with a bagful of cookies.

We had dinner in the newly opened Gold Room of the Beverly Wilshire Hotel. Vincent Lopez was playing there and he invited Jack to sing a number or so, but Jack pleaded that he had caught a slight cold on location that day and couldn't do himself or the public justice.

After one or two dances we left for Joe E. Brown's party in his Beverly Hills home which was the big social event of the week. The rooms and patio were thronged with familiar faces and it seemed as though everyone in town was there. There seemed to be a good deal

of good cheer afloat and Jack, unmindful of his cold, borrowed a guitar from one of the bands of musicians strolling about the grounds. He gathered everyone about and organized a community sing that must have shook the echoes and rolled up and down the Hollywood foothills from one side to the other.

There was a huge buffet supper that required six tables to hold it all and contained all sorts of strange Chinese foods and delicacies that Mr. Brown brought back from his recent trip to the Orient.

JACK AND I HAD made an ironbound agreement to leave at twelve o'clock which arrived just when we were having the best possible time. Each of us had an early morning call and bidding good night to everyone within earshot and thanking our host and hostess, we moved quickly away lest our good resolution falter.

Jack drove back to Toluca Lake like a whirlwind, and he came inside for a few moments while I brewed him a pot of black coffee. He always becomes sleepy when driving home alone and the roads back to Hollywood are dark and quite dangerous. I had a cup, too, for nothing in the world could have kept me awake fifteen minutes longer after that night air.

Jack departed munching a couple of tea biscuits and I went into my bedroom to prepare for bed. I doused the lights and crept drowsily between the covers. Just outside the doorway, the hall clock was striking in muffled tones and brother Terry was practising his clarinet softly somewhere about the house. I closed my eyes sleepily.

Women Directors

AGAIN HOLLYWOOD Is going to try a woman director. Leontine Sagan who made *Maedchen in Uniform* has arrived from Germany to select a story for her great gamble.

There is no reason why there should not be women directors—only there aren't. Lois Weber made some of the best of the early-day pictures of Hollywood; but later faded out of the picture.



BIRTHDAY

HOLLYWOOD extends congratulations to the stars who celebrate birthdays in January

Sid Silvers	1	Nils Asther	17
William Haines	1	Noah Beery	17
Marlon Davies	1	Lillian Bond	18
Charles Bickford	1	Cary Grant	18
Dorothy Arzner	3	Chick Chandler	18
Anna May Wong	3	Oliver Hardy	18
Betty Furness	3	Lillian Harvey	19
Polly Walters	5	Collin Clive	20
Tom Mix	6	June Knight	22
Loretta Young	6	Ralph Graves	23
Richard Cromwell	8	Randolph Scott	23
Monte Blue	11	Bob Steele	23
Kay Francis	13	Mary Boland	23
Bebe Daniels	14	Churchill Ross	29
Harry Carey	16	Eddie Cantor	31
Diana Wynyard	16	Greta Nissen	30
Tom Brown	16	Tallulah Bankhead	31
Grant Withers	17		

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Life Is a Gay Adventure

Continued from page sixteen

Hazard Short, the producer of that first Music Box Revue and Irving Berlin, who wrote the music for the show, are the two others who are still successful today.

MIRIAM IS A SOPHISTICATED siren. She is willful and obstinate about her own destiny. She is completely and utterly feminine and yet reacts to things in a straight, powerful way exactly as a man reacts. This has the effect of completely baffling the men whom she knows. They are never prepared.

Miriam has impeccable taste. She is famous for so many amusing things—important things and unimportant, funny things. She is famous for being one of the really great actresses who came from the New York stage and conquered Hollywood.

She is famous for her dinner parties—for her guests and for her champagne cocktails. Her French dinners—for the brilliancy of the conversation at all her parties.

Famous for her beautiful and unusual clothes which she flies to New York to have especially designed for her.

Miriam is famous for fighting things out to a bitter end when she believes her way is right.

And she has a "famous" jinx which has followed her since the Music Box Revue days when she came down a long stairway on the stage and broke her

ankle. She has hurt her ankle two or three times since—in Hollywood—and now Miriam tries to have them eliminate stairs from any picture she makes.

Miriam Hopkins makes you feel excited about everything interesting and beautiful in life. You sense the fact that she creates fabulous illusions for herself, then in some miraculous way, changes them into realities.

She is gay and eager and mad—mad like a clown—with a laughing mask.

There are strangers who say Miriam is selfish and that she lets nothing stand in her way, once she starts after a goal—which is all a lot of ridiculous jealous hokey!

Miriam is, naturally enough, vitally concerned with her own career—she is shrewd and profoundly wise in her selection of friends. What she seeks most from people—is inspiration.

Strangers do not know about the guest rooms Miriam keeps filled with life-long friends who happen to be having "reverses."

They know nothing of her inner loveliness and tenderness which made Miriam adopt a small boy.

And what they ought to know it how fearfully hard Miriam has studied and slaved for her success.

It never grew on Christmas trees—nor was it chance or luck.

It was Miriam herself—fighting to make her dreams come true.

Steamed Pudding With Xmas Dinner

Continued from page forty-three

cinnamon, ½ teaspoon each of nutmeg cloves and salt, ¼ teaspoon of ginger and ¾ teaspoon soda. Add ½ cup chopped suet and 1 cup seedless raisins. Blend together 1 beaten egg, ½ cup molasses and ½ cup sour milk and add to the other ingredients. Beat until smooth. Pour into a well-greased pudding mold, or into several small molds. Cover tightly and steam for 1½ hours.

Steamed Fudge Pudding

(This pudding is a general favorite with those members of the sterner sex who invariably go for chocolate desserts in a "big way.")

Cream together 3 tablespoons of shortening and ¾ cup sugar. Add 1 well beaten egg and beat hard. Add 2 squares of melted chocolate. Then add 1 cup of milk, (or ½ cup evaporated milk and ½ cup water), alternately with 2¼ cups pastry flour which has been sifted with 4 teaspoons baking powder and ¼ teaspoon salt. Pour into a well-greased mold, cover tightly and steam for 1½ hours. Serve with Hard Sauce, Whipped Cream, or Chocolate Sauce.

A little leaflet "STEAMED PUDDING SAUCES" will give you other delicious pudding sauce recipes. Write me, inclosing a stamped addressed envelope and I will be glad to send you a free copy at once. Address your letter to Grace Ellis, Food Consultant, HOLLYWOOD Magazine, 529 South Seventh Street, Minneapolis, Minn.



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HOLLYWOOD

Spitfire Hepburn Reforms

Continued from page twenty-one

she insists also that he should be played up in the picture and share the glory with her."

Those qualities of unselfishness and particularly the cooperation with the advertising department are rare in Hollywood.

This fall Max Reinhardt gave his notable production of *The Midsummer Night's Dream* at the Hollywood Bowl. Hepburn's picture was in production, and John Beal was working late at the studio, doing some dialog close-ups. In these closeups of him, Hepburn, of course, is not shown, but is presumed to be back of the camera speaking her lines. In shooting such a scene a script girl usually reads the other person's lines, just as a cue.

The door to the sound stage opened and in came Katharine Hepburn, resplendant in a white evening gown with a gorgeous Spanish shawl across her shoulders.

"I thought I'd come in and cue you with those lines, John," she said.

Naturally, it would help Beal a great deal in getting expression into his lines, with the leading lady giving the cues. Katharine didn't have to do it, but she wanted to be helpful.

"But you don't have to work, Katharine," said her director. "You'll be late for the show."

"Oh, I just thought I'd show you boys that I can really dress up if I want to," she chuckled.

You can imagine how John Beal adores her, and how this sort of thing is appreciated by a director.

I Was becoming convinced that a new Hepburn was abroad in the land, but I wanted to see for myself. I wanted to watch her for a day on location. So far as "personality" stories and interviews are concerned, Katharine has not altered her attitude; these are not permitted during production. But after a picture is finished she will talk, provided her personal business and affairs are left out. For this no one blames her.

No one, however, who was not connected with the studio could be permitted on her set—those were the rules. But so marked is the change in Hepburn that it was decided to risk it. That in itself indicated a different Hepburn.

The company was on location in Laurel Canyon, which cuts through that long range of steep hills back of Hollywood. There a miniature Scottish village had been built; a quiet, shadowy glen through which ran cobbled streets, lined with quaint old houses. There was an arched bridge with the castle in the background, the ruins by the graveyard, the blacksmith shop and the thatched cottages that form the background to Barrie's beloved book.

Katharine was in high spirits. She drove up with Laura Harding, her best friend, in the Ford delivery wagon that Hepburn bought for lugging things around in, and which she and Laura now use for every purpose. Katharine hopped out, her long gypsy skirt and bright shawl a flutter of colors, her brown hair soft and long about her shoulders.

She had her miniature movie camera with her. The company was assembled after lunch, and I was talking with John

Beal. He had a bandage over one eye. That morning, during a mob scene between the Scots and the soldiers, a pike had caught him in the face, inflicting a painful wound beside his eye.

Katharine came swinging over, to speak with him.

"Poor John!" she exclaimed in sympathy, and then turned to us: "You should have seen him—bled terribly. Such a narrow escape, too—another half inch! Say, I'll take your picture."

She squints through the finder while John grins at her. Katharine is slight of build, with the small, flexible waist that dancers have so that she can sway back from the hips as though her whole body were made without joints. It gives her the grace of a wood nymph. Her hair isn't red, but a burnished brown that catches the sun with coppery lights. In repose, her face has a somber appearance characteristic of Garbo, with the corners of her mouth drooping. But her face seldom is in repose; a quick smile lifts the corners of her lips and her eyes crinkle with humor.

Then she scampered off to perch on a step ladder back of the cameraman. She aimed her camera at him and he looked up and struck a comical pose. Director Richard Wallace, down there in his canvas chair, smiled at her and waved for a rehearsal of the mob of Scots who are to stone the soldiers.

The mob comes together, paper rocks fly, clubs wave in the air. Hepburn gets it all with her camera.

"Did you get it okay?" Wallace asks the cameraman.

"Sorry, but I'm reloading!" Katharine sings out, and everyone laughs, as they look up at her busily loading her camera. It's a common joke that cameramen always run out of film and have to reload just when the director thinks he has a good take.

What a contrast to some of the pictures Hepburn has made out here, when she and her director were at sword's points! I remember when the entire cast would be shoed off the set while she and her director fought it out and even sound proof walls couldn't shut in the sound of the battle.

Do You Know—

1. What former screen star, dead eight years, is still a box office draw?
2. What famous actor used to be paralyzed with panic before the camera?
3. What actress is making a "come back" at twenty-one?
4. What actor cried his way into a job?

[Answers on page 64]



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As she moves with that lissome grace about the set, always with a gay word of banter ready, always willing and ready for the job she has to do, it is no wonder that you have the feeling of all being well with the world.

Cameramen and grips, juicers and sound men started putting in their applications for assignment to the next Hepburn picture before the *Little Minister* production was half under way. That's how fast word gets around about a star. If you ever want the lowdown on a star's popularity, ask a prop boy. It's like that old stage adage; if the orchestra in the pit starts looking for another job, the play's run is almost done.

Snooping around, I learned that Katharine Hepburn had given them—those men and women who work on her picture—a radio set so that they could listen to the World's Series.

And that isn't all. She treated everyone, from the lowest prop boy to the director, with a big chicken dinner one day out in the canyon. It was a surprise; only the assistant director and Katharine Hepburn—and Laura Harding—were in on the surprise.

All these incidents, when gathered together, point to the inescapable conclusion that Katharine Hepburn is a different girl from the one who came to Hollywood a couple of years ago.

But then, suppose you were a young stage actress, suddenly catapulted into movie fame! Would you know all the ropes? Of course not. Hepburn cannot be blamed for getting off on the

wrong foot, if you want to be reasonable about it. This sudden curiosity about her private life—common experience to Hollywood stars—repelled her. She hated living like a goldfish and could not reconcile stage customs with movie customs. She got in dutch with a lot of influential people on that account. One widely syndicated writer, seldom fails to take a poke at Hepburn; an outcome of early disagreements over publicity. Many writers are hostile to her because she failed to cooperate with publicity stories in the early days out here, and their gibes have not helped her career along. All that she must now realize.

She has learned the importance of a star joining in the general ballyhoo. From the days of the circus and the medicine show, ballyhoo has been the life of any show. The same principle holds true in pictures.

Perhaps that is why Katharine Hepburn has turned over a new leaf—she has learned the ropes. What seemed silly and bothersome before, now assumes its proper importance in her business. Hepburn was, after all, pretty green when she came here. A born actress of wonderful capabilities, she soared far above the average starring position, without due preparation for the job.

And for that reason she should be forgiven. She is showing that she can be as good a trouper according to Hollywood standards, as the next one, and certainly she is demonstrating beyond doubt that she is one of the finest actresses that ever cast her shadow on the silver screen.

Myrna Loy says it Pays to be Homely

Continued from page fifteen

to change. Finally Valentino said: 'Let her use my portable dressing room. I won't be needing it.'

"You girls who carried the torch for Valentino won't need to be told how thrilled I was to dress before his mirror. Natacha's gown and makeup did wonders for me. In fact, it seemed to me as I stared at my reflection that in some magical way I had been transformed into a person who bore no resemblance whatever to the homely little roughneck of a few years previous.

"Breathlessly, I went out to let them look me over. I shall never forget Valentino's comment. 'You look perfectly lovely,' he said.

"Only a girl who has cried herself to sleep at night because she was homely will appreciate what that compliment meant to me. For days I went around with my head in the clouds. Seeing the test, however, jerked me back to earth with a bang. I looked simply awful on the screen. My cheeks seemed sunken and my eyes were like dark blots. My teeth were conspicuously bad. I moved so fast and jerky across the screen that I resembled a Keystone comedy. I realized that bad lighting had been partially responsible but that knowledge was poor consolation. I ran out of the projection room, my eyes filled with tears. There was just one thought in my mind: I had failed, and failed miserably.

"I know now that that experience was the greatest lesson I ever had for out of that crushing humiliation grew a de-

termination not to give up until I had reached my goal."

"SOME TIME LATER Natacha sent for me. She never mentioned the test. She merely said that they were confident that I could be developed into an odd screen personality and that she wanted to use me in her picture *What Price Beauty*. She showed me the sort of makeup to use, taught me to slant my eyebrows, and to give my mouth a sensual curve. She dressed me in bizarre costumes. Her belief in me gave me new confidence in myself. The result was that gradually I evolved a new personality. The process was long and sometimes painful. It meant trying and failing and getting up and trying again. If I had been born beautiful I doubt if I would have had the courage to see it through.

"Please don't conclude that I am stupid enough to underestimate the value of beauty. It is indeed a precious thing. But, as Aldous Huxley once pointed out, the greatest source of beauty is an experiencing soul. The perfection of eyes and nose and mouth can be utterly blah if there's nothing else to go with it.

"When Nature has done all the work for a girl there is really nothing to spur her on. Whereas a face or a figure that needs a lot of work done on it is a direct challenge. I firmly believe that any girl who will use her head can create an illusion of beauty. It simply means discovering what her best points are and then playing them up for all they're worth. It can be a lot of fun, too. I know—because I've tried it."

Hollywood Chatter

WILLIAM POWELL and JEAN HARLOW drop in on DOLORES DEL RIO to hear about her trip to Mexico.

VERREE TEASDALE just recovering from a severe attack of the flu.

The MARX BROTHERS (only three of them now) signing a new contract with M-G-M and throwing a big party to celebrate the occasion.

MAE WEST attacked as a symbol of corrupt capitalism in the left-wing publication, "The New Masses."

Toad-racing the latest sport in the film colony. Toads retailing at \$1 each.

HELEN MERRILL, dining at the Russian Eagle in Hollywood, finds a \$400 pearl in an oyster.

KAREN MORLEY trying to teach her year-old son how to walk and run.

CHARLES LAUGHTON confessing that he would rather lie on the floor than sit in a chair.

FRANCIS LEDERER dining alone at Levy's.

CHARLES BICKFORD dragging all visitors out to his stables to show them his new horse.

JOHN BEAL still describing to everyone how he nearly lost his eye in *The Little Minister*. KATHARINE HEPBURN absolutely silent about her injuries.

JAMES CAGNEY all overjoyed because he lost eight pounds on his recent yachting trip.

WALLY BEERY all set to take CAROL ANN to Europe.

LEE TRACY bragging that he never smokes less than sixty cigarettes a day.

Great rejoicing among the fans at the news that JANET GAYNOR and CHARLES FARRELL will once more be teamed in a series of pictures at Fox.

FAY WRAY casting her first vote as a United States citizen. She recently received her final citizenship papers.

CLARK GABLE receives a letter from a Paris newspaper telling him he has been selected the handsomest man in films.

MAE WEST out-wise-cracking one of Hollywood's champion wise-crackers—and making him like it.

LEW AYRES getting all indignant about social inequalities and the rights of common folks.

The Authors Club accepting the application of JEAN HARLOW on account of the publication of her first book.

ANN HARDING pleased as can be at the first rushes of her picture *Peacock Feathers*.

JACK LA RUE and GEORGE RAFT, reported as Hollywood "Feudists," seen strolling arm-in-arm down the boulevard.

BING CROSBY denying stories that he expects another baby.

"Yes, Mother, I'm Going to Be An Actor"

Continued from page thirty-three

had struck gold, signed him on a long term contract.

THE REAL STORY of David Holt begins in the home of the Masseys, a humble cottage in Atlanta, Ga., years before he was born. His mother wanted to be an actress but her parents forbade. She made up her mind that if ever she had a child, boy or girl, the stage or screen should be its destiny.

She married and went to Jacksonville, Fla., to live and there David was born.

By the time David was two years old he was dancing to the music of a two-dollar radio which she bought. When he was three, an attack of lockjaw threatened to carry him off, but he recovered. By the most stringent household economies, Mrs. Holt accumulated enough money to pay for dancing and dramatic lessons at a local dramatic school. Into little David's consciousness was poured the idea, "You are going to be an actor."

"Yes, mother," he would smile up at her, "I'm going to be an actor."

He was soon the prize pupil of the school and his teacher took him to the showhouses of Miami, Daytona, Palm Springs and other small Florida cities while his mother, fairly bursting with pride, watched from the wings as the tiny performer brought thunders of applause.

Finally Mrs. Holt took David to Hollywood and for a month with the little boy's hand in hers, Mrs. Holt haunted the casting offices. They could not even get

a hearing. Their resources exhausted, they returned to Florida.

WAITING ONLY UNTIL they could again save enough money, Mrs. Holt once more induced her husband to take David to Hollywood. Again they faced a blank wall. There seemed little hope that she would ever get David inside a studio gate until they moved next door to a character actor named Howard Hickman.

"David went over to his house to borrow a hammer," says Mrs. Holt, "and Mr. Hickman got him to dance. He was impressed and began taking him to the studios and David got his first extra work."

Then came small parts in some of Bobby Jones' golf shorts, *Sitting Pretty*, *Wall of Gold* and *Mary Stevens M. D.*

"It was hard until David got his break," smiled Mrs. Holt, "and often Mr. Holt and I did not have enough to eat but we kept David and his sister Betty well fed. I never lost faith for I knew that all he needed was a chance."

Experts who should know predict that David will go far. They also admit that he is the finest natural child actor since Jackie Coogan, which means that unlike most child stars, his career will not terminate when he loses his childish appeal.

"I love my mother," smiled David looking up at her as they both sat in a big chair in the publicity office, "and I'm sorry I only got one heart 'cause if I had two I'd give 'em both to her."



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What's New on the Screen

Continued from page twenty-seven

The Captain Hates the Sea

... A nautical "Grand Hotel" with entire action taking place aboard a ship. The fact that every member of the cast is a star or featured player makes this grand entertainment. John Gilbert definitely proves he has not lost his charm. Walter Connolly and Akim Tamiroff are superb. Don't miss it.—COLUMBIA.

THE PLAYERS—Schulte, Victor McLaglen; Mrs. Jeddock, Wynne Gibson; Mrs. Magruder, Alison Skipworth; Steve Bramley, John Gilbert; Janet Grayson, Helen Vinson; Danny Checkett, Fred Keating; Layton, Leon Errol; Capt. Helquist, Walter Connolly; Greta Klargi, Tala Birell; Joe Silvers, Walter Catlett; Mr. Jeddock, John Wray; Judge Griswold, Claude Gillingwater; Mrs. Griswold, Emily Fitzroy; Miss Hackson, Geneva Mitchell; Josephus Bushmills, Donald Meek; Juan Gilboa, Luis Alberni; Solazaro, Akim Tamiroff; Major Waringforth, Arthur Treacher; Flo, Inez Courtney; Orchestra, Jerry Howard, Larry Fine and Moe Howard; Donlin, G. Pat Collins.

Gentlemen Are Born

... An indictment of the hooey which makes college graduates think a diploma insures success. Four young men leave college to conquer the world. Soon they are lashed by life's adversities and one is killed. Failures, the trio decide they must muddle through life, in spite of their degrees. Franchot Tone is perfectly cast. Ann Dvorak and Jean Muir are excellent. Good entertainment and bound to please you.—WARNER.

THE PLAYERS—Bob Bailey, Franchot Tone; Tom Martin, Ross Alexander; Joan Harper, Margaret Lindsay; Susan Merrill, Ann Dvorak; Trudy, Jean Muir; Fred Harper Jr., Robert Light; Fred Harper Sr., Henry O'Neill; Smudge, Nick Foran; Stephen Hornblow, Charles Starrett; Mrs. Harper, Marjorie Gateson; Al, Bradley Paige.

St. Louis Kid

... A perfectly grand picture blending comedy and excitement to perfection. James Cagney, truck driver, in jail, steals the jailer's keys and takes Patricia Ellis to a dance. Complications come up and Cagney is accused of murder. He escapes again, tracks down the real murderer and lives happily with Patricia forever after. You never saw Cagney better. Don't miss it.—WARNER.

THE CAST—Eddie Kennedy, James Cagney, Ann Reid, Patricia Ellis; Buck, Allen Jenkins; Judge Jones, Arthur Aylesworth; Farmer Benson, Robert Barrat; Muzzelopp, Spencer Charters; Brown, Addison Richards; Louie, Harry Woods; Joe Hunter, William Davidson; Richardson, Hobart Cavanaugh; Pete, Eddie Schubert; Harris, Charles Wilson; Gracie, Dorothy Dare; the girl friend, Gertrude Short. A Warner picture directed by Ray Enright.

Return of Chandu

... Because of the popularity of that mystic character, Chandu, we have to admit that this is a screamie indeed. Bela (Dracula) Lugosi is excellent. There are twelve episodes each one ending with the hero falling over a cliff or the princess about to be cast in the fiery furnace. Well done and thrilling.—PRINCIPAL PICTURES.

THE PLAYERS—Chandu (Mr. Frank Chandler), Bela Lugosi; Princess Nadji, Maria Alba; Mrs. Regent, Clara Kimball Young; Vindhyan, High Priest of Ubasti, Lucian Prival; Robert Regent, Deane Benton; Betty Regent, Phyllis Ludwig; Sutra, Cyril Ambruster; Voice of Ubasti, Murdock MacQuarrie; Captain Wilson, Wilfred Lucas; Tyba, Joseph Swickard; Prince Andra, Bryant Washburn.

The Firebird

... An unusual film with the earmarks of a hit, introducing Anita Louise as a star. Her rare beauty and excellent acting brought high applause from the preview audience. The story concerns the solving of a murder mystery with psychological methods. A well done picture, well worth seeing.—WARNER.

THE PLAYERS—Carola Pointer, Verree Teasdale; Herman Brandt, Ricardo Cortez; John Pointer, Lionel Atwill; Marietta, Anita Louise; Police Inspector, C. Aubrey Smith; Jolan, Dorothy Tree; Mlle. Mousquet, Helen Trenholm; Emile, Hobert Cavanaugh; Halasz, Robert Barrat; Assistant Stage Manager, Hal K. Dawson; Stage Manager, Russell Hicks; Max, Spencer Charters; Professor Peterson, Etienne Girardot; Thelma, Florence Fair; Alice Von Attern, Nan Gray.

Enter Madame

... Elissa Landi in a charming rôle. Based on the stage success, the story is of a young American who marries a famous opera singer but finds himself only a stooge for his famous wife. He plans to divorce her but she outwits him and the stooging continues.—PARAMOUNT.

THE PLAYERS—Lisa della Robbia, Elissa Landi; Gerald Fitzgerald, Cary Grant; Farnum, Lynne Overman; Flora Preston, Sharon Lynn; John della Robbia, Frank Albertson; Aline Chalmers, Cecilia Parker; Tamamoto, Wilfred Hari; Bice, Michelelette Burani; Archimede, Paul Porcasi; The Doctor, Adrian Rosley; Carlson, Torben Meyer; Bjorgenson, Harold Berquist.

The White Parade

... Loretta Young gets the chance of her career and acquires herself notably in this story about the life of a student nurse. Claimed to be the first authentic picture of its kind it rises to new heights of drama with John Boles, Dorothy Wilson, Joyce Compton and Muriel Kirkland in the excellent supporting cast. Well worth seeing.—LASKY-FOX.

THE PLAYERS—June Arden, Loretta Young; Ronald Hall, John Boles; Zita Scofield, Dorothy Wilson; Glenda Farley, Muriel Kirkland; Gertrude Mack, Astrid

HOLLYWOOD

Allwyn; Doctor Thorne, Frank Conroy; Sailor, Jane Darwell; Doctor Barnes, Frank Melton; Doctor Moore, Walter Johnson; Miss Harrington, Sara Haden; Una Mellon, Joyce Compton; Pudgy Stebbins, June Gittel-son.

Successful Failure

• • Good family drama with the veteran William Collier, Sr., in the lead. The story of a plodding newspaper man, nagged by his wife and daughter about his small salary. He finally loses his job but succeeds in selling his column to the radio and all turns out well.—MONOGRAM.

THE PLAYERS—Ellery Cushing, William Collier, Sr.; Mrs. Cushing, Lucille Gleason; Phil, Russell Hopton; Ruth, Gloria Shea; Bob, William Janney; Geary, Jameson Thomas; Tommy, George Breakstone; Blair, Richard Tucker; Flintly, Clarence Wilson; radical orator, Francis McDonald.

With the NEWS SLEUTH

Continued from page ten

stellar rôle in *The Call of the Wild*, to be filmed in Alaska.

With production on the vehicle set to get under way in the early Spring, March faces a two months' stay in the Land of the Midnight Sun.

Mae Has Her Ideas!

WHEN MAE WEST was introduced to Carl Brisson, the gallant Swede lifted the blonde's finger tips to his lips, and planted a smacker thereon. Mae smiled her sweetest for Carl, and waited until he had taken his departure before she expressed herself on the subject of hand-kissing. Then—

"The custom is all right to start with," flipped la West, "but I like it only for evening wear. Personally, I think it's pretty silly when a man comes up to a woman who is wearing sports clothes or a riding outfit, and kisses her hand. Imagine it happening in a bathing suit, too!"

Can You Blame Her?

JEANETTE MACDONALD has announced that she is through guest-starring over the ether waves. Hereafter, when you hear the beautiful titian-topped one's golden voice over the radio it will be as a very high-salaried artist on a program all her own!

MacDonald stock has soared to new heights since the previews of *The Merry Widow*, hailed as her greatest accomplishment.

After a short vacation in New York, she will return to Hollywood to sing opposite Nelson Eddy in *Naughty Marietta*.

La Sten Is Unveiled

SAM GOLDWYN finally has lifted the mystery screen behind which he has kept his Russian star, Anna Sten, hidden ever since bringing her to Hollywood.

JANUARY, 1935

Hell in the Heavens

• • • War-time aviation story with Warner Baxter as an ace of the Lafayette Escadrille. He fears a great German flyer but when he actually meets him in mortal combat discovers the fear was mutual. A fine theme and the air thrills are excellent. Conchita Montenegro, the only woman in the cast is strikingly effective.—FOX.

THE PLAYERS—Lt. Steve Warner, Warner Baxter; Aimee, Conchita Montenegro; 2nd Lt. Hartley, Russell Hardie; "Granny" Biggs, Herbert Mundin; Serg. Ham Davis, Andy Devine; Lt. Pop Roget, Ralph Morgan; Ace McGurk, Vince Barnett; Capt. Andre DeLaage, William Stack; Corporal Teddy May, William Stelling; Serg. Chevalier, J. Carrol Naish; Clarence Perkins, Johnny Arthur; Baron Kurt Von Hagen, Arno Frey; Lt. Schroeder, Rudolf Amendt; Sergeant Cortez, Vincent Carato.



After a year and a half of dodging the news cameras, Anna came out in the open at the Rouben Mamoulian party.

It was from force of habit more than anything else that the lens experts asked the blonde importation to pose, and you can imagine their elation as well as their surprise, when she fired back:

"Why, certainly, boys!"

Jean Fills the Void

FILMTOWNERS FINALLY have become convinced that it is companionship rather than love behind the joint gaddings of Jean Harlow and Bill Powell.

While the platinum-tipped lady plans to file divorce proceedings against Cameraman Hal Rosson shortly after he returns from Europe, she has made it plain that she has no intention of re-marrying as long as she continues in pictures.

"And that will be for seven years, at least," she said.

Jimmy Recuperates

JAMES CAGNEY is back before the cameras again after being confined to his bed by illness that developed from an old stomach ailment.

The star was stricken while at Coronado Beach, emoting in *Devil Dogs of the Air*.

Turns Producer

FRANCIS LEDERER is temporarily deserting Hollywood and the girl friend, Steffi Duna, for Broadway, where he will produce and direct a footlight musical.

Nancy's Romance

NANCY CARROLL is seen more and more in the company of Van Smith, the wealthy young Beverly Hills attorney,

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30x4.60-21	2.40	0.85	31x4	2.25	0.85	
32x4.75-19	2.45	0.95	32x4	2.25	0.85	
28x4.75-20	2.50	0.95	33x4	2.25	0.85	
28x5.00-19	2.55	1.05	32x4 1/2	2.25	1.15	
32x5.00-20	2.55	1.05	33x4 1/2	2.25	1.15	
28x5.25-18	2.50	1.15	34x4 1/2	2.25	1.15	
28x5.25-19	2.55	1.15	30x5	3.65	1.55	
30x5.25-20	2.55	1.15	33x5	3.75	1.55	
31x5.25-21	2.55	1.15				
28x5.50-18	2.55	1.15				
28x5.50-19	2.55	1.15				
30x5.50-19	2.55	1.15				
31x5.50-19	2.55	1.15				
32x5.50-20	2.55	1.15				
33x5.50-21	2.55	1.15				
32x5.50-20	2.75	1.35				

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ROMANCE

ROBERT and Mignon Woolsey have been married for seventeen years, and they're still on speaking terms . . . Sheila Mannors continues as head woman in the life of Ernst Lubitsch . . . Matt Moore and Aileen Pringle have been "thataway" for half a decade now . . . George Jean Nathan and Lillian Gish continue their New York dinners for two . . . It's all over between Evelyn Venable and Hal Mohr as a result of Papa Venable's discovery that Hal has two divorces to his credit . . . Irene Hervey and Nick Stuart have developed a mutual interest in stargazing . . . Esther Ralston admits she's fond of Bill Morgan, but insists that wedding bells are out.

MARY CARLISLE and James Blakeley of the Park Avenue Blakeleys, are cooing . . . rumors are about that Peggy Hopkins Joyce will "ankle it" with Peppy D'Albrow . . . the Charlie Murrays celebrated their twenty-eighth wedding anniversary by sailing through the Panama Canal . . . Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres continue to hold hands in public . . . Antonio Moreno and Clara Ray (the ex-Mrs. Charlie) dine together . . . Geneva Mitchell and Lowell Sherman will be announcing the date before long . . . Virginia Bruce goes dancing with the very rich Sonny Whitney . . . June Knight is knitting sweaters for Paul Ames . . . Harpo Marx's six-months sojourn in Russia didn't lessen his interest in Susan Fleming.

JACKIE COOPER is showering attention on Dorothea Beick, the starlet from Bloomington, Illinois . . . Charles Irwin and Helen Mack are each other's favorite people . . . Anita Louise and Tom Brown, real life sweethearts, are "burned" because exhibitors don't want them to co-star any more . . . Edward Everett Horton is squiring Genevieve Tobin . . . now that Georgie Raft's estranged frau has promised to proceed with the legal severing, Georgie and Virginia Pine are discussing parson's fees . . . Helen Morgan is back in town with a denial that she and Maurice Maschke, Jr., are parting . . . Hazel Forbes is delaying the start under her new RKO-Radio contract while her millionaire fiancé, Bob Aaronson, is in town.

reviving rumors that she is about to divorce Bolton Mallory, her second mate.

Meanwhile, Jack Kirkland, Nancy's first husband, and his bride, Jane Shad-duck, who separated soon after their marriage, are reported on the verge of a reconciliation.

Ann Goes Musical

ANN DVORAK, who was a studio dancing teacher before winning her spurs as a dramatic actress, will shortly satisfy a craving of long standing. Warner Brothers have decided to star her in a song-and-dance picture!

Lyle Flies High

LYLE TALBOT has long been an aviation nut, but his Warner contract prohibited his going aloft. As a result, he has spent whole days around the airfields, admiring planes, envying aviators.

But Lyle's repressed desire no longer is repressed.

He plays the rôle of a pilot in *Murder in the Clouds*, and he's getting paid for it, too.

Joan Plays Safe

THE HOLLYWOOD crime wave has caused Joan Crawford to park her costly collection of jewels in a bank's strong-box. Before locking up the baubles, however, the star had an inexpensive duplicate made from each piece.

Joan's New Hobby

JOAN BENNETT has gone in for Early American modes and manners in a big way.

The youngest daughter of the famous clan has not only purchased a century-old farmhouse and 160-acres of meadow and woodland in Connecticut, where she is restoring the original furnishings, but she doing over two rooms in her Hollywood residence after the Colonial mode.

Joan and hubby Jean Markey plan to make the Eastern place their permanent abode after la Bennett retires from the silversheet.

Gives Cousin Chance

VIRGINIA BRUCE, ex-wife of John Gilbert, has brought her attractive cousin, Ruth Hart, down from San Francisco and is preparing her for a try at the talkies.

A Gift From Gary

GARY COOPER is so delighted with the way Henry Hathaway is directing him in *The Lives of a Bengal Lancer*, that he has presented the megaphonist with an expensive wrist watch—an exact duplicate of the one Sandra Shaw bought the lanky star on his birthday a few months back.

Josie Soars Rapidly

THE BROTHERS WARNER are losing no time in pushing Josephine Hutchinson, Eva LeGallienne's prize protégée, into a stellar niche.

With only one screen rôle to her credit, the Burbank producers have assigned Josie as George Brent's leading woman in *The Sacred Flame*, after which she will portray *Hermine* in Max Reinhardt's personally-directed screen version of *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

The pale and red-headed Josie will have little rest between productions, for her Warner contract provides for four pictures a year, all to be made within a six months period, thus allowing her six months annually in which to return to Broadway.

Answers

to questions on page 59

1. Rudolph Valentino.
See page 12
2. Richard Dix.
See "Harry Carr's Shooting Script," page 37
3. Conchita Montenegro.
See story, page 13
4. David Holt.
See story, page 33

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JANUARY, 1935

FASHIONS



JEAN HARLOW appeared at the tennis matches in a white satin slacks suit . . . Gene Raymond has gone in for black shirts that would win the praise of Mussolini . . . take a good look at the gown Carole Lombard wears in "Bride and the Best Man" . . . it is made of a new fabric known as cellophane velvet, and, at the moment, there are only seven yards of the material in existence . . . the cloth is said to have the draping qualities of velvet, plus a high surface glitter . . . Adrian has designed for Joan Crawford's private wardrobe a sweeping evening gown in blue like most of Joan's clothes, and bordered at the shoulder and hem by graceful corded loops . . . a three-quarter wrap of blue cotton lace completes the ensemble.

MARIAN NIXON has a new tweed suit of colorful rust and brown pattern . . . it is modeled along youthful lines, with a narrow skirt and loose, unbelted jacket . . . Mary Brian also is going in for tweeds, one of her newer outfits carrying attractive box leather fastenings on the jacket . . . one of Ann Sothern's recently-acquired ensembles consists of a blouse with a high neckline and a jacket carrying a collar in the band mode, a la Russe . . . Joan Bennett has a satin-dull wool outfit that includes a jacket of mossy bouclette wool-weave, with loosened sides and belted front and back, given it that bulky top and slim skirt effect that is so popular now.

Anna Draws a Cheer

ANNA STEN may have been more or less of a social recluse in the past, but she was very much in evidence when the *Again We Live* labor crew threw off a dinner and dance for its members at one of the beach clubs. Anna was there in all her glory, tripping it with every electrician, prop boy and grip who asked her.

Joel Lingers On

JOEL McCREA presented wifey, Frances Dee, with a costly automobile as a peace-offering when he postponed their trans-Atlantic jaunt to play opposite Marlene Dietrich in *Carnival in Spain*.

However, Joe's British offer still holds good, and he hopes to be able to take Frances and the baby to London by Spring at the latest.

Praise For Katie

HUGH WALPOLE, English novelist now in Hollywood, insists that Katharine Hepburn "has more genius than any feminine star I have yet met in the film colony."

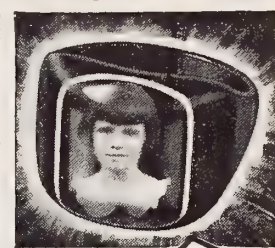
Neighbors Aroused

THERE WILL be several vacant homes in Jackie Cooper's Beverly Hills neighborhood unless the child star loses interest in his recent birthday gifts, which included a set of trap drums, a set of kettle drums and a big brass drum.

Yep, Jackie's decided to join an orchestra as a drummer when he grows up!

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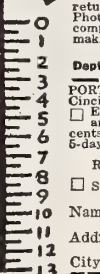
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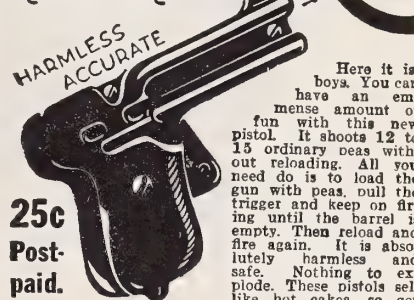
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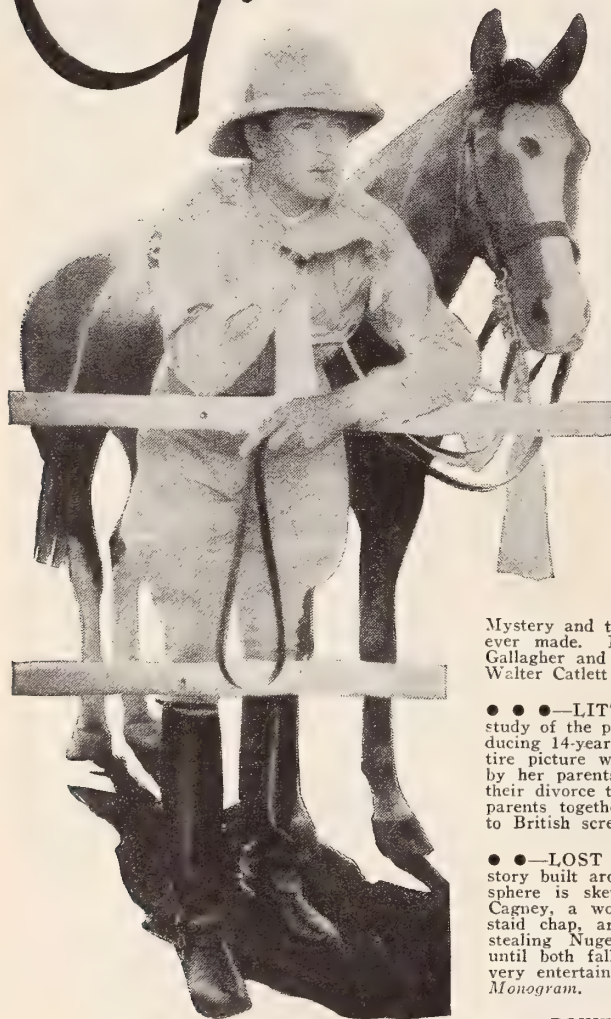
City _____ State _____

THE *Guide* TO NEW PICTURES

RATING CODE:

●●●● Excellent ●●● Good
●● Fair ● Mediocre

Convenient reviews
of current attractions



Gary Cooper as Captain McGregor in *Lives of a Bengal Lancer*, a Paramount picture



Carole Lombard, glamorous and beautiful as ever, with Roger Pryor in a scene from *Lady By Choice*

NEW PICTURES

●●●●—**CLEOPATRA**—Claudette Colbert, Warren William and Henry Wilcoxon in a vast DeMille spectacle.—*Paramount*.

●—**FIFTEEN WIVES**—Only Conway Tearle's grand acting saves this from the ash can. In spite of this the film is tiresome and uninteresting. A mystery story which isn't mysterious. Suit yourself about seeing it.—*Chesterfield*.

●●—**GREEN EYES**—Mild entertainment. Mystery story with Shirley Grey and Charles Starrett. There are several murders and fair detective work but you won't get terribly excited.—*Chesterfield*.

●●—**I SELL ANYTHING**—A splendid cast headed by Pat O'Brien, Ann Dvorak, Claire Dodd and Roscoe Karns is wasted on the shopworn theme of a racketeer who sells fake jewelry at auction. The cast does its best but the story isn't there.—*Warner Bros.*

●—**LIGHTNING STRIKE TWICE**—Farce-

Mystery and the mystery is why the picture was ever made. Ben Lyons, Thelma Todd, Skeets Gallagher and Pert Kelton in a scrambled story. Walter Catlett fails to amuse.—*Radio*.

●●●—**LITTLE FRIEND**—A psychological study of the problems of a growing child. Introducing 14-year-old Nova Pilbeam, who carries entire picture with ease and talent. Disillusioned by her parents' neglect and forced to testify at their divorce trial, her anguish finally brings her parents together again. Noteworthy contribution to British screen.—*Gaumont-British*.

●●—**LOST IN THE STRATOSPHERE**—The story built around a crazy flight into the stratosphere is sketchy and badly handled. William Cagney, a woman chaser and Elliot Nugent, a staid chap, are army fliers. Cagney is always stealing Nugent's girls. Nugent doesn't mind until both fall in love with June Collyer. Not very entertaining but maybe you can stand it.—*Monogram*.

●●—**POWER**—British made picture. A powerful theme but exceedingly dull and doubtful if it will please American audiences. Setting is in Wurtenburg, where a Jew seeking to ingratiate himself, sacrifices a young girl to the desires of Duke Alexander. Retribution comes when the Jew's daughter kills herself to escape the Duke's advances. Conrad Veidt and a foreign cast.—*Gaumont-British*.

●●—**TRANSATLANTIC MERRY-GO-ROUND**—Just fair. A mystery story studded with music and song but too confusing. Action takes place on a ship with a variegated assortment of passengers. Nancy Carroll and Gene Raymond do their best and it isn't bad.—*Reliance*.

●●—**WITHOUT CHILDREN**—Dull picture but good in spots. Bruce Cabot, married, falls for another woman. His wife, Marguerite Churchill, despairing at the actions of her husband and the wildness of their children determines to straighten out the whole family by stepping out herself. You'll like parts of this.—*Liberty*.

WATCH FOR THESE AT YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD THEATRE

●●●—**HAPPINESS AHEAD**—Musical, Dick Powell at his best. Story of a rich girl who falls in love with a window washer.—*Warner*.

●●●—**IMITATION OF LIFE**—A simple story great because of its very simplicity. A romance with racial complications. With Claudette Colbert, Rochelle Hudson, Juanita Quigley, Ned Sparks, Paul Lukas.—*Universal*.

●●●●—**LADY BY CHOICE**—May Robson clicks again in a picture which ranks with *Lady for a Day*.—*Columbia*.

●●●—**MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH**—A famous book and stage play brought to the screen by Pauline Lord, W. C. Fields, Kent Taylor, Evelyn Venable, Donald Meek and others.—*Paramount*.

●●●—**NIGHT LIFE OF THE GODS**—Fantasy. Young scientist discovers how to turn living people into statues and vice versa.—*Universal*.

●●●—**ONE EXCITING ADVENTURE**—Light comedy which clicks in a big way. A crook of the *Raffles* type confuses the dumb detective. Binnie Barnes' second American picture which promises well for her future.—*Universal*.

●●●—**PECK'S BAD BOY**—Jackie Cooper plays the famous bad boy and Thomas Meighan is the father. Excellent entertainment for all ages.—*Sol Lessor picture released by Fox*.

●●●—**6-DAY BIKE RIDER**—Joe E. Brown scores again in this comedy classic of the bicycle races. Joe as a small town boy with a flare for bike riding goes to the big city and makes good in spite of everything.—*Warner*.

●●●●—**THE GAY DIVORCEE**—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers in a dancing sensation *The Continental*. Don't miss this.—*Radio*.

●●●●—**THE MERRY WIDOW**—Classic operetta sparkling with romance, music, beauty, adventure, intrigue. Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald.—*Metro*.

●●●●—**365 NIGHTS IN HOLLYWOOD**—Authentic, clever comedy hit with Alice Faye turning in a grand performance.—*Fox*.

●●●●—**WE LIVE AGAIN**—Anna Sten's second appearance, and better than *Nana*. The story is Tolstoy's *Resurrection*. With Fredric March.—*United Artists*.

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Mae has it all figured out in a way that is logical and interesting. She knows the public and knows its reactions and she lets you in on the secrets of her reasoning.

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Screen Play



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11-Star Issue
Features by
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LORES DEL RIO
ORIS KARLOFF
ANCY CARROLL and Other Stars

MARY PICKFORD Tells You How to Plan a Movie Career



Luckies

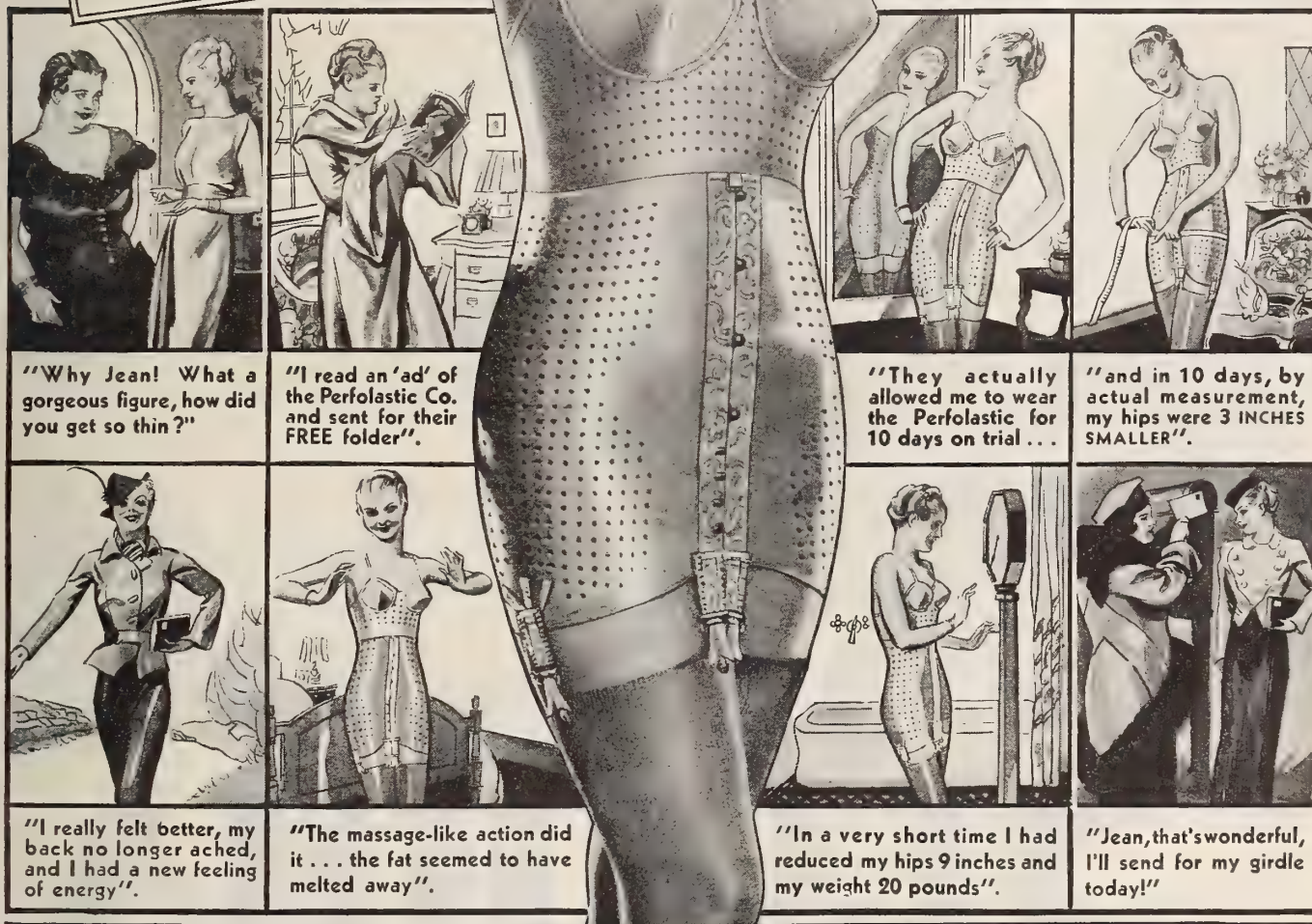


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Reduce . . . your WAIST AND HIPS THREE INCHES IN TEN DAYS

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Miss Jean Healy
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9 INCHES!



"Why Jean! What a gorgeous figure, how did you get so thin?"

"I read an 'ad' of the Perfolastic Co. and sent for their FREE folder".

"They actually allowed me to wear the Perfolastic for 10 days on trial ...

"and in 10 days, by actual measurement, my hips were 3 INCHES SMALLER".

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"The massage-like action did it ... the fat seemed to have melted away".

"In a very short time I had reduced my hips 9 inches and my weight 20 pounds".

"Jean, that's wonderful, I'll send for my girdle today!"

You can TEST the Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere for 10 days ... at our expense!

DOES excess fat rob you of the grace and charm that should be yours?

■ Has unwanted flesh accumulated at waist, thighs and diaphragm in spite of all your efforts to retain that girlish slimness? Then you will rejoice over the marvelous Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere that reduce hips and waistline inches without effort ... simply by their beneficial massage-like action.

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■ The wonderful part of the quick Perfolastic method is its *absolute safety and comfort*. You take no drugs ... no exercise

... you eat normal meals ... and yet we guarantee you will reduce at least 3 inches in 10 days or it will cost you nothing! We can dare to make this startling guarantee, because we have tested the Perfolastic Girdle for many years.

Reduce ONLY Where You Are Overweight!

■ The Perfolastic Girdle kneads away the fat at only those places where you want to reduce. Beware of reducing methods which take the weight off the entire body ... for a scrawny neck and face are as unattractive as a too-fat figure.

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■ You can *prove to yourself* that these marvelous reducing garments will take off at least 3 inches of fat from *your* waist, hips and diaphragm or no cost!

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QUO-
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**A GIRL GODDESS OF NATURE LEADS
THE ANIMAL REVOLT AGAINST MAN**

with
JEAN PARKER

Produced by JOHN W. CONSIDINE, JR.
Directed by CHESTER M. FRANKLIN

Based on the novel "Malibu" by Vance Joseph Hoyt

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

HOLLYWOOD



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Edited in Hollywood

W. H. FAWCETT, Publisher

DOUGLAS LURTON, Managing Editor

J. EUGENE CHRISMAN, Western Editor

Notes from the Editor's Cuff

THE already rich Warner Baxter is threatened with a new fortune that has nothing to do with his screen career. With A. B. Scott, a scientist, Baxter is listed as co-inventor of an automatic, night sight for rifles, pistols, machine guns and cannon, by which any of these weapons can be shot with deadly accuracy in the darkness . . . Successful tests made by Los Angeles police officers aroused the interest of Uncle Sam's war department to such an extent that they are now dickering for the rights to the patents . . . Paramount paid Joe Morrison \$2,000 for singing one song, *Home On The Range* in the film by that name . . . The alfalfa crop on Joel McCrea's San Fernando valley ranch netted him \$1,000 and now he's investing in a herd of blooded cattle . . . Faith Baldwin, the author, is doing her best to fill a large order from her seven-year-old son . . . the youngster demands that she buy *Tony*, Tom Mix's famous screen pony, for him . . . and, of course, Tom won't sell at any price . . . Russ Columbo's body has finally been placed in a permanent crypt at Forest Lawn Memorial Park, Glendale, but his aged mother, still seriously ill, has not yet been informed of his passing.



Warner Baxter

Of Interest to All Fans



Ann Harding

ANN HARDING'S condition is far more serious than the press agents have been telling us . . . The nervous breakdown suffered by the blonde star was caused by dehydration—drying up of the water in the blood stream—a condition the medico's are blaming to the big lights under which screen players toil on the sound stages . . . Ann is going away for a several months' rest, but her hideaway will not be in the South Seas as previously announced . . . Plans for the ocean jaunt were cancelled on the ground that she would be out of touch with her physicians . . . Emil Jannings is emoting in British pictures, but craving a bid from Hollywood, where he won his greatest fame . . . When San Francisco fêted Anna Sten for two days, the Russian actress attended breakfasts, luncheons and dinners in the same tailored suit she wore on her arrival . . . And all because the railroad erred in transporting two trunks full of smart new frocks.

Who Are The Most Beautiful Women in Hollywood?

HOLLYWOOD Magazine has arranged to have the studio cameramen vote on this question and their selections will appear in the March HOLLYWOOD.

Watch for this interesting feature.

STORIES WRITTEN BY STARS

What Life Has Taught Me

Confessions of a near-fatalist

By Carole Lombard 14

How to Plan a Movie Career

Secrets of screen success

By Mary Pickford 23

Del Rio Becomes a Star Reporter

A star reports on the stars

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Hollywood Broke My Heart

A Viennese girl hated Hollywood

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Nancy Tattles on Hollywood

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How it feels to die

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More nightmares are promised

By Boris Karloff 39

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By Joe E. Brown 82

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A philosophy of Life and Love

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Why Henry Hull came to Hollywood

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With the NEWS SLEUTH



by HAL E. WOOD

Tattle and Tales of Talkietown brought to you by our Hollywood Newshawk



The worm turns! Maurice Chevalier arriving in New York from France steals a march on the news cameramen

6:30 A. M. Studio calls mean lots of hot coffee for Alan Dinehart, Pat Paterson and Lew Ayres between scenes of Lottery Lover



Lew On His Guard

LEW AYRES isn't taking any chances of placing a jinx on his union with Ginger Rogers.

When Lew married Lola Lane, he built a mansion high up in the hills overlooking Hollywood, and it was in that abode that he and Lola agreed to disagree.

He still owns the property, but he has leased a Beverly Hills manor as a honeymoon nest for Ginger and himself.

Costly Motherhood

WHEN NORMA SHEARER announced that she would retire from the silver-sheet for a year in order to welcome another heir into the Shearer-Thalberg abode, Metro financial experts figured the cost of the expected youngster to Norma and the studio would total \$3,000,000.

The stork's arrival is scheduled for April.

Norma's first child, Irving Thalberg, Jr., was born in August, 1930.

Greta Gets a Thrill!

DIRECTORS ON GARBO pictures in the past always have shown the greatest deference for the Swede. Even Rouben Mamoulian called her "Miss Garbo" when they were on the sets.

It took that precedent-smasher, W. S. Van Dyke, to change things.

Summoned to shoot additional scenes for *The Painted Veil*, Van Dyke, to the delight of an amused company, had Greta responding to the name "Honey," the same as other feminine members of the troupe.

And the payoff was that Garbo seemed to like it!

A Tear for Maurice

MAURICE CHEVALIER is very, very sad these days, and all because Italy stands one up on France.

Maurice returned from his native land, hoping to take up his romance with gorgeous Kay Francis where he had left off during her stay in Paris, but that rich and noble Italian whom Kay met in Rome now holds first place in her thoughts.

The Mussolinite is mortgaging the family castles to chat with Kay over trans-Atlantic phone wires twice daily!

Chaplin Compromises

CHARLIE CHAPLIN HAS decided to meet half way those of his advisors who have been urging him to include dialogue in his new opus.

Another actor—not Charlie—will speak the descriptive titles!

Love vs. War!

FRANCIS LEDERER, WHO has temporarily pushed aside his world peace movement for a fling at romance, is leaving a trail of broken hearts in his wake.

Just when everyone thought he was about to wed Steffi Duna, the European charmer who has been his head-woman for two years, the dashing Francis began squiring demure Jean Muir about the late spots, then suddenly switched his affections to the very young and intellectual Mary Anita Loos, scribbling niece of the famous Anita Loos.

Please turn to page eight

**Hollywood
FLASHES**

Stars At Play

DIRECTOR DUDLEY MURPHY tossed off a swank function to welcome Doris Duke, America's ultra-rich heiress, back to the film colony . . . and Doris is having her teeth straightened with an eye to trying her luck before the grinding cameras . . . Alice Brady had almost forgotten about her birthday until she arrived home from the studio and found thirty of her friends waiting there to tender her a book shower.

Now that the Palm Springs social season is at its height, Charlie and Virginia Farrell are doing a lot of entertaining at their desert home . . . Arlene Judge was hostess to the Sewing Circle (imagine one of those in Hollywood) at the Club Mont-Aire . . . funds raised by the organization, composed of young film matrons, go to charity . . . Madge Bellamy, very smart in a mouette grey satin ensemble with mink brown hat and accessories, was guest of honor at a luncheon tendered at the Assistance League.

Joe E. Brown honored his better half on her birthday anniversary with a gay dinner party at Coconut Grove, with the Neil Hamiltons, the Pat O'Briens and

HOLLYWOOD



She Got \$400⁰⁰ for a Half Dollar

I will pay CASH for OLD COINS, BILLS *and* STAMPS

Mrs. Sam Dowty of San Angelo, Texas, sold B. Max Mehl one-half dollar for \$400.00.

I PAID \$200.00 to J. D. Martin, of Virginia, for Just One Copper Cent

"Please accept my thanks for your check for \$200.00 in payment for the copper cent I sent you. I appreciate the interest you have given this transaction. It's a pleasure to do business with a firm that handles matters as you do. I wish to assure you it will be a pleasure to me to tell all my friends of your wonderful offer for old coins." Julian D. Martin, Va.

This is but one of the many similar letters we are constantly receiving. Post yourself! It pays! We paid Mr. Manning, New York, \$2,500.00 for a single silver dollar. Mrs. G. F. Adams, Ohio, received \$740.00 for some old coins. We paid W. F. Wilharm, of Pennsylvania, \$13,500.00 for his rare coins. I paid J. T. Neville, of North Dakota, \$200.00 for a \$10 bill he picked up in circulation. Mr. Mehl paid \$1,000.00 to Mr. Brownlee, of Georgia, for one old coin. Mr. Brownlee, in his letter to Mr. Mehl, says: "Your letter received with the check for \$1,000.00 enclosed. I like to deal with such men as you and hope you continue buying coins for a long time." In the last thirty years we have paid hundreds of others handsome premiums for old bills and coins.

All Kinds of Old Coins, Medals, Bills and Stamps Wanted

\$1.00 to \$1,000 paid for certain old cents, nickels, dimes, quarters, etc. Right now we will pay \$50.00 for 1913 Liberty Head nickels (not buffalo), \$100.00 for 1894 dimes ("S" Mint), \$8.00 for 1853 quarters (no arrows), \$10.00 for 1866 quarters (no motto), \$200.00 each for 1884 and 1885 Silver Trade Dollars, etc., etc.

Big Cash Premiums for Hundreds of Coins Now Circulating

There are literally thousands of old coins and bills that we want at once and for which we will pay big cash premiums. Many of these coins are now passing from hand to hand in circulation. Today or tomorrow a valuable coin may come into your possession. Watch your change. Know what to look for.

Amazing Profits FOR THOSE WHO KNOW OLD MONEY!

There are single pennies that sell for \$100.00. There are nickels worth many dollars—dimes, quarters, half dollars and dollars on which big cash premiums are paid. Each year a fortune is offered by collectors for rare coins and stamps for their collections. The prices paid are amazing.

It Pays to Post Yourself on the Big Values of Old Coins and Stamps

Knowing about coins pays. Andrew Henry, of Idaho, was paid \$900.00 for a half-dollar, received in change. A valuable old coin may come into your possession or you may have one now and not know it. Post yourself.

Huge Premiums for Old Stamps

Some old stamps bring big premiums. An old 10c stamp, found in an old basket, was recently sold for \$10,000.00. There may be valuable stamps on some of your old letters. It will pay you to know how to recognize them.

Let Me Send You My Big Illustrated Coin Folder! It Will Open Your Eyes!

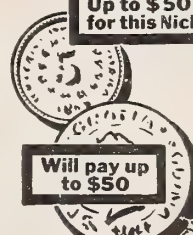
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• My skin was pasty and even after 8 hours sleep I'd get up tired. I looked every day of my 35 years and then some. For 6 years I'd been a continuous sufferer from biliousness, sour stomach caused by constipation. I think I spent hundreds of dollars on medicines. Then the wife of our druggist told me about FEEN-A-MINT. It is the only laxative I have used for 2 years and it has worked marvels. My husband says I'm like a different person. FEEN-A-MINT has done wonders for my little girl, too—now she eats like a child should because it keeps her regular as a clock.

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Another experience typical of the hundreds of people who write us gratefully about the relief FEEN-A-MINT has given them. FEEN-A-MINT is not only positive in its purpose but a pleasing and delicious chewing gum. That is why it's so easy to take—children love it. And because you *chew* it the laxative works more evenly through the system and gives more *thorough relief* without griping or binding. Next time you need a laxative get FEEN-A-MINT. 15 and 25¢ at your druggist's. Used by over 15,000,000 people.



CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE FOR MORE EFFECTIVE RELIEF. THE CHEWING MIXES THE LAXATIVE WITH DIGESTIVE JUICES AND SPREADS IT NATURALLY THROUGH THE SYSTEM ... THAT'S WHY FEEN-A-MINT IS SO THOROUGH.

**FOR EFFECTIVE RELIEF
CHEW YOUR
LAXATIVE**

FEEN-A-MINT

THE CHEWING-GUM LAXATIVE

With the NEWS SLEUTH



Continued from page six

And if admiring glances and hand-holding in public mean anything, Francis and Mary Anita are nearing the parson's gate!

Wedding Bells Wait

ANN SOTHERN PROBABLY will be Mrs. Roger Pryor ere you read this, but what I'm wondering about is Roger's sudden change of heart.

A few weeks back, when Mrs. Pryor was in Reno marking time preparatory to divorcing him, Roger told me in all seriousness:

"I'll probably never marry again, but in case I do my first wife will become my second wife!"

Cupid Gets Dick!

CUPID HAS TAKEN the lead in his race with the Brothers Warner, and it looks as though the latter would have to forget that anti-marriage clause in popular Dick Powell's contract. Denials notwithstanding, an early marriage is being framed for Dick and Mary Brian.

When the carpenters and decorators finished their toil on Dick's new manor at Toluca Lake, it was Mary who stepped in to supervise the furnishing, and again it was Mary who served as the hostess at the housewarming.

Mary was scheduled for a featured spot in a New York stage revue, but backed out at the last moment rather than undergo separation from the Powell lad.

Greta Loses Out

CARBO HAS LEARNED to her own dismay that dallying doesn't pay even in these days of a sluggish real estate market.

The star had inspected and secretly approved the Toluca Lake manor recently vacated by W. C. Fields. She wanted the site presumably because it is only two doors from the abode occupied by George Brent, but by withholding her answer, she thought, she could win a reduction in the lease price.

Meanwhile, Helen Morgan espied the place and closed a deal.

Isabel Signs Again

METRO HAS TAKEN up Isabel Jewell's option, which means she will be kept busy in Hollywood for another six months at least.

Three years ago, Isabel was the most discouraged lass in Talkietown, for she endured a long period of idleness following her sterling screen debut in *Blessed Event*. But the clouds no longer hover over her horizon.

There are rumors that Metro is preparing her for early stardom!

Gene in Big Money

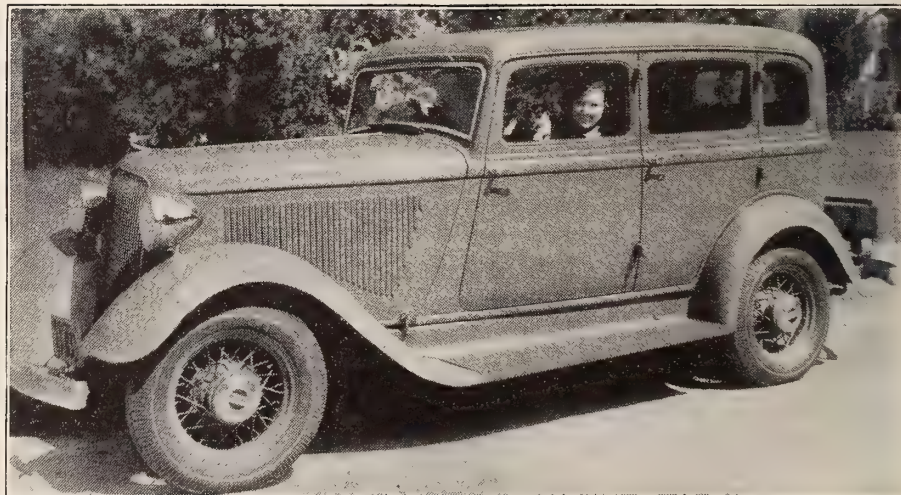
GENE RAYMOND, WHOSE stock has been soaring slowly but surely in the last year, now rates a \$5,000-a-week paycheck.

He attained that figure when he signed for the lead in Universal's *Transient Lady*.

Ceremony is Filmed

CAMERA AND TALKIE equipment were moved into the Little Church of the Flowers for the Rogers-Ayers ceremony.

When RKO-Radio executives heard that Ginger and Lew were planning to film the affair as a memento to hand down to their hoped-for-grandchildren,



Lois January, Universal contract player, her pet terrier and her Plymouth car are an inseparable combination. Her current picture is *Night Life of the Gods*

the studio assumed charge of the task and presented the finished picture to the newlyweds as a gift.

Norma at the Top

IN NAMING the ten outstanding stars in film history, Sam Goldwyn placed Norma Shearer as one of the leaders of the feminine contingent. Here's why:

"Miss Shearer represents the average woman's idea of what she herself would like to be," explained Goldwyn. "She has exactly the appeal that almost every woman wants to have—a combination of physical allure, daring spirit and mental brilliance!"

Sam listed Charlie Chaplin as the greatest of all the male luminaries.

Garbo Lingers On

GRETA GARBO stays with us for another two years at least. The Swedish star has affixed her name to a new Metro contract that provides her with \$300,000 for every vehicle in which she emotes.

And the salary boost came at a time when everyone was predicting that Greta would have to take a cut in her stipend!

Love Grows Apace

NEVER SINCE her early romance with John Gilbert has Greta shown such intense interest in a fellow as she now is displaying in George Brent, and George is by no means treating her lightly.

La Chatterton's ex-mate was enjoying life at Palm Springs until Greta phoned him that she would vacation at La Quinta, and George lost nary a minute in gathering up his luggage and joining her at the more placid desert resort.

Donat's Return Delayed

HUNDREDS OF HEARTS in Hollywood are marking time, pending the return to Talkietown of Robert Donat, femininity having suddenly pedestaled him to where-have-you-been-all-my-life as a result of his first American talkie rôle, the stellar position in the very successful *Count of Monte Cristo*.

Few of the colony's charmers were fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of Donat, young, handsome, and able Frenchman, on his initial visit, for he remained aloof during his brief stay here, then dashed back to fill a London contract before *Monte Cristo* was flashed on the screen.

When the opus finally was released, Donat loomed as a new sensation, and the fair ones were gleeful when Producer Edward Small announced the star would return in October.

But Small was unable to find another suitable story in time, and now Donat's second visit to these shores has been set back until spring.

Joan's Baby Safe

IT'S A KIDNAP-PROOF nursery that Joan Blondell and George Barnes have had built into their hilltop home as a shelter for their first-born, already christened Norman Scott Barnes. The new suite, which includes quarters for Norman's nurse, is designed and equipped along scientific lines.

So intrigued by the baby is Joan that

Please turn to page ten

OVERHEARD IN A DRUG STORE

ABOUT THE NEW PEPSODENT TUBE



NO BETTER TIME TO TRY THIS Special Film-Removing Tooth Paste

WITH this announcement, The Pepsodent Co. invites you to try Pepsodent Tooth Paste . . . in a new and larger tube at a lower price.

Today, Pepsodent stands as an example of the finest scientific tooth paste modern science can produce. Pepsodent is famous for removing dingy film—that sticky, germ-laden coating that stains teeth and encourages decay.

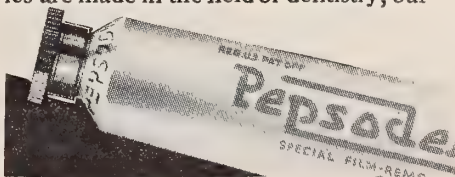
In 67 different countries Pepsodent is known as the "special film-removing tooth paste." Only recently, in scientific tests, Pepsodent was proved the least abrasive . . . and therefore *safest* . . . of 15 leading tooth pastes and 6 tooth powders. Until new scientific discoveries are made in the field of dentistry, our

laboratories know no way to improve Pepsodent . . . or the remarkable polishing agent, exclusive with Pepsodent.

But we have found a way to give you Pepsodent at a greater saving. The identical, time-proved Pepsodent is ready for you—with the tube alone changed and the quantity increased. Druggists are selling the new tube at a new low price.

WHY this greater saving is possible

Over a hundred million tubes of Pepsodent have been sold. Year after year, people have gladly bought Pepsodent . . . rather than endanger teeth by buying harsh, gritty "bargain" tooth pastes. Now, new processes have cut costs . . . and we're passing this saving on to you. Today, dealers are selling Pepsodent in a new larger tube . . . at a new low price.



NATURAL LIPS

WIN WITH

Dick Powell

IN LIPSTICK TEST



HERE ARE THE LIPS DICK POWELL SAW



Popular young star tells why he chose the Tangee Lips

● "I like a fresh, youthful face," said Dick Powell. "And painted lips always make girls look old and hard."

● Dick Powell actually making the lipstick test between scenes of "Flirtation Walk", a Warner Brothers picture.

They do, indeed, as millions of men will testify. But Tangee can't make you look painted, because Tangee isn't paint. Tangee is the one and only lipstick in the world with the magic Tangee color-change principle that prevents that painted look.

In the stick, Tangee is orange. But on your lips it changes to the one shade of blush rose that is just right for your type. It costs just 39 cents and \$1.10, but if you'd like to try it first, send 10 cents for the 4-piece Miracle Make-Up Set offered with the coupon below.

World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

now contains the magic Tangee color principle



★ 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY F25
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City
Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin).

Check Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

Name _____ Please Print

Address _____

City _____ State _____

With the NEWS SLEUTH

Continued from page nine

she is threatening to toss aside her stardom permanently to devote all of her energies to motherhood.

Champion Papa

IF YOU HAVE any doubts about Edward G. Robinson's fondness for that infant of his, listen to this:

When Columbia was dickering with the erstwhile portrayer of gangsters, the matter of salary and story was settled in double-quick time, then Eddie demanded that a clause be inserted in his contract providing that he would be excused from work at 5:30 daily.

"Why 5:30?" Harry Cohn wanted to know.

"So that I can get home in time to see my youngster put to bed!" he replied.

A Bride for Lyle!

NONE OF LYLE TALBOT's many, many previous heart attacks ever assumed the serious proportions taken on by the one he now is undergoing. Peggy Waters, a gal from Alabama, is the cause of it all.

Shirley Loses a Curl

SHIRLEY TEMPLE truly is the poor little rich girl of the talkies.

Because a strange woman slipped up behind Shirley in a crowded department store the other day, and snipped off one of her curls, Pa and Ma Temple have ordered Shirley's governess to steer clear of mobs when she has the young star in tow in the future. They're afraid of serious injury to the clever youngster.

One at a Time, Please!

WHEN THE STORK was hovering over the Bing Crosby manor, Bing prayed that the long-legged bird would bring him twins. And his wish was fulfilled.

But Chick Chandler and wifey Jean Fontaine prefer their offsprings one at a time!

Just to prove that they are serious about it, Chick and Jean have bought one of the strangest insurance policies ever written.

It pays them \$50,000 should twins come to their home, and \$75,000 in case it's triplets!

Popularity Grows

ANNA STEN's Hollywood popularity is growing by leaps and bounds, now that Goldwyn is permitting her to appear in public.

For more than twelve months after her arrival in this country, Goldwyn kept Anna in the background, while she perfected her English. During that period, the star and her husband, Dr. Eugene Frencke lived in seclusion in their Santa Monica canyon abode, the address of

which was known only to studio executives.

Now that Anna has landed at the top, she and the doctor have come out of their seclusion, and every social function they attend adds to their list of friends.

HOLLYWOOD BABIES



Norman Scott Barnes (Joan Blondell's baby) aged 18 days, is pictured with his mother



And this is Sally Eilers and her nine weeks old son, Harry Joe Brown 2nd

HOLLYWOOD

Gary Times His Jump

GARY COOPER had a close shave when a fourteen-foot tower, used in the filming of scenes for *Lives of a Bengal Lancer*, collapsed, sending three of Gary's fellow players to the hospital with serious injuries.

The four thespians were atop the tower as it gave way, but Gary landed safely because he timed his jump.

Carol Ann to Emote

CAROL ANN BEERY, Wally Beery's adopted daughter and the apple of his eye, is to make her screen debut with her famous dad.

Knowing the eagerness with which Wally has been looking forward to the five-year-old's screen debut, Louis B. Mayer has had a part written into her papa's current picture.

And is Wally the proud parent!

Barrymore Travels

STILL FAR FROM his former sturdy self, John Barrymore is prolonging his European stay.

The star, forced temporarily to desert his career because of a mysterious fever and blood poisoning, recently made a trip from London to India, birthplace of both his father and his grandfather.

He is dickering with British producers to star in a film that will have India as a locale.

Ruth Plans New Start

RUTH CHATTERTON, absent from the screen ever since her marriage with George Brent hit the rocks, will be back at work before the cameras and mikes just as soon as she can find a suitable vehicle. The star who once rated an \$8,000-a-week paycheck, has closed a deal with Columbia, and now she's in New York looking over stage plays in hopes of finding one that can be converted into a talkie for her.

Fodder for the Horses!

STUDIO SURGEONS were forced to take four stitches in Francis Lederer's flesh and administer a shot of anti-tetanus serum as an extra precaution after a horse being used in a scene for RKO-Radio's *Romance in Manhattan* took a chunk out of the Czecho-Slovakian star's manly bosom.

How Times Change!

HOLLYWOOD'S OLD axiom that "the office boy of today is the producer of tomorrow," holds true in the case of Clark Gable.

It was only five years ago that Clark was playing the laundryman bit in Constance Bennett's starring vehicle, *The Easiest Way*.

Now Metro is co-starring Clark and Connie in *Town Talk*!

Tables for Two

THE GLORIA SWANSON-HERBERT MARSHALL romance goes merrily on, with the pair seen together nightly in the late spots.

But what Hollywood can't figure out is why they always demand secluded tables in the cafés!

Please turn to page seventy-six

FEBRUARY, 1935

DOES YOUR SKIN LOOK LIKE SILK OR CANVAS?



It's that Hard-to-Get-at "Second Layer" of Dirt that Makes Your Skin Coarse and Gray

By *Lady Esther*

A black slip under a white dress will make the white dress look dark—grayish!

The same holds true for dirt buried in your skin. It will make your skin look dark—give it a grayish cast. It will also clog your pores and make your skin large-pored and coarse.

It's safe to say that 7 out of 10 women do not have as clearly white and radiant and fine a skin as they might, simply on account of that unsuspected, hidden "second layer" of dirt.

There is only one way to remove that underneath dirt and that is to use a cream that penetrates the pores to the bottom.

A PENETRATING Face Cream

Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream is a *penetrating* face cream. It does not merely lie on the surface of your skin. Almost the instant it is applied, it begins working its way into the pores. It goes all the way down to the bottom of the pores—doesn't stop half way.

Going to work on the waxy dirt, it breaks it up—*dissolves* it—and floats it to the surface where it is easily wiped off. When you cleanse your skin with Lady Esther Face Cream you get dirt out that you never suspected was there. It will probably shock you when you see how really soiled your skin was.

Two or three cleansings with Lady Esther Face Cream will actually make your skin appear whiter—shades whiter. You would think almost that you had bleached it, but that's the effect of *thoroughly* cleansing the skin. When your skin has been thoroughly cleansed it blooms anew, like a wilting flower that has been suddenly watered. It becomes

clear and radiant. It becomes fine and soft.

Supplies Dry Skin with What It Needs

As Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream cleanses your skin, it also does other things. It lubricates the skin—resupplies it with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and makes the skin velvety soft and smooth.

Cleansing the pores as thoroughly as it does, it allows them to function freely again—to open and close—as Nature intended. This automatically permits the pores to reduce themselves to their normal, invisible size.

Also, Lady Esther Face Cream makes so smooth a base for powder that powder stays on twice as long and stays fresh. You don't have to use a powder base that will ooze out and make a pasty mixture on your skin.

No Other Quite Like It

There is no face cream quite like Lady Esther Face Cream. There is no face cream that will do so much definitely for your skin. But don't take my word for this! Prove it at my expense.

Let me have your name and address and I'll send you a 7-days' supply. Just mail a penny postcard or the coupon below and by return mail you'll get the 7-days' supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream. Let your own skin tell you how different this face cream is from any you have ever tried.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (9)

FREE

Lady Esther, 2030 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail your 7-day supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

Copyright by Lady Esther, 1935

ARLISS FINDS THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH



UNTIL I ESPIED George Arliss, gayest of the gay, twirling gorgeous Doris Kenyon about Cocoanut Grove's dance floor to the fast tempo of Guy Lombardo's orchestra, I had, for some inexplicable reason, visioned him as a doddering old soul putting in a few last licks before hieing himself off to his cottage on the Kentish coast—and oblivion.

Yet today, at sixty-six, he continues to gaze at the universe through the same rose-tinted monocle that served him two score years ago, for he has uncovered the fountain of youth for which Ponce de Leon searched in vain.

As he speeds across that intersection in life's span where so many of his brethren halt for carpet slippers and an easy chair by the hearth, this beloved thespian is enthusiastically scanning plays, for a vehicle that will carry him to another Broadway footlight triumph.

Never-ceasing toil is the real secret of longevity, Mr. Arliss will tell you.

"Man must have a master if he is to continue on this sphere, and work is the best one I know," he declared. "Regardless of the size of his fortune or the number of milestones that have crept upon him, he should go on striving for newer and bigger goals. Otherwise, idleness and lack of something vital with which to occupy the mind bring about a too rapid disintegration, both physically and mentally.

"The only escape for those who are forced to step aside from active labor is an all-absorbing hobby," he declares.

So for Mr. Arliss there will be no retirement!

He plans to go on in the talkies as long as there is a market for his celluloid characterizations, sandwiching in a stage play now and then when shooting schedules permit. And if there comes a time when the cinematic public no longer is interested in him, then he will devote all of his artistry to its original outlet—the stage.

Death will have to take George Arliss with his boots on!

- There is a real zest to living the Arliss way.

Surrounded by a laughter-loving crowd of young intellectuals and with his gracious and adoring wife at his side, Mr. Arliss goes merrily on, garnering pleasure from each passing moment.

He ranks with Bebe Daniels and Joseph Schenck as one of the three crack bridge players of the film colony. He is adept in the intricacies of the modern terpsichore. He hikes five miles every morning with tireless stride. He

George Arliss, the English born favorite of American theatre goers, finds joy in his philosophy of work and love . . . The beloved thespian looks at life through his rose colored monocle and finds the real meaning of existence

by DONALD P. SHELDON

George Arliss, on one of his rare public appearances. This popular favorite portrays the Duke of Wellington, in the new British picture, The Iron Duke

—Wide World

mixes a cocktail that would put Oscar of the Waldorf to shame. He eases the burdens of a lot of beings, both human and animal.

"Life is what you make it," he explains as he proceeds to make the most of it.

Never one to indulge in more than an occasional glass of wine himself, Mr. Arliss maintains a well-stocked cellar. In the pre-repeal era, the bootlegger took his place among the tradesmen

serving the Arliss abode. His friends are particular drinkers, rather than free imbibers, and whether their preference be a whisky and soda, a rare vintage, a cordial or what-have-you, Jenner, long the Arliss man-of-all-work, can produce it without delay.

Few persons in Hollywood enjoy the balanced existence that is the lot of Mr. Arliss.

His charities, many of them administered through humane societies, his outspoken opposition to vivisection, and his summer place in Kent with its flower and vegetable gardens occupy an important place in his thoughts during his leisure.

- He has found an unusual happiness in wedlock, for Florence Montgomery, who braved the lean period with him and survived to share his opulence, has been

Please turn to page fifty

America's Sweetheart



WHAT LIFE

Intimate revelations of what tragically shattered romances mingled with glorious triumphs have done to —and for—a lovely lady



Carole scored in Lady by Choice and triumphed again in the current uproarious farce, The Gay Bride



John Barrymore called Carole "the finest actress I have worked with, bar none," after this and other scenes with her in Twentieth Century



MUCH HAS BEEN given me in this life, and much has been taken away.

For that reason I am more or less of a fatalist.

More of a fatalist, for having learned to accept with fortitude what comes; less of a fatalist, for realizing that destiny is an excuse for the lazy.

To sit back and wait for fate to take care of your affairs is, quite obviously, a defeatist sort of philosophy and will get you no place. On the other hand, to rail at misfortune can only add bitterness to the tragedies of existence.

About five or six years ago I fell in love with a young man who didn't know what he wanted from life. Everything, really, had been handed him on a silver platter; wealth, charm, position.

Yet he was afraid of getting into the human struggle for success. He sat back and waited for things to come his way, refusing to thrust himself into the game. He couldn't make up his mind to what he wanted, what was worth going after. That is a popular pose among some rich men, but I have no sympathy with it.

We were both very young—I was going into my twenties—but I was the more fortunate for I was less of a fatalist. I firmly believed that you must know what you want and try to get it.

Not long ago this young man called me up and said he wanted to talk to me. It had been several years since I had seen him. He asked me, in a sort of blind desperation, what he should do with his life.

"You must give me some sort of philosophy to carry me through," he said.

I told him that I still believed one must make up his mind to what he wanted and go after it.

"But be sure that what you want is worth while," I said.

For I had learned one important lesson in working toward my own goal. I wanted to pass it along to him. Many times I have tried hard to get something I wanted, only to find that it wasn't worth having.

That is where your judgment must influence your fate.

I determined long ago to become an actress. I wasn't a born actress, heaven knows! I was just Jane Peters from Indiana. But I knew what I wanted. I chose the name Carole Lombard, for its grace and color. Not long ago O. O. McIntyre wrote in his column that he considered the name Carole Lombard "the prettiest name in pictures."

But to make a pretty name mean something is a job you cannot leave to fate. Some of my friends had picture careers dumped in their laps by theatrical parents; some were featured in hits that made them stars overnight, and these I couldn't help but envy for their good fortune.

Now I am just as well pleased that I had to work for what I got. It was my

HOLLYWOOD

HAS TAUGHT ME

by *Carole Lombard*

fate to struggle along for a long time, but I was learning invaluable lessons. Out in the old Pathe studios we used to turn our hands to everything. We'd all get together on a story conference. If I had an idea I'd pop out with it, and whether it was accepted or not, I was learning. I had a "story" mind and found it helpful. In the easy camaraderie of a small studio we all had a finger in the pie.

That wasn't at all like the business of producing at a big studio, where strict lines are drawn between the functions of story writing, directing, stage setting, acting, and producing. It was a lucky circumstance that gave me that sort of start.

Of course I was impatient, and at times I bewailed the slow hands of the fates at their weaving. But I have learned better.

It was so written that I should come forward slowly, and that gave me the strength to cling to each progressive gain.

So, when John Barrymore gave me his portrait with the inscription—"To the finest actress I have worked with, bar none—" I knew that all those hard years of striving had brought me to my goal, and that I had at last been accepted by the inner circle; that at last I could call myself actress.

The destiny that guides one's personal life bears also on one's professional career. I have had to be self-reliant in my work. I had to use my mind and my judgment as best I could, yet avoid being headstrong and self-willed. Yet force of circumstances made me depend on myself.

For that reason, perhaps, it has been my fate that I have had to help the men I have fallen in love with. Perhaps it is true that the faculty of self-reliance is more masculine than feminine; if I have a masculine manner of thinking I am not sorry for it. It has brought me fine friendships, and has made them last. It enables me to meet with and talk on an even basis with men of fine minds who do interesting things, whose eager hammers strike sparks on the anvils of human enterprise.

I have known tragedy. Yet I have learned from it that it is useless to divert destinies and that no one thing is permanent in life.

Young lovers believe that romance lasts forever. They are crushed when they learn that all things change, as the seasons change, and they have not the consolation of experience to say, with Swinburne, that "even the weariest river winds somewhere safe to sea."

I, too, once thought that the turbulent rapids would go on forever. The desire for permanence is only human. Yet this very hour events go on in the world that are destined to change the scheme of things — only upheaval is a permanent thing.

● So experience has taught me much. I have married, divorced, been in love again. I have achieved from experience a philosophy about life that carries me on. I refuse to dwell in the past, or to carry unhappy
Please turn to page fifty-three



Fate has been none too kind to beautiful Carole Lombard, but she faces the future squarely, clear-eyed and unafraid



The late Russ Columbo whose death all but crushed the courage of Carole. She sought escape from the numbing tragedy and found it in her work

You've been waiting to see her in a picture like this

SHIRLEY TEMPLE

in

Bright Eyes

with

JAMES DUNN

Produced by
SOL M. WURTZEL

Directed by
DAVID BUTLER



Favorites



Greta Garbo

Greta Garbo assured her millions of fans that she would remain with them for at least two more years when she signed her recent contract with Metro. Her salary was raised from \$8,500 to \$9,000 per week



Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres

The Gay Divorcée is now a happily married woman. Ginger and Lew are pictured leaving the Little Church of the Flowers after their wedding ceremony. Ginger's next film is *Roberta* and Lew will soon be seen in *Lottery Lover*

Kitty Carlisle

Kitty Carlisle soared to stardom in the Bing Crosby picture *She Loves Me Not* and makes her honors secure in another co-starring rôle with the crooning idol in *Here Is My Heart*



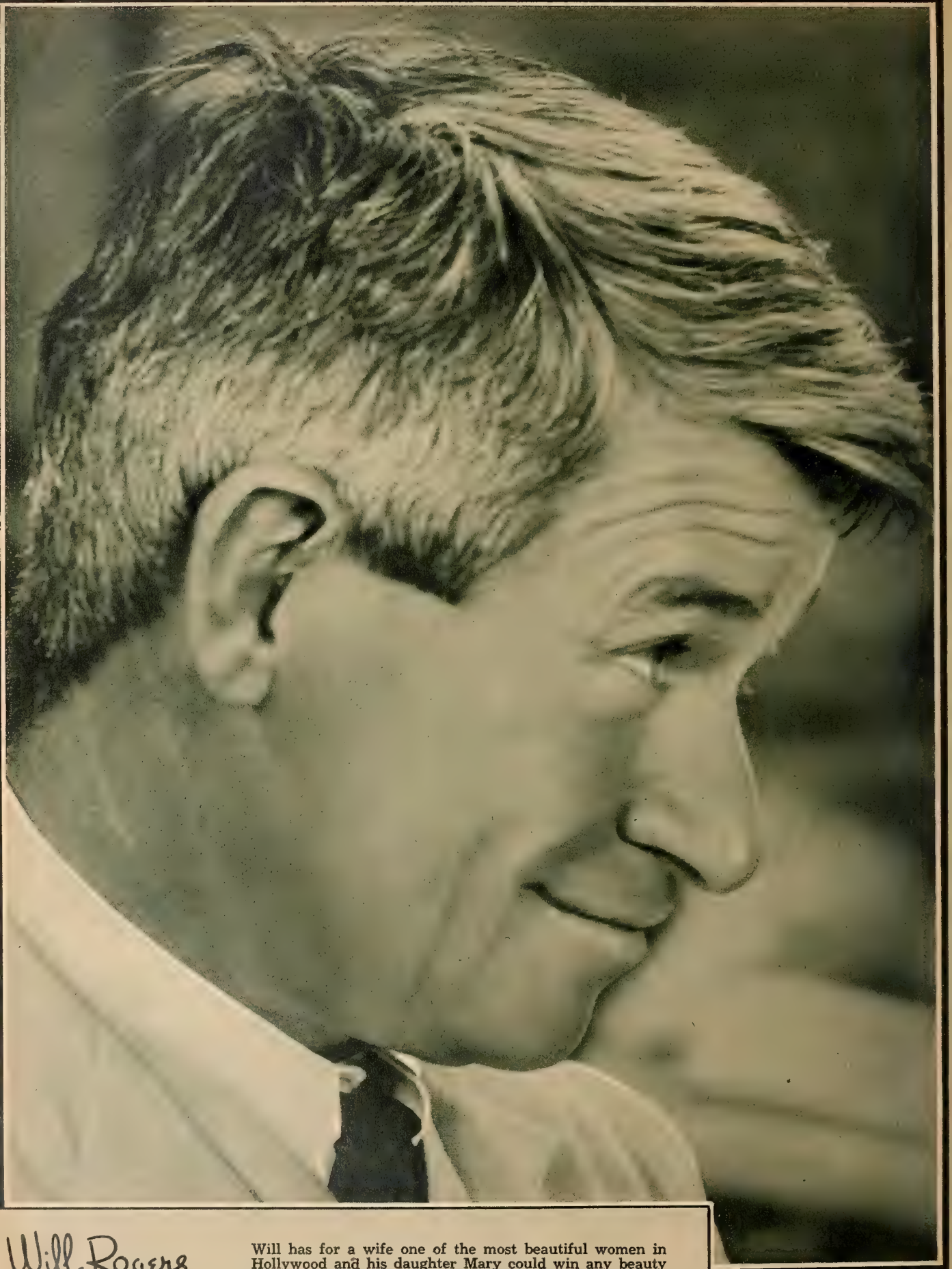
Loretta Young

Loretta Young in costume for *Clive of India*, in which she co-stars with Ronald Colman. Loretta plans to take a vacation in England soon and it is said that she is very interested in a certain British tennis champion

Grace
Bradley

Nothing to wear but cellophane although recently Grace inherited \$250,000. Despite her fortune she will remain on the screen





Will Rogers

Will has for a wife one of the most beautiful women in Hollywood and his daughter Mary could win any beauty contest. Will's beauty is questionable but his human qualities endear him to all fans

HOLLYWOOD

Gary Cooper, Fighting Man of all Nations!

by James A. Daniels

He has worn the uniforms of a half-dozen nations and twice that many branches of the various services. He has carried every known form of war weapon from a six-gun to a cavalry lance. He has soldiered in the Sahara, the trenches of France, the mountains of Italy and on the battlefields of our own Civil War. He has fought hand-to-hand, in the air and astride a horse.

That's the unique record of filmdom's best-beloved portrayer of warlike roles—Gary Cooper. Too young to see actual service in the World War, the tall Montana lad nevertheless has earned the screen title of "The Fighting Man of All Nations."

He "enlisted" first as an aviator in that never-to-be-forgotten picture, "Wings."

Then came brief periods of service in the French Foreign Legion in "Beau Sabreur" and again in "Morocco." Who can forget him as the American ambulance driver on the Italian front in "A Farewell to Arms"? Then there were the roles of the British Tommy in "Seven Days Leave," the U. S. Marine in "If I Had a Million" and the American dough-boy in "The Shopworn Angel." More recently he turned time back to don the uniform of an officer of the Confederacy in the Civil War.

Nor is Gary through with uniforms. He has just finished the stellar role in Paramount's "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer" and both Gary and the studio believe it is the most colorful characterization of them all. As the heroic young captain in this picked British regiment stationed on the northern boundary of India, Gary alternates between the English Army service uniforms and the picturesque Indian dress uniforms worn in honor of the native allies of the British.

But more important than the uniforms he wears is the part he plays. It's the tensely dramatic role of a British officer who goes gayly into danger in order that the honor of the regiment, the Bengal Lancers, may remain unsullied and that a soldier-father may never know that his son betrayed the regiment. Critics who have seen the picture agree that it marks a new high for Cooper and that the picture promises to be to talking pictures what "Beau Geste" was to the silent screen.

Surrounding Cooper in this colorful setting are such excellent actors as Sir Guy Standing, himself an officer in the British Navy in the World War; Richard Cromwell, Franchot Tone, C. Aubrey Smith, Monte Blue and Kathleen Burke. Henry Hathaway directed "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer," a picture which has taken three years to make, and which was partially filmed in India.



BILL POWELL TAKES OFF HIS MASK

by J. EUGENE CHRISMAN

Bill Powell found a new type rôle in The Thin Man and continued it in Evelyn Prentice. —Do you remember the figure at the extreme left? Philo Vance of The Canary Murder Case



There's no new Bill Powell . . . The villain of silent films, and the sophisticate of early talkies finds a new rôle but he can't fool his friends . . . They know Bill is just being himself

HOLLYWOOD IS NEVER content to let well enough alone. It is a community of constant change, the most chameleonic city in the world. Off with the old and on with the new, is their slogan.

Out here people go to the divorce courts to change wives and husbands. Plastic surgeons alter the appearance of their faces. The expert hair dressers make over their coiffures. Dieticians and massage masters change their figures. Publicity departments change their personalities.

Thus it is that we are always reading of *The New Joan Crawford*, every time Joan changes the style of her hairdress. *The New Clark Gable* is heralded on each variation of screen character. Elissa Landi decided to soft pedal the pure and innocent rôles and become a wicked woman and the publicity departments listed her as *The New Elissa Landi*.

When William (the fellows call him Bill) Powell first smashed through with one of the screen's grandest performances in *The Thin Man*, a type of rôle in which the public had never seen him before, he was also hailed as *The New William Powell*. But he wasn't changed. He was just being himself and for the first time since he began his picture career. The public, who had seen him only as a sneering heavy in the old silent days and as the suave, polished, sophisticate since the talkies, wondered what had

happened to Bill but his friends, who were in on the secret all the while, only chuckled. They knew that Bill Powell had always been the sort of a guy who would toss a raw egg into an electric fan just to see what would happen. Scores of them knew that, while in public Bill is a runner-up for the title of Hollywood's best dressed man, he loves to run around his house in the raw. They know that he prefers a tattered old sweater and a pair of disreputable slacks to a tail coat and that when he does wear tails, they are usually completely wrecked by the time the party is over, if Bill is being himself.

● They remembered the Bill who plays *Philo Vance* in the privacy of his own home, entirely without an audience and the time when, having concluded that opening a door lock with a hairpin was a simple trick for a detective, he locked himself in his own bathroom, armed only with a hairpin, (we don't know where he acquired it), and threw the key out the window. But it wasn't so simple as he had expected and he escaped by climbing down the drain pipe.

They recalled the recent boating trip he took with his pals, Dick Barthelmess, Ronald Colman and Warner Baxter into Mexican waters. This was the Bill who

Please turn to page fifty-eight

HOLLYWOOD

How to Plan a Movie Career

Mary Pickford tells you how to make
your dreams come true!

by *Mary Pickford*

As told to
WHITNEY WILLIAMS

"IF YOU CONTEMPLATE a career on the screen, don't come to Hollywood unless you have at least a high school education, a good wardrobe, enough money to last six months, a pleasant speaking voice and an unlimited capacity for hard work."

That's the advice of Mary Pickford, whose position as one of the most potent influences in the whole world in matters concerning women makes her the greatest authority on what a girl or young woman should or should not do to achieve success in motion pictures.

Clad in a trim, light blue frock, tan and white slippers and beige stockings, dark glasses shielding her eyes from the afternoon sun, curly blonde hair blowing lazily in the breeze, America's Sweetheart presented a radiant picture of freshness and charm as she discussed the problem beside the pool at Pickfair.

"If, in spite of warnings not to come to an already overcrowded field, a girl insists upon embarking on a screen career, she shouldn't overlook the necessity of preparing herself as much as possible before leaving home," Mary continued.

"While still in school, a girl should learn voice culture, expression. There is nothing quite so annoying as an unpleasant voice, and no greater deterrent to a career. The prettiest face on earth avails nothing if the voice is harsh and raspy. If it is well modulated, trained, you will have a better chance."

Even today, Mary takes a lesson in diction three times a week. If such a star, after years of experience, finds this necessary, you can well realize the importance of such an exercise.

● "Don't fail to learn the art of observation, either, before leaving for Hollywood. Cultivate your memory so that it is photographic. If you are called upon to speak lines, it would be fatal to forget them through lack of memory. You must be prepared to step forward at a moment's notice. Acting in school plays assists. Learning poetry and speeches is another means of training yourself. Of course, any dramatic experience you may acquire will

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FEBRUARY, 1935



—K. O. Rahmn

Mary Pickford, one of the greatest stars of all time, draws on her own vast experience to advise ambitious girls in this article

MARY PICKFORD SAYS

Prepare for a screen career as much as possible before leaving home.

Study voice, acting, dancing—learn to swim and ride.

Don't go to Hollywood without adequate finances. Take along a variety of carefully selected clothes. Don't become discouraged if you don't immediately find work.

Avoid sensational rumors and scandalous gossip for publicity.

If you can't stand discouragement and disappointment stay away from Hollywood.

DEL RIO BECOMES A STAR REPORTER



Gary Cooper and his wife, Sandra Shaw, both intimate friends of Dolores' are pictured on the grounds of their ranch home near Hollywood



Dolores Del Rio and her husband, Cedric Gibbons, attending a Hollywood party. They are a very vital part of Filmiland society

THREE THOUSAND miles from the grey man-made canyons of Park Avenue, which we all know is synonymous with ultra-smartness, Hollywood has quietly and surely developed a smartness of its own. Impossible as it would be to bring the cold sophistication of the East to the sun-drenched hills of our famous village, a more informal sophistication has made Hollywood's own personality and culture. This is seen in the mushroom growth of a section along Sunset Boulevard, once a long road skirting the foothills to Beverly Hills, which is now a beehive of business activity.

Business is carried on behind the appealing facades of charming examples of cottage architecture, proving our realization of the demands of the times for beauty in all

things and the adaptability of modern art design. Side by side these quaint little business cottages glitter in the sunshine, looking for all the world like some architect's dream of the perfect village street.

These early American, English, Monterey, Colonial, Normandy and Dutch cottages are stamped with the individuality which is Hollywood. They are offices . . . shops . . . restaurants. . .

One of the nearest to Hollywood in the district, and one of the smartest, is the little white Trocadero . . . restaurant par excellence . . . and it was here on a recent night that my husband, Cedric Gibbons, and I, went to a party which was hosted by Carey Wilson, hosted by Carmelita Geraghty Wilson, and attended by Fay Wray and John Monk Saunders, Gary and Sandra Cooper and ourselves.

ALTHOUGH I HAD been in Mexico but a few weeks my friends graciously gave me a "welcome home" upon my return as enthusiastic as though I'd been gone for a much longer time.

I was delighted with the lovely cocktail party given in my honor by Mr. and Mrs. Wells Root. It became a dinner party, as many such parties do, and we chatted of everything under the sun — the outcome of all the conversation being the decision to fly to Mexico City some week-end to see a bull fight! It is only ten hours to Mexico City by plane now.

Joan Bennett and Gene Markey, Fay Wray and John Monk Saunders, Gary Cooper and Sandra Shaw were among the enthusiasts — We shall see!

FOLLOWING OUR OWN "at home" after my return from Mexico, Sandra and Gary Cooper, Irene and David Selznick, Jean Harlow and Bill Powell and my husband, Cedric Gibbons, and I went to the Clover Club for dinner.

We were lured by the famous cuisine of George Lamaze, the charming singing of lovely Eadie Adams, and the rollicking entertainment of Endor and Farrell, past masters of the art of harmony and rhythm.

One of the most attractive dining rooms in town, ultra-modern in design, boasting a glass dance floor, it is a popular rendezvous.

Carole Lombard was there . . . evidencing again that splendid understanding heart which has won so much admiration for her. She and Lansing Brown sat at a nearby table. No romance note for the gossip columns. Just two friends of the late Russ Columbo. The girl helping the

In this chatty, revealing article, a charming star gives you an intimate closeup of the Hollywood social scene—takes you to the stars' parties, tells you what they eat, what they wear and who they're seen with—and where

by

Dolores Del Rio

boy to pick up the shattered pieces of his life—a life weighted by the sorrow which has been Lansing's since that fateful Sunday when the gun in his hand discharged a bullet to ricochet crazily across the room and still forever the voice of his friend. There, in that gay little room was that poignant reminder of heartache.

Applauding the slim Eadie Adams, whose soft voice and quiet beauty would be as appealing to millions on the screen as it is to the nightly gatherers at the Club, was Glenda Farrell in a party which involved the vivacious Alice Brady . . . Martha Sleeper and Hardie Albright. Young newlyweds very much in love were to be seen dancing.

THE LARGEST and gayest party I've attended in some time was the wonderful "welcome home" given for Marion Davies, who just returned from an extended trip through Europe. The two tennis courts of her beautiful beach house were covered by a large tent under which was the gayest of Tyrolean villages. All the guests were in the quaint and colorful costumes of the Tyrolean peasantry.

And just everyone was there! Mary Pickford, doll-like in her simple costume . . . Gloria Swanson, Norma Shearer, Gary Cooper and the shy, lovely Sandra . . . Harriet Parsons, lily-like Virginia Bruce Gilbert, Jean Harlow, the Donald Ogden Stewarts and Constance Bennett, the only guest who did not wear costume. Oh, it would take more pages than I have here to list the many guests!

Under the spell of the setting and the costumes we were much like children . . . dancing folk dances to the strains of German music, which was played exclusively, and parading in two's about the "village." Everyone agreed that it was the party of the season. And the graciousness which has made Marion Davies so beloved by her friends was never more in evidence than that evening when everyone of the numerous guests was made to feel so delightfully at home.

THEN THERE was the Russian party given to honor the Prince and Princess Vasili Romanoff by the Frank Tuttle. The Prince is the nephew of the late Czar of Russia and he and the Princess, with the beautiful dignified courage of the erstwhile Russian aristocracy, made me conscious of a deep regret that the color, pageantry and gaiety of the old

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FEBRUARY, 1935



Hollywood's most unique social affair was the Tyrolean party given by Marion Davies upon her return from Europe. Left to right, Constance Bennett, Marion Davies, Raoul Walsh and Countess di Frasso

The glamorous Dolores Del Rio is one of the inner circle in Hollywood's exclusive society. Her comments on these pages take you with her on a round of social gayety

What's New



Katharine Hepburn—John Beal—Mary Gordon

The Little Minister

• • • • The classic drama of Sir James Barrie comes to the screen as one of the truly great pictures of the year. Katharine Hepburn is overwhelming with the fire and passion of her performance and John Beal in the title role turns in a masterly characterization.

John Beal, a young minister in charge of his first parish, finds his life disturbed when he meets Katharine Hepburn (Babbie) disguised as a gypsy. The conflict between her passionate love and his puritanical scruples makes up the theme of this powerful play.

Lumsden Hare and Alan Hale are excellent and Andy Clyde and Donald Crisp turn in fine performances.—RADIO.

The Mighty Barnum

• • • • Magnificent in conception and excellently screened, this film reveals the genesis of the circus.

The story opens with a flash of a modern circus, then cuts back to 1835 when it shows Wallace Beery as P. T. Barnum dreaming of owning a freak show. His wife Janet Beecher is revolted at the idea. Beery buys a negress supposed to be 106 years old and one time nurse of George Washington, and his career begins. Adolphe Menjou is assistant and guard against alcoholism.

You see Tom Thumb, The Cardiff Giant and all the freaks which made the name of Barnum famous. A great picture with not a dull moment in it.—TWENTIETH CENTURY.



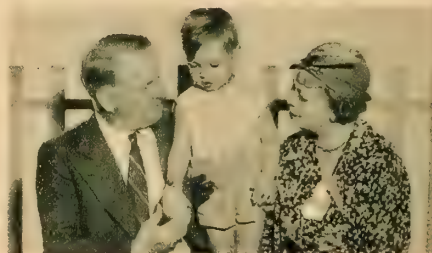
Adolphe Menjou—Wallace Beery



Bing Crosby

Here Is My Heart—

• • • • Although he is J. Paul Jones in this play, it is really our old friend Bing Crosby who, after making millions as a radio crooner sets out to fulfill all his ambitions and does so in a thoroughly enjoyable way. This is Bing's finest screen performance to date and the story is packed with laughs. Roland Young, Alison Skipworth and Reginald Owen contribute to the fun as the half-wit family of the fascinating Princess (Kitty Carlisle).—PARAMOUNT.



W. C. Fields—Baby LeRoy—Kathleen Howard

It's A Gift

• • • • This picture is just a series of gags. But what gags! There isn't much to the story, something about a hen-pecked husband who achieves his desire for a California orange grove through the death of his uncle, but it starts off with a bang and speeds right along through one continuous series of laughs. Fields carries the whole show but the romantic interest is furnished by two newcomers, Julian Madison and Jean Rouverol.—PARAMOUNT.



Guy Kibbee—Aline MacMahon

Babbitt

• • • • An excellent screen translation of Sinclair Lewis' epic of the small town business man, although much of the vitriol and satire has been taken out. Babbitt (Guy Kibbee) is the big real estate man of Zenith who through stupidity becomes involved in a shady deal. His wife (Aline MacMahon) rescues him and he basks again in the light of his self importance. Kibbee is at his best and Aline MacMahon, Glen Boles and Minna Gombell are excellent.—WARNERS.

Advance information on newest pictures seen at Hollywood previews by our staff of film critics

on the Screen

Forsaking All Others—

• • • • • This is the first time W. S. Van Dyke has ever directed Joan Crawford and what a personality his direction makes of her! Clark Gable also responds to the magic of Van Dyke's direction with one of his finest films.

Joan Crawford is the girl and Clark Gable the boy who have known each other from childhood. Joan thinks she loves another boy (Robert Montgomery) but he leaves her flat and marries another girl. She then finds that it has really been Clark whom she loved. Charles Butterworth is great and Frances Drake and Billie Burke excellent. This film has everything, fine performance, grand comedy and dialogue.—METRO.



Robert Montgomery, Joan Crawford, Clark Gable

Babes in Toyland

• • • • • This is a movie feast for the children and for grown-ups as well for it is fantasy of the highest order presented in a superb manner.

All Mother Goose's favorites are brought to life to the lilt of Victor Herbert's *March of the Wooden Soldiers*. Laurel and Hardy have some very funny scenes and a real star is the character (a marionette) who looks like a twin brother to Mickey Mouse.

Other players who score are Charlotte Henry, Felix Knight, Henry Kleinbach, Florence Roberts and Virginia Karns.

Don't fail to take the kiddies to see it and while there sneak a look yourself.—HAL ROACH.



Stan Laurel—Oliver Hardy



Shirley Temple



Gato—Malibu



Francis Lederer—Ginger Rogers

Bright Eyes

• • • • • Little Shirley Temple scores again and this picture is mostly Shirley. The story starts when Jimmy Dunn adopts the orphaned Shirley. Judith Allen, the estranged sweetheart of Jimmy is slowly won back through the sweetness of the child. Jane Withers, another tiny player is the heavy of the play and she makes life miserable for Shirley. It all ends satisfactorily however with a re-union between Judith and Jimmy.—FOX.

Sequoia

• • • • • The story of a strange friendship between a mountain lion and a deer, a story of love and devotion rarely equalled even among humans. It may not sound like much but when you follow the lives of Malibu, the deer and Gato, the mountain lion through the glories of the California outdoors you will get your money's worth. Jean Parker is effective and Russell Hardie is good but the cast is really secondary to the grand animal pictures.—METRO.

Romance in Manhattan

• • • • • A grand romantic tale of Francis Lederer, a poor immigrant who dreams of being a millionaire. When he is about to starve, Ginger Rogers helps him and finds him a job as a taxi driver. Two nosey old ladies report Ginger unfit to bring up her young brother and there is lots of trouble. Finally Ginger and Lederer marry and friends arrange to get him his citizenship papers. Lederer is grand and Ginger is splendid in her first real dramatic role.—RADIO.

RATING CODE: • • • • • Excellent • • • • Good • • Fair • Mediocre Additional Reviews on page 73



Fred Astaire stepped to stardom with the lithesome Ginger Rogers in *The Gay Divorcée* and captured the hearts of feminine America with the rhythm of his nimble feet

Astaire—the Dancing Romeo

by CLARK WARREN

to a successful screen career, as Clark Gable has successfully proven. Ears or no ears, Fred Astaire was definitely a hit. But he refused to believe it. He went back to Broadway to do *The Gay Divorcée*. But RKO had him under contract and movie fans were clamoring for more of his nimble and graceful dancing. He came back, convinced that it was all a mistake.

Then came *The Gay Divorcée*. He made even more of a hit in that film than in *Flying Down to Rio*. He was still slightly bewildered but he decided that if the public could take it, he could. He would stay in Hollywood and continue to trip the light fantastic.

At first he burned at the fact that in spite of his Broadway reputation, his name meant nothing to the movie fans. Then he was made to see that he was appearing before a newer and vaster audience. Once he realized that, he had common sense enough to enter the business of making pictures with the same enthusiasm which took him to the top on the musical comedy stage.

● Fred was born in Omaha, Nebraska. He and his equally famous sister, Adele, were professional dancers before they were six years old. Fred's own peculiarly fascinating style of dancing, came from the early association with Adele. Both went to dancing school but while Fred specialized in tap dancing, Adele was taking ballet. Accompanying Adele to her lesson one day, the boy was taken by the grace and rhythm of the ballet. With native ingenuity, he combined the best elements of the ballet with the tap. The result is the graceful style which is peculiarly his own and with which he has electrified the world.

At ages when most kids are crying for all-day suckers, Fred and Adele were drawing down \$200 a week. Their triumphal march continued on Broadway and in Europe until Adele decided to marry an English nobleman, Lord Charles Cavendish. She left the stage and went to England.

At first Fred was slightly bewildered. He is a natural worrier and he spent his nights worrying about what would become of him. He soon adjusted himself to his new single state and gained new triumphs. Then came motion picture executives, contracts in hand and he came to Hollywood.

But what kind of a chap is Fred Astaire? What is he like off the screen? You may find out, if you read this story to the end, but you'll never find out from Fred Astaire. He dislikes talking about himself more than any man I ever met.

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"Boom! Boom! Boom-Boom-Boom!"

That strange throbbing which has recently disturbed the sleep of the nation is not a jungle tomtom as some seem to think. It is only the vibration of a few million feminine hearts, beating in unison for that new masculine star of the cinema, Fred Astaire.

The dancing lad from Broadway has turned the hearts of feminine America topsy-turvy. For years he has been a famous dancer on Broadway. He has danced at royal command before His Majesty the King of England. All Europe stood up and cheered when he made his last tour abroad but, in spite of this, he was still a total stranger to movie fans when he made his first picture, *Flying Down to Rio*.

Astaire's dancing was like nothing the movie fans had ever seen before. The entire dancing world took up the new *Carioca*. But there was something even more compelling about the man who introduced the *Carioca*, it was his human appeal, his complete naturalness before the camera.

People began to write RKO studios. The letters came in a veritable avalanche, "We don't know what his name is but we like the little guy with the big ears."

Fred Astaire blushed to the roots of his hair. But big ears are no detriment



HOLLYWOOD BROKE MY HEART

by *Mady Christians*

Hollywood brought great sorrow to Mady Christians, famed European actress, but her American screen debut promises to soften these sad memories

I HAVE NOW BEEN in Hollywood for more than half a year and the American public has not yet seen me on the screen. I am glad, however, that so much care was taken to have my first American picture, *Wicked Woman*, just right. So much depends on it. It is now almost ready for release and although the studio feels that I cannot fail, I cannot help but wonder to myself, "How will the American public like Mady Christians?"

You see I want to stay in your Hollywood. For years I refused to come, despite the many attractive offers made me. I was happy in Europe, with my stage and screen work and my husband. I did not want to come to Hollywood because one of the most tragic memories of my life was connected with it. My father, Rudolph Christians, was one of the foremost actors of Europe. When Eric Von Stroheim made *Foolish Wives*, he induced my father to come here and play an important rôle. My mother and I were left behind in Berlin where I was then a pupil of Max Reinhardt's School of the Theatre. I had been promised the rôle of *Cordelia* in one of his plays and I was almost hysterically happy because we heard from my father that his picture was almost finished and that within two weeks he would join us in Berlin.

But my father never came home to us. On the last day of his picture, he was stricken with pneumonia and he died even before he could send a word of farewell to us, his loved ones. And so, you see, because something had happened in Hollywood to break my heart, I associated the name with tragedy. I did not want to come here. Perhaps I was even afraid that a curse lay in wait for me here.

But now I am here and I am happy. The first thing I did when I arrived, even before I went to the studio, was to hunt up the address of the little house in which my father died. But it was no longer there. A filling station had been built on the spot.

But that is all of the past. I have my own little home in the Hollywood hills, my own garden where I work to my heart's content and I am happy with it all.

● What kind of person am I? That is so difficult. First I am afraid that I am not beautiful, at least by American standards of beauty. I am too tall, too statuesque.



*Mady Christians, brilliant Viennese stage and screen star is hailed as one of the most outstanding of the new personalities in Hollywood. She makes her American début in *Wicked Woman**



Mady Christians, in the patio of her rustic home in Beverly Hills

I am of German-Danish blood and some of your writers have called me a Viking maiden, a *Brunhilde*. My forehead is too high, my eyes too wide apart, my chin too firm. I do not know, only that I am as the good God made me and I cannot change that. Some say that I resemble that dear Anna Q. Nilsson. Others who have seen my screen tests, say that I resemble Ruth Chatterton. When you see me in *Wicked Woman*, you will have to make up your own mind.

● I was born in Vienna, when it was the gay capital of old Austria.

My father, Rudolph Christians, was of north-German descent and of humble origin. It was entirely due to his own efforts that he rose to a place of honor on the European stage and screen. My mother was Bertha Klein, a noted opera singer, so you see that my theatrical ambitions are in the blood. As a child I lived in Vienna, in Berlin, in Paris and in New York. It was from 1912 to 1917 that we lived in New York where my father established the German theatre. These formative years, spent in America, made me almost American in my thoughts, speech and actions, but in 1917 my mother took me again to Europe where I entered Reinhardt's school to complete my dramatic education. I had already made my stage début in

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Pertinent Observations of a noted
Film Commentator

Sport News

MOVIE NEWS is being written mostly by sport editors in these days with Mae West racing nags, Maxie Baer taking the count, Clark Gable and Al Jolson becoming racing gentlemen . . .

For some reason Mae has been exceedingly coy about going into the race track news. In the early part of November she bought five horses but registered them in the name of her brother-in-law. They will race however under her colors at the coming race meet at the new track at Santa Anita near Los Angeles.

Perhaps the reason for her maidenly reluctance is that once before she owned a race horse and he turned out to be of degenerate morals and had to be shot; it was embarrassing.



Tough competition for the seals! Mary Carlisle leading lady of Grand Old Girl puts her juggling dog, Sammy, through a few tricks

Maxie's Star Sank

THE REAL LOW-DOWN behind the calling off of Maxie Baer's fight picture at Paramount was an unpleasantness between the champ and Adela Rogers St. Johns who adapted Damon Runyon's story.

It was a screen drama oozing with sympathy. Maxie was not a prize fighter but a strong and noble hero who came to the rescue of a picked-on widow and her two cherub children.

In the course of the dialogue, however, allusion was made to the incident where Max killed a fighter named Campbell in the ring at San Francisco. This was too much when added to the scene where Baer was supposed to be knocked out—and Max struck.

Baer's vaudeville having not been what you would call a riot, Paramount was a little chilly on the project anyhow. It was announced that the picture was being "postponed." It has been postponed until Max's next incarnation a million years or so from now.

The Old Scandal

A GRAND JURY in Los Angeles has dug up the old scandal behind the death of Paul Bern. They were disappointed in not being able to

google over a true confession tale. The sworn statement that Jean Harlow had made to the police at the time was found to have mysteriously disappeared from the records.

Every policeman and most of the people of Hollywood know the inside of this story; but it has never been made public; and never will be. It is not the kind of thing that is printed.

De Mille Talks Back

CECIL B. DE MILLE seems to be occupying his spare time between pictures writing furious letters of reproach to the critics of *Cleopatra*—of whom there are plenty.

Always sensitive, de Mille specially resents any cracks against his erudition as a historian. This picture was very liberally panned—by me as well as others.

I wrote that his *Cleopatra* was more like a Follies girl than a queen. He retorted in a long letter that *that* was how the gal was. She was not only a giddy girl but a hoyden who tied dead fish onto the line of Mark Antony when they were fishing together.

Incidentally, de Mille may have been hit harder than we have known by the depression. His magnificent country estate—Paradise Ranch—in the Little Tujunga Canyon is on the market at a great bargain.



"Soup's on" at the Harlow home! Helping themselves to the buffet luncheon are (left to right), Arline Judge, Claire Trevor, Esther Ralston, Jean Harlow and Lois Wilson

Script

by Harry Carr



Lederer for Peace

I HAVE SUSPECTED all along that this fervor of Francis Lederer for international peace was just an act. Brethern, the fellow is a nut on the subject. He spends a large part of his salary in maintaining agents all over the world who work for peace. I don't know what they are supposed to do except get the kings together and say: "Boys, be reasonable; be reasonable."

And the irony of it is that his first big hit in Hollywood was in the part of a mercenary soldier in *The Pursuit of Happiness*.

Am I Excited?

EVELYN BRENT has come back to Hollywood and to the pictures after a long struggle with the stage. I would be more excited if the lady hadn't up-staged me so mercilessly. I have been up-staged by a lot of folks under various circumstances; but the fair Evelyn high-katted me while I was interviewing her for the public prints which you will have to admit was rubbing it in. We were at a restaurant and she paid ardent attention to every one in the place from the snare drummer to the stars—except me. She couldn't see me at all. I wish now I had mis-spelled her name in the paper.



What chance has a little peanut got against that "schnozzle?" Durante settles an election bet with Lee Tracy

Here's Rod

ANOTHER ONE back from oblivion is Rod La Rocque. He is to be featured in a picture based upon the founding of the California missions—produced by a group of well-known Jewish devotees. It doesn't sound very exciting but you never can tell. Rod has never upstaged me; but I once supervised a picture in which he had a temperamental director and I have felt ever since qualified either for the League of Nations or for a prize fight referee.

Mary's Embarrassment

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS carried off a difficult situation at Donald Ogden Stewart's birthday party. He saw a charming lady at a near-by table and the charming young lady was Mary Pickford. And so, like a charming little gentleman, he went over to the table and sat down and talked to the charming little lady for a while; then he went to another table and talked to another charming little lady.

How Can You?

WELL YOU NEVER can tell. M-G-M thought it was going to iron out all the harshness from Mexico by producing *Pancho Villa* and the picture was hissed and booed. Only this week, they took a chance and showed it again in Mexico City in a very small theater before an invited audience. And Warner Brothers were throwing bouquets at themselves for having produced *Here Comes the Navy*; and the navy was mad as a bear with a sore nose.

Another Way

THE GAG FOR getting into the movies now is to hire out as a mule. Out at Palm Springs a smart hotel keeper, just back from the Orient, introduced a fleet of rikishas to carry the folks to and fro. Nancy Carroll got the first ride. It wasn't long before extra boys on the still hunt to meet directors hit it for the desert. In Japan, natives no longer are permitted by government order to so demean themselves. In the Japanese city of Darien, only Chinese are allowed to drag rikishas. But the Chicago Fair made it quite a prideful occupation. If there is anything indicative of thespic genius visible in a fellow's bare legs and the

back of his neck, probably some of these young rikisha mules will land in stardom.

Cruel Crack

Cecil B. de Mille opened himself to an obvious series of wise-cracks when he opened fire on the whole movie world for their pronunciation of words. He said that he would love to hear a good clear pronouncing of the word, *Yes*. Rises Charles Bickford to remark that if anybody should know how *Yes* should be pronounced it is de Mille—he has heard nothing else but.

Autograph Fiends

EVERY TIME anybody comes out of anywhere in Hollywood the autograph fiends are on him. The stars have to sign books; the edges of note

Please turn to page fifty-four



Pert Kelton, featured RKO player displayed excellent form on the Catalina Island golf course where she spent a short vacation

David Copperfield

From the pages of Charles Dickens, "David Copperfield" comes to the screen as one of the year's outstanding photoplays . . . Here are some advance peeks at scenes and characters from the great M-G-M-picture



Winsome Elizabeth Allan, British stage and screen favorite portrays the part of David's beautiful young mother in the Dickens classic, David Copperfield



The inseparable comrades of fiction. Freddie Bartholomew as David Copperfield and W. C. Fields as Micawber



David comes to his new home. Edna May Oliver as Aunt Betsey Trotwood and Lennox Pawle as Mr. Dick

Lionel Barrymore in the rôle of Dan Peggotty, the old Yarmouth fisherman



A tensely dramatic scene from David Copperfield, depicting the death of Ham Peggotty. Frank Lawton (David Copperfield grown up) kneels beside the stricken Ham



The Copperfields at church. Freddie Bartholomew as David, Elizabeth Allan as his mother and Jessie Ralph as Nurse Peggotty

Elizabeth Allan, the young widow about to become a mother mutely pleads for a word of sympathy from Aunt Betsey (Edna May Oliver)



Una O'Connor as Mrs. Gummidge and John Buckler as Ham Peggotty in a scene from David Copperfield



The lucky star that guided Henry Wilcoxon to the rôle of Marc Antony in Cleopatra has saved his life on several occasions. Once, while seeking buried treasure, he was trapped in a sunken ship with no hope of rescue!

WHEN *Death* STALKED HENRY WILCOXON



How the stalwart young Briton escaped a watery grave in a sunken ship

by JACK SMALLEY

LIFE HAS BEEN filled with unexpected thrills for Henry Wilcoxon, the stalwart young Briton who will portray the part of Richard the Lion Hearted in Cecil B. de Mille's *Crusades*.

Not that Wilcoxon didn't deserve that splendid rôle—he has an impressive record of stage successes to his credit in the English theatre—but his lucky star must be thanked for the coincidence that brought him to De Mille's attention and laid a five-year contract in his hands. It must have been that same smiling goddess of fortune that carried him safely through one of the most hair-raising experiences that can befall an adventurer.

The tale came out quite casually, as those things will, for British reticence and the diffidence of your true adventurer has kept it out of print. We were stretched out by the pool in the Garden of Allah, a quiet retreat out on Sunset Boulevard where Henry Wilcoxon has taken bachelor quarters.

The bronzed, deep-chested Briton, in scanty trunks, nodded his head when I observed that the water in the pool was of that deep blue you see in the West Indies waters when the sun rides high.

"And as clear," he remarked. "Like in Barbadoes. You can see the ships that have sunk, clear as a picture, when you paddle your canoe over them."

Wilcoxon was born and raised in the British West Indies, and knows those tropic isles well. His green-blue eyes, in the strong, purposeful face, have the look of a man who has seen many things and ceased to wonder about them.

"Did you ever dive for salvage in those waters?" I asked,

for I knew he was a remarkable swimmer and all-around athlete.

He nodded, and the tawny hair which he must wear long for the rôle of King Richard tossed back from his brow. He hates it that way, but De Mille bans a haircut.

"Some say a man can stay under water for five minutes," I remarked. "I don't believe it. Three is more likely, don't you think?"

"I stayed under for what seemed five years once," he mused. And that is how the adventure began.

● It was a badly over-loaded little tub in the first place (he related), or it wouldn't have gone down. But the French owners were thrifty souls, and her holds were jammed with all the cargo she could carry, and more.

Nobody knows just how or why, but she suddenly listed over, like a tired old charwoman falling asleep, and turned bottom up. Just like that. The crew got off, most of them at least, and made shore. There wasn't enough air trapped in the hull of the old ship to keep her afloat that way, and down she settled, outside the harbor.

Next day the sea was calm, and a friend and I paddled our canoe out to look things over. The water was that deep blue, but when you looked down from the surface you could see clear to the bottom. The boat lay some four or five fathoms under, and in going down had righted herself.

We lowered a line with a weight, and after breathing quietly for a long minute, I considered that I had enough air in my lungs to last a bit, and over the side I went, a

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NANCY TATTLES ON HOLLYWOOD

Nancy by *Carroll*

A star exposes some of the amusing and oftentimes ridiculous situations which arise in the topsy-turvy realm of Movieland

I STOPPED TO TALK with a powerful studio executive one day. The professional life or death of great stars is in his hands; in the fantastic empire he rules, he may spend a million dollars without anyone questioning his judgment.

He was looking at a big, blatant advertisement, filled with colossal adjectives and extravagant praises. It had been prepared by his advertising department to extol one of his players. His money had paid for it.

"Look!" he exclaimed. "She must be a marvelous actress—see what this says about her?"

That's Hollywood. It couldn't happen anywhere else. There is a pixie quality to its self-administered illusions that you can't take offense at, yet which are superbly ridiculous.

Undoubtedly I might have enacted any rôle I pleased, if I had set out to create some definite illusion. I was an Alice in the topsy turvy world behind the looking-glass, where almost everything is back end to, but it never occurred to me to fool anybody. I don't care to be fooled myself.

Yet somehow I am credited with a fiery Irish temper. Not long ago I went to call on a singing teacher whose rates for instructions are quite on the Hollywood scale. I couldn't get a word in edgewise for fifteen minutes. Finally I said: "But what do the lessons in your course cover, and what is the price?" And this was taken as an outburst.

It is part of the pattern of illusion Hollywood weaves about everyone.

I must confess I was not greatly prepared for Hollywood and its happenings. I landed in pictures from a stage success, without quite knowing how it had all come about. Actually it amazed me to be thrust into the film spotlight. I had come from the stage, where illusions are forgotten when the footlights go out. Here the player merely steps from one stage to another, in a continual spotlight.

It didn't occur to me to be anything but just myself. Following a natural inclination, I did not go about in a continual dress parade. I just didn't care for that sort of thing. Hollywood, of course, concluded that I didn't have a fancy stitch to my name, and couldn't dress up in it if I had.

It always seemed to me that performance in a picture was



Nancy Carroll, currently appearing in Jealousy comes back to Hollywood with a new slant on the film capital and tells you about it on this page



the important thing, not the fact that you wore overalls down to the corner fruit store.

● Those girls who have climbed up in pictures rung by rung, or wrong by wrong as Mae West puts it, have an undoubted advantage over one who appears suddenly upon the scene, blithely ignorant of the way things happen in Hollywood. I should have realized the importance of "front."

I didn't get any pictures in which I was to wear clothes. It was simply assumed that I could not.

Hollywood had me believing it myself, for like the medicine show quack who has talked himself into believing his own cure-all, one becomes self-hypnotized in this land of illusions.

So, when I was loaned to Universal and Carl Laemmle, Jr., told me I was to wear gorgeous clothes in this picture, I was alarmed.

"But I can't wear clothes!" I exclaimed. "I'm not the type."

Please turn to page sixty-four

THOSE KISSES *Embarrass* THE STARS!

How Would You feel if you knew that a dozen pairs of eyes were watching intently while you wrapped your sweetheart in a close embrace and gave her a super-heated kiss? You'd feel pretty darned embarrassed, wouldn't you? And that's exactly the way the majority of the screen stars feel when they have to do a sizzling love scene. Even the most seasoned troupers are often visibly embarrassed. And those who are new to the picture game—well, their embarrassing moments would fill a book.

Franchot Tone's first love scene with Joan Crawford took place under a bed. It was a gag scene. They were supposed to be chasing a cockroach. To say that Franchot was embarrassed is putting it mildly. And the wisecracking comments of those on the set certainly didn't serve to put him at ease.

Clark Gable fought hysterics when he kissed Helen Hayes for The White Sister

It is hard to imagine anything embarrassing Max Baer but a love scene with Myrna Loy in *The Prizefighter and the Lady* did the trick. Maxie started to take the lovely Myrna in his arms and then was suddenly uncomfortably aware that his costume consisted of a pair of purple trunks! It is probably the only time on record that Maxie ever blushed.

During the making of *Music in the Air*, John Boles and Gloria Swanson had a lot of laughs reminiscing about their first love scene together in an old silent picture called *The Loves of Sunya*. John had had some stage experi-

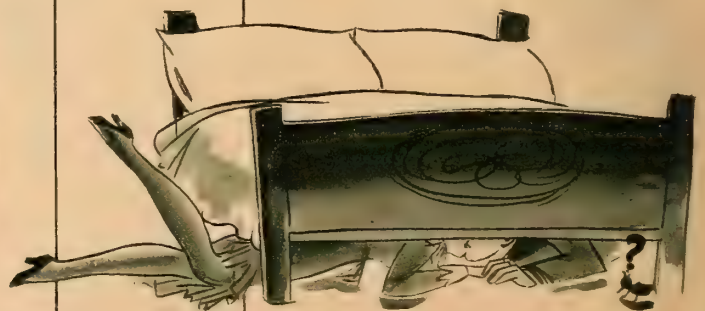
ence but pictures were new to him. As frequently happens, his first scene with Gloria was a love scene.

"When I took Gloria in my arms," laughs John in telling about that experience, "I was so stiff and self-conscious that she must have felt she was being embraced by a cigar store Indian. She kept telling me to loosen up and relax and assured me that she wasn't going to slap me when I kissed her. 'Just forget all about yourself and imagine that you are the character,' she told me.

"She might as well have told me to imagine that I was Casanova. All I could think of was that here was I, a practically unknown actor, holding the celebrated Gloria Swanson in my arms and kissing her! When the director called 'CUT' I was in such a daze that I never even heard him and I kept right on holding the kiss. When we finally came out of the clinch I had so much lipstick smeared over my mouth and chin that I had to take time out to wash it off before we could go on with the next take."

John confesses that it was not until talking pictures came in and he had a chance to make love in song that he overcame the embarrassment he felt whenever he had a love scene to do.

Wisecracking comments of bystanders didn't help Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone during their first love scene



by *Grace Black*



"By the way, have you two been introduced?"



Lew Ayres didn't dare kiss Garbo when he held her in his arms . . . Gable went into hysterics when he first kissed Helen Hayes! . . . Amusing revelations about great screen lovers who were as bashful as children in camera clinches

Jeanette MacDonald sneezes in love scenes but Maurice Chevalier doesn't seem to mind

● Occasionally it happens that players who have never laid eyes upon each other before find themselves thrust into a love scene without even the formality of an introduction.

Out on the Metro lot they still chuckle over Lew Ayres' first love scene with Garbo. Lew was just a green kid and it was his first picture. He wasn't important enough to be introduced to the great Garbo. He was merely told that he was to wait on a dark balcony and when he saw her enter the room he was to rush in, grab her in his arms and kiss her. Well, Lew managed somehow to get his arms about her but he couldn't summon enough courage to kiss her. Finally, Garbo took him by the hand and led him across the set to where the director was standing. "Please—will you introduce me to this boy," she said, "so he won't feel so strange about kissing me?"

Elizabeth Allan, clad only in a nightgown, was tucked between the sheets of a hospital bed when Clark Gable was introduced to her. Two minutes later the director said: "Now if you two are ready we'll rehearse the kiss scene."

Please turn to page fifty-six

Imagine playing your first love scene with Garbo! Lew Ayres was confused in The Kiss, his first picture



THE TIME I DIED

by *Sidney Blackmer*

A dramatic true account of how it feels to pass into that land from which, for most of us, there can be no returning



IT WAS My unpleasant duty to kill Otis Skinner. Oh, he deserved to die, the treacherous rascal! And I was going to spit him neatly on my scimitar—for we were making that (to me, at least) unforgettable sequence in the First National production of *Kismet*.

You may recall it, too. That gorgeous creature, Mary Duncan, comes to me with word that Otis Skinner is an imposter, and I hurry with drawn sword to where he sits by the palace pool. But the wily fellow is to talk me out of it, then stab me in the back and dump me in the pool.

Now, all this was carefully rehearsed except for the action in the water. We were dressed in Eighth century costume—silks, heavy brocades, studded girdles—all very elaborate, and it would hardly do to get the costume wet before shooting the scene. It was hot—beastly hot—and I wished the scene would soon be over.

The moment came at last. Stabbed in the back, I toppled back into the water. The shock of the cold water knocked the breath out of me. My heavy clothing dragged me

down, but I struggled up. Ordinarily I would have had a chance to gulp air, but as I say the scene had not been rehearsed, and the script called for Skinner holding my head under until my struggles ceased.

I came up so close to the edge of the pool that Skinner promptly reached down and pushed my rising head under. I struggled, and all at once I knew I was fighting for my life. He could not know my lungs were empty of air. He was merely following instructions.

The harder I fought to come up, the harder he pushed. The gurglings and bubbling was no pretense; it was horribly real.

Skinner, the perfect actor, grinned diabolically and prolonged this dramatic high-light with the speech he was to make — "Bubble, bubble . . . art thou in hell so soon?" And so on. My struggles ceased. An exquisite sense of peace crept over me. It was the most ineffably beautiful sensation I have ever known. I was leaving the world and its cares.

I was drifting out of life. It was death. I know it . . . those who tried to bring life back into my body know it. And if that is dying, then death should hold no terrors for anyone.

I was moving out into an endless ebony ocean, cutting through the inky black water on the prow of a ship. I was looking down into the water from the place where I was carved—a ship's figurehead without life, without sensation — just looking at this strange world. The sky was slate grey. In the black waters floated dazzling white cakes of ice. Then my journey into whatever land lay beyond that dark sea was interrupted.

I heard a voice in my ear: "You're a soldier! You've got to help us. It's up to you, Sidney!"

They had finally seen me floating face down in the pool and hauled me out. After shooting the scene, naturally they expected me to swim to the brink. Yet—everyone being occupied and under the nervous tension of picture making—the possibility that I was drowned never occurred to anyone.

Then someone noticed my body. I was dragged out, Please turn to page fifty-nine



Otis Skinner pushing Blackmer back under the water. The scene from *Kismet* which was retaken because it "lacked realism" despite the fact that Sidney nearly drowned

An Open Letter to JEAN HARLOW

from J. EUGENE CHRISMAN



DEAR JEAN:

To the outside world, which knows you only for your screen characterizations, you may be just Jean Harlow, platinum-blond *Circe*, exponent of Sex Appeal. It may consider you a favorite of whatever gods there be, living a private life of silken luxury, without a care in the world. But I know the real Jean Harlow, the gallant lady who, when life attempts to beat her down, faces the battle, unafraid. I know her for one of the most genuine, most charming and most regular of people. That is the girl I want to talk about.

I am happy to be called your friend, Jean. I do not think you give your confidence or your friendship lightly. Once it is given, it is something to be prized and cherished. The world out-

side may believe you as light and as fickle as some of your screen rôles would indicate but Hollywood knows you as a fine friend, a brave fighter, a splendid pal.

● I have followed your career ever since you were cast in *Hell's Angels* but we did not meet until you

were making *Red Headed Woman*. It was the day you played the bedroom scene, remember, and you were nursing a swollen jaw where Chester Morris had socked you. It was all for the sake of realism but it hurt. You took it without a whimper, just as you have taken every blow that life ever dealt you. After that we met many times. You were kind enough to have me at your home. We met on sets where you were working. Then one day, while you were making *The Girl from Missouri*, we sat in your car outside the sound stage and just talked, a friendly chat. Then, for the first time, I felt that I knew the real Jean Harlow.

There are so many things about which I could write you but since this letter is to be read by millions who are your fans, I think I would

Please turn to page sixty-two

BORIS KARLOFF REPLIES TO

J. EUGENE CHRISMAN



DEAR FRIEND GENE:

This is the first time I knew that I was in the livery stable business but I am glad to furnish the nightmares upon which you and your fellow insomnia sufferers ride. I would like to make one request however. Stop riding around in this neighborhood. You are keeping me awake nights.

So my fans want to know how it feels to be a Monster? You probably will refuse to believe me, when I tell you that I enjoy it.

Do you ever remember when you were a little nipper, tossing a sheet over your head and pretending you were a ghost and how the others ran when you came from behind the cow-barn? I'm still childish enough to

feel the same way about my rôles.

As for wishing I were a leading man, I should say not. I didn't begin my stage or my screen career with the idea of becoming a horror character but the chance which led me into that type of rôle has brought me the things I want and lifted me out of the rut and so long as I remain on the screen, I do not expect to deviate.

I think perhaps children are my best fans. At the tennis matches, recently held here, I attended frequently. Whenever a child saw me, I was asked for an autograph. If I signed it merely, *Boris Karloff*, the child would look at me wonderingly, and ask, "But won't you put *The*"

Please turn to page sixty-nine

Stage Star Craves Movie Fame

by ALYCE CURTIS

Henry Hull, Broadway star, reveals why he turned his back on the stage at the height of his career to seek new laurels on the Silver Screen



Great things are expected of Henry Hull, late Broadway star of *Tobacco Road*, and as Magwitch in *Great Expectations* he made his recent debut upon the screen



AS I DROVE OUT through the palm-shaded canyons of Beverly Hills, past the old Gloria Swanson mansion and made the turn at the gate which leads to the Tom Mix estate, I wondered about the man whom I was about to interview for the first time.

His name was Henry Hull, known as America's foremost stage star and recently made more famous by his rôle of *Jeeter Lester*, in the season's stage hit, *Tobacco Road*. I had been given a brief introduction to him in Universal café's Indian Room during the production of his first picture, *Great Expectations*, but in the grotesque make-up of his convict rôle, I had been unable to find out much about the man himself. He had seemed pleasant enough, but held himself a little aloof. He was tall, perhaps above six feet, a Kentuckian by birth and his brown eyes, beneath the bushy brows of his make-up, were in-

telligent and held a slight twinkle of humor. Sardonic, I should say, and very confident of himself, yes, very confident indeed.

The ice was quickly broken when I disclosed the fact that we were fellow natives of the grand old Blue Grass state. Both families had come in as pioneers with Boone. His father, a newspaperman, had worked on the *Louisville Courier-Journal* under *Marse Henry Watterson*, who had lifted many a julep with my grandfather. Soon we were talking, as two men will, about our culinary accomplishments and discovered that we both loved to cook. He promised to make fish chowder, New England style, for me some day soon. I gave him my famous recipe for real Italian spaghetti. Just two girls together!

● But I had come to interview him about Hollywood. He smiled, started a sentence and hesitated. I furnished the word I thought he intended to use.

"Don't start selecting my words for me," he smiled, "I can do that for myself. But about Hollywood. I like it. I've only been out here a short time but long enough to convince me that all the stories I have heard in New York about the stupidities of producers are poppycock. I find them intelligent and doing a job of miracle-making every time they turn out a picture. I enjoyed my fellow players at Universal. I liked my director. I can't

help but feel humble before this vast thing that is the Hollywood motion picture industry. The stage is my first love and always will be but it's a pygmy compared to this Hercules. I am both thrilled and delighted in the new medium and only hope I can have some success as a screen actor."

I could see that Mr. Hull would rather talk about Hollywood than about himself but since he was new to the screen and because there would be thousands of letters, asking about Hull the man, as soon as the fans had seen his characterization of Magwitch in *Great Expectations*, I had to force him to tell me something of his career.

"Born in Louisville, Kentucky, October 3, 1890," he told me, "married and have three fine children. I had the ordinary schooling in the schools of Louisville and later

Please turn to page sixty-seven

Gloria Stuart Gives You Two Charming Frocks

Add these up-to-the-minute Hollywood dresses to your wardrobe . . . You can easily make them yourself . . . Use the coupon below and order these patterns today

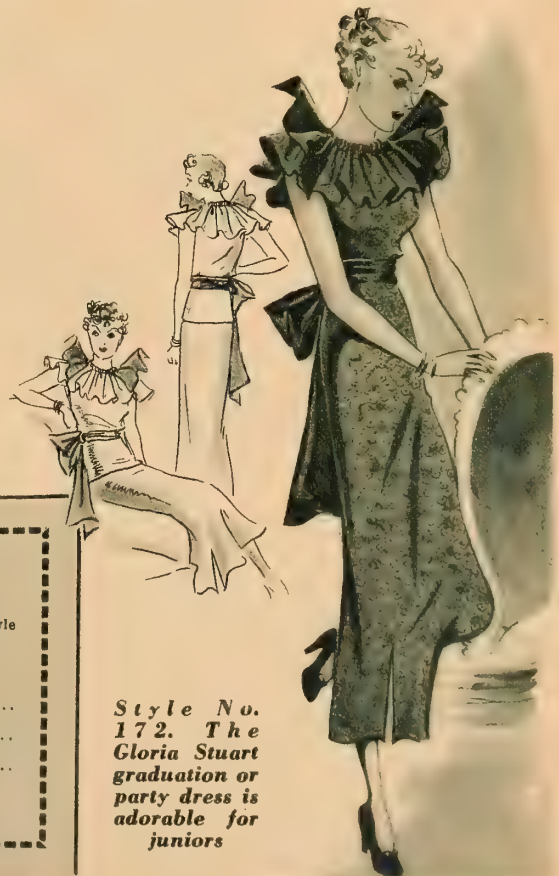


Style No. 152. Gloria Stuart wearing the charming day dress described on this page

CHARMING AND PRACTICAL are the dresses which Gloria Stuart offers HOLLYWOOD readers from her own wardrobe. The appealing frock pictured at left is simplicity itself in line, depending upon unusual neck treatment and interesting buttoned-in-the-back-bodice for its chic. The newest fashion dictates are followed by having the fullness of the skirt executed in plaits in the back. The dress is striking in black and white or in any of the new bright colors. It comes in sizes 14, 16, 18 years—36, 38, 40 inches bust.

An adorable frock for graduation or parties is shown below. The neckline is definitely youthful—and it may be a straight line or peplum dress as in the small view. It's so simple to make! Designed for sizes 11, 13, 15 and 17 years.

Use the coupon below in ordering, enclosing 15c in stamps or coin for each pattern desired. The new Fashion Magazine is 15c a copy but if ordered with one or more patterns it will be sent for only 10c. Address your orders to Hollywood Pattern Service, 529 South Seventh Street, Minneapolis, Minn.



Style No. 172. The Gloria Stuart graduation or party dress is adorable for juniors

HOLLYWOOD'S PATTERN SERVICE
529 South Seventh Street,
Minneapolis, Minn.

For the enclosed.....send me Gloria Stuart's dress pattern No. 132—No. 172 (circle style desired) Size.....Bust.....

☐ Check if you wish the HOLLYWOOD Fall and Winter Fashion Magazine.

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Patterns 15c each. Fashion Book 13c.

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LOVELY EYES

How to have them
—eyes no man can forget

CHARMING eyes in 40 seconds! A magic touch of the lashes with Winx, the super-mascara, and your eyes are given new glamour.

Remember, your eyes are your *most important* feature. So don't neglect them.

Winx gives you long, lovely lashes—soft, alluring. It is refined to the last degree—so it's safe, smudge-proof, non-smarting, tear-proof—scientifically perfect.

Added Beauty

Millions of women prefer Winx to ordinary mascaras—so will *you*. So try Winx today—learn how easy it is to have lustrous Winx lashes. Get Winx at any toilet counter, darken your lashes, see the instant improvement.



To introduce Winx to new friends, note my *two* offers below. My booklet—"Lovely Eyes—How To Have Them"—is complete—how to care for the lashes and brows, how to use eye shadow, how to treat "crow's-feet," etc.

Louise Ross

Merely send
Coupon for "Lovely Eyes—
How to Have Them"

Mail to LOUISE ROSS,
243 W. 17th St., New York City

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....

If you also want a generous trial package of Winx Mascara, enclose 10c, checking whether you wish ☐ Black or ☐ Brown.

LET'S MAKE PANCAKES!

You may call them flapjacks, griddlecakes, blinys or crêpes but pancakes have what it takes to get by in any language

by

Grace Ellis

HOLLYWOOD'S
Food Consultant



Claudette Colbert, as Bea Pullman in Imitation of Life found fame and fortune in the lowly pancake

Pancake Parties

They're awfully popular, lots of fun and oh! so easy to make. If you want full directions with recipes—write for our free

Pancake Party Leaflet

Other leaflets with suggestions for winter parties are:

Foods To Go With Dutch Lunches 5c
Soda Fountain Treats at Home...5c
Candies You Can Depend Upon...5c

Enclose a stamped, addressed envelope and write to Grace Ellis, HOLLYWOOD Food Consultant, 529 South 7th St., Minneapolis, Minn.

it takes" in almost any language. And if you travel round the globe a bit, you'll find that the whole world loves a good pancake.

In America they're a mighty versatile dish. Grandma Gruntly, out at Four Corners, makes them with light flour or dark, with one egg or two, and serves them for breakfast every "spelled-with-an-'r'-month" in the year. Her daughters swear by the new blended pancake flours and the daughter in town finds griddlecakes the perfect answer to that what-shall-I-get-for-supper problem which confronts bridge-playing wives.

And don't be caught curling up your nose at the thought of griddlecakes. Mrs. Ritz on Park Avenue is serving them at formal dinners now-a-days. "Pancakes parties," are popular in Hollywood. And "crêpes," a light pancake rolled round a sprinkling of powdered sugar, plum jelly, or something else just as nonsensical, are considered the smartest sort of adjunct to a morning or afternoon bridge "snack."

HAVE YOU SEEN *Imitation of Life*, starring Claudette Colbert? Rather co-starring Claudette and pancakes! For it's a simple griddlecake recipe which starts Bea Pullman—alias Miss Colbert—on the road to fortune and fame.

But I'll wager that it wasn't that griddlecake recipe which really made the millions. Undoubtedly she *did* have a good recipe but it was the universal masculine urge and love for good home made pancakes, which rang the cash register and made the famous fortune.

They may be "griddlecakes" to you and blinys to a Russian and crêpes to the French but they "have what

So much for the griddlecake social rating.

Now for their making—for family use I like the following recipe:

Million-Dollar Griddlecakes

(A flexible recipe which will turn out a variety of delicious cakes.)

- 2 cups flour
- 1 teaspoon soda
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1-2 tablespoons sugar
- 2 cups sour milk
- 1 or 2 well beaten eggs
- 2-4 tablespoons melted shortening

Sift the dry ingredients into a deep bowl. Add eggs beaten in with the milk. Add shortening. Blend the mixture with a few deft, quick strokes. Don't try to beat out all the lumps. These will mysteriously disappear during baking. Overmixing causes tough cakes.

Drop mixture by spoonfuls on a greased or ungreased griddle, hot enough to make a few drops of water sputter. Bake until bubbles break on top side. Turn and complete. Serve as soon as possible.

SOUR CREAM MAKES a lighter, more tender cake than sweet. And if you haven't sour milk you can use sweet, and sour it by adding 1 tablespoon of vinegar to each cup of milk. Or use half evaporated milk and half water and use the same amount of vinegar per cup of mixture. If you really prefer a sweet milk griddlecake, then substitute sweet milk for sour and use 3 teaspoons of baking powder in place of the soda called for in the recipe. A very light and fluffy cake is possible if the eggs are separated and the stiffly beaten whites folded in just before the cakes are baked.

Pancakes baked on an ungreased aluminum griddle really need the larger quantity of shortening. And if you like crisp griddlecakes you'll want to use the 4 tablespoons of fat to 2 cups of flour, but if you like soft cakes, baked on a greased griddle, 1 or 2 tablespoons of shortening will be enough. Some women swear by a rich-with-eggs pancake mixture. While some are satisfied with 1 egg to 2 cups of flour. But you can use either 1 or 2 tablespoons of sugar, depending upon whether or not your man-of-the-house likes to get his sweet tooth and his griddlecakes mixed.

THE POINT in making any griddlecake is to have it light and fluffy. Pancakes, like muffins, can be overmixed. I like to sift my dry ingredients into a deep bowl and hollow out a spot for the wet ingredients. Only enough strokes are used in combining the two, to actually dampen the flour. Overbeating, I find, gives a tough rubbery quality which is disappointing to a genuine lover of good cakes.

And don't think that you have to mix your own—if you want real honest to goodness buckwheat cakes. A very new prepared buckwheat pancake flour made possible two memorable occasions recently. At one, a group of husbands, frequently

Please turn to page seventy-one

FEBRUARY, 1935



*If everyone in this theatre
uses Pepsodent Antiseptic*

(as used in recent tests)

**there should be 50%
fewer colds!**

Experiment on 500 people shows new way in "cold prevention." What happened when Pepsodent Antiseptic was used.

IF what happened in a recent scientific "cold" study happens in this movie theatre, there should be 50% fewer people catching this man's cold if they use Pepsodent Antiseptic regularly.

We use this means of illustrating in a dramatic way how Pepsodent can help you prevent colds this winter.

The test we refer to included 500 people, over a period of five months. These 500 people were divided into several groups. Some gargled with plain salt and water—others with leading mouth antiseptics—one group used Pepsodent Antiseptic exclusively. Here is what happened as shown by official scientific records. . . . The group who used Pepsodent Antiseptic had 50% fewer colds than those who used other leading mouth antiseptics or those who used plain salt and water.

The group who used Pepsodent Antiseptic, and did catch cold, were able to rid themselves of their colds in half the time of those who used other methods.

And so while we cannot scientifically predict how many people would catch cold in this crowded movie theatre, nor just how many would have a cold if they didn't use Pepsodent Antiseptic, we do say that what happened in this scientific test on 500 people can be applied to some extent to any other group.

Pepsodent can be diluted

Remember, Pepsodent Antiseptic is three times as powerful in killing germs as other leading mouth antiseptics. You can mix Pepsodent Antiseptic with 2 parts of water and it still kills germs in less than 10 seconds. Therefore, Pepsodent gives you three times as much for your money. It goes three times as far and it still gives you the protection of a safe, efficient antiseptic.

Get Pepsodent Antiseptic and see for yourself just how effective it is in helping you prevent colds this winter.

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC

*Annoying
Little
Blemishes!*
So easily corrected
... when you know
this simple way



WHO escapes them—those occasional pimples that seem always to come when you particularly want to look your very best?

Don't let them annoy you, however, for nature can clear them up quickly with a little external aid which Resinol Ointment provides.

This safe, dependable ointment contains medicaments specially selected to soothe and promote healing of skin irritations. That is why it is so effective and so widely used. When applied after washing with a warm lather of pure Resinol Soap, the results are even more satisfying. Get Resinol Ointment and Soap from the druggist today. For free sample write Resinol, Dept. 8-A, Baltimore, Md.



A Million-Dollar BEAUTY SECRET



Joan Blondell is a joyous bubbling person and she takes care to personalize these charms with make-up

A noted beauty expert gives you the personal make-up secrets of Joan Blondell and Ruby Keeler and tells how you, too, may capture and hold romance through your loveliness

by MAX FACTOR



Ruby Keeler is a young romanticist, shy and demure who uses make-up to individualize her beauty

I'VE GOT A MILLION-DOLLAR secret for you. Will you take it? Will you use it?

You may think life is passing you by because you haven't got a mouth you like or eyes of startling beauty. But let me tell you something straight from the shoulder. Life is passing you by because *you* let it. Because you are not paying attention to the little things. Do you think your husband or sweetheart isn't going to notice a shaggy hairline and lips that are roughly reddened? It is not the big issues that kill romance, it's the tiny ones! Like everyday untidiness such as bad make-up.

Live up to the best that is in you. That's the secret. And I'm going to show you how to do it. You may think you know already—but eighty-six per cent of the women in America are not doing it! They're letting just a few small mistakes stand between them and absolute success in the impression they make on others.

First of all, really study your features. No other human being on earth has exactly the same facial contours. Remember that. There may be a superficial resemblance, yes. But never try to emphasize it. The two greatest assets to beauty are to feel it within yourself—you've got to be-

lieve that you're beautiful and charming—and be strictly individual.

● Now take Ruby Keeler and Joan Blondell, for example. Two girls who have not only won stardom but found wonderful romance. They are both "fair," if you like. Although, strictly speaking, Ruby is a "brown-ette." They both use a blondeen shade of rouge and vermillion lipstick but Joan's powder is olive and Ruby's is rachelle. Now if they both used that vermillion lipstick in the same way the results would not be half so interesting!

You see, Ruby has a sweet, rather sad little mouth. She makes it up right to the very corners and curves her lower lip generously. Joan, on

HOLLYWOOD

the other hand, has a laughing, slightly large mouth, with the lower lip a trifle more full than the upper one. So she doesn't bring the lipstick quite to the edges and she darkens the upper lip a fraction more than the lower one to make it seem as full.

THEN THERE'S the matter of eyes. It's true they both have blue eyes, but if Joan were to wield an eyebrow pencil in the same manner as Ruby she would look practically pop-eyed. The gorgeous Blondell orbs are very big. They require very little accenting. A touch of eyelash make-up on the outer lashes, an eyebrow pencil drawn lightly just above the lashes of the upper lid—that suffices. In order not to make them appear too round, she extends the line with the eyebrow pencil to the outer corner of the eye and blends it into a faint shadow.

Wide-awake, flashing, mesmeric eyes—Joan's. Ruby's are those of a little dreamer. Notice the difference in shape. Wisely, she draws a fine line immediately below the lashes of the lower lid and softens it with her finger-tip until it is a mere shading. Instantly this emphasizes the eye, enlarges it.

And the eyebrows — key to the whole facial expression. Consider a moment. The little Blondell is a joyous, bubbling person. Of course, her eyebrows would be slender and delicately arched. But what of the little Keeler? A young romanticist, shy and demure. Ruby's brows are wider, affording greater protection to the eyes, and they're curved similarly to the eyelids. This always gives a face a softer look. . . . If you could peep into the purse of either girl you would find a regular purse-sized eyebrow pencil too!—for emergency use—because both of them well understand the value of keeping up in little things. . . .

ONCE WHEN Ruby and I were discussing this business of making the utmost of your good points, she said an amazing thing. "If a girl has let herself slump—and every girl knows when she has—she will walk in the shadows!"

"This is what I mean," Ruby continued, "if your hair is dull and drab, if you're conscious of being a great deal overweight and of having a 'hard' look because you don't know how to apply your rouge correctly, you'll try to keep out of the picture. You'll be quiet as a mouse.

"I remember one girl in particular," she said, "who was like that. She used to wear little black evening frocks that didn't have much style, and dark brown street dresses—anything to make her as unobtrusive as possible. Then one day she woke up to the fact that she was missing all the fun. And that she didn't have to. . . .

"After that you should have seen

Please turn to page seventy-two

FEBRUARY, 1935

DO BRUNETTES LOOK OLDER THAN BLONDES



No!

THE ANSWER IS THAT 7 OUT OF 10 BRUNETTES USE THE WRONG SHADE OF FACE POWDER!

• **BY** *Lady Esther*

If there's one thing women fool themselves about, it's face powder shades.

Many women select face powder tints on the wrong basis altogether. They try to get a face powder that simply matches their type instead of one that enhances or flatters it.

Any actress will tell you that certain stage lights can make you look older or younger. The same holds true for face powder shades. One shade can make you look ten to twenty years older while another can make you look years younger.

It's a common saying that brunettes look older than blondes. There is no truth in it. The reason for the statement is that many brunettes make a mistake in the shade of the face powder they use. They simply choose a brunette face powder shade or one that merely matches their type instead of one that goes with the tone of their skin. A girl may be a brunette and still have an olive or white skin.

One of Five Shades is the Right Shade!

Colorists will tell you that the idea of numberless shades of face powder is all wrong. They will tell you that one of five shades will answer every tone of skin.

I make Lady Esther Face Powder in five shades only, when I could just as well make ten or twenty-five shades. But I know that five are all that are necessary and I know that one of these five will prove just the right shade of face powder for your skin.

I want you to find out if you are using the right shade of face powder for your skin. I want you to find out if the shade you are using is making you look older or younger.

One Way to Tell!

There is only one way to find out and this is to try all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder—and that is what I want you to do at my expense.

One of these shades, you will find, will instantly prove the right shade for you. One will immediately make you look years younger. You won't have to be told that. Your mirror will cry it aloud to you.

Write today for all the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder that I offer free of charge and obligation. Make the shade test before your mirror. Notice how instantly the right shade tells itself. Mark, too, how soft and smooth my face powder; also, how long it clings.

Mail Coupon

One test will reveal that Lady Esther Face Powder is a unique face powder, unparalleled by anything in face powders you have ever known.

Mail the coupon or a letter today for the free supply of all five shades that I offer.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER
2030 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail a trial supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.) (8)

FREE

BOTH

*Mother
and Daughter*

PREFER

Maybelline

Mascara



as do ten million
other women because
they know it is

... absolutely harmless

... really tear-proof

... positively non-smarting

... the quickest and easiest way to have the natural appearance of long, dark, luxuriant lashes, making the eyes appear larger, brighter, and more expressive.

From sweet sixteen to queenly fifty, women the world over have learned that Maybelline is the perfect mascara for instantly transforming their lashes into flattering dark fringe. Beauty-wise women of all ages appreciate, too, the fact that the famous name of Maybelline is backed by the approval of Good Housekeeping Bureau and other leading authorities for its purity and effectiveness.

Encased in a beautiful red and gold vanity, it is priced at 75c at all leading toilet goods counters. Black, Brown and the new Blue. Accept only genuine Maybelline to be assured of highest quality and absolute harmlessness. Try it today.



The Approved Mascara

Cross Examining THE STARS



"Who put that tack on W. C. Fields' chair and who pinned that sign on his back?" Lee Tracy puts Baby LeRoy on the spot and asks him some leading and pertinent questions

What do you want to know about your film favorite
List your questions on the coupon on the opposite page

RAMÓN NOVARRO—What is your real name? How old are you? What nationality? Are you married or single? What color is your hair? Eyes? Where may I write to you?

My real name is Ramón Samenigos. I am thirty-five years old and a native of Mexico. I am single. My hair is dark brown and my eyes are medium brown. You can write to me in care of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio, Culver City, California.

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN—What do you admire most in a man, or what do you consider a real man?

The trait I admire most in any man is sincerity. No matter whether a man may be right or wrong, no matter what his cause may be, if he is sincere he has my admiration. If a man is sincere with others and with himself, he is certain to have the other traits of a gentleman.

CAROLE LOMBARD—Does a girl have to be rich to be a star?

No, indeed, money does not count in a movie career. In fact, a rich girl is actually at a disadvantage in screen work because she usually "can't take it" as well as a girl who is used to hardships and disappointments. Ability rather than wealth is what counts in pictures.

JACKIE COOGAN—How long have you been in the movies? How old are you? What is your nationality?

I have been in pictures off and on ever since I was eighteen months old (so they tell me). I am twenty years old and an American.

EDDIE CANTOR—When is your birthday? How old are you? Where were you born?

I celebrate my birthday on January 31 each year, having been born on January 31, 1893. My birthplace was New York City.

MAE WEST—How can a girl be popular with everyone, especially with boys?

There isn't any formula. Just try to take an interest in their interests, do the things they want to do, always talk about them. You'll be popular.

FRANCHOT TONE—Where can I write to you? How did you get into the movies?

You can write to me in care of M-G-M Studio. My first dramatic training was received in college productions. Then I spent some time in stock companies and on the stage, and finally I worked my way into the movies.

PATRICIA ELLIS—How old are you really? I've heard from 14 to 18.

I was born May 20, 1916, so you see I am really eighteen years old.

DOROTHY LEE—If you were a young high school girl, would you

HOLLYWOOD

choose a dancing career or a college education?

In my own case, I would choose (as I actually did) the dancing career. However, I would hesitate to advise anyone else to do it unless she was quite certain that she wanted a dancing career.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT—What is your real name? Is your hair dark brown, or is it black? Are your eyes blue? When and where were you born? What nationality are you?

My real name is Lily Chauchoin, and I have dark brown hair and brown eyes. I was born September 13, 1905, in Paris, France. Thus you see my nationality is French.

EVELYN VENABLE—How tall are you? Give me a description of yourself. How may I write to you?

I am five feet, six inches in height. As for the description—I'm twenty years old, have light brown hair and hazel eyes. You can write to me at Paramount Studio, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California.

FREDRIC MARCH—What are your favorite sports, and is it possible to obtain your studio address?

I like all sports and especially horse-back riding, swimming and tennis. Why, yes, I am always glad to give out my studio address. It's the Twentieth Century Studio, 1041 North Formosa, Hollywood, California.

GINGER ROGERS—What is your height and weight? How old are you? And where may I get your picture?

I am five feet, four inches in height and one hundred and twelve pounds in weight. I was born July 16, 1911, so I am just twenty-five. You can obtain my picture at RKO Studio, 780 North Gower, Hollywood, California.

LADIES..choose your weapons



USE THIS COUPON

The Question Editor,
HOLLYWOOD Magazine,
6605 Hollywood Blvd.,
Hollywood, California.

I should like to ask.....

the following question.....

My name is

Address

It will be impossible to grant personal replies. Questions will be answered only on this page, and those of the most general interest will be given preference.

THE ODDS FAVOR A

Lovely skin

● When you choose your "beauty weapons," remember that the *one* thing most appealing to any man is the beauty of a soft, smooth skin. No other charm counts for quite so much—and, likewise, no single "neglect" is more serious (and more distasteful to a man) than the neglect of skin-beauty and skin-youth, and it is so unnecessary.

More women every day count on Campana's Italian Balm to keep their skin fresh with the beauty of youthfulness—and free from the ageing effects of housework, office-work and weather. Italian Balm, you know, is *guaranteed* to banish roughness, redness,

dryness and chapping *more quickly* than anything you ever used before. And you can use it liberally for a cost of less than ½ cent a day!

Italian Balm gives you the benefit of a scientific formula comprising sixteen ingredients—a product proved for over 40 years in winter-loving Canada where it is still the largest-selling skin protector. Largest seller, also, in thousands of cities in the United States. For sale at drug and department stores—35c, 60c and \$1.00 in bottles; 25c in tubes. Or send for **FREE** Vanity Bottle—use the coupon.



Campana's
**Italian
Balm**

THE ORIGINAL
SKIN SOFTENER



Free

CAMPANA SALES CO.,
3602 Lincoln Highway,
Batavia, Illinois.

Gentlemen: Please send me **VANITY SIZE** bottle of Campana's Italian Balm—**FREE** and postpaid.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

If you live in Canada send your request to Campana Corp., Ltd.,
FWG -2 Caledonia Road, Toronto, Ontario.

Bid That COLD Be Gone!

Oust It Promptly with this 4-Way Remedy!

A COLD is no joke and Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine treats it as none!

It goes right to the seat of the trouble, an infection within the system. Surface remedies are largely makeshift.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is speedy and effective because it is expressly a cold remedy and because it is direct and internal—and COMPLETE!

Four Things in One!

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine and only Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine does the four things necessary.

It opens the bowels. It combats the cold germs in the system and reduces the fever. It relieves the headache and grippy feeling. It tones and fortifies the entire system.

That's the treatment a cold requires and anything less is taking chances.

When you feel a cold coming on, get busy at once with Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. For sale by all druggists, 35c and 50c. The 50c size is the more economical "buy".

Ask for it by the full name—Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine—and resent a substitute.



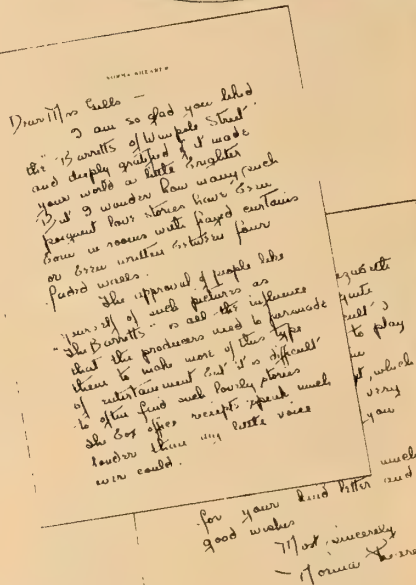
World's Standard

GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

Listen to Pat Kennedy, the Unmasked Tenor and Art Kassel and his Kassels-in-the-Air Orchestra every Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday, 1:45 p. m., Eastern Standard Time, Columbia Coast-to-Coast Network.

Drop me a Line

Write a letter to your favorite star . . . Win dollars for your opinions and a personal reply from the star . . . Full details on page 72



Norma Shearer

Norma Shearer's Answer

DEAR MRS. GILLS:

I am so glad you liked *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* and deeply gratified if it made your world a little brighter. But I wonder how many such poignant love stories have been born in rooms with frayed curtains or even written between four faded walls.

The approval of people like yourself of such pictures as *The Barretts* is all the influence that the producers need to persuade them to make more of this type of entertainment but it is difficult to often find such lovely stories. The box office receipts speak much louder than my little voice ever could.

I loved the rôle of Elizabeth Barrett, although it was quite one of the most difficult I have ever been given to play. I think I will be in *Marie Antoinette* next, which is another rôle to be very grateful for. I hope you will like it.

Thank you so much for your kind letter and good wishes.

Most sincerely,
NORMA SHEARER.

Thanks to Norma Shearer \$10.00 Letter

MY DEAR NORMA SHEARER:

I have just seen *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* and am still under the spell. The faded wall paper and frayed curtains of the dingy rooms I call home actually seem to have an air of perked up freshness. Everything seems gayer, all because of this fine old love story. Please use your influence to have produced other charming stories of such lovely ethereal beauty. The world may change but it will always love romance and lovers.

After seeing you in *the Barretts of Wimpole Street*, I know this is the kind of rôle you love. What enjoyment you must have gotten from making the picture—am I not right? Have you any idea what type your next picture will be? Here's hoping it is something nice like the others. Lots of luck and happiness.

Your devoted fan,

MRS. B. R. GILLS,
235 Hood Street, Lynchburg, Va.

A Toast to Mae West \$5.00 Letter

DEAR MISS WEST:

When we see your name an illumination, we can always be sure of en-

HOLLYWOOD

joyment of a type that is distinctly all your own.

In spite of some feeble criticism, it is the unanimous opinion of my friends that your characterizations and humor are the things that are really needed by those of us who seek the thrill of wholesome fun.

Do please continue with your grand work and help build up many more laughs and pleasant memories.

My toast is to you Miss West!

Very sincerely yours,

MRS. MABEL JANES,

221 State Street, Madison, Wis.

Edward Everett Horton

\$5.00 LETTER

Editor,
Hollywood Magazine.

DEAR SIR:
I would like to express my appreciation of the work of Edward Everett Horton as a screen comedian. I am always greatly pleased when I see his name in a cast of characters and I have often gone to the theatre just to see him when he has been featured.

His work is always sure-fire and very funny. He has a way of bringing laughs without resorting to coarseness, vulgarity or slap-sticks methods. His acting is easy and yet convincing. He never strains for a point but always makes it tell. He dresses well and is good looking, and in short has all the necessary qualifications for a screen comedian of the better class.

Long may he flourish and have fat parts for he is a universal favorite with habitues of the theater.

HARVEY PEAKE,

2301 Speed Avenue, Louisville, Ky.

Lovable Pauline Lord

\$1.00 LETTER

DEAR PAULINE LORD:
I have just witnessed your superb performance in *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*. Your portrayal of that beloved character was so human, unaffected and so realistic that at times it reached the divine and I felt as though I were listening to a real sermon—one taken from everyday life.

I cried with your sorrows and laughed with your joys. You have struck a new note—the human side of life. Please keep on with these roles the country needs and wants such pictures.

MRS. MAE O'DONNELL,
614 Burr Street, Mitchell, So. Dak.

Wants More Miss Moore

\$1.00 LETTER

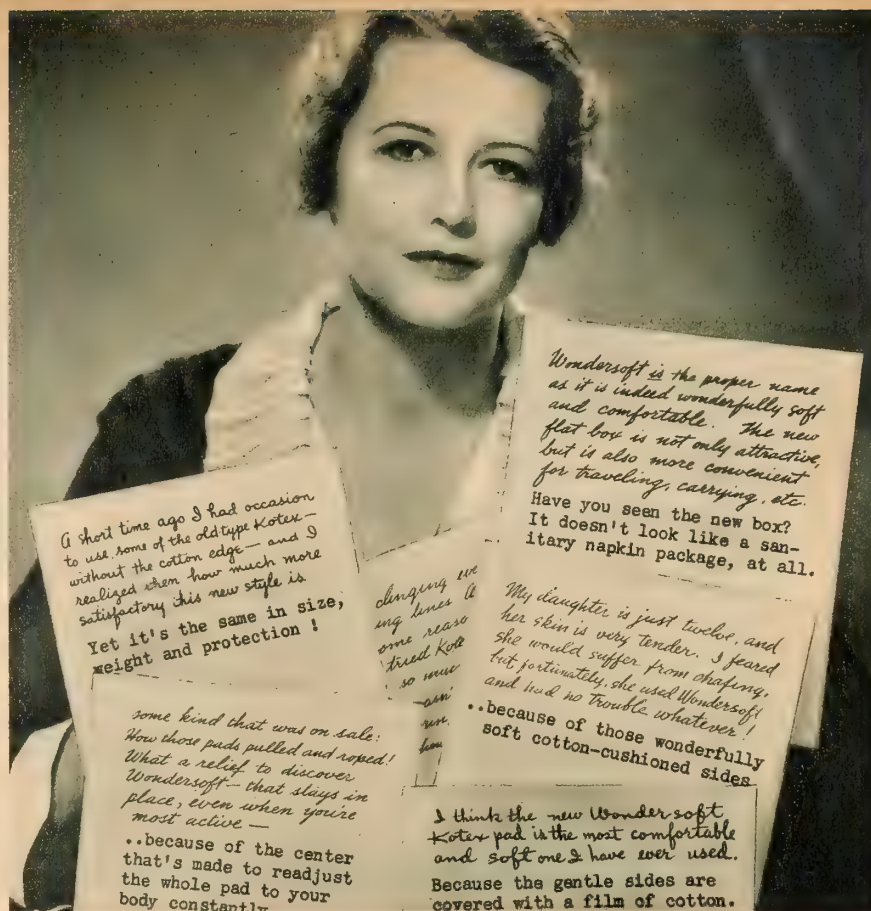
DEAR GRACE MOORE:
A few years ago I heard you sing in *New Moon* and have often wondered since why you haven't made more pictures. Your voice is beautiful.

Then along came *One Night of Love* which I saw three times and enjoyed as much the last time as the first. Your performance was superb! How about more pictures with a good story and some arias from other operas? In short "Let's have more Miss Moore."

If we had more pictures like *One Night of Love* there would be no need of the so-called moral critics.

Orchids to you, Miss Moore for giving
Please turn to page seventy-two

FEBRUARY, 1935



"83% of my mail says . . . Wondersoft Kotex ends chafing entirely!"

A MILLINER, who sits at her work all day, writes to tell me that Wondersoft Kotex has relieved her entirely of the chafing that used to make her "perfectly miserable." That's because Wondersoft Kotex is filmed in tender cotton at the sides, where the pad touches, but the surface is free to take up moisture.

A housewife, on her feet from morning till night, says pads always used to rope and pull and twist but "Wondersoft seems to adjust itself perfectly to the body."

Mary K. writes me: "The best thing about

Wondersoft is that the sides are always dry and next best I like those smooth, flat ends. One can wear any sort of dress and not feel a trace of self-consciousness." Yes, Mary K., this new Kotex gives greater security against soiled lingerie, too.

Notice what some of the users say about Wondersoft Kotex. Then, try it yourself and I am sure you will agree with them.

Mary Pauline Callender

Author of "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday"



One Woman Tells
Another About
This New Comfort

Free Booklets!

Write for either or both of two authoritative booklets on *Feminine Hygiene*—"Health Facts on Menstruation"; and "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday", for a child. Address Kotex Company, Room 1405, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

WONDERFORM



or De Luxe

HAVE NO FEAR OF



You may wear your sheerest, lightest colored dresses and lingerie while you dance, golf, play tennis or sit through a show and NU-GARD will guard your peace of mind and protect your clothes.



SEE COUPON BELOW

NU-GARD is a dainty wisp of pink waterproofed silk, tailored and fashioned skillfully to take the place of hot, uncomfortable rubber aprons, and yet give you absolute protection from embarrassing spots.

Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back.

- 1 Prevents spots on lingerie and night wear.
- 2 Fits any pad or napkin like a silken glove.
- 3 When you wear a NU-GARD "no one knows."
- 4 Prevents chafing because it's cool and comfortable.
- 5 Light and dainty as a silk handkerchief—easy to carry in your purse.
- 6 Takes place of sanitary aprons.
- 7 Easy to wash, keep fresh and have ready for re-use.

NU-GARD is NEW but thousands of fastidious women have already acclaimed it as the greatest "secret protector" ever made.

USE THIS COUPON—WE PAY THE POSTAGE

NU-GARD SALES, 604 Mission St., San Francisco

Enclosed find (cash or money order) for which send me—

☐ 1 NU-GARD (50c) ☐ 3 NU-GARDS \$1.00

in a plain envelope. If I don't like it I may return it and you will REFUND MY MONEY.

Name.....

Street Address.....

City.....State.....

DEALER AND DISTRIBUTOR INQUIRIES INVITED

Arliss Finds the Fountain of Youth

Continued from page twelve

more than a sweetheart. She has been his helpmate in every sense.

Matrimony for them has been a long and uninterrupted honeymoon.

"From the pinnacle of contentment after thirty-five years of married life, I am perhaps entitled to drop a few words of wisdom into the ears of hot-headed young people who are contemplating the plunge; or who, having plunged, are experiencing some of the inevitable obstacles that beset the path of every young husband," he said the other day.

"The mistake most young people make is to believe that love alone is sufficient to make a happy marriage. That way leads to disaster. Love needs tender and careful nourishment, as does any other sensitive and growing thing."

Romantic dreams will not last long on a starvation diet, he insists.

"It is not upon moonbeams and glamour that the successful marriage is based," he went on. "If you want your union to be permanent, you must see that it is launched under the best possible conditions, material as well as spiritual."

"In a word, you must treat love with the utmost respect, for marriage is a fine art requiring the most delicate technique."

"Insolent youngsters lament the fact that the honeymoon state does not last forever. They should not lament. For if we were spared all struggle, life would be empty and meaningless."

"If the course of true love ran smoothly, there would be no incentive to ambition, no revelation of the heights to which nature can attain. There would be no plays to act in, no great love stories to tell."

"I am convinced that most really worthwhile things are born of stress and trouble, and that difficulties bring out the best in us. It has been proved time and again in my own case as well as in most of the stage and screen successes in which I have appeared."

"If we want a thing badly enough, we will find a way to get it. External conditions will not deter us. Good results often follow unpromising beginnings."

MR. ARLISS CITES his marriage as a fitting illustration.

"A rainy day in England some forty years ago gave me the opportunity and the courage to propose to a young actress named Florence Montgomery."

"I was playing at Margate in Sarah Thorne's company, composed mostly of students—stage-struck sons and daughters of well-to-do actors, authors, lawyers and clergymen. When I joined the troupe as leading man, Flo was one of the pupils. I particularly noticed her as 'the girl with the beautiful arms.' At first she seemed hardly aware of my existence, but by degrees we became quite friendly."

"One afternoon, when it was pouring torrents, I found myself near the door of the theatre, and dashed inside for shelter. Whom should I find in the dark and empty interior but Flo, also drenched to the skin."

"Overwhelmed by a sense of pity for her plight and my own ridiculous helplessness to be of any service whatsoever, I did the first thing that occurred to me. I asked her to be my wife!"

"The Fates were kind to me on that momentous occasion. Within four minutes Flo had promised to be mine!"

"Little did she realize, poor girl, the long betrothal period for which she was destined!"

"Because, as so often happens in the theatrical profession, having at last something in the world to work for, I found myself shortly afterward with nothing in the world to do. My season at Margate had come to an end!"

"Presently, however, a windfall came my way. With the munificent sum of 50 pounds, I entered upon my first and last experience as actor-manager, with Flo as my leading lady."

"We did poor business everywhere. My partner and I had a great struggle to pay our way, but we never owed the company a penny of their hard-earned salaries, even if we lived on next to nothing at all ourselves. At the end of three months, I terminated my actor-manager-ship, and was very glad to accept two guineas a week in a farcical comedy."

IT WAS HIS fiancée who gave him singing lessons when he was offered a song-and-dance rôle in the provincial tour of *The Gaiety Girl*, and it was she who insisted upon him asking the great George Edwards for seven pounds a week. What was more important, he got it!

A year or so later, he obtained his first West End engagement, and remained there two years.

"With a rosy prospect before me, my thoughts turned eagerly toward marriage. I was never an adventurous spirit. Neither was Flo. It was now almost nine years since that rainy day at Margate."

"We had frequently agreed in the interim that though love in a cottage would be exceedingly pleasant, love in a theatrical boarding house was not to be thought of. I had seen so many poorly paid actors dragging their unfortunate wives—and sometimes their babies—around the country, and so many poorly dressed and undernourished men and women who had taken the chance and regretted it, that I had come to the conclusion that Providence was all very fine on occasions, but could be tempted too far."

"I had a great respect for love and I didn't intend to subject it to the indignity of having it fly out of the door on the first provocation. During those lean years, therefore, Flo and I had waited—faithful, but single. To wait any longer seemed over-cautions. So we were wed at Harrow Weald on September 16, 1899."

"Our alliance has always been of the closest kind, both domestic and professional, and our association on the stage has helped us over many a matrimonial stile."

"It was my wife who prevailed upon me, after my first American tour, to remain in this country, rather than return to England. She pointed out—very plainly, I thought—that I had lost all the following I ever had in London and that I ought to face the fact."

"We must remain in America," she said firmly, "and you must become a star!"

"How this came to pass was rather curious. As it happened, two separate

HOLLYWOOD

versions of a Hungarian play, *The Devil*, were running in New York simultaneously, and in order to distinguish one from the other, my name—'George Arliss as *The Devil*'—was put in electric lights.

"So I became a star and remained an obedient husband!

"I feel very deeply that whatever success I have made on the stage or the screen is entirely due to the extraordinary courage and confidence and never-failing inspiration of my wife.

"WHEN I WAS in despair as to my make-up for my portrayal of *Disraeli*, it was my wife who suggested the right finishing touches to make the resemblance life-like. She has an uncanny instinct in such matters.

"Perhaps you will remember that the keynote of that play was *Dizzy's* readiness to give credit for his victory to Mrs. D. that, as much as anything, I think, accounts for the great popularity of *Disraeli* in America and England.

"Naturally, that particular gesture appealed to me enormously.

"I know people find it hard to believe that in Hollywood Mrs. Arliss and myself have managed to keep our regard for one another intact. But the fact is, that although when we first came here we were interested in the aspect of Film-town as it is presented in the press, we have yet to see anything of it.

"After all, it takes only two persons to make a happy marriage. Other people's matrimonial adventures are their own affairs!"

MY HOST HAD been chatting of the past and the present, the hour allotted me was almost gone—a fact impressed upon me when Jenner strode past the open door, watch in hand—and I had not yet accomplished the real purpose of my visit.

So it was that I blurted out the query: "At what age do you plan to retire, Mr. Arliss?"

"Never!" he answered quietly, turning his undivided attention to the sheaf of letters on the table at his elbow.

"Jenner!" I heard him call out as I made my way from his studio dressing suite.

I rapidly put distance between this erstwhile pugilist turned servant and myself!

Little CHANGES

Laugh Little Clown (Jimmy Savo) has been changed to *Once in a Blue Moon*.
Racing Luck (Lyle Talbot-Mary Astor) is now *Red Hot Tires*.
Repeal (Carole Lombard-Chester Morris) to *Bride and the Best Man* and is now *The Gay Bride*.
Backfield (Robert Young-Betty Furness) was changed to *Kid from College* and is now *The Band Plays On*.
Portrait of Laura Bales (May Robson-Mary Carlisle) was changed to *Woman Aroused* and is now *Grand Old Girl*.
24 Hours a Day is now *Mystery Blonde*.
Stakeout (John Mack Brown) was changed to *Men of the Night*.
Girl of the Islands (Steffi Duna-Regis Toomey) was changed to *Kara* and is now *Red Morning*.
I Murdered a Man (Charles Bickford-Helen Vinson) is now *Dangerous Gentleman*.
Black Hell (Paul Muni-Karen Morley) was changed to *Black Fury*.
Casino de Paree (Al Jolson-Ruby Keeler) is now *Go Into Your Dance*.

FEBRUARY, 1935



★
 IRENE DUNNE
 AND JOHN BOLES IN THE
 RADIO PICTURE "AGE OF INNOCENCE"

Invite Romance WITH BEAUTIFUL WAVY HAIR

★
 As you watch the beauty of famous stars flash before you on the screen, notice their hair. See how the soft alluring waves and dainty ringlets add to their loveliness. **A DUART WAVE** will bring to your hair this same fascinating charm, for Duart is the choice of the Hollywood Stars. In fact, **89 Hollywood Beauty Shops** feature the Duart permanent waving method for that very reason. Duart Waves are also available in better beauty salons throughout America—so next time ask for a Duart Wave. Prices vary according to the style of coiffure desired.

Hollywood beauty experts recommend a correct shade of **DUART RINSE** after every shampoo. It rinses away the invisible particles of soap that dull the natural sheen and brilliance of your hair. And it adds a tiny tint—just enough to give a touch of shimmering sunlight to the natural color of your hair. It is NOT a dye—NOT a bleach. Get Duart Rinse at your beauty salon or use coupon below. 10-cent package contains TWO rinses.



If your hair is dry, too fluffy or unruly after shampooing, use just a few drops of **DUART PERMANENT WAVE OIL** *** It makes the hair soft, silky and radiant, adding to the life and beauty of your wave. Delicately scented. Not gummy or greasy. If you do not find Duart Permanent Wave Oil in your beauty salon, use coupon below. SEND 15 CENTS for full size bottle.

DUART ★ Choice of the Hollywood Stars

SEND 10c for DUART RINSE ★ 15c for PERMANENT WAVE OIL

<input type="checkbox"/> Black	<input type="checkbox"/> Titian Reddish Brown	<input type="checkbox"/> Titian Reddish Blonde	<input type="checkbox"/> White or Gray (Platinum)
<input type="checkbox"/> Dark Brown	<input type="checkbox"/> Henna	<input type="checkbox"/> Ash Blonde	<input type="checkbox"/> Golden Blonde
<input type="checkbox"/> Chestnut Brown	<input type="checkbox"/> Golden Brown	<input type="checkbox"/> Medium Brown	<input type="checkbox"/> Light Golden Blonde

☐ Check here for full size bottle of Duart Permanent Wave Oil.
 Mail to Duart Mfg. Co., Ltd., 984 Folsom St., San Francisco, California.
 Name.....
 Address.....
 City.....State.....



SO TIRED, SO BLUE

Till This ALL-VEGETABLE Laxative Solved Her Constipation

SHE was so tired—depressed—always having colds and headaches. And she had tried so many things she almost despaired of getting relief. Then she discovered the real answer. A laxative that gave thorough, natural cleansing, not mere *partial* bowel action.

Can there be such a difference in laxatives? Stop and *think* for a minute. Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) contains only natural plant and vegetable laxatives, properly balanced. No phenol derivatives. Ask any doctor the difference. You'll be surprised at the wonderful feeling that follows the use of NR. You're so refreshed—toned up—so pleasantly alive. You'll want to give NR's a fair trial immediately. They are so kind to your system—so quickly effective for relieving headaches, colds, biliousness, chronic fatigue or bad skin. They're non-habit forming—another proof that nature's way is best. The economical 25 dose box, only 25c at any drug store.

FREE 1935 Calendar-Thermometer, beautifully designed in colors and gold. Also samples **TUMS** and **NR**. Send stamp for postage and packing to A. H. LEWIS CO., Desk 108-BY, St. Louis, Mo.

Nature's Remedy GET A **NR TO-NIGHT** TOMORROW ALRIGHT **25¢ BOX**

"TUMS" Quick relief for acid indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn. Only 10c.



Relieves Teething Pains Within 1 Minute

WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved within one minute.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist, contains no narcotics and has been used by mothers for almost fifty years. It is strongly recommended by doctors and nurses instead of the unsanitary teething ring.

JUST RUB IT ON THE GUMS

DR. HAND'S
Teething Lotion

Buy Dr. Hand's from your druggist today



Hollywood Chatter

Harpo, Chico and Groucho Marx keeping M-G-M Studio in a continuous uproar.

"Silver King," Fred Thompson's famous horse, acting as an "extra" in *The President Vanishes*.

Shirley Temple telling everyone why she doesn't like spinach.

Henry Hull and Victor McLaglen discovering that they worked in the same silver mine at the same time in Canada.

Charles Bickford trying to think of an appropriate revenge against his practical-joker manager. The manager has been pestering the life out of Charles.

Edward G. Robinson explaining why his contract states that he must be allowed to go home every day at 5:30—he likes to watch his young son being put to bed.

Adolphe Menjou, the "best dressed man in Hollywood," going to lunch unshaven and wearing a Tyrolean hat—all part of his make-up for *Thunder in the Night*.

Josef Von Sternberg dressing up the studio work crew in Spanish costume to show his actors how to act.

Margaret Sullavan handing over five dollars to the Los Angeles Traffic Bureau—charge: 43 m. p. h. in a 25-mile zone.

A Hollywood doctor advising Gloria Swanson not to wear such high heels.

Lyle Talbot still rushing Peggy Watters.

Alan Hale being very secretive about his latest invention.

Douglas Fairbanks, the Countess di Frasso, and Kay Francis dining with Mary Pickford at Pickfair.

Jean Hersholt revealing that his library of first editions is insured with Lloyds for forty thousand dollars.

Phillips Holmes cabling from England to have his car shipped over.

Gertrude Michael dining with Raul Roulien at Sardi's.

Gloria Stuart and Joan Blondell reminiscing about the time they were in a high school play together in Santa Monica.

Jimmy Dunn writing a story for Shirley Temple and Alice Faye.

Jack Oakie augmenting the Toluca Lake Boat Club by giving Mary Brian an eight-foot row-boat.

Marlene Dietrich demonstrating how she rolls one hundred and fifty cigarettes an hour for her rôle in her newest picture.

Myrna Loy proudly displaying the world's largest gardenia, which has been named for her.

Katharine Hepburn saving Ann Harding's "Enchanted April" set from a dangerous fire by sprinting for the fire department.

W. C. Fields joking about the time he had to leave Germany in a hurry because he started a riot in a beer garden.

Akim Tamiroff setting fire to his beard while lighting a cigarette. A property man saving the day by prompt action with an insect spray gun.

Lew Ayres going places as usual with Mrs. Ginger Rogers Ayres.

Chick Chandler stopping by the studio to take home his other suit of clothes.

George Brent puzzling over why his fan mail has doubled since his divorce from Ruth Chatterton.

Max Baer and his kid brother Buddy practicing crooning—a la Bing.

Ivan Lebedeff getting a tag for double parking while waiting for Wera Engels.

Gloria Stuart fighting the flu.

Alice Brady getting her first glimpse of a boxing match as the guest of the Busby Berkeleys.

Douglas Fairbanks showing visitors his four kinds of dress suits brought back from England.

Greta Garbo arriving one hour too late to lease the W. C. Fields home in Toluca Lake. Helen Morgan gets it.

How many Stars do you know?

Test your knowledge of the stars . . . Here are their *reel* names, see if you can fill in their *real* names . . . Score 10 points for each correct answer.

	REEL NAME	REAL NAME	SCORE
1	CARY GRANT		
2	KAY FRANCIS		
3	ANN HARDING		
4	FREDRIC MARCH		
5	HELEN HAYES		
6	GENE RAYMOND		
7	ELISSA LANDI		
8	FRANK MORGAN		
9	JEAN PARKER		
10	GILBERT ROLAND		

Real names listed on page 56

What Life Has Taught Me

Continued from page fifteen

memories with me. If I did, I should lose courage.

When the crushing tragedy of the death of my dear friend Russ Columbo fell, that courage faltered. I could think of only one thing—escape. But where? Into turmoil, seething, engulfing, brain numbing—that was what I would have, and so I fled to New York. And I learned one thing more—there is no escape.

Destiny decides.

There is a tale W. Somerset Maugham relates concerning the servant of a merchant who came face to face with Death in the market place. He borrowed a horse and rode from the city, telling his master he would hide in Samarra where Death could not find him. The merchant saw Death and asked him why he had frightened the servant, and Death said: "I was only surprised. I was astonished to see him in Bagdad, for I had an appointment with him tonight in Samarra."

Well, I had an appointment, too. It was with pictures. I was recalled by phone to Hollywood, the first night of my hurried flight to New York. I suddenly realized that there are certain inescapable things in life, and that they are the inevitable pattern of a web that cannot be changed. And so I returned, to play a comedy—the uproarious, slapstick comedy called *The Gay Bride*.

ANOTHER LESSON came to me then. The line between utter tragedy and hilarious comedy is as thin as a bit of silk thread, as finely drawn as the balance between the tears and laughter of hysterics, tipping first one way and then the other.

It would have been easy for these happenings in my life to make me into a cynic. But to what end? Cynicism, at best, is only mental and spiritual indigestion. I made up my mind to avoid it by cultivating an inner happiness.

Miss Fields, my secretary, has been very close to me. She asked me why I was able to be so cheerful upon being waked up in the morning. Most people hate being waked, hate getting up, and draw forth gloomy frowns at an early studio call. How then, Fieldsie wanted to know, could I sing in the morning?

There is an old proverb translated from the Sanskrit to say: "Look well to this day."

I shall have to look well to this day and sing, for tomorrow brings—who knows? It is not that I'm careless of tomorrow. I am fortified against it. It is not that I have forgotten yesterday, yesterday is gone.

That is why I have never been able to hold anger, or harbor thoughts of revenge. What has been done has been done, and if it is best forgotten, then why not forget it?

When it became evident that my marriage with William Powell was not fated for success, we parted friends. Our philosophies are much alike in that we consider ourselves sufficiently civilized to settle differences in a sane and sensible manner, and to retain a friendship that is in every way precious to us.

If I am more or less of a fatalist, life has made me so. But I take consolation from these well remembered words: *Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.* Providence will take care of tomorrows.

FEBRUARY, 1935

AMAZING NEW WAY TO GAIN 5 TO 15 POUNDS Quick!



Posed by professional model

Skinny? Thousands are gaining solid flesh in a few weeks with amazing new double tonic

NOW there's no need to be "skinny" and scrawny. Here's a new easy treatment that is giving thousands solid flesh, alluring curves—in just a few weeks!

Everybody knows that doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health. But now with this new yeast discovery in pleasant tablets, you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and also put on pounds of firm flesh—and in a far shorter time.

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear radiant skin, glorious new pep.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured brewers' ale yeast imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new scientific process is concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful.

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast is then ironized with 3 kinds of strengthening iron.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast tablets, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively, skin clear—you're an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed

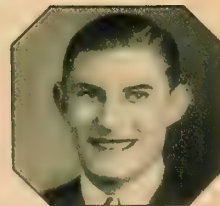
No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast



Fannie Alcorn

10 pounds

"I was thin as a scarecrow, no life or pep, but Ironized Yeast gave me 10 lbs. in 3 weeks." Fannie Alcorn, Oneida, Tenn.



F. E. Sherrill

11 lbs. quick

"I was thin, my nerves on edge before taking Ironized Yeast. Gained 11 lbs. in 3 weeks and feel wonderful." Frederic E. Sherrill, Gastonia, N. C.

should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money back instantly.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body," by a well-known authority. Remember, results guaranteed with very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 222, Atlanta, Ga.

LOSE FAT



Lost 55 lbs. "Look ten years younger!"

WRITES MICHIGAN LADY

● Why envy other women when it is so easy to be slender! Do as Mrs. L. R. Schulze, 721 So. Pleasant St., Jackson, Mich., did. She writes: "Although I had been overweight almost all my life, I reduced 55 pounds with RE-DUCE-OIDS by following the directions. I look ten years younger and never was in such excellent health as I am since taking RE-DUCE-OIDS." Others write of losing fat in varying amounts, as much as 80 pounds, and report feeling better while and after taking RE-DUCE-OIDS.

NURSE REDUCES... Recommends Easy Way

● "As a Graduate Nurse I have met many people who have ruined their health in unsuccessful efforts to reduce," a San Francisco, Calif., Graduate Nurse writes, "my own experience in reducing with RE-DUCE-OIDS was so satisfactory that I recommend them to others." (Name on request.) She knows how important this fact is to you:

RE-DUCE-OIDS absolutely DO NOT contain the dangerous drug, Dinitro-phenol. Laboratory chemists test every ingredient.

SO EASY TO USE... just a tasteless capsule according to directions.

FAT GOES... OR NO COST

● If you are not entirely satisfied with the wonderful results you obtain from RE-DUCE-OIDS, you get your money back! You risk not one cent! START TODAY, before fat gets one more day's headway. Sold by Drug and Department Stores everywhere. If your dealer is out, send \$2.00 for 1 package or \$5.00 for 3 packages, direct to us. (Currency, Money Order, or Stamps, or sent C.O.D.) In plain wrapper.

FREE! valuable book

Tells "HOW TO RE-DUCE." Not necessary to order RE-DUCE-OIDS to get this book. Sent free.



GOODBYE, FAT!

Scientific Laboratories of America, Inc. Dept. F352
746 Sansome Street, San Francisco, Calif.

Send me the FREE Book "HOW TO REDUCE."
If you wish RE-DUCE-OIDS check number of packages here:

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Strange MOVIE FACTS



JEANETTE MacDonald's pet English Sheep dog was so glad to see her when she returned from New York that he completely ripped to shreds a frock designers had spent months in producing.

Unlike most authors, Jean Harlow wrote her novel completely once, decided it wasn't good enough, threw it away and wrote the whole thing over again, this time to her satisfaction.

Edward G. Robinson owns the finest private collection of paintings and etchings in the motion picture colony.

Max Baer's dressing room is a symphony in pink.

Walter Connolly, was assistant cashier in a Cincinnati bank before going on the stage.

Aline MacMahon calls the ten of diamonds her luck card and you'll find them in every room of her home as well as decorating the walls of her studio dressing room.

Fred Keating has rented a new house, located in the hills, and the approaching road is so intricate he can't find it without the aid of the real estate man who rented it to him.

Supposedly harmless "liquid smoke" smarts on the skin, as Robert Mont-

gomery discovered when some of it was used to set fire to the seat of his trousers in *Forsaking All Others*—too much was put on and it soaked through.

For her rôle in *David Copperfield*, Edna May Oliver wears a little lace cap that was originally worn by her great-grandmother.

Wallace Beery is the only star who carries the honorary title of Lieutenant-Commander in the U. S. Navy Air Corps and he is technical adviser on every air picture made in his studio.

Word got around that Helen Mack was at the Cocoanut Grove the other night and she had to sign forty autographs before her fans would even let her on the dance floor.

Edward Everett Horton is one of the few Californians to benefit by an earthquake. He built three homes for members of his family from lumber salvaged from demolished buildings.

Harry Carr's Shooting Script

Continued from page thirty-one

books, even money. But Fay Wray had the strangest experience the other night when a newly wed couple stepped coyly up with their new marriage license. That ought to make Fay something or other in the family.

What, Another!

GLORIA SWANSON has had four husbands but every time you see her, Herbert Marshall is on the set, or in the offing. When I first knew Gloria she was a two-weeks bride on her first voyage; married to Wallace Beery. They owned a little cheap car with their two names entwined on the door. But the course of true love wobbled when Gloria heaved all of Wally's hunting regalia out into the woodshed.

Polita

POLA NEGRI has never looked more lovely than she does now. She is brilliant and gorgeous; but the producers seem to be gun-shy. Her American-made pictures have lost too much money. The only one who has ever been able to strike pay dirt with Pola was Ernst Lubitsch and he is otherwise interested.

I am very curious to see what Ernst

will do with *Carmen*—which will probably be made with Claudette Colbert. I hope he makes the real *Carmen* of Prosper Merimee's story who was a cold-blooded murderous little slattern and said she didn't love anybody but herself.

Lost Hair

CHARLES LAUGHTON shaved off his head until his dome looked like an egg in order to play Micawber in *David Copperfield*; then decided he did not like the part anyhow. He objected to wearing a wig in *Ruggles of Red Gap* his next part. And there you are; but the hair isn't.

Prophecy

GENE DENNIS, the movie girl who is working as psychic, batted 1000 per cent until she got into football. She predicted that St. Louis would win the World Series and that it would last seven games; that an American motor would win the London-to-Melbourne air race and that the University of Southern California would lose two critical games and go into a slump. Then she tried telling the scores and flopped. But not before half of Hollywood—which always stampedes toward any fortune teller—had consulted her professionally.

Hollywood Broke My Heart

Continued from page twenty-nine

one of father's plays. It was on the very day of my first stage success that my father died. He liked Hollywood and had planned to bring me here to work in the films. His death delayed my coming by just thirteen years.

I alternated my career by six months on the stage and six months making pictures for UFA in Berlin. I was married to Sven von Muller, a German writer in 1928 and in spite of the fact that our work has kept us much apart, I am glad to say we still love each other and are happy together.

I do not think that Americans are superior to Europeans or vice versa. I think that each has much to give the other. The American men are different entirely in their contacts with women. When they first meet a woman, it is on a friendly, companionate basis. This may ripen into mild love-making later but a friendly basis must first be established. The European man is more precipitate in his love-making. He makes love to a woman first and becomes friendly later. The American man is more concerned with business while the European is inclined to think of social things first and business last. Both are nice. I like the European and I like the American which is, I suppose, just a nice way of saying that I like men.

I find American women delightful. The standard of beauty here is different but then so it is in different parts of Europe. American women are not so adept at handling men with gloves on as are their European sisters but their relations with men are much more frank and free. They are by far the best dressed women of the world and take better care of themselves than do European women. One sees more elderly women here who are still fresh and attractive, both mentally and physically.

WHAT DO I Do, here in Hollywood, without my husband? I am accustomed to being away from him. I love to be alone, although I am not a recluse. I work in my garden, I spend hours on the beautiful beaches, and I wander in the hills which I love.

I was surprised not to find myself invited to all the wild parties of which I had heard so much. Later I came to the conclusion that one finds in Hollywood, as in Rome, London or Vienna, exactly what one seeks. One can find quiet, intellectual companions or those who prefer to make what you call "whoopie." I do not like this "whoopie."

I am a very methodical person, I am afraid. I do not remember names well and so each new person I meet, I keep in a little book—the name, little tricks they have, something to refresh my memory when we meet again.

I am also astounded at the amount of fan mail I am already receiving. Some write to say they hope to see me soon on the screen but others, and I think it is an American racket, write and say:

"I liked you in your last picture. Please send me your photograph."

But alas there has been not even a first picture but there soon will be and I hope that you will like me.

FEBRUARY, 1935



End pimples, blackheads with famous medicated cream

DON'T let a poor complexion spoil your romance. Don't permit coarse pores, blackheads, stubborn blemishes to rob you of your natural loveliness. Rid yourself of these distressing faults. But not with ordinary complexion creams. They cleanse only the surface.

Try the treatment that nurses use themselves. Already 6,000,000 women know this "perfect way to a perfect complexion" . . . Noxzema, the famous

snow-white medicated cream that works beauty "miracles".

Not a salve. Snow-white—greaseless, instantly absorbed. Its gentle, soothing medication penetrates deep into the affected pores. Cleanses them of germ-breeding impurities that cause skin blemishes. Soothes irritated skin. Refines coarse pores. Note how Noxzema's first application leaves your skin far clearer, finer, smoother than before.

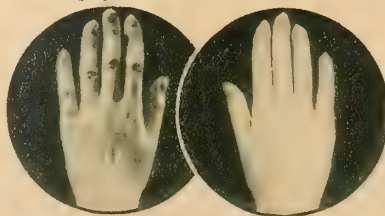
HOW TO USE: Apply Noxzema every night after all make-up has been removed. Wash off in the morning with warm water, followed by cold water or ice. Apply a little Noxzema again before you powder as a protective powder base. With this medicated complexion aid, you, too, may soon glory in a skin so clean and clear and lovely it will stand closest scrutiny.

Special Trial Offer

Try Noxzema today. Get a jar at any drug or department store—start improving your skin tonight! If your dealer can't supply you, send only 15c for a generous 25c trial jar to the Noxzema Chemical Co., Dept. 62, Baltimore, Md.



Wonderful for Chapped Hands, too



Improve them overnight with this famous cream

10,000,000 jars sold yearly

Make this convincing overnight test. Apply Noxzema on one hand tonight. In the morning note how soothed it feels—how much softer, smoother, whiter *that hand* is! Noxzema improves hands overnight.

Noxzema



Sunny Golden Hair for YOU

LUSTROUS golden hair softens and flatters the face and head. Keep your head dainty with Marchand's, and the rest of the body as dainty as the head. Marchand's makes dark excess hair unnoticeable—like the light, invisible down on the blonde's skin. Limbs now appear dainty and attractive through the sheerest of stockings. Remember: where dark "superfluous" hair doesn't help, Marchand's does! Women of culture and sophistication, professional beauties of the stage and screen praise Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Get a bottle from your druggist today.

TRIAL OFFER OF MARCHAND'S CASTILE SHAMPOO

(For all shades of hair)

A trial bottle of Marchand's Castile Shampoo—FREE—on the request of any regular user of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Don't bother to send labels. Just fill out the coupon below. Mail it to us together with a brief note describing HOW you use your Golden Hair Wash—when—where—and with what success. Your bottle of Castile Shampoo will be sent you—without charge or obligation.

MARCHAND'S

MARCHAND CO., 251 West 19th Street,
NEW YORK CITY

Please send me the FREE trial bottle of Marchand's Castile Shampoo. I am a regular user of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Enclosed are my answers to the questions asked above.

My name is _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ PP 234

Here are their Real names

Here are the stars' real names . . . Do you know their reel names? . . . Turn to page 52 and score yourself on your knowledge of the stars.

- 1 ARCHIE LEACH
- 2 KATHERINE EDWINA GIBBS
- 3 DOROTHY GATLEY
- 6 RAYMOND GUION
- 7 ELIZABETH MARIE
CHRISTINE KUNKELT
- 8 FRANCIS WUPPERMAN
- 9 MAE GREEN
- 10 LUIS ANTONIO DAMASCA
BOTANA DE ALONSO



5. Helen Brown

4. Fredric
McIntyre Bickel

Those Kisses Embarrass the Stars

Continued from page thirty-seven

It was hard to tell which one was the most embarrassed, Elizabeth or Clark.

DOUBTLESS THE MERE thought of being on the receiving end of a Clark Gable kiss would be enough to send your blood pressure to fever heat. But suppose when Mr. Gable bent over to kiss you he laughed in your face!

That's what happened to Helen Hayes when she played with Clark in *The White Sister*. Helen's imagination leaped to the conclusion that he was comparing her with some of the beautiful, sex-appealing girls he had made love to on the screen and that it had suddenly struck him as amusing that he should have drawn a face like hers to kiss. Now a Glenda Farrell or a Joan Blondell would probably have said: "What's the big idea? I think your pan's funny too but I'm too much of a lady to laugh out loud about it." But not Helen. She was so embarrassed and humiliated that it took all the nerve she could summon to go on with the scene.

When she left the set that night she was determined to find some way to bow out of the picture. But the next day a very penitent Gable broke down and confessed to her that he had had such a bad case of stage fright at the prospect of playing a love scene with an actress so accomplished as herself that when the big moment arrived he simply became hysterical.

PERHAPS ONE OF the strangest love scenes ever recorded took place on location in Arizona when Lupe Velez and Ramón Navarro were making *Laughing Boy*. There were at least two thousand Navajo Indians on the set. The Navajo love technique does not include kissing. When Ramón took Lupe in his arms and gave her a passionate kiss the Indians were considerably puzzled.

"They want to know why he is biting the girl," the Navajo chief told the director.

The director explained that he was in love with her.

"Good Navajo does not bite girl he loves," the chief insisted.

The director tried to tell him that it was "just a story" but the chief quite

obviously disapproved of the kiss idea. He translated the director's explanation to the rest of the crowd. They shook their heads and began to mutter indignantly. When two thousand Navajos shake their heads and begin to mutter almost anything might happen. The director shouted "CUT" and that was one love scene where there were no re-takes.

Love scenes *à la* Lubitsch are always very gay and amusing. He wants everybody to be happy and gay because that tends to give a scene that certain champagne sparkle. If anybody shows signs of being embarrassed he proceeds to kid them out of it.

I've heard him say to Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier:

"Now I want you to make this scene very, very hot!"

Whereupon they start clowning and give him a strangle-hold that sends everybody in the company into gales of laughter.

"Ugh! That sizzles!" says Lubitsch, pretending to be greatly shocked. "Chill it a bit."

The funny thing about Jeanette is that she has a very sensitive nose. She sneezes when it is hot. She sneezes when it is cold. And it invariably happens that when everything is set for the love scene and the order has been given to "turn 'em over," she begins to sneeze.

"How can I be romantic when you are constantly sneezing in my face?" Maurice complains.

A screen love scene is constructed with one idea in mind: To give you a thrill. People go to motion pictures to escape reality, to live for a couple of hours at least a life that is a decided contrast to their own daily existence, and to derive therefrom a measure of synthetic intoxication.

"If the two people playing a love scene let their emotions run riot and feel the scene too deeply themselves," says Jeanette, "then they get the thrill and the audience gets cheated. I believe that the most effective love scenes are those where the two people involved merely appear to be living the scene—and that's where the technique comes in."

In other words—look hot but keep cool. It's a good trick if you can do it.

Astaire—the Dancing Romeo

Continued from page twenty-eight

But if he refuses to talk about himself, he refuses even more firmly to talk about his wife. Few people know anything about her. She is not a professional and he refuses to bring her out into the limelight of public life.

ABOVE ALL, He detests the very thought that his work on the screen makes women's hearts beat faster.

"What could be romantic about me?" he demands with fire in his eye, "I'm certainly not handsome and I'm not a good actor. I am willing to give all I have to entertain the fans but please don't let that romantic lover thing get started."

But Fred can't help himself. I have yet to meet a woman who has seen him on the screen who is not wild about him. What is it? Don't ask me. The man just simply has whatever it is that women like.

His dances are a marvel of perfection because he spends months developing them. Let him explain that for himself.

"One does not grab an intricate and complicated dance number out of thin air. It sometimes takes months of work, practice and planning. I must first have the music to be used. When you hear an Irving Berlin song, you know that the words could not conceivably fit any other music. My dances must be that way, dance steps and music wedded so that no other dance could possibly fit that music. Sometimes I spend weeks just conceiving a number. I get ideas, try them and discard them until I have the inspiration I want.

"Hundreds of people have asked me to draw diagrams of the dance numbers I have done in my two pictures. I'd love to oblige but I can't do it.

BUT FRED ASTAIRE is something more than the world's most graceful male dancer. He is an actor, as anyone who has seen *Flying Down to Rio* and *The Gay Divorcée* will tell you. His director laughed when I spoke of Astaire's acting ability,

"He is almost too natural. He has absolutely no camera consciousness. Many times during the making of a picture, I have stopped action to remind him to get his face and not his back into the camera. He doesn't even remember that he is acting. That's why he is so good."

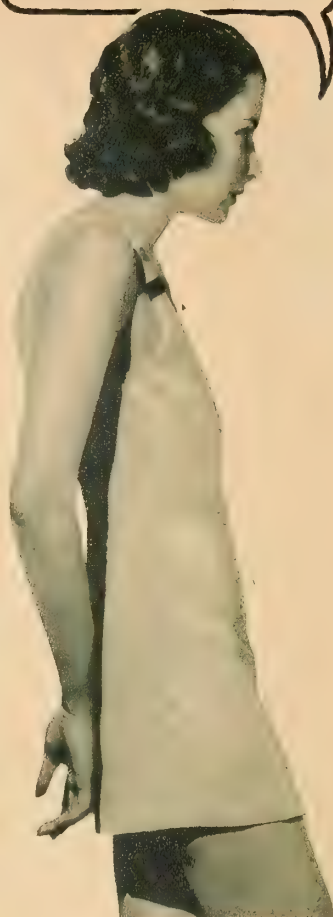
I sat behind him and his charming wife at the first preview of *The Gay Divorcée*. Extremely nervous and highly sensitive, it was almost as good as the picture to see his graceful body follow every step on the screen with fidgety contortions in his loge seat. Not at all sure of the public reception, he and his wife watched nervously until the first burst of audience applause. Then they turned to each other, their eyes met and they smiled. He had gone over.

Astaire's next picture will be *Roberta*. He will again have that flashing red-head, Ginger Rogers, as his leading lady. They are already working on the script and Astaire's nimble legs will soon be flashing through the numbers which will thrill you in that film.

Modest, shy but ready to fight for his right, he's going to be America's next screen Romeo, whether he likes it or not.

FEBRUARY, 1935

I GUESS I'M JUST
NATURALLY SKINNY-
CAN'T GAIN AN OUNCE



I SAID THE SAME
THING UNTIL I DISCOVERED
KELP-A-MALT



FOLKS WHO ARE "NATURALLY SKINNY" NOW GAIN 5 LBS. IN 1 WEEK AND FEEL FINE!

New Natural Mineral Concentrate from the Sea—RICH IN NATURAL IODINE, Building Up Thousands of Nervous, Skinny, Rundown Men and Women Everywhere

Here's good news for "Naturally Skinny" folks who can't seem to add an ounce no matter what they eat. A new way has been found to add flattering pounds of good, solid flesh and fill out those ugly, scrawny hollows even on men and women who have been under-weight for years. 3 to 8 lbs. in 1 week guaranteed—12 to 15 lbs. in few weeks not uncommon.

This new discovery, called Kelp-a-Malt now available in handy tablets offers practically all the vitally essential food minerals in highly concentrated form. These minerals, so necessary to the digestion of fats and starches in your daily diet—the weight making elements—include a rich supply of precious NATURAL IODINE.

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DOROTHY BOYD ART STUDIO
41 Minna Ave. at First, San Francisco

Bill Powell Takes Off His Mask

Continued from page twenty-two

appointed Barthelme Admiral, Colman Captain, himself mate, and Baxter, who is no sailor, passenger, and kept the entire cruise in a hilarious state.

They remembered the Bill Powell who loved to squirt water from charged siphons on to stiff shirt bosoms and who will be doing a gay fandango with a sedate matron one minute and offering an expert critique on a rare etching the next.

Too many of them have been caught by the stock of trick toys which Bill keeps in his home for the downfall of unwary guests to not remember that boyish side of the man.

I heard about this new William Powell and went to see Bill himself about it. I found him listening to the dulcet strains of the hidden pipe organ in his living room.

"Yes," he smiled and spoke in that crisp, clean-cut manner of his, "I suppose you are right. *The Thin Man* gave me my first opportunity to be myself on the screen. No, I haven't any complaint about the rôles I played before. Why should I? I didn't like *Philo Vance* any too well but he made a mint of money for the studio which produced him and he did well by yours truly also. I suppose I actually became *Philo* to the public but I never did to my pals. I did get tired of being referred to in print as the suave, polished sophisticate but what does that matter? In the silents I played villains. When the talkies came along, my voice seemed to fit the more polished, sophisticated rôles, since I had been trained on the stage. That's how it all began."

BUT BILL is convinced that life, for him, is beginning at forty. He feels that Metro, to whom he is now under contract, will give him a wider opportunity to display his versatility. He doesn't much care what it is, just so it gives him an opportunity to turn in a creditable performance.

"I have no illusions," he insisted, tossing restlessly on the couch where he was sprawled, "I know I'm no Gable or Valentino. I'm just a fellow who wants to get along in the work he loves. Give me rôles in which I get a fair chance to show up well and let the rest of it go by the board."

Another ambition of Bill's is about to

be fulfilled. All his life he has wanted a certain kind of house, a house he could call his own. Now, at last, he is about to have it. He has purchased the old Hobart Bosworth home on Beverly Boulevard, next door to that of Cord, the automobile manufacturer. He is having it done over, entirely according to his own tastes and almost by the time this is in print, he will have moved in.

JUST AS BILL POWELL can never be anything but the little boy who failed to grow up, neither could he have been anything but an actor. Acting is to him as natural as breathing and as unconscious. He can balance a tea cup with sub-debs and eat mulligan out of a tin can in a hobo jungle with equal ease. When you watch him shave, you realize that it is a game and not a drudgery as with most men. He constantly experiments with new ways to get the whiskers off and sometimes you fear he is about to cut his own throat but it has not yet happened at this writing.

He enjoys parties, but likes sleeping best of all and sleeps in a bed big enough for twin *Man Mountain* Deans. He is facile, adaptable, and an excellent conversationalist. He has never been known to lose his poise, even when appearing at a party dressed in tails where the other male guests wore dinner jackets or street clothes. He can, when he wants to, assume a haughty air but it is always in fun. You never know what Bill Powell will do next and after you know him well enough, you don't care. Whatever it is will be either clever or entertaining.

So DON'T let anyone kid you about there being a *New Bill Powell*. There isn't any such animal. The Bill Powell you saw in *The Thin Man*, is the same Bill Powell Hollywood has known for years. He has just decided to let the public in on the secret. You're going to see him in a sequel to it in the near future and Bill told me some of the sequences already written but since he asked that they be off the record, I can't tell.

Bill Powell has hit his real stride. You have watched him through the black mustached, villainous period and the stuffed shirt era. Watch and see what he does now that he is permitted to be himself.

Happy Birthday



HOLLYWOOD extends congratulations to the stars who celebrate birthdays in February

Clark Gable	1	John Barrymore	15
Mary Carlisle	3	Chester Morris	16
Ben Lyon	6	Mary Brian	17
Ramón Novarro	6	Jimmy Durante	18
Buster Crabbe	7	Adolphe Menjou	18
Heather Angel	9	Arline Judge	21
Ronald Colman	9	Robert Young	22
Lyle Talbot	9	Warren Hymer	25
W. C. Fields	10	Zeppo Marx	25
Jack Benny	14	Joan Bennett	27
Stuart Erwin	14	Ian Keith	27

The Time I Died

Continued from page thirty-eight

and they set to work on me. There was no sign of life. Fortunately for me Captain Bruce Bairnsfeather, a close friend of mine, had come out to visit me on the set. He was a veteran of the first gas attack at Ypres, and knew first aid. He set to work desperately.

"You've got to help us, Sidney!" Bruce was calling me back. At his voice I relaxed, and in a little while I was helped off the set.

FOR DAYS I did not know or recognize anyone. I went around in a daze. Then, gradually, I began to remember things, and could resume work.

My drowning, oddly enough, did not appear in the finished picture.

"It isn't realistic," the director said. "Too much spluttering — it seemed forced. No one would believe the man was drowning." A bit player took the part. They didn't drown him.

The experience has haunted me for years, for that strange view of the beyond impressed me as nothing ever has. I have talked it over with eminent psychologists, half with the intention of ridding my mind of the phantasmagoria, half with the idea that there might be a clue to that mysterious place of death in what I had seen.

These psychologists puzzled over it, and probed into my brain for links between that vision of the black sea, the grey sky, and the floating ship. When I admitted I had always wanted to play in *The Flying Dutchman*, that tale of a phantom ship, psychologists pounced on this as an explanation for part of my vision. But the gaps in all this, the black breaks when I knew nothing—that, they said, was the real thing. That was the time I died.

I have been rather close to the grim reaper on several other occasions; perhaps he has taken a fancy to me.

When I was just a school boy I went with some friends to try for an extra job in *Beating Back*, starring that famous outlaw, Al Jennings. The casting director of the picture was a man named D. W. Griffith, and he gave me a slip which said I was a member of a posse. My cherished friends framed me as soon as they learned I was to ride a horse. A vicious bronc was picked out, and cockleburs put under the saddle.

When the posse leaped to the saddle to give chase, I had all I could handle. The horse outdistanced the others down the road, running as if gone mad, and then suddenly swerved into a ditch. I went right on, however—over his head and onto the road. That entire posse had to jump over me. Hooves flew and pounded only inches from my head. The dust was a choking blanket—and how the animals avoided me I can't understand.

Now you can understand why I take a painfully personal interest in narrow squeaks. And why, in particular, I had a queer sensation up and down my spine when I felt a boat sink under me in the filming of *Down to Their Last Yacht* not long ago. Believe me, I don't want to tempt Fate too far for I have felt the very breath of the Grim Reaper.

HELP KIDNEYS



...don't take drastic drugs

YOU have 9 million tiny tubes or filters in your Kidneys, which are at work night and day cleaning out Acids and poisonous wastes and purifying your blood, which circulates through your Kidneys 200 times an hour. So it's no wonder that poorly functioning Kidneys may be the real cause of feeling tired, run-down, nervous, Getting Up Nights, Rheumatic Pains and other troubles.

Nearly everyone is likely to suffer from poorly functioning Kidneys at times because modern foods and drinks, weather changes, exposure, colds, nervous strain, worry and over-work often place an extra heavy load on the Kidneys.

But when your Kidneys need help, don't take chances with drastic or irritating drugs. Be careful. If poorly functioning Kidneys or Bladder make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Stiffness, Burning, Smarting, Itching, Acidity, Rheumatic Pains, Lumbago, Loss of Vitality, Dark Circles under the eyes, or Dizziness, don't waste a minute. Try the Doctor's prescription Cystex (pronounced Siss-tex). See for yourself the amazing quickness with which it soothes, tones and cleans raw, sore irritated membranes.

Cystex is a remarkably successful prescription for poorly functioning Kidneys and Bladder. It is helping millions of sufferers, and many say that in just a day or so it helped them sleep like a baby, brought new strength and energy, eased rheumatic pains and stiffness—made them feel years younger. Cystex starts circulating through the system in 15 minutes, helping the Kidneys in their work of cleaning out the blood and removing poisonous acids and wastes in the system. It does its work quickly and positively but does not contain any dopes, narcotics or habit-forming drugs. The formula is in every package.

Because of its amazing and almost world-wide success, the Doctor's prescription known as Cystex (pronounced Siss-tex) is offered to sufferers under a fair-play guarantee to fix you up to your complete satisfaction or money back on return of empty package. It's only 3c a dose. So ask your druggist for Cystex today and see for yourself how much younger, stronger and better you can feel by simply cleaning out your Kidneys. Cystex must do the work or cost you nothing.



W. R. George
Medical Director

City Health Doctor Praises Cystex

Doctors and druggists everywhere approve of the prescription Cystex because of its splendid ingredients and quick action. For instance, Dr. W. R. George, graduate Medical Dept., University of Indiana, former Health Commissioner of Indianapolis, and Medical Director for insurance company

10 years, recently wrote the following letter:

"There is little question but what properly functioning Kidney and Bladder organs are vital to the health. Insufficient Kidney excretions are the cause of much needless suffering with aching back, weakness, painful joints and rheumatic pains, head-

aches and a general run-down, exhausted body. This condition also interferes with normal rest at night by causing the sufferer to rise frequently for relief, and results in painful excretion, itching, smarting and burning. I am of the opinion that Cystex definitely corrects frequent causes (poor kidney functions) of such conditions and I have actually prescribed in my own practice for many years past the same ingredients contained in your formula. Cystex not only exerts a splendid influence in flushing poisons from the urinary tract, but also has an antiseptic action and assists in freeing the blood of retained toxins. Believing as I do that so meritorious a product deserves the endorsement of the Medical Profession, I am happy indeed to lend my name and photograph for your use in advertising Cystex."—Signed W. R. George M.D.

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 - (2) Gardenia
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To pay for postage and handling send only 20c (silver or stamps) for 3 trial bottles. Only one set to each new customer. **PAUL RIEGER, 151 First St., San Francisco, Calif.**

How To Plan a Movie Career

Continued from page twenty-three

make any later appearances on the screen easier. Don't make the mistake of side-stepping these appearances before an audience, as they will endow you with a confidence you cannot otherwise attain.

"Dancing will give you grace and rhythm, make you more sure of yourself when you walk before people, so don't miss perfecting yourself in its every phase. A knowledge of dancing is absolutely essential. It may be the means of a director discovering you as you pass before him in a crowd on a ball-room floor, or in a café scene.

"You should know, too, how to swim and ride, but these requirements are not so important or vital as the ability to dance. Of course, all three activities could be 'doubled' by others, but dancing is more for carriage and grace.

"Your wardrobe shouldn't include less than two evening gowns and plenty of sport clothes. The more clothes you own the better it will be for you. And if your finances are sufficient only for a short period, *don't come to Hollywood.*" She is emphatic on this latter point. Hollywood is surfeited with penniless candidates for stardom, who wonder where they will secure the money to buy their next meal.

"Don't live in a hotel or apartment when you reach Hollywood, but with a private family. You will find it less expensive and the environment more congenial. Preferably a family with young people about. Hollywood is a lonely place for anyone without friends, and they will help you fill in the time, meet others your own age and possibly be of assistance to you in learning the ways of obtaining employment.

"And if you don't find a job the first week or so, don't become discouraged. You must possess the faculty of never letting down. Never miss a single day in going the rounds of the studios. You may not find work for months, but even so there is always the possibility the next day will lead to an assignment. When I was starting in pictures, I was turned away from the old Biograph company four times before they would give me a chance . . . and in those days the field had little competition. If you're the type who discourages easily, there's small place in Hollywood for you.

"DON'T TAKE yourself too seriously. I remember Charlie Farrell was being considered as leading man in one of my pictures, along with two others. We rejected him, finally, because one of the other actors was the exact type we wanted in the rôle. Charlie seemed so broken-hearted, I called him aside and explained that our selecting the other player had nothing to do with Charlie's ability as an actor. It was merely a case of type. The next week, Charlie signed a contract to appear as Chico in *Seventh Heaven*.

"Go out socially very little. As your time is of such great value, avoid parties as much as possible. Your job comes first, remember, as long as you're making it a career . . . so spend as much time as you can in perfecting yourself along the lines that will benefit you in your quest for fame. Develop yourself in every phase of your career . . . don't neglect

Claudette Colbert tells what she knows about men in March HOLLYWOOD

anything that might be of use to you. French and Italian will enlarge your vocabulary and give you a wider range of expression, as well as invest your voice with soft cadences. I'm studying French myself at present, and hope to acquire a knowledge of Italian before long.

"Never sleep less than eight hours every night. Eight and one-half are better. Remember to look fresh every morning, blooming with health. Figure that the time from ten o'clock each night belongs to your job . . . of looking for work, or, if you have work, to the studio employing you . . . not yourself.

"Even though you preserve a certain rigid discipline for yourself, don't treat yourself too harshly. Have as good a time as possible, within limits, of course. Act toward yourself as you would a younger sister. Talk to yourself, explaining your mistakes as though you were conversing with another person. Quite often, I lecture myself, and I believe I benefit by these so-called 'bawlings-out.' You can even go so far as to apologize to yourself for the mistakes you make, promising not to repeat them . . . then forget it. It's even possible to make the same mistake twice, but never three times. That is stupidity.

"Never admit you are infallible. When one ceases to make mistakes one ceases to progress. I know that in my own case not a day passes but what I learn something new, add to my knowledge. Don't try to know it all . . . you can always learn from others.

"Avoid stories and gossip about yourself. No star has ever profited by them. The same applies to the girl unknown to the public. She is foolish if she thinks her career will be abetted by any sensational rumors or scandal.

"So much has been said and written about the scandalous side of Hollywood that she should remember to keep herself always above reproach. It's quite possible, and there are numerous girls in Hollywood today to attest to this.

"WHILE You are striving to gain a foothold in Hollywood, don't let yourself stagnate. Take an interest in art, literature, politics, anything that will improve your mind and keep you out of a rut.

"So many people talk, think and live Hollywood so constantly that they have no time to engage in any other activity. Their entire lives are ruled by their work. Consequently, they are apt to become dull, their minds failing to respond to any other subject.

"Along this line, it is a mistake not to have a hobby. As well as anything else, it gives you a new perspective, provides you with a new interest. After a day of hard work and long hours it acts as a relaxation.

"The hobby, too, should be of a practical nature to which you can turn if

HOLLYWOOD

you have to make your living in something other than the screen. Writing, interior decoration, sketching, painting, singing, a knowledge of first editions . . . a score of other avocations are open for enjoyment, which will suffice nicely as sidelines, or hobbies.

"As your career begins to shape itself, provided success of some description rewards your efforts, don't permit yourself to indulge too freely in the fruits of your prosperity. All too often, success and good fortune are purely transitory, a 'flash in the pan,' as it were. Don't spend all your income . . . a portion put away may keep you in the future. A girl making \$25 a week should be able to save at least \$5. That isn't much, of course, but by putting aside a certain amount each week the practice of saving will become a habit.

"IF YOU MARRY—and I personally believe you should not take this step as long as you remain in the elementary stages of a career—you should marry only someone in the same profession, a man who understands your problems and appreciates what you have to go through in your work. It is a mistake for an actress to wed a man to whom all that goes with the life of a public figure is not intelligible and who will not tolerate it. There are so many factors, such as night work, location trips, long hours, to tax the nerves and patience of both husband and wife that an actress should not endanger her happiness or that of her mate by marriage to one not in full accord and realization of the circumstances that cloak her career.

"The husband should be the head of the house, and if he fails to appreciate the lot of the actress-wife there is certain to be strife. In matters of authority, there should be a 60-40 break in favor of the husband.

"You will learn how to avoid mistakes from experience. Receptivity is youth, and as long as you are open to suggestion and take an active interest in affairs outside your work you will remain young. And the screen needs youth, both in age and in viewpoint.

"Principally, though, your capacity for hard work, long, tedious hours, ability to absorb discouragement and disappointment, willingness to study and observe and an undying resolution to succeed, will determine whether or not you are suitable to withstand the rigors of a career in Hollywood. It requires all these and more, to make a career, and if you can't 'stand the gaff,' stay away from Hollywood."

Do You Know—

1. What famous screen star sneezes in love scenes?
2. What actor, an ardent pacifist, played his first hit rôle as a mercenary soldier?
3. Whether the stars gave expensive Christmas presents this year?
4. Frank Morgan's real name?

[Answers on page 68]

So Beautiful Now!

A NEGLECTED GIRL 3 MONTHS AGO



Posed by
Dorothy Page and
Lee Bennett—Stars
of Jan Garber's
Supper Club

THREE MONTHS AGO I
COULD ONLY DREAM ABOUT
ROMANCE . . .



NBODY EVER TOOK
ME-OUT . . .



THEN ONE DAY I LEARNED WHY
BUT WHAT COULD I DO?
I HAD TRIED NO END OF WAYS TO
CLEAR UP MY SKIN AND NOTHING
SEEMED TO HELP



LUCKY FOR ME I HEARD ABOUT
A NEW TYPE OF YEAST ON
THE RADIO THAT NIGHT AND
GOT SOME

YEAST FOAM TABLETS
HAVE ENDED
UGLY SKIN
BLEMISHES FOR
THOUSANDS
OF WOMEN!



BEFORE A MONTH
WAS OVER MY SKIN
WAS BEGINNING TO
CLEAR UP BEAUTIFULLY



AM I HAPPY NOW! A DATE EVERY NIGHT IF I WANT IT.
AND I OWE IT ALL TO **YEAST FOAM TABLETS!**

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NOW



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New Beauty of Skin
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WHAT Yeast Foam Tablets did for Sue, they should do for you. A muddy, blotchy or pimply skin results from a disordered condition of your system—usually constipation or nervous fatigue. Both of these common ailments are often caused by the recently recognized shortage of vitamins B and G in the average diet. To correct this shortage, you need a food super-rich in these health-building elements.

Yeast Foam Tablets supply these precious substances in great abundance. They are pure, pasteurized yeast — and pure yeast is the richest known food source of vitamins B and G. These tablets strengthen the digestive and intestinal organs, give tone and vigor to your ner-

vous system. With the true causes of your trouble corrected, you enjoy new health and new beauty. Eruptions and blemishes vanish. Your complexion becomes clear and glowing. Your skin is the envy of men and women everywhere.

You can get Yeast Foam Tablets at any druggist's. The ten-day bottle costs 50c—only a few cents a day. Get a bottle now. Then watch the improvement in the way you look and feel! Northwestern Yeast Co., 1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.



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with harsh, raw alkalies—the tumbler and spoon method. Strong, water-soluble alkalies, taken in excess, may turn the stomach juices into an unnatural alkaline condition—actually arresting digestion!

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Try TUMS. Munch 3 or 4 when distressed. Millions have turned to this gentle, effective treatment—it's quite likely you will, too. 10c at all druggists. 3-roll carrier package, only 25c.

Free 1935 Calendar - Thermometer, beautifully designed in colors and gold. Also samples TUMS and NR. Send stamp for postage and packing to A. H. LEWIS CO., Dept. 3-EMMS, Louis, Mo.

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Ruby Keeler and Al Jolson like fights, but they go to the ring to see them, for Ruby and Al are one of Hollywood's most happily married couples. Here they are at the Hollywood Legion Stadium

An Open Letter to Jean Harlow

Continued from page thirty-nine

like them to know how you think of them. I want them to know with what respect you regard those people whose loyalty and allegiance have put you where you are today, at the top of the ladder of cinema fame. More, perhaps, than any other star of the screen, you are loyal to your fans.

Too many cinema celebrities, once they reach the top, are prone to forget that it was the nickels and dimes of their admirers, thrust through the boxoffice windows, which made them. They begin to think that it was their own unaided efforts which brought them to the top. But not you, Jean! I have noticed that one of your favorite topics is appreciation of your fans. Your fan mail is the highest of any Metro star and yet not a single letter, no matter how unimportant, is unanswered. I happen to know that you employ three people, full time, to assist you in seeing that not a single admirer goes without a personal reply.

THE REFRESHING thing about you, Jean, is that you enjoy being a movie star and admit it. You are not annoyed when autograph hunters accost you and demand that you write in their books. You once said to me:

"After all I'm only human. Sometimes when I am a wreck, completely exhausted from long hours in the studio, it is almost a temptation to run when people crowd around me. But I always pull myself together and smile for them. After all, they are my fans and it's to them that I owe everything that I am today."

Once we sat in that great white living room of yours and you told me something of what the world-wide admiration of your fans has done for you. You told me, in all sincerity, that such adoration would prevent anyone from being a cynic. You told me of how the letters which come to you, share every turn of your fortunes, your happiness and your sorrow, your triumphs and your dis-

appointments. When the bad breaks came and when the skies were gray, you told me how touched you were when thousands of loving fans came to your aid with their letters of encouragement and confidence in you.

You told me also of something else these fans of yours have done for you. They have made you live up to their ideals of you. They have forced you to improve your mind, to read good books, to study, so that you might be their intellectual ideal. Their pride in your personal self caused you to watch your diet, and exercise to keep your body slender for them. They caused you to take even more than a normal pride in your clothes, so that when you appeared in public, you were the Jean Harlow of their dreams and their ideals.

MORE THAN 15,000 fan letters pour in on you every week. Thousands only desire to express their admiration and their loyalty. Others make requests for help. Even if you had the wealth of a Midas you could not help all those who make appeals but it isn't because you are unaware of their need. It is simply because you cannot respond.

But it hasn't all been a bed of roses, Jean. How well I know that. I have seen you smile beneath the agony of a sudden thrust which life has made at you. But I do not believe, Jean, that life can ever get you down.

Then too, another beautiful thing in your life is your love for your mother. She is a charming person, whose entire life is wrapped up in her *Baby*. She once told me that she had put me on her white list, because I had been nice to *Baby*. The old saying that a girl's best friend is her mother, is no misquotation in your case, Jean.

THE ONLY thing that worries the folks who worship you, Jean, is your seeming inability to find married happiness.

HOLLYWOOD

Three marriages have turned out wrong for you, all, I happen to know, through no fault of your own. It seems to me, Jean, that the one thing you need to make your life complete, is the love of a fine man. I think if your fans could know that you had found the one man on earth who could make you completely happy, there would be rejoicing all over the world.

I am glad to see that you like the company of William (Bill) Powell. He is also a friend of mine. I can understand so easily, knowing you both as I do, why you seek each other's company. Bill, unless I am mistaken, is the best prescription for you that the doctor could order. That keen mind of his, that stimulating sense of humor, that charm and polish which hides the soul of an urchin, is just what you need. Perhaps it's only friendship and not romance, Jean, I don't know, but I do know it's what you have needed for a long time.

Bravo Jean and au revoir. What this country needs is not a good five-cent cigar but more Jean Harlows. I hope, when you answer this, that you'll give your fans a glance at the real Jean, the one I know. I'll be seeing you and don't forget, we haven't yet found time to play that game of golf.

Always your friend,

Eugene Christman



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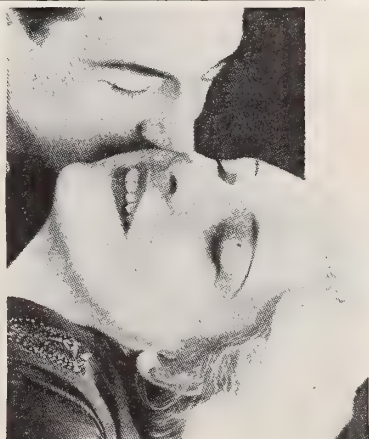
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Nancy Tattles On Hollywood

Continued from page thirty-five

"Don't believe everything they tell you," Junior grinned. "You can wear clothes. And you'll look like a million dollars."

Still, in spite of my confidence in this young man's uncanny judgment, I was worried. I went and found the director.

"I can get you out of this," I said confidently, "it's not too late. You need somebody who can wear clothes."

"Run along for your fittings, little girl," he grinned, and I gave up.

If my own studio never dared dress me up, why should Junior risk it? Well, it would have to be their responsibility, not mine.

In the middle of the picture I was called to the home lot for a story conference with one of the executives. I peeped into his office and he glanced up from his dictation.

"You wished to see me?" I asked.

He was staring at me as if I were an utter stranger. His eyes wandered from the lovely sables about my shoulders to the continentally saucy hat, then on down to take in the entire ensemble. He waved the secretary away, still gazing with that funny, rapt intentness.

"You wanted to discuss a story," I prompted.

"Yes. Hmm—oh, yes. A story. Say, you're looking well, Nancy. You're looking marvelous."

As a matter of fact I had worked hard, was tired, and had lost weight.

But I must confess that I was greatly amused by the effect of my appearance. To his astonishment I looked neither weird nor ridiculous in finery. Our conversation, after this rather blank beginning, got under way and in the course of it I suggested that he escort me to a charity affair the next evening.

"Delighted!" he exclaimed. "By the way, would you wear—ah—those—?"

"If Junior will allow me to rent them from the wardrobe department, I'd be glad to," I laughed. This story is no exaggeration; it happened in Hollywood.

Even so, it is disillusioning to discover the effect of appearances upon your friends. You don't stop to think that you like to see them in pretty togs, and that it works both ways.

However, I aimed to please. I went shopping. I splurged. I had a new costume for every occasion, and bored myself to extinction with shopping tours. Keeping fashionable is hard work; almost a career in itself. At last I came to that state of exhaustion where I thought if I had to spend one more day in shops getting fitted, I would fly into little separate pieces and never be seen again.

It is most firmly believed in Hollywood that an actress who interrupts her picture career in any way is slipping. For good and sufficient reasons of my own I rejected three flattering studio offers to enable me to go into a stage play.

Upon returning to Hollywood, I was astonished to learn that I was "making a comeback in pictures." Any return from an absence is a comeback attempt—perhaps due to the belief that the public has very short memories.

That I do not share in the legend, that the public forgets in a week, is beside the point. Good pictures, like good soldiers, never die. Hollywood may forget, but the public has a long memory.

Which reminds me of something else that could only have happened in Hollywood. It was stated in a magazine article that I had objected to a girl wearing a dress similar to mine. I cannot imagine where the story originated, unless someone in the picture thought a similar dress would cause confusion—but the story hurt. I didn't mind so much myself, but I was sorry to have my friends put to my defense.

Mother had often said, when some ridiculous but hurtful statement was published: "Never give an untruth the dignity of a defense."

Yet publicity stories are long remembered, and their effect is strong. Consider the problem an actress confronts in being interviewed!—here are two persons unknown to each other, yet the actress is expected to tell the inmost secrets of her heart's desires to an utter stranger! Misunderstandings, wrong impressions, misinterpretations arise. Such experiences have often been mine in Hollywood.

WHEN I CAME out to the colony, everything was a grand lark. My husband was to write, I was to act, and when the money rolled in, we hugged ourselves in huge delight and chortled. That could be more fun!

But such serene enjoyment, I fear, is as ephemeral as childhood. I learned, for one thing, that when a bad picture happens, Hollywood blames the star. If a stage play flops, it's the play, and you either fix it up or lay it away in moth balls.

In pictures, judgment is rendered upon the star, and when the truth of that finally sinks in, it is often too late to rail at the injustice of it. A picture depends on so many elements—dialogue, setting, direction—and all must function expertly to achieve success.

TODAY'S STARS are more canny than I was several years ago. At that time, to attempt to dictate story or production policies was to bring an accusation of temperament. If the director was stupid, you were temperamental. Now you are just showing good sense if you refuse to make a poor picture.

Contracts, of course, governed the matter. A few years ago you belonged to the studio, body and soul. Now contracts are more liberal. More frequently players are loaned to other studios, until sometimes it is difficult to say which is their home lot. That wider scope is an advantage, for obviously one studio cannot buy all the good stories or hire all the good directors.

My contract, therefore, calls for four pictures a year with the privilege of making one outside the Columbia studio.

Several years ago I wanted the studio to buy *The Little Minister*. I was obsessed with the desire to play the gypsy girl, and I must have bored him to distraction with my broad hints, even after they explained why a musty old thing like that, would never make half the money as a picture like *Burlesque*.

Now *The Little Minister* heads the list. But that is how things happen in Hollywood.

But then, perhaps now I'll have more sympathetic ears turned toward me as I urge the filming of that delicately beau-

HOLLYWOOD

tiful play of Barrie's, *Mary Rose*. And wouldn't it be wonderful to make *The Enchanted Cottage*! I'd adore that—or *The Road to Rome*.

MY FIRST PICTURE under the new Columbia contract is *Jealousy*. A most attractive young man, well known on Broadway but new to pictures, plays with me. His name is George Murphy, but when he arrived there was a grave consultation held. Would it do to have a player named Murphy?

George declared most emphatically that Murphy is a good Irish name well worth clinging to, and Murphy he remained.

Hollywood's custom is to change your name. It is a rockbound tradition, and we adore our traditions. To depart from the usual thing is less forgivable than dunking doughnuts at an Ambassador's ball, yet there are times when some hardy adventurer will depart from routine and start off trail blazing. The trail blazers are indeed hardy souls, but their rewards are sometimes great.

The classic example, of course, is *It Happened One Night*, produced at my studio by that remarkable director, Frank Capra. One star after another turned down that story, which seemed almost crude in its simplicity, and then look what happened! Hollywood!

THIS REALLY is a most entertaining place, for anything can happen here. To prove what I was saying a little earlier in my story, that we'll believe anything if the performer gives a good illusion, there's an incident about an actor and his Japanese house boy.

To show that you can get away with the most astounding pretenses, he dressed the Jap in formal morning costume, complete to the gardenia in the button hole, placed the house boy in a limousine, and told him to present himself at the studio as a Japanese count.

The boy was received with great ceremony and with much kowtowing was shown about the lot.

In the midst of this the actor came in. He fixed a stony stare upon his house boy. "Why, Togo!" he exclaimed. "I told you to go get my shoes fixed. Now scam!"

"Yes, boss, yes sir!" exclaimed his boy, and departed on his errand, leaving his hosts in stricken silence.

YOU SEE WHAT could be done by a clever impersonator let loose upon credulous and unsuspecting Hollywood. I sometimes indulge the day dream of what an actress could do with such a setting and audience, were she to announce herself as the Queen of Tasmania.

But I fear I'm too timid for such pranks. I have no desire to fool anybody, and I am sure I'd be scared stiff.

Many times I should have been bold and daring in coping with Hollywood. I couldn't quite summon the courage, or nerve, yet I know that I am often pictured as strong willed and quick tempered, which both astonishes and annoys my friends, for they know how I dislike controversy.

In writing of these Hollywood happenings, and particularly of some of the town's credulity, I should not leave the impression that I am exempt.

Not at all—because I once fell in love with a man just because he cut up my chicken for me! It made me feel so nicely helpless and dependent. When he had finished and put the plate back at my place, I just sat there and adored him.

And that, too, happened in Hollywood!

FEBRUARY, 1935

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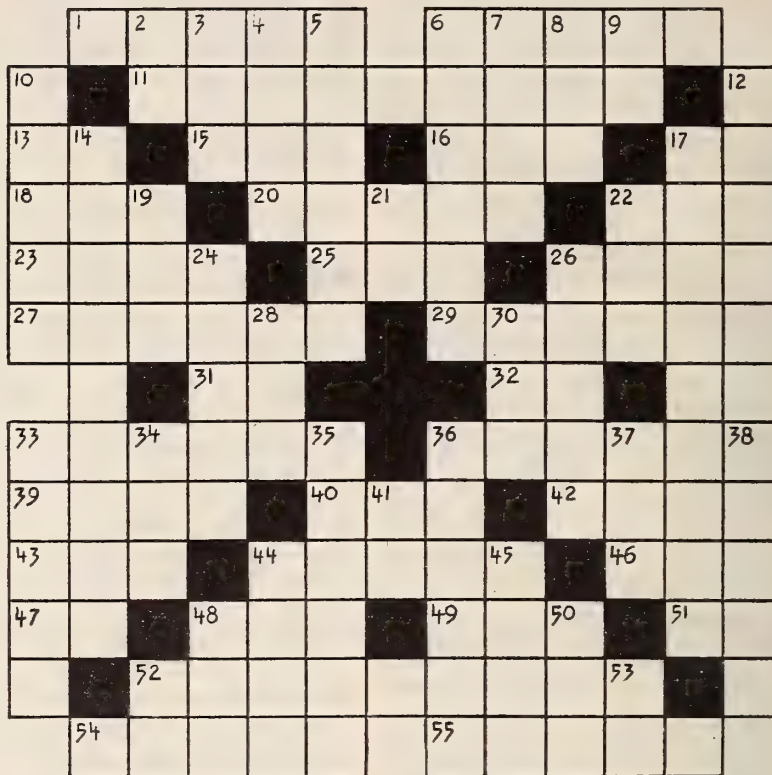
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6. One of the ——— at MGM.
11. Her lover in "Grand Hotel".
13. Plural ending.
15. Incline the head.
16. Ex-wife of her favorite leading man.
17. Gilbert portrayed one of this nationality in "Queen Christina" (abbr.).
18. Devoured.
20. Nickname of a player in "Grand Hotel".
22. Rumanian coin.
23. Small boat.
25. Lots of this in Sweden.
26. Struggle.
27. It made her famous.
29. She eats these sparingly.
31. Always.
32. Short for Editor.
33. She came to these ——— from Sweden.
36. Kingdom (pl.).
39. Pulls after.
40. No. of leading men in "Painted Veil".
42. First name of her leading man in "Inspiration" (abbr.).
43. She prefers same camera-man for ——— of her films.
44. Her first name.
46. She must cross it to see her mother and brother, Sven.
47. Initials of her director in "Queen Christina".
48. Enemy.
49. She has mastered the ——— of screen make-up.
51. Initials of her leading man in "Mata Hari".
52. She worked under that of Boleslavsky in "The Painted Veil".
54. Hat such as she often wears.
55. Harlow's rôle in "The Girl from Missouri".

DOWN

2. Jewish month.
3. Moved swiftly.
4. That of this player appears higher without bangs.
5. Appoint.
6. She seldom does this in photographs.
7. Tom Mix's horse, now retired.
8. Constellation.
9. Musical note.
10. Kind of rôles she is given.
12. Secret agents such as she was in "Mata Hari".
14. City in which she was born.
17. Her birthday is in this month.
19. Still did not do this in his judgment of her acting.
21. Initials of athletic star known as "Buster".
22. Fish eggs.
24. She was 28 ——— old on her last birthday.
26. Evergreen tree.
28. A long silky lash fringes each one.
30. Tiny.
33. She received her ——— in American films in "The Torrent".
34. Night bird.
35. She prefers tailored clothes for ——— wear.
36. Revolve.
37. She makes pictures in Hollywood, a suburb of ——— Angeles.
38. What you must do if you arrive late at theatres showing her films.
41. Pronoun.
44. To pierce with a horn or tusk.
45. Air.
48. Coniferous tree.
50. What Director Browning's friends call him.
52. Prefix denoting DOWN.
53. Symbol for nickel.



Key to the puzzle

Stage Star Craves Movie Fame

Continued from page forty

New York and graduated in mining engineering at Columbia University. Shelley, one of my brothers, now dead, was a Broadway stage star for years. I took a job in the Cobalt district up in Northern Quebec when I graduated and although there were plenty of exciting adventures up there in the muskeg, this isn't the place to tell them. It was Shelley who inspired me to become an actor. He was to be married in Chicago and I came down from Quebec for the wedding. I'd never seen such silk shirts and tailored suits as Shelley wore and contrasting them with the sweaters and mackinaws I wore in the bush, I decided that he, not I, was in the right business. He promised to help me and when my season's work was over, I came back to the states."

Mr. Hull's first professional engagement was with Guy Bates Post in *The Nigger*. He held one of those four-in-one jobs. In addition to playing three small bits on the stage, he also held the place of stage manager. That was in August, 1911. Step by step he climbed the ladder, his career extending through scores of Broadway hits, until his most recent success in *Tobacco Road*. It was this rôle which caused critics and public to acclaim him America's foremost stage star.

Although *Great Expectations* is his second rôle in the talkies, he took a brief flyer in the silents, back in the days when he played in D. W. Griffith's *One Exciting Night*. Later he went to Florida where he was cast with Doris Kenyon in *The Last Moment*. That was in 1920 and he returned to the stage, not to re-enter pictures until 1933 when he played with Sidney Fox and O. P. Heggie in *Midnight*.

"I FEEL LIKE a man suddenly transplanted to a foreign country," he said, "who can speak only a few words of the language. In New York, I knew the technique. The camera is different. Some actors say they miss their audience reaction. Thank Heaven I have imagination enough to visualize not only one crowded theatre audience, but the millions in all parts of the world to whom I'm playing every scene."

"I meant a little something on the stage but I realize that I must prove myself on the screen. I realize that my name means no more than John Smith's to the citizens of . . . er . . . let us say Missoula, Montana. I realize that it is up to me to build the name of Henry Hull in the minds of those people before I become successful in pictures."

Hull paused and that twinkle came into his eye which I noticed at our first meeting.

"I have never believed Emerson's story about the man who built a better mousetrap and to whose doorstep the world beat a path. Lots of men have built better mousetraps but the world didn't beat a path to their doors. The world had to be shown the way by good advertising. That's why I realize the value of publicity. I like to have people like you tell the world that I build better mousetraps but it's up to me to be sure they are better when the world listens to you and comes to my doorstep."

FEBRUARY, 1935

MONEY IS NOT Henry Hull's chief reason for coming to the screen. He is perfectly willing to admit that he likes big pay checks but he says with perfect logic:

"In the same length of time, I can earn as much on the stage as they will pay me for making pictures. It isn't the money, although I'm human enough to like it. There are really two big reasons why I have come to pictures. One is that I love what we actors know as "the road." I would like to take my own company and go on "the road," putting on the plays I want to see done. But I am not known on "the road." In our little town of Missoula, Montana, my name on the billboards would mean nothing. But let any star of the screen put on a good play in Missoula and they would have the SRO sign out before six. Success on the screen will make me a real personality in the cities where I should like to appear on the road."

MR. HULL is also frank and candid enough to state that he does not feel that any player, no matter how accomplished in stage performance and technique, can hope to be a rounded, full performer without the different experience of screen work.

"I realize, even from my brief screen experience, that even my future stage work will be materially improved from the new screen technique which I pick up. A sort of post-graduate course, you know, a polishing process."

Mr. Hull also has a deep sense of responsibility to the new audience which he will now reach. He probably feels this more keenly than any actor to whom I have ever talked.

"The stage actor's responsibility to his audience is small," he insists, "but the influence of the screen on the lives, the culture and the morals of millions cannot be over-estimated. The screen has spread more culture than all the books ever written. It has taught them how to think, to live, to behave. I feel keenly this responsibility. Will Rogers, for instance is one who has a tremendous responsibility. It is a burden on Will's shoulders that no offensive scene of any kind enter any of his pictures. For him to permit such a thing, would shatter the ideals of millions of Rogers fans."

MR. HULL HAS his own idea of the type of stories he should do. He prides himself on the fact that he is able to completely submerge his own personality in that of the character he portrays. He believes that his Colonial ancestry inspired him with the desire to portray on the screen, some of the real and fictional characters who were connected with our nation's earlier development. Some of the stories which he would like to make on the screen are *Cyrano*, *Shoreacres*, *Puddenhead Wilson*, *Rip Van Winkle*, *Return of Peter Grimm* and *The Tutt and Mr. Tutt* stories so long popular in a national magazine.

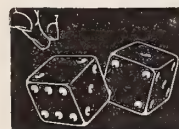
I left Mr. Hull's Beverly Hills home with the feeling that I had at last met a stage star of great renown who did not decry Hollywood and its methods and whose sincerity would carry him far into the hearts of the millions of fans who appreciate real technique.

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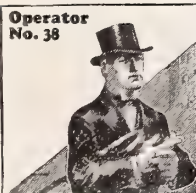
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When Death Stalked Henry Wilcoxon

Continued from page thirty-four

big rock in either hand, legs looped about the line.

I came down near the cabin deck railing and dropped my ballast. The ceaseless ebb and flow of the undersea motion moved me back and forth as I clung there a moment, getting my bearings.

I got into a cabin easily enough, picked up a few odds and ends that looked valuable, and came up with my loot. It would have to be turned in to the Harbor Police, of course, but they were generous with salvage money.

After a bit I went down again, and pawed my way through an open cabin door farther along the rail. In that eerie blue-green light it was difficult to spot valuable salvage, but a locker gave promise of treasure and I groped over to it. I was exploring a coat pocket when something brushed my shoulder. I turned my head and saw a hand. Above it was a face glaring at me through wide-open eyes, and I swear the mouth moved to curse me for a pickpocket. For one terrible moment as I stared back, the thing floating against the cabin ceiling seemed alive.

I shoved away from the locker and made for the door, and grabbed the handle. It had been open when I entered, but the back and forward movement of the current had closed the door—and the catch lock had been set! I didn't have much wind left. I was trapped, and I knew that if I couldn't get out in another moment I was done for. It was useless to yank at the knob—that lock stood firm.

Then I noticed that the upper part of the door was slatted, suitable for ventilation in the tropics. I crashed my fist into the wood and the flimsy stuff gave way. My breath was gone; used up with that desperate effort.

Bubbles were going past my eyes—in another moment I would have to gulp water to quench that torturing fire in my lungs. Some small reserve of will-power made me endure that burning pain a moment longer—just long enough to crawl through the opening.

Then I was out, shoving upward toward the light, kicking weakly. I thought I'd never reach the air again, but I did. My comrade was watching for me, poised to dive, when I appeared on the surface of the sea. He hauled me to the canoe.

And I didn't visit dead men's cabins for a long time after that!

WHILE Wilcoxon was telling his story, I almost stopped breathing. I gulped in air, and he grinned. "I never timed myself under water," he said, "but you can see why that occasion seemed like years instead of minutes."

I couldn't help thinking that Wilcoxon's lucky star must have been on the job, for that door might easily have been solid wood. That same star must have worked overtime for Henry Wilcoxon during his career.

He was appearing in *Eight Bells* in London when Barney Glazer saw him and asked him to make a talkie test for a part in *Shoe the Wild Mare*. Accordingly a brief test was taken and shipped over here.

By chance, Cecil B. de Mille walked into the projection room to arrange for screening some shots, and as he was leaving the booth he heard a deep, reso-

nant voice—the voice of Wilcoxon in his screen test. He bent down to peer through the slot at the screen. For a moment he gazed, and then De Mille turned to the operator.

"There," he exclaimed, "is my Marc Antony!"

The search for a man who, as De Mille had put it, could "camp an army on his chest" was ended. De Mille intends sometime to cast Wilcoxon as Samson, in *Samson and Delilah*, should plans for production of another Biblical epic proceed satisfactorily. In that case, Wilcoxon indeed has a lucky star.

For further proof, consider the time he and his brother Owen chartered a plane to fly them over the Alps for a lark. They hopped over the peaks and headed for the little alpine village of Davos. The pilot planned to land them on the ice of the lake near the place. Circling low, the brothers looked down and saw a crowd gathered on the shore, waving. "What a jolly welcome!" Henry thought. But the pilot interpreted the reception differently, for he zoomed up from the ice and circled the lake again.

This time Henry and his brother saw the cause of the excitement down there. There were jagged gaps in the ice where it had caved in. The water level had dropped some thirty feet, leaving the ice shell unsupported. Landing would have been certain catastrophe.

Here was a pretty pickle—no place to land, and fuel running low, with the towering peaks of the Alps hemming them in. But down there arms were pointing toward the lower valley, and the pilot levelled off and headed that way. A mile away the narrow valley broadened out, and here the townspeople had trampled and rolled the snow for a landing field. Daringly the pilot set down the ship.

"Getting away was more difficult than the landing," Wilcoxon recalled. "I weigh about fourteen stone, and my brother and the pilot were also heavy men. (Henry is six-feet-two, 190 pounds.) But the plucky little plane lifted us just at the end of the runway and we took off safely."

But here comes Rube, his burly trainer. The hour of yarn spinning in the Garden of Allah is over—it is time for Wilcoxon's daily workout in the gym.

Answers

to questions on page 61

1. Jeanette MacDonald.
See page 37
2. Francis Lederer.
See Carr's Shooting Script
page 31
3. No.
See Joe E. Brown's Editorial
page 82.
4. Francis Wupperman
See page 56.

Boris Karloff Replies

Continued from page thirty-nine

Monster or Frankenstein under it, please?"

AS STRANGE As it seems, I have found a certain sympathy for me among my fans in my rôle. One woman wrote and said that never had she felt as sorry for a creature as she did for me in that scene in *Frankenstein*, where I hold the child under water until it drowns.

"It didn't seem that you were doing it," she wrote, "but that you were a poor, dumb instrument in the hands of some malicious power over which you had no control. I wept, not for the child, but for pity that such a poor lump as *The Monster* should be forced to kill."

You see I make it a point to leaven my horrific rôles with some brief gesture or bit of business which in some way brings a touch of sympathy from the audience. I will even take some member of the cast who isn't looking and bestow upon him or her a kindly glance as if to say, "I hate them all, everybody but you. I love you."

But my character in *The Old Dark House* was such a cruel one that I saw no way of relieving it by a sympathetic touch. Still, after the picture was released, one fan wrote, recalling the scene in which I was slugged with a heavy lamp. The actor who hit me was a chap much smaller than I in my heavy make-up, but this fan called him, a big bully for striking me.

Then too, I prefer my type of rôle because it gives me tremendous opportunities. The most difficult thing for an actor to do is to play straight parts in which he must be himself.

BUT WHILE I am writing to you, I must correct a story you once wrote on how I met Lon Chaney. You remember you said that I was working at Universal as an extra and gave Lon a ride in my old flivver. It didn't happen that way, but the real story is even more interesting.

I had just come to Hollywood and obtained a few days extra work at the old Brunton studios, which were located where Paramount now stands. An old character man, Bill Taylor, had taken a fancy to me and since I was new to pictures, had given me many tips. It was Bill who introduced me to Chaney one day on the lot. I didn't think much of it for although I had seen Chaney in several pictures, including *The Miracle Man*, his name meant little to me.

Not having enough money to pay my way in, I used to go to the Legion Stadium where the fights were held each Friday night and watch the more fortunate ones as they went in. Chaney never missed a boxing bout and he always spoke pleasantly as he passed.

After work one day at the same studio, I walked out the big gate, going home. Behind me I heard a car and someone kept honking at me, I thought to get out of the way. I only had fifteen cents in my pocket but I still had plenty of pride and I resented it. Consequently I slowed down and walked calmly ahead, out the gate. Outside, the car drew up and a voice said, "Don't you recognize old friends, Karloff?"

I looked inside to see Lon Chaney grinning at me. He invited me in and we rode for more than an hour while he



Patricia Chapman, promising newcomer to Hollywood, came from the New York stage where she understudied Jean Dixon

talked to me of the picture business and asked me questions about myself. That talk with the great Lon gave me courage to keep on. Of course I did not dream that within a few years Chaney would be dead and that I would get my chance in rôles somewhat similar to those which were even then making him famous. I do not consider myself a second Chaney for there will never be another.

Perhaps, while I am making corrections, I should correct the story that I will not tolerate a fly-swatter in my house because of my dread of taking life, even that of an insect. While I am averse to taking life of any kind for sport or wantonly, I am not quite that squeamish. I could never shoot a deer or a rabbit or even catch a rat in a trap, but you should see me going through the snails in my garden like a destroying angel.

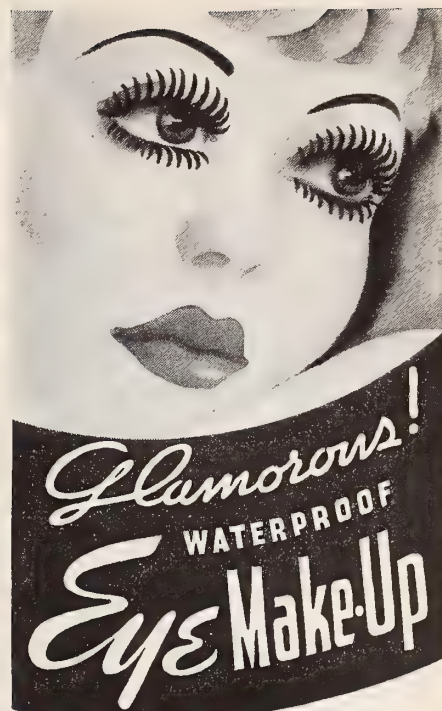
I DOUBT THAT any man is more content than I. My spare time I spend with my wife in our new home in the Hollywood countryside, among my flowers and my chickens and my dogs. I have been successful in helping to bring cricket, our English game, to Hollywood and enjoy playing often with my fellow countrymen, C. Aubrey Smith, after whom our field is named, Herbert Marshall, Clive Brook and other Englishmen in Hollywood. We have also introduced Rugby, a form of English football and I play, even though at my age I am inviting suicide. Life is good to me and I hope to have many years yet in which to send shivers down the nation's spine. A trip to England to refresh memories now and then, my home, my work, my friends—What more, I ask you, could even a *Monster* want?

My next picture will be a sequel to *Frankenstein* and I hope to develop in it a new herd of nightmares for you to ride. I have been idle since making *The Black Cat* and it will be fun to put on the makeup of the *Monster* again.

Thanks for your friendly letter and my best to all my fans,

(Signed)

Boris Karloff



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Del Rio Becomes a Star Reporter

Continued from page twenty-five

Russia is no more. We danced to the strains of gypsy music, first rollicking, then sad, ever carrying the beat which is so peculiarly Russian. We ate great helpings of Russian food. And there were many stories of heroic survival told that night! Jean Harlow was there with Bill Powell . . . I almost said "as usual" . . . King Vidor escorted Betty Hill . . . lovely intense looking young Katherine De Mille was there, as was Jack Gilbert, who, as usual, came alone. Jack has gone everywhere alone since his divorce from Virginia Bruce.

It was a most charming party. All the way to my home in Santa Monica, and all through the next day the strains of the gypsy music lingered in my mind . . . and my admiration for the Prince and Princess is indeed great.

GARY AND SANDRA, Cedric and I, often dine at the Russian Eagle. Here the genial General Lodienskys, one time of the Imperial Russian Army, is host. Blini is our favorite dish. Now blini may not sound an impressive thing to eat, but it is! Impressively delicious. It is crepes . . . thin little pancakes piled high with spreadings of caviar and covered with gobs of sour cream! No diet order, this. But how the four of us love it! Marlene Dietrich is a regular diner there . . . as is the fragile looking Lillian Harvey who is always squired by Director Paul Martin. Garbo, too, sometimes enjoys the hospitality of the Lodienskys. Mr. and Mrs. Richard Dix, who are one of the happiest looking couples I've seen in a good long time; the Ralph Bellamys, just back from a real vacation trip to England, the John Mack Browns, Kathleen Howard and Adrian, all were there the other night.

The Russian influence has invaded the fashions too! Swagger, flaring wide-belted coat suits, the lines of which are not unlike those worn by the Cossacks, are being seen more and more. These ensembles are topped by turbans of purest Russian line. They have a rakish quality which has long been missing in the mode.

LUNCH TIME at the Vendome! Wally L Beery, genial, devoted to his little girl, Carol Ann, who is his constant companion, surrounded by a group of laughing friends . . . Gene Raymond passing from booth to booth greeting friends and finally joining my little luncheon party to reminisce about the good times our company had making *Flying Down to Rio* . . . The Countess di Frasso, resplendent in the latest Hattie Carnegie model of royal purple, wearing a cape and carrying a muff made of the breasts of humming birds! . . . Proving that feathers, which have had small place in fashions for some seasons, are "in" this winter. She, too, stopped at my table to show us the lovely sketches made by Elsa de Wolfe, noted New York decorator who is to do the new house which the Countess is building in California. . . . Sylvia Sidney, in a smart brown ensemble, at one table; Adolphe Menjou, in makeup, at another; the reconciled Ben and Ad Schulberg greeting friends across the room . . . And at the round table, Walter Wanger, Edwin Schallert and others . . . Lewis Milestone, Myron

Selznick, deep in a discussion in the next booth . . . And the blonde Virginia Bruce was there in an exquisite soft blue outfit.

AT THE Beverly Brown Derby, John McCormick and Margaret Sullavan greet friends who pause to talk with them. . . . Charles Furthman recounts the thrill he had when his automobile was washed from the road during our first heavy rainstorm . . . Joan Bennett and Margaret Ettinger are an attractive duo farther along the room . . . Rene Borzage, the attractive wife of Frank Borzage, attired in riding clothes, stops in for a bit of luncheon on her way back from the polo field . . . Alan Hale, whose artistry is receiving the recognition it deserves, comes in . . . Alan has been making three pictures at one time for the past month. He has skyrocketed ever since his fine performance in *Little Man What Now*.

THE MOST FUN I had during the month was on the duck-hunting trip the Gary Coopers, Cedric and I took over one week-end. We went to our usual secluded spot and returned tired, dirty and triumphant with a fine brace of ducks.

The old argument between our two menfolks arose. The argument as to which home boasts the better cook! We decided to settle it once and for all by the simple expedient of dividing the spoils of the hunt, eating at our house one night and at Gary and Sandra's the next.

Faithfully we followed the plan. And the gallant husbands who were to be the final judges made it a draw! Gary politely saying our cook won and Cedric affirming the victory of the Cooper chef! But Sandra and I are sure that the argument is not settled!

IT HAS BEEN a busy month—but I shall be busier next month when I go to work in my next picture *In Caliente*.



Off for an ice cream! Chester Morris, Universal star, with his two children

HOLLYWOOD

Let's Make Pancakes!

Continued from page forty-three

entertained, retaliated by entertaining their wives—at a pancake party. They did everything themselves, from table-setting to dish-washing. And those buckwheat cakes, made, so they said, from prepared flour, were little less than perfect.

On another occasion old friends dropped in. They were "driving through."—No, they couldn't stop! They *hadn't* had lunch, of course and, to make time they had gone without breakfast. They had to be at so-and-so at such-and-such a time. — You've heard the story as many times as I.

My anguished eyes, roaming my kitchen shelf lighted on the packaged pancake flour. Could they, I begged, stay just thirty minutes. They could! And in fifteen minutes we were seated at a luncheon of chilled pineapple juice—praises be for such things as canned grapefruit and pineapple juice—crisp bacon and "the best buckwheat cakes I've tasted since I was a boy." *That*, from one of the men guests. Credit was due entirely to the flour, since I had merely to add milk and bake.

Another of the group—a woman who manages a highly successful tearoom—was particularly delighted with the pitcher of warm "Honey Cream"—the specialty of another friend—which I had mixed for those not preferring maple syrup. (For Honey Cream, heat 1 cup strained honey until it simmers. Blend well with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sweet cream, and add a dash of powdered sugar.)

An electric griddle, allowing the pancakes to bake at the table, would have been the crowning touch to such a meal. But in baking cakes on any griddle, I like to test the griddle temperature with a few drops of cold water. As soon as the water sizzles snappily, the griddle is ready for the batter. A thin batter makes light lacy-edged cakes. Thick cakes of the none-too-competent restaurant variety have few devotees.

If a shopping expedition or a session of cards is to keep you from home until shortly before the supper hour, griddlecake batter may be mixed, covered and left in the ice-box ready for instant use on your return. And if you want a two-dish meal which will allow you to toss your hat on a hook at 6:15 and have supper on the table at 6:30, I'd suggest:

Made-In-A-Minute Supper

Ham Griddlecakes Fresh Fruit Salad
Maple Syrup
Coffee

Prepare the fruit for the salad and make the pancake batter before you leave home.

Ham Griddlecakes. Fry a generous slice of smoked ham to a golden brown on both sides in a greased skillet. Remove bone and fat. Grind in the food chopper. (There should be 1 cup of ground ham.) Add to one recipe of plain griddlecake batter just before cakes are baked.

Crêpes, the French pancakes are essentially a dessert dish. Try them!

FEBRUARY, 1935

Crêpes (French Pancakes)

(Makes 6 dessert pancakes)

2 eggs
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk
2 tablespoons sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup pastry flour

Beat eggs well; add milk. Combine sugar, salt and flour, and add egg mixture gradually stirring just enough to mix. Drop batter by tablespoonfuls on a greased skillet. Cook over a low fire until each cake is a delicate brown on the bottom and firm to the touch on top. Serve with plum jam and thick cream; or sprinkle with powdered sugar and roll. For a bridge dessert, I like to spread the cakes with equal parts of jam and cream mixed. I then roll them, dust with powdered sugar and serve. Try this dessert type of pancake. They're new. And oh, so good!

Other griddlecake variations worth attention are:

Whole Wheat Griddlecakes. Substitute 1 cup whole wheat flour for 1 cup of white flour in the griddlecake recipe. Use 2 tablespoonfuls of molasses mixed into the batter, for sweetening, instead of the sugar.

Cornmeal Griddlecakes. Substitute 1 cup yellow cornmeal for 1 cup of the white flour in the griddlecake recipe. Use brown sugar instead of white. Serve with hot baked ham and maple syrup.

French Pancakes With Sausage. Bake griddlecakes and roll each one around two cooked link sausages, laid end-to-end. Fasten with toothpicks. Arrange on a hot platter. Serve with hot applesauce, and coffee.

Rice Griddlecakes. These are a great favorite in the South. To make them, follow the griddlecake recipe but omit $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of flour and substitute 1 cup of cooked salted rice, mixed with the beaten eggs and milk. Serve with chicken or pork gravy.

Pineapple Griddlecakes. Follow the Million-Dollar Griddlecake recipe but use one cup of drained pineapple juice in place of 1 cup of milk called for, and add 1 cup drained crushed pineapple to the mixed wet ingredients. Sprinkle cakes with powdered sugar when baked. Roll and serve as a dessert.

AND YOU MUST make Blinys! These are the raised griddlecakes of Russia. But they're considered mighty smart now-a-days for both formal and informal dinners. We've found them excellent as an evening party dish. If you'd like our recipe, and want some suggestions concerning a simple, inexpensive and just awfully popular method of entertaining friends write for the free leaflet, "Pancake Parties." Address Grace Ellis, Foods Editor, HOLLYWOOD Magazine, 529 South 7th St., Minneapolis, Minnesota, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope.

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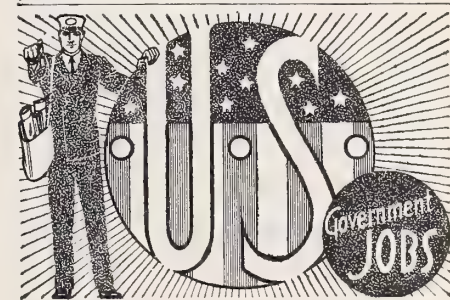
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A Million Dollar Beauty Secret

Continued from page forty-five

things happen! She found you didn't have to have drab hair, not if you use brilliantine and have an oil shampoo every now and then. Instead of wearing her hair fluffed out way over her ears as she used to, she had it thinned and waved high. It made her look so much younger! And she discovered dieting wasn't so terrible—if you did it properly. For instance, there's no hardship in having a menu like this—" and Ruby listed the following:

BREAKFAST

One glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon. Any kind of stewed fruit sweetened with honey. Two pieces of toast. Coffee or tea with just a little cream and sugar.

LUNCHEON

A hot, clear soup without crackers. A piece of broiled fish. A generous helping of steamed spinach or green beans or stewed tomatoes. Rye or whole wheat bread (one slice). A dessert of prune whip.

DINNER

Oyster or fruit cocktail. One generous slice of roast beef or steak. Two cooked vegetables. A

green salad with French dressing. Stewed fruit or your favorite gelatine.

"She varied this diet from day to day, of course," Ruby went on, "but she was not spasmodic about the diet."

"The trouble comes when you eat a lot of rich food at one meal and go without the next to make up for it. That upsets the whole system. . . . The pounds simply melted away from this friend of mine. You should have seen her! She studied herself, learned the magic of eye-shadow, and that powder isn't something you merely dab on your nose but use as a finishing softener over your make-up. And she certainly plied that lipstick of hers convincingly! It wasn't in the shadows she walked anymore! She walked in the spotlight—dressed in the smartest clothes any girl ever wore."

"And naturally her personality changed. A girl never fails to live up to her appearance. If it's dull—she's dull. If it's attractive—nine times out of ten she will be!"

Greater truth than that was never uttered. Neither in Hollywood nor anywhere else!

Drop Me A Line

Continued from page forty-nine

me the most brilliant performance in many a season.

Most cordially yours,
MARY C. CALKINS,
Liberty, Indiana.

A Role for Marian Nixon \$1.00 LETTER

DEAR MARIAN NIXON:
I have watched your rapid progress on the screen ever since you first started in films. Something told me from the first that you were destined for stardom.

If the producers ever decide to remake *The Magic Garden*, I do hope they will choose you as the heroine—it's romantic settings would fit your charming personality like a glove.

Wishing you lots of happiness and good luck, I am,

Sincerely,
MRS. LULA WEBER, Ursa, Illinois.

Page the Censors \$1.00 LETTER

Editor,
Hollywood Magazine.

DEAR SIR:
Here are some things I'd like to see censored in the movies; The hero or heroine changing their character in a moment like a pancake being turned.

The glaring inconsistency of a hard working wife having her eye-brows plucked.

The infant prodigy behaving like a trick dog.

Northerners trying to talk like Southerners.

Close-ups of heroines in all manner of emoting.

Dying people with fat cheeks and vibrant voices.

Wise cracks.
MRS. E. H. LOTT,
Pentagon Court D-6,
Baton Rouge, La.

Random Singing \$1.00 LETTER

Editor,
Hollywood Magazine.

DEAR SIR:
I recently saw a picture, the name need not be mentioned, which was advertised as a riotous comedy drama. The lack of comedy could have been overlooked but what spoiled the few worth while scenes was the way in which the actors burst into song at the least provocation. It happened at the most unlikely moments.

Harry Carr's opinion on this subject should be of value. To quote from his statement in a recent Hollywood "The outrageous inconsistencies of comic opera go well enough on the stage but are pretty awful on the screen."

This should be food for thought for the producers that think singing inserted at random improves a picture.

JOSEPH SCHELTEMA,
1513 W. 67th St.
Los Angeles, Calif.

Prizes!

Ten dollars will be paid for each letter published with a star's reply; \$5 for each of the two next best and \$1 for each of the next five. Duplicate prizes awarded in case of a tie. The editors of HOLLYWOOD will be the sole judges and right is reserved to publish all or any part of any letter received. Address: Drop Me a Line, HOLLYWOOD, 329 S. 7th, Minneapolis, Minn.

HOLLYWOOD

THE Guide TO NEW pictures

I am a Thief

• • • • Jewel thieves on a train, dirty work by both thieves and the police will give you a pleasant evening of first class melodrama. The famous Karenina diamonds are used as bait to trap some thieves who are embarrassing the European insurance companies and all the action takes place on the Simplon Express where the jewels appear and disappear with bewildering frequency. Ricardo Cortez is the hero and gives a most interesting performance. Mary Astor is good as the lady detective but not overly exciting. Irving Pichel, Robert Barrat, Ferdinand Gottschalk, Arthur Aylesworth, Frank Reicher, John Wray and Oscar Apfel as a deliberately confusing array of characters, all acquit themselves very well to keep up the spirit of the play.

An excellent bit of entertainment and well worth your time and money.—WARNERS.

Evelyn Prentice

• • • • William Powell and Myrna Loy click again in this story. Myrna Loy, an attorney's wife is being blackmailed. The blackmailer is murdered, Myrna believes she has committed the crime, but Isabel Jewell, sweetheart of the dead man, is accused. Myrna fears to confess

but persuades her husband, William Powell, to defend the accused girl. As the trial comes to a close, Myrna feels impelled to confess, but there is an astounding climax when it is proven that Isabel Jewell is really the murderess. How she obtains a verdict of not guilty constitutes a real punch scene in the play. Myrna Loy and William Powell once more prove a grand team of actors but great credit goes to Isabel Jewell, the murderess, who makes her one scene in the courtroom unforgettable.—METRO.

The President Vanishes

• • • • This picture has everything in entertainment value a film could possibly have. The story opens with President Stanley (Arthur Byron) striving to keep America out of war. Just as the war promoters are about to triumph—the President vanishes. His supposed kidnapping makes America forget the war. The President is finally found and it develops that he had arranged his own disappearance to avert war.

The plot is fanciful but never improbable and the satire and comedy is superb. Arthur Byron and Edward Arnold give remarkably fine performances and there is perfect casting with Paul Kelly, Peggy Conklin, Andy Devine, Sidney Blackmer and Charley Grapewin. A play every American should see.—WANGER-PARAMOUNT.

Imitation of Life

• • • • Fanny Hurst's famous novel loses nothing in its transition to the screen and becomes a perfectly grand picture.

The story deals with the widowed Claudette Colbert who is having a hard time providing a living for herself and daughter until she meets Louise Beavers, a colored cook who has a marvelous recipe for preparing griddle cakes. The widow scrapes together her few dollars and sets up a lunch room on Atlantic City's Boardwalk which becomes a huge success.

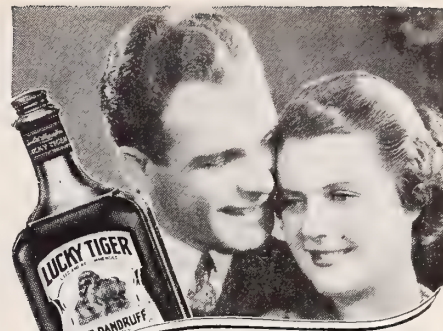
Miss Colbert gives a magnificent characterization and Louise Beavers is perfectly cast. Warren William and Ned Sparks turn in excellent performances as does Rochelle Hudson. You are bound to enjoy this film.—UNIVERSAL.

Grand Old Girl

• • • • A vital and compelling story of an old school teacher who puts up a losing fight against graft and diversion of school money with the crooked politicians of her town. She loses and is about to be discharged but at the last moment she is saved. May Robson as the veteran school teacher was never finer. The picture will touch all hearts and Miss Robson is ably aided by the performances of Mary Carlisle, Alan Hale, Ben Alexander and others.—RADIO.

The Man Who Reclaimed His Head

• • • • One of the most unusual pictures ever put on the screen. It is the Please turn to page seventy-four



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Ketti Gallian, screen star, returns to New York from a short visit in France

FEBRUARY, 1935

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THE Guide TO NEW pictures

Continued from page seventy-three

story of a pacifist who believes that wars are not because of antagonism of peoples but are fostered as commercial propositions by munition makers. He attempts to offset war propaganda by financing a powerful newspaper publisher who sells him out. The title is derived from the fact that the pacifist, Claude Rains, theoretically puts his own head on another man's shoulders, that of Lionel Atwill, the publisher. Joan Bennett is most charming and gives a finished performance as Rains' wife while little Baby Jane is cute and accomplished. A picture worth going far to see.—UNIVERSAL.

The Marines Have Landed

• • A good story, careful direction and a most excellent performance by William Haines and Esther Ralston make this a good little film. The action takes its principals from the Marine base at San Diego into the tropics and the story is extremely interesting. Haines is the headstrong, devil-may-care marine lieutenant and not at all the old wise cracking Bill of old. Esther Ralston puts great warmth into her rôle and Conrad Nagel is good.—MASCOT.

The Perfect Clue

• • Just another crime picture held together by a somewhat trite story and an unimportant cast. David Manners is convicted of a crime of which he is innocent and goes to jail. After serving his term he meets a girl, Dorothy Libaire, who has eloped for spite with Skeets Gallagher. She falls for Manners and about that time he gets in another jam with the law over the death of a gang leader. It goes on and on and of course ends as all such stories do with Manners and Miss Libaire floating away in love's young dream.—MAJESTIC.

Green Pack

• • • A neat little drama which shows some promise but is harmed beyond repair by two things; the work of an actor named Michael Shepley and bad background music. Aileen Marson, the feminine lead, looks like a find. The story concerns an expedition headed for African wilds in search of a lost gold field. Many complications ensue but at last gold is found and everybody is wealthy. The romantic stuff is furnished by John Stuart and Miss Marson.—BRITISH LION.

Broadcast House

• • • An English production whose star names will be unfamiliar to you but which is an entertaining film. It is a combination mystery, comedy and tragedy. The story is too complicated to be set down here but it is based on the plot of a man murdered while 25,000,000 listen in on the radio. Splendid work by the entire cast.—PHOENIX.

The Silver Streak

• • The epic of the Burlington's new streamline train is bungled so badly that little can be said. There are plenty of thrills, slightly staged and Edgar Kennedy as an old time engineer furnishes plenty of laughs. Charles Starrett and Sally Blane are the love interests. This could have been an exciting film but it was badly handled.—RADIO.

College Rhythm

• • • Entertainment, entertainment and more entertainment is the only way to describe this picture. Joe Penner is the outstanding performer and what a barrel full of belly laughs he puts out! Lyda Roberti and Lanny Ross shine as songsters but Lanny is still very much anything but an actor. The story is slender; that of a football hero who becomes a bum and is forced to go to a hated classmate for a job. He takes the classmate's own job away from him and turns a department store from failure to success by organizing a football team. Jack Oakie and Helen Mack are well up in front. You'll get a kick out of it so by all means go.—PARAMOUNT.

Marie Galante

• • We are sorry to report that this one is slightly boring. Ketti Gallian is a French messenger who is kidnaped by a bad old sea captain and put off ship at an obscure port. She makes her way back to the Panama Canal and becomes involved in a plot to blow it up as the U. S. fleet passes through. Two murders and two songs by Miss Helen Morgan prove that songs are more fun than murders. Spencer Tracy gives his usual virile performance while frozen-pan Ned Sparks shines as usual.—FOX.

Evensong

• • • The beautiful voice of Evelyn Laye and several remarkable dramatic



M-G-M searched seven months for David Copperfield but they found him in Freddie Bartholomew

HOLLYWOOD

moments make *Evensong* a worthwhile picture. Evelyn Laye is the opera singer who sacrifices the one love of her life for her voice, and finally in a bitter climax loses that. A striking performance by Fritz Kortner in the rôle of the star's manager is one of the picture's highlights. Other players are Alice Delysia, Carl Esmond and Emlyn Williams.—GAUMONT-BRITISH.

Home on the Range

• • Trying to do a different type of Western this one misses sadly. It is a combination of Alaska, Arizona, Joe Morrison's singing, forest fires and dirty work by the mesquite gangsters. Evelyn Brent is teamed with Randy Scott for the romantic interest and Jackie Coogan, who plays his first grown-up rôle is apparently always on the verge of tears. Not so hot, even if you like Westerns.—PARAMOUNT.

In Old Santa Fe

• • Ken Maynard on a dude ranch. Crooks try to pull a crooked horse race but with the aid of Tarzan, his famous horse, Ken confuses the city slickers. All the elements of good Western entertainment.—MASCOT.

Cheating Cheaters

• • Handled rightly, this might have been a good comedy but as it is there isn't anything to get excited about. The story is of two gangs of jewel thieves who try to rob each other. Both are pursued by a detective whom they have never seen. The detective, Ferris, turns out to be a beautiful girl in disguise, in love with one of the gang. Fay Wray, Cesar Romero and cast try but it's no go.—UNIVERSAL.

Fugitive Lady

• • Good melodrama with plenty of story marks the screen debut of Florence Rice who seems to have plenty on the ball. She elopes with a jewel thief and is sent to prison but the train is wrecked and through circumstances she is believed to be the wife of Neil Hamilton, a wealthy playboy and taken to his home to recuperate. Hamilton's estranged wife was killed in the wreck and he returns home to fall in love with Miss Rice. Further complications follow but as usual, love triumphs.—COLUMBIA.

Night Alarm

• • • If you like to chase fire engines there are some swell fires in this one but the plot isn't worth the trouble. Bruce Cabot as the reporter who gives up a job to cover an epidemic of fires is good and so is H. B. Warner as the crooked politician, while Judith Allen does quite well as the girl in the case. The picture might be enjoyed by people who haven't seen many fires.—MAJESTIC.

The Curtain Falls

• • • Henrietta Crosman as a faded star of the stage, tries to do a May Robson with only mediocre success. The picture, however, entertains and is worth your while. Miss Crosman decides to stage one more play and steps into the shoes of a chum to solve many, many problems, moral, financial, domestic and

emotional. Other players are Natalie Moorehead, William Blakewell, John Darrow, and Eddie Kane.—CHESTERFIELD.

Maybe It's Love

• • Sorry we can't be enthused over this one. It is a slangy, wise-cracking picture, badly put together. The plot is the story of a poor young couple struggling against the world and the wife's obnoxious family. The players are Gloria Stuart, Ross Alexander, Helen Lowell, Joe Cawthorn, Frank McHugh and Ruth Donnelly. There isn't anything to rave about in this picture.—WARNERS.

Flirting with Danger

• • We can't say much for this one. Bob Armstrong, Bill Cagney and Edgar Kennedy are dynamite mixers in a powder plant and are always getting themselves blown up while experimenting. There is some complications with a dancer and they all get tossed in jail. Little plot and not much to recommend. Marion (Peanuts) Burns is the love interest.—MONOGRAM.

Man of Courage

• • The story of what Mussolini has done for Italy. It begins with an Italian family living in poverty in the Pontine marshes and follows its history through the war, the uprising of the Black Shirts and through the Reconstruction period to the present. The last part of the film introduces Il Duce in one of his famous dynamic speeches and the English dialogue has been dubbed in quite nicely.—EUREKA.

When a Man Sees Red

• • Good entertainment of the hair-pants type. Buck Jones is the honest ranch foreman and Peggy Campbell the snooty society dame from the effete East who inherits the ranch and falls for a rustler. Plenty of hard riding and ranch atmosphere and if you like Westerns see it.—UNIVERSAL.

Limehouse Blues

• • A rôle for which George Raft is entirely unfitted places him as a half-cast Chinese racketeer in the Limehouse district of London where he discards his Chinese sweetheart, Anna May Wong, for love of Jean Parker, a white waif whom he rescues from the clutches of Montague Love. It's the usual thing, Chinese in a fog, with knives in darkened alleys with Raft committing suicide, after he loses his white love to the very personable Kent Taylor. Raft is unnatural in the rôle and the picture is too like other Chinese opium den mysteries to be exciting.—PARAMOUNT.

Kara

• • A South Sea saga spoiled by an unconvincing plot and stiff dialogue. Steffi Duna, Regis Toomey and cast struggle valiantly but to no end. It is the old story of the bluff ship captain and his daughter who is a sort of Joan Lowell. The usual villainous crew, shipwreck and salvation. Very melodramatic but not much entertainment due to bad handling. Michell Lewis, Raymond Hatton and cast. Steffi Duni has plenty of charm and ability and only needs the right chance.—RADIO.

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With the NEWS SLEUTH



Continued from page eleven

What Price Fame?

WHEN METRO publicity experts dubbed Evelyn Laye as "the champagne blonde," they unconsciously started a new Hollywood feud, for Barbara (Snooney) Blair rose in protest with a prior claim to the title.

And just in case you're interested, a champagne blonde is one degree darker than a platinum blonde!

Lily Signs Up

LILY PONS, silver-voiced star of the opera, finally has decided to cast her lot with the talkies. The French coloratura soprano has signed to warble for RKO-Radio, her first vehicle to get under way as soon as she is fully recovered from an appendix operation she recently underwent in London.

Bing's Investments

WHEN BING CROSBY's singing days are over, this lad who rose from poverty to riches almost overnight will not find time heavy on his hands.

Already Bing owns a tuna cannery, an oil well and a big Southern California ranch, where he raises avocados and race horses.

He is a firm believer in diversified investments.

Claudette Is Ill

CLAUDETTE COLBERT is paying the penalty for too many strenuous film rôles. Stricken with flu while emoting in her current picture, Claudette was ordered to bed by her physicians. When she has recuperated sufficiently to travel, the medicos will ship her off for a long rest.

She is on the verge of a complete nervous collapse, they insist.

Charlie on Stage!

CHAPLIN IS THE NEWEST recruit to the little group of theatrical highbrows who emote in Joan Crawford's backyard theatre.

Charlie is taking a lively interest in Joan's private productions, appearing in some, sitting through others.

Oh, yes, Paulette Goddard always accompanies him to Brentwood!

Nancy To Try Again

NANCY CARROLL is sporting a huge square-cut diamond on her engagement finger, placed there, 'tis said, by none other than the young, handsome and very rich William Van Rensselaer Smith of Beverly Hills.

While Nancy still is the wife of Bolton Mallory, from whom she has been estranged for months, it is reported that

she is planning a speedy Mexican divorce.

On the eve of her departure for New York, Nancy was tendered a cocktail party by Van's mother, Claire.

Her reputed fiancé accompanied her on her trans-continental trip.

Grant Withers Can Take It

GRANT WITHERS means business. After his divorce from Loretta Young his picture career went into a sudden reverse and he disappeared from Hollywood. He was well on the way to the top when this happened. And now he's fighting for a comeback.

He went into training and spent six weeks of grueling road work and boxing with sparring partners who didn't pull their punches. Then he went to Paramount and applied for a job in the new Max Baer picture, declaring he could take it. They put him in the ring with Jim Davies, welterweight champion of Canada, and Grant Withers proved that he meant what he said. He landed the job.

That's what we'd call fighting your way back!

Maynard Goes to Fiji Islands

KEN MAYNARD is going to turn picture producer. When he finishes his present contract the famous Western star plans to charter a boat in the South Seas and produce a travel film.

That's how Meriam Cooper got his start. The Marquis, Henry de la Falaise, tried it too, having just returned from his south seas trip with a lot of film and a touch of jungle fever.

Maynard is a camera enthusiast, having built up a large private library of reels he has taken in the Malay country, Mexico, Spain and other places where his jaunts have taken him. He filmed an alligator hunt in Mexico that is regarded as a fine piece of work. Now he plans an invasion of cannibal tribes in the Fiji group.

Miss Oberon to Marry Leslie Howard?

HOLLYWOOD GOSSIP explains the reason for the break-up of the Joe Schenck-Merle Oberon romance. It is whispered among the inner circles that the English beauty will marry Leslie Howard when he obtains his divorce.

Mr. Schenck's engagement to Miss Oberon was a nine day sensation in Hollywood when the news of it was flashed from Monte Carlo, where the noted producer was vacationing with Doug Fairbanks. It was even hinted that they had been secretly married.

Now it appears that the friendship of Miss Oberon and Mr. Howard is the real thing and will eventually result in their marriage.

HOLLYWOOD

Christmas Present for Powell

JEAN HARLOW's friendship for William Powell is still taken seriously in Hollywood. Although each has a circle of close friends, they find time to go places together, and are on all hostesses lists as a romantically inclined couple.

Bill is wearing a gorgeous silk scarf with his initials embroidered in black, and makes no secret of the fact that it is a Christmas gift from Jean.

Jimmy Dunn Writing Play for Shirley

JIMMY DUNN, who has teamed with Shirley Temple in several pictures, is going to write a play for his little pal. He ran across the idea in an old book, on which the copyright has expired, and Fox studio officials think he has found a fine vehicle for the talents of the six year old actress.

McLaglen Enlarging Cavalry

VICTOR MCLAGLEN, colonel of the McLaglen Light Horse, has leased a large tract of land between Hollywood and down town Los Angeles, and is having plans drawn for a polo field, stadium, and extensive quarters for his troopers. Arthur Guy Empey, famous author of *Over the Top*, and an ex-cavalryman, is in charge of drilling the McLaglen regiment, which now numbers 300 officers and mounted men.

Jean Harlow's "Forgetter"

JEAN HARLOW has a terrible memory for everything—except her lines. While she is always letter perfect in a picture rôle, in other matters she never can rely on her memory.

Accordingly she has formed the habit of relying on Blanche, her colored maid, who never fails to remember Jean's appointments.

The other day Jean hurried into the house and saw her maid.

"Oh, Blanche," she cried, "I haven't time now, but remember to remind me that I have something for you to remind me about!"

Bellamy Back from England

RALPH BELLAMY and his wife, Catherine Willard, returned from their trip to Europe with a truckload of furniture and wrought iron for their Connecticut farm house. They visited the Leslie Howards in England, and later spent some time in France.

Baby Jane's Menagerie

BEING THE parents of a three-year-old starlet has its disadvantages, as the fond mama and papa of Baby Jane discovered when their famous infant began to build up a regular menagerie of pets. It started with twelve pigeons, then Joan Bennett gave her a Persian kitten, and to celebrate her first starring picture, *Straight from the Heart* at Universal, another fan gave her two English toy shepherd dogs. Kennels had been finally found for these frisky pups and then a Scottie arrived, the gift of her director, Kurt Neumann. And what's worse, Baby Jane doesn't want to give up any of them!

FEBRUARY, 1935



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No Spik American

VALERIE HOBSON, the lovely young English actress engaged by Universal for *Rendezvous at Midnight*, as Ralph Bellamy's leading lady, is supposed to have an American accent in the picture. So she has concentrated mightily upon an American pronunciation, paying so much attention to this bothersome detail, in fact, that when a scene came along where she was supposed to cry, she couldn't summon a tear. She sat there, in gloomy meditation, while the cast waited. Not a tear. Finally the director waved her away, saying she could go off by herself until she could think of something to cry about. She got up and started off the set, and suddenly burst into tears.

"What are you crying about?" asked the director.

"I'm crying because I couldn't cry!" Miss Hobson exclaimed weepingly.

Letters That Might Have Been True

CAROLE LOMBARD doubtless would have married Russ Columbo, had he lived. After his tragic death, it was necessary to keep the news from Russ' mother, who has been gravely ill for many months. Accordingly his brother John asked Carole to write letters to Mrs. Columbo, inventing a trip for the singer. This she has done, though obviously the writing of such letters would prove a difficult commission for one so deeply hurt by his death. And who knows—perhaps those letters might have come true—letters from their honeymoon! Close friends of Carole's say that she lost weight and suffered a near breakdown from the tragedy.

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Hollywood FLASHES

Continued from page six

Dick Powell among the dozen or more guests... Ouida and Basil Rathburn staged a cocktail party at their Beverly residence on the eve of their departure for New York... Elsie Ferguson was there with hubby, Victor Egan, Pola Negri was cavaliered by John Alden Cooke, Gloria Swanson arrived with Herbert Marshall, as usual, Evelyn Laye with Frank Lawton and Anna Q. Nilsson with Newell Vanderhoff... others among the Rathburn guests included Theda Bara, Corinne Griffith, Walter Morosco, Violet Kemble Cooper, George Cukor, the Henry Stephensons and a host of others.

Now that Jimmy Cruze is occupying his new Flintridge estate, his Saturday night parties, with daughter Julie Cruze as hostess, are drawing heavy attendance... the elaborate Harold Lloyd estate was converted into a kiddies' Paradise when the Lloyds staged a gala function in honor of Shirley Temple and their own offspring... there was a double purpose behind Esther Ralston's dinner party at Coconut Grove, for the occasion marked the 35th wedding anniversary of her parents, the Harry Ralstons, veteran troupers, and the 34th birthday anniversary of her brother, Clarence Ralston.

Lorraine and Raoul Walsh honored Dixie and Bing Crosby at a dinner party, the guest list carrying the names of the Gene Markeys (Joan Bennett), the George Maurices (Diana Kane), the Robert Kanes, the Gardner Sullivans, Edmund Lowe and Desmond Gallagher... the Sam (Director) Woods hosted at a barbeque at their Lake Malibu ranch, with June Brewster, the Irving Pichels, Vivian Knickson, the John Klings, Elizabeth Zeller, the Francis Almons and a score of others among the merry-makers... cowboys provided the dance music and other entertainment.

Hollywood Romance

HERE'S ONE FOR the book: Jean Harlow and William Powell will NOT be married... widower Edmund Lowe and divorcee Virginia Bruce are two-ing it these evenings... Henry Wilcoxon and Mona Maris are interested in each other... Jean Chadburn has Bert Wheeler eating out her hand... Austin Parker, Miriam Hopkins' ex, is seen everywhere with Rita Fields, a divorcee... Marie Prevost and Jack Sparkman, a Wall Streeter, are on Cupid's list... the Herbert Mundins have patched up their domestic squabble... Jocelyn Lee, the erstwhile Mrs. Luther Reed, is wearing a new ring, placed on the proper finger by James Seymour... Jimmy Dunn's romance with Patsy Lee, the dancing lass, continues that hot... Madeline Hurlock, late Sennett star, will wed Robert Sherwood, the critic, as soon as she divorces Marc Connelly, the author... Claire Trevor is back from Gotham, and Vic Orsatti, the agent, is that happy... Eddie Sutherland and Pauline Sears are moon-struck... Doug

Frowley and Mary Ellis are swapping fibs... Marian Marsh and Joey Ray are sparking... Evelyn Brent, now divorcing Harry Edwards, is betrothed to Harry Fox, her vaudeville partner and former hubby of Jenny Dolly... Muriel Evans has changed her mind about marrying and giving up her career.

Star Fashions

CLAUDETTE COLBERT appeared at a recent function in a striking sheath of massed black bugle beads made in tunic silhouette with underskirt split to the knees in front, the back dissolving into a long train... with it, Claudette wore a wrap of silver fox... Jeanette MacDonald's new picture hat is weighted down with ostrich plumes... Adrian has designed an evening bag for Joan Crawford that measures 18 inches across and 12 inches in depth... it is made of black velvet with pique trim... one of Joan's newer evening gowns carries a modernized version of the hoop-skirt... Travis Banton has fashioned a three-cornered lace scarf for Marlene Dietrich that threatens to launch a new fad... it is to be worn as an evening hair protector by tying two of the points under the chin and permitting the third to dangle over the nose... Seen at the opera: Pola Negri in a gorgeous modern creation reflecting the Regency period with characteristic fullness of that mode... it was of black tulle over gold lamé and had an interesting detail of corded silk at throat and sleeves, the whole set off by an evening wrap of ermine... Marian Nixon's gown was of burgundy crêpe in heavy flowing lines with an enormous bow at each shoulder... the back waistline was caught up with silver rings, which in turn were held and accented with a belt of silver kid... Joan Bennett's attire was of tunic style in a "sheet metal" fabric, toned in woodland green, and its heavy modernness broken by bits of silver and ebony at the shoulders... her wrap was of green velvet and green dyed fox.

Hollywood Altar

IT WAS a Santa Barbara wedding for Evalyn Knapp and Dr. George Albert Snyder... Sari Maritza and the rich Sam Katz finally *ankled it*, and now they're honeymooning in the luxurious Beverly mansion that Stephen Ames gave Adrienne Ames in happier days... Ted Fio-Rito, orchestra king, who started to elope to Arizona with Florence Desmond a few months back, finally completed the journey with Madelyn La Salle... Ada Williams divorced William Ince one afternoon and announced her engagement to Ray Dodge, Olympic runner, that evening... Kathryn Crawford is deserting the movies to become the bride of James Egan, wealthy Detroitier... and don't be too surprised should the recently-severed Norman Kerrys pay the parson another visit before you read this.

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 Bradley, Grace: Paramount.
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 Breakstone, George: Free lance.
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 Brent, George: Warner Bros.
 Brewster, June: RKO-Radio.
 Brian, Mary: Free lance.
 Brisson, Carl: Paramount.
 Broderick, Helen: RKO-Radio.
 Brooks, Phyllis: Universal.
 Brown, Joe E.: Warner Bros.
 Brown, John Mack: Columbia.
 Brown, Tom: RKO-Radio.
 Browning, Lynn: Warner Bros.
 Bruce, Nigel: Fox.
 Bruce, Virginia: M-G-M.
 Burgess, Dorothy: Free lance.
 Burke, Billie: Free lance.
 Burns, George: Paramount.
 Butler, Jimmy: Paramount.
 Butterworth, Charles: M-G-M.
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 Cagney, Bill: Monogram.
 Cagney, James: Warner Bros.
 Campbell, Mrs. Pat: M-G-M.
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 Chatburn, Jean: M-G-M.
 Chatterton, Ruth: Free lance.
 Chevalier, Maurice: M-G-M.
 Christians, Mady: M-G-M.
 Clive, Colin: Warner Bros.
 Colbert, Claudette: Paramount.
 Collins, Cora Sue: M-G-M.
 Colman, Ronald: 20th Century.
 Connolly, Walter: Columbia.
 Cook, Donald: Columbia.
 Cooper, Gary: Paramount.
 Cooper, Jackie: M-G-M.
 Cortez, Ricardo: Warner Bros.
 Courtney, Inez: Columbia.
 Crabbe, Larry "Buster": Paramount.
 Crawford, Joan: M-G-M.
 Cromwell, Richard: Columbia.
 Crosby, Bing: Paramount.
 Crossman, Henrietta: Fox.
 Cummings, Constance: Free lance.
 Daniels, Bebe: Free lance.
 Dare, Dorothy: Warner Bros.
 Darro, Frankie: Free lance.
 Davies, Marion: Warner Bros.
 Davis, Bette: Warner Bros.
 Dee, Frances: RKO-Radio.
 Del Rio, Dolores: Warner Bros.
 De Mille, Katherine: Paramount.
 Devine, Andy: Free lance.
 Dietrich, Marlene: Paramount.
 Dix, Richard: RKO-Radio.
 Dodd, Claire: Warner Bros.
 Donat, Robert: United Artists.
 Donnelly, Ruth: Warner Bros.
 Douglas, Melvyn: Free lance.
 Doyle, Maxine: Warner Bros.
 Dragonette, Jessica: Paramount.
 Drake, Allyn: Columbia.
 Drake, Frances: Paramount.
 Dumbrielle, Douglas: Columbia.
 Duna, Steffi: RKO-Radio.
 Dunn, James: Fox.
 Dunne, Irene: RKO-Radio.
 Durant, Jack: Fox.
 Durante, Jimmy: M-G-M.
 Dvorak, Ann: Warner Bros.
 Eddy, Nelson: M-G-M.
 Eilers, Sally: Universal.
 Eldredge, John: Free lance.
 Ellis, Patricia: Warner Bros.
 Errol, Leon: Free lance.
 Erwin, Stuart: M-G-M.
 Evans, Madge: M-G-M.
 Evans, Muriel: M-G-M.
 Fairbanks, Douglas Jr.: United Artists.
 Fairbanks, Douglas Sr.: United Artists.
 Farrell, Glenda: Warner Bros.
 Farrell, Charles: Fox.
 Faversham, Phillip: Warner Bros.
 Fazenda, Louise: M-G-M.
 Faye, Alice: Fox.
 Fears, Peggy: Fox.
 Fetchit, Stepin: Fox.
 Fields, W. C.: Paramount.
 Foran, Nick: Fox.
 Forbes, Hazel: RKO-Radio.
 Forbes, Ralph: Free lance.
 Ford, Wallace: Free lance.
 Foster, Norman: Fox.
 Foster, Preston: M-G-M.
 Fox, Sidney: RKO-Radio.
 Francis, Kay: Warner Bros.
 Frawley, William: Paramount.
 Fritchie, Barbara: Paramount.
 Fuller, Frances: Paramount.
 Furness, Betty: M-G-M.
 Gable, Clark: M-G-M.
 Gallagher, Skeets: RKO-Radio.
 Gallian, Ketti: Fox.
 Garbo, Greta: M-G-M.
 Gargan, William: Warner Bros.
 Garon, Pauline: Warner Bros.
 George, Gladys: M-G-M.
 Gibson, Wynne: Free lance.
 Gilbert, John: Free lance.
 Gill, Gwenllian: Paramount.
 Gombell, Minna: Free lance.
 Gordon C. Henry: M-G-M.
 Grant, Cary: Paramount.
 Gear, Geraine: Warner Bros.

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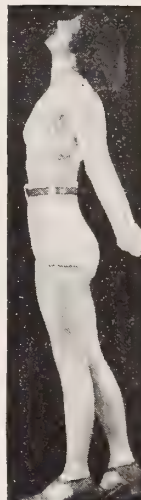


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Hatton, Raymond: Free lance.
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Healy, Ted: M-G-M.
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Henry, Louise: M-G-M.
Hepburn, Katharine: RKO-Radio.
Herbert, Hugh: Warner Bros.
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Hervey, Irene: M-G-M.
Hobson, Valerie: Universal.
Holloway, Sterling: Fox.
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Howard, Leslie: Warner Bros.
Hudson, Rochelle: Fox.
Hull, Henry: Universal.
Huntley, G. P. Jr.: Universal.
Huston, Walter: Free lance.
Hutchinson, Josephine: Warner Bros.
Hyams, Leila: Hyams.
Imhof, Roger: Fox.
Jarrett, Arthur: RKO-Radio.
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Jewell, Isabel: M-G-M.
Johnson, Kay: RKO-Radio.
Jolson, Al: Warner Bros.
Jones, Buck: Universal.
Jordan, Dorothy: RKO-Radio.
Jory, Victor: Columbia.
Judge, Arline: Free lance.
Karloff, Boris: Universal.
Karns, Roscoe: Paramount.
Keaton, Buster: Fox.
Keating, Fred: Columbia.
Keeler, Ruby: Warner Bros.
Keene, Tom: Free lance.
Kelly, Patsy: M-G-M.
Kelly, Paul: 20th Century.
Kelton, Pert: RKO-Radio.
Kenyon, Doris: Free lance.
Kibbee, Guy: Warner Bros.
Knapp, Evalyn: Universal.
Knight, June: M-G-M.
Kruger, Otto: M-G-M.
Lally, Howard: Fox.
Landi, Elissa: Paramount.
Lang, June: Fox.
Langdon, Harry: Columbia.
LaRue, Jack: Free lance.
Laughton, Charles: M-G-M.
Laurel, Stan: M-G-M.
Lawton, Frank: Universal.
Laye, Evelyn: M-G-M.
Lederer, Francis: RKO-Radio.
Lee, Dorothy: RKO-Radio.
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Lombard, Carole: Paramount.
Lord, Pauline: Paramount.
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Louise, Anita: Warner Bros.
Lowe, Edmund: Columbia.
Loy, Myrna: M-G-M.
Lugosi, Bela: Universal.
Lukas, Paul: Universal.
Lund, Lucille: Mascot.
Lupino, Ida: Paramount.
Lyon, Ben: Free lance.
MacDonald, Jeanette: M-G-M.
Mack, Helen: Paramount.
MacMahon, Aline: Warner Bros.
Manners, David: Free lance.
Mannors, Sheila: Columbia.
March, Fredric: 20th Century.
Margo: Paramount.
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McCoy, Col. Tim: Columbia.
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Morris, Chester: Universal.
Morrison, Joe: Paramount.
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Neagle, Anna: United Artists.
Nixon, Marian: Free lance.
Novarro, Ramon: M-G-M.
Oakie, Jack: Paramount.
O'Brien, George: Fox.
O'Brien, Pat: Warner Bros.
O'Connell, Hugh: Universal.
Oland, Warner: Universal.
Oliver, Edna May: Universal.
O'Sullivan, Maureen: M-G-M.
Overman, Lynne: Paramount.
Owen, Reginald: Free lance.
Pallette, Eugene: Free lance.
Parker, Cecelia: M-G-M.
Parker, Jean: M-G-M.
Parrish, Gigi: Monogram.
Paterson, Pat: Fox.
Patrick, Gail: Paramount.
Pendleton, Nat: M-G-M.
Penner, Joe: Paramount.
Pickford, Mary: United Artists.
Pinchot, Rosamond: M-G-M.
Pine, Virginia: Columbia.
Pitts, ZaSu: Universal.
Powell, Dick: Warner Bros.
Powell, William: M-G-M.
Pryor, Roger: Universal.
Quillan, Eddie: Free lance.
Raft, George: Paramount.
Rains, Claude: Universal.
Ralston, Esther: Free lance.
Rankin, Arthur: Columbia.
Ratoff, Gregory: RKO-Radio.
Ray, Charles: Free lance.
Raymond, Gene: Columbia.
Reed, Phillip: Warner Bros.
Rice, Florence: Columbia.
Rhodes, Erik: RKO-Radio.
Robbins, Barbara: RKO-Radio.
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Robinson, Edward G.: Warner Bros.
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Rogers, Ginger: RKO-Radio.
Rogers, Will: Fox.
Roland, Gilbert: Fox.
Romero, Cesar: Universal.
Rooney, Mickey: M-G-M.
Ross, Lanny: Paramount.
Ross, Shirley: M-G-M.
Roulien, Raul: Fox.
Ruggles, Charles: Paramount.
Rumann, Siegfried: Fox.
Russell, Rosalind: M-G-M.
Sabin, Charles: Columbia.
Savo, Jimmy: Paramount.
Schildkraut, Joseph: Columbia.
Scott, Randolph: Paramount.
Seward, Billie: Columbia.
Shannon, Peggy: Free lance.
Shea, Gloria: Monogram.
Shearer, Norma: M-G-M.
Sheridan, Lou: Paramount.
Shirley, Anne: RKO-Radio.
Sidney, Sylvia: Paramount.
Skipworth, Alison: Paramount.
Sleeper, Martha: M-G-M.
Smith, C. Aubrey: United Artists.
Smith, Queenie: Paramount.
Sothorn, Ann: Columbia.
Standing, Sir Guy: Paramount.
Stanwyck, Barbara: Warner Bros.
Starrett, Charles: Warner Bros.
Sten, Anna: Samuel Goldwyn.
Stephenson, Henry: M-G-M.
Stevens, Onslow: Universal.
Stone, Lewis: M-G-M.
Stuart, Gloria: Universal.
Sullivan, Margaret: Universal.
Sullivan, Francis L.: Universal.
Summerville, Slim: Universal.
Swanson, Gloria: M-G-M.
Talbot, Lyle: Warner Bros.
Taylor, Kent: Paramount.
Taylor, Robert: M-G-M.
Teasdale, Verree: Warner Bros.
Temple, Shirley: Fox.
Thomas, Adele: RKO-Radio.
Thomas, Frankie: RKO-Radio.
Thomas, Jameson: Monogram.
Tobin, Genevieve: Warner Bros.
Todd, Thelma: RKO-Radio.
Tone, Franchot: M-G-M.
Torrence, David: Free lance.
Tracy, Lee: Paramount.
Tracy, Spencer: Fox.
Tree, Dorothy: Warner Bros.
Trevor, Claire: Fox.
Turpin, Ben: Free lance.
Twelvetees, Helen: Fox.
Vallee, Rudy: Warner Bros.
Velez, Lupe: M-G-M.
Venable, Evelyn: Paramount.
Vinson, He'len: Free lance.
Vischer, Blanca: Fox.
Wadsworth, Henry: M-G-M.
Walburn, Raymond: Columbia.
Walters, Polly: Universal.
Walshall, Henry B.: Fox.
Watson, Lucille: M-G-M.
Weissmuller, Johnny: M-G-M.
Westcott, Gordon: Warner Bros.
Wheeler & Woolsey: RKO-Radio.
Wilcox, Harry: Paramount.
William, Warren: Warner Bros.
Williams, Hugh: Fox.
Wing, Pat: Warner Bros.
Wing, Toby: Paramount.
Woods, Donald: Warner Bros.
Wray, Fay: Columbia.
Wyatt, Jane: Universal.
Wynyard, Diana: M-G-M.
Young, Loretta: 20th Century.
Young, Robert: M-G-M.

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Fox Studios, Movietone City, Westwood, Calif.
Samuel Goldwyn Studios, 7210 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
Mascot Studios, 6001 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.
Monogram Studios, 1040 N. Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Calif.
Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Calif.
RKO-Studios, 780 Gower St., Los Angeles, Calif.
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29x4.75-20	2.50	0.95	30x6.00-18	3.40	1.15		
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THE

by W. H. FAWCETT
Publisher of HOLLYWOOD Magazine

Publisher's Page

The publisher introduces Joe E. Brown as this month's guest editor in the stars' own magazine for their fans

A Star's Duty

MOVIE STARS TALK a great deal about their artistic obligations to their fans—the constant need to keep their films up to the accepted standard of excellence. This is very fine.

But in my opinion, it is equally important for players to bear in mind their moral responsibilities toward their admiring public and conduct their personal affairs so that their example will be elevating to their fan following.

I do not mean by this that every star has to wear a perpetual mantle of solemnity and dignified gloom nor do I feel they have to sing psalms, but I do feel very strongly that all stars should be most careful about their actions and appearances in public places and see to it that they set a wholesome example.

In brief, I believe that a movie star has the opportunity to do much good and likewise to exert a detrimental influence. As the father of a family, perhaps I am inclined to take this aspect of my business too seriously but I do not think so.

Hollywood can be proud of the way film stars generally are rearing their children. There is a fine group of young people growing up in the film colony and the second generation of screen names will do credit to us all.

Stars Can't Cheat

BEFORE PEOPLE TAKE reports of the wild life in Hollywood too seriously, they should remember that no actor can cheat the camera. Dissipation and loss of sleep show up in spite of anything that can be done.

A nine o'clock studio call means getting up at 6:30 and it's a lucky day when the "shooting" is done by six at night. An hour to take off make-up and put on street clothes makes it seven o'clock before the player is home for dinner. That doesn't leave much of the evening if one is to get the seven or eight hours of sleep necessary before facing the camera the next day.

Hollywood people can't be cheaters and stay on the screen. Remember that the next time you hear about the wild life in Hollywood.

I hope Hollywood never grows so big that there is no vacant lots left for the children. Children can't play in a garden back-yard, they need room to dig caves and play Indian. A vacant lot is an asset to any community. We should have more of them.

Snappy Dressers

IF HOLLYWOOD ACTORS dressed as colorfully as Hollywood directors do, there would be real cause for alarm.

The actor doesn't dare dress that way. Only directors seem to get away with it.



Joe E. Brown made you laugh in Six Day Bike Rider but there's a serious side to Joe, too, which you will find as you read this page

Hollywood Changes

ONE DOES NOT have to be an old-timer in pictures to remember a kind of Hollywood Christmas which must have given Santa vertigo.

The stars gave each other platinum and diamond doo-dads, and sent their directors sport roadsters or square-cut emeralds. The prop boy who didn't get three or four wrist watches and a dozen fat checks knew he was losing his popularity.

Script girls who had been just ordinarily efficient might receive anything from a set of expensive books to a chest of silver. In fact, costly gifts were showered in greatest profusion upon everyone connected with the studio.

It was different this Christmas!

Almost everybody in the motion picture business bought sensible gifts and very few of them. Those who had money to spare, quietly bought necessities for the poor. Hollywood has learned a lot of things from the depression and this year's Christmas proved it.

On my visit to China last year I found that it is no place for a movie actor to "get away from it all." The Chinese don't want autographs but they like to see and touch the player. But I liked the Chinese because their friendly attitude was unusually genuine.

Meeting the Fans

WHILE THERE is no doubt that actors frequently are imposed upon in an outrageous manner by persons who induce them to make public appearances at charitable and other functions, I do not agree with certain artists who contend that such outside activities are harmful to their careers.

They declare that appearing thus before the public without the glamour of the screen destroys their illusion. Granting that this is true in some cases, I believe that many stars allege this simply as an excuse to avoid appearances.

Personally, I get a big kick out of meeting my fans. These meetings have been of the greatest assistance to me in my movie career.

The very finest Sunday dinner in the world is still that unbeatable combination: fried spring chicken and ice cream—served separately of course. I can't understand why we don't have more of these kind of dinners. (Mrs. Brown, please note.)

Joe E. Brown



NEW ORLEANS

GULF COAST

FLORIDA

CALIFORNIA

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Hollywood

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GINGER ROGERS

THE SECRET OF
CHARMING MEN

...BY CLAUDETTE COLBERT

Enjoy life! Dare to make yourself as attractive as you can be! Begin with the magnetism and beauty of your mouth. It is well known by actresses that **Double Mint** gum enjoyed daily keeps the lips vibrant and well-shaped.

Lovely lips tempt and tease, making women greatly admired!



P 53



"SHOCKING!" —SAYS EDITOR OF VOGUE
"SPLENDID!" —SAYS YOUR OWN DENTIST



IT ISN'T BEING DONE, BUT IT'S *One Way* TO PREVENT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

THE most shocking picture I ever saw," says Edna Woolman Chase, Editor of Vogue. "Any woman who behaved like that would *never* receive another dinner invitation."

But there's nothing shocking about it to America's dentists.

"Splendid," would be your own dentist's verdict. "This is a true educational picture, a graphic lesson in the proper use of the teeth. If we moderns ate as vigorously, if all of us ate more rough, coarse food, we dentists would hear a lot less about tender, sensitive, ailing gums."

Dental science explains that since soft, creamy foods have displaced coarse, raw fare, gums suffer. They get sluggish and often so tender that "pink tooth brush" has become a very common warning.

DON'T NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

"Pink tooth brush" is well known to your dentist. He knows that serious troubles, such as gingivitis, pyorrhea and Vincent's disease may follow. And he knows that massage is needed to stimulate and firm your gums.

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your teeth. Each time, rub a little extra Ipana on the gums. For Ipana with massage helps restore gums to healthy firmness.

Start cleaning your teeth and massaging your gums with Ipana—today. Your teeth will be brighter, your gums firmer. And you can forget "pink tooth brush."

WHY WAIT FOR THE TRIAL TUBE?

Send the coupon below, if you like. But a trial tube can be, at best, only an introduction. Why not buy the full-size tube today and begin to get Ipana's definite advantages *now*—a month of scientific dental care . . . 100 brushings . . . brighter teeth and healthier gums.



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"IF I KISS YOU NOW....
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Helen Hayes and Robert Montgomery gave to the screen an unforgettable love thrill when they appeared together in "Another Language". Now they are co-starred in one of the greatest love stories of our time, Hugh Walpole's famed "Vanessa". When Helen Hayes says: "He has the devil in him...but I love him" she echoes the thought of many a girl who adores a beloved rogue. M-G-M promises you the first truly gripping romantic hit of 1935!



HELEN HAYES
ROBERT
MONTGOMERY

in HUGH WALPOLE'S NOVEL

Vanessa

HER LOVE STORY

with

LEWIS STONE • MAY ROBSON
OTTO KRUGER

A William Howard Production • Produced by David O. Selznick
Directed by William K. Howard



A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

MARCH
1935

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Hollywood

Edited in Hollywood

Vol. 24 No. 3



W. H. FAWCETT, Publisher

DOUGLAS LURTON, Managing Editor

J. EUGENE CHRISMAN, Western Editor

Notes from the Editor's Cuff

WILL ROGERS now wears filmland's laurel wreath—the title of "America's Most Popular Star." . . . A year ago, it belonged to Marie Dressler, his late great friend, for whose posthumous autobiography he wrote a foreword . . . But the rise of Star No. 2 to Position No. 1 is hardly a surprise. The surprises are in the next nine—as revealed by a trade publication's check-up of box-office receipts (which always tell the story) . . . Clark Gable now is Star No. 2. Following him, in the order named, are: Janet Gaynor, Wallace Beery, Mae West, Joan Crawford, Bing Crosby, Shirley Temple, Norma Shearer and Katharine Hepburn . . . Another surprise: New York tailors name Warner Baxter, not Adolphe Menjou, as Hollywood's Best-Dressed Man. When Adolphe throws four or five thousands in the tailors' direction every year! . . . A newspaper feature writer, selecting The Outstanding Women of the Past Year, names Shirley Temple for the movies. Who wouldn't? . . . The reason why Bing Crosby won't accept British offers is that he heard that movie stars in Blighty wear frock coats and topers. He can't part from that old sweater and fedora!



Will Rogers

Of Interest to All Fans



Helen Hayes

HELEN HAYES—screen, stage and radio star, and successful wife and mother—harbors still another ambition: She wants to try directing . . . It's a field uncrowded with women; there's only one in the business—Dorothy Arzner . . . Joan Crawford has been handed a new three-year contract at a heavy salary boost—though her current agreement had eighteen months to go . . . Ultra-violet rays will open doors, serve as burglar alarms and perform numerous other miracles in the home being built by Claudette Colbert . . . Lionel Barrymore wasn't willing when his bosses wanted to move him from his old dressing quarters into a swanky new suite. There would be no room, it seems, for his etching press and other hobby paraphernalia. So now they've fixed him a bungalow in the studio "jungle," where he can etch to his heart's content . . . Speaking of movie etchers, James Cagney has done enough marine scenes to be invited to have an exhibition. In New York, at that . . . Charles Bickford wrote *Lampblack* and sold it to Universal; now they want him for the lead . . . Moral: write your own ticket to movie fame!

Does Shirley Temple Lead a Normal Life?

Everyone wants to know the answer. And every reader of HOLLYWOOD Magazine will have the answer in the April issue—an intimate revelation of what the Wonder Child does when she isn't acting.

Another informative, authoritative HOLLYWOOD feature!

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—Wide World
Like our news sleuth, Ben Lyon aims to get a bird's-eye view of Hollywood. So up he goes—with an air camera

Hollywood FLASHES

Valentines

MADGE BELLAMY—making a comeback at Fox—is Eph Asher's new flame. . . . It begins to look like wedding bells for Marjorie King and the wealthy Bernie Toplitsky. . . . If you don't believe that Lyle Talbot and Peggy Walters are serious, you should hear Peggy "Mama-ing" and "Papa-ing" Lyle's parents. . . . Tallulah Bankhead had a New York millionaire showering her with sparklers. . . . Norman Krasna, boyish scenarist, admits a terrific yen for Margaret Lamarr. . . . Lois January and Freddie Harris are very, very much thataway.

The Ernst Lubitsch-Sheila Mannors heart-throb continues apace, with a diamond bracelet as Ernst's newest gift to her. . . . Ann Sheridan is the cream in Randolph Scott's coffee at the moment. . . . Doris Dawson and Nick Stuart are suffering from high temperatures. . . . Philip Reed is carving an important niche in Glenda Farrell's heart. . . . Betty Furness and William Henry are throbbing. . . . Director W. S. Van Dyke and Ruth Mannix, the producer's daughter, are discussing Yuma air schedules. . . .

The Pola Negri-Harold McCormick romance isn't entirely off; the Harvester magnate was Pola's guest at a recent Hollywood visit. . . . Pat De Cicco (Thelma Todd's Ex—who became an actor in *Night Life of the Gods*) now centers all of his attention on Margot Grahame, the London import. . . . Jeanette Loff and Bert Friedlob have patched up their differences. . . . Georgie Hale, dance director, has erased Billie Seward's phone number and now dials Maxine Doyle's. . . . Lily Pons, the Metropolitan songbird, en route to Hollywood for a flicker engagement, declares that her impending marriage to Dr. Fritz Please turn to page eighty-five

With the NEWS SLEUTH

by HAL E. WOOD

Insidelights on both the public and private lives of the stars—the ones who are news!

Marriage for Ronnie?

TRANSATLANTIC 'PHONE LINES are drawing a big play from Ronald (*Clive of India*) Colman, now that Jane Baxter, beautiful and talented British actress, has returned to London after a fling at American talkies.

Jane, I am told, is the first charmer to awaken Ronnie's romantic interest since his divorce last Summer from Thelma Raye, from whom he was estranged for so many years.

Colman put aside his hermit-like existence during Jane's sojourn, and was frequently seen squiring her at the night clubs and other spots that attract the picture folk. And now that he is free to marry again, his friends wouldn't be surprised if he made the leap with Jane on his next journey to England.

She Has Only to Ask!

GLORIA SWANSON is responsible for that new hirsute adornment on Herbert Marshall's upper lip. "Bart," believe it or not, nurtured the nifty mustachios at her special request!

Garbo Stays On

GRETA GARBO WILL continue her histrionic efforts in this country for another two years, at least, reports from overseas notwithstanding. The Glamorous One has long nursed an ambition to return to her native Stockholm and star in her own legitimate theatre, but that is something for the future. She is scheduled for *Anna Karenina* (which she made in silents as *Love*) and then will probably do *Jeanne d'Arc*. Greta's new contract with Metro has a year to run, but there are even heavier anchors holding her in this port.

Wise to the ways of handling her business affairs, she is eager to make all the financial hay possible while her sun is shining. And the place to do that is in Hollywood, rather than in Sweden.

Smoke Over Garbo

IF ALL THE smoke raised over the Garbo-George Brent association means anything, there's a cheerful blaze at the bottom of it. Hollywood scribblers are making reams of copy over the fact that Garbo gave George the first autographed photo she has handed out in years, that they dine together frequently, and that Garbo is wearing smiles these days, both on the screen and off it.

Von Fights Back

IF THE CRITICS don't vote his *Caprice Espagnol*, starring Marlene Dietrich, a celluloid masterpiece, Director Josef von Sternberg is going to be the world's most disappointed man.

Both the megaphonist and the star have gone at their final production as a team with a vengeance, because of the manner in which the reviewers maltreated their *Scarlet Empress*—his artistic experiment to make photography more important than plot. Throughout preparation, shooting and cutting on the new vehicle, the pair of them toiled from fourteen to eighteen hours daily.

Caprice Espagnol marks a deliberate attempt on von Sternberg's part to give visual evidence of La Dietrich's unique ability as a dramatic actress.

When Marlene Sups

AFTER ONE OF their long night sessions in the cutting room, Marlene Dietrich, hubby Rudolph Sieber and Josef von Sternberg sat down to a picnic lunch concocted in the true German manner. It consisted of Gorgonzola cheese, apples, Please turn to page eight



—Wide World
Their romance started in England, but Hollywood gave Frank Lawton and Evelyn Laye the marriage idea. And did their elopement bowl over the columnists!

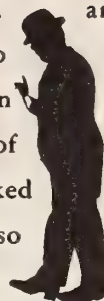
HOLLYWOOD

The Object of Her Affections

By JAMES A. DANIELS



She had dreamed about him all her life. • She wanted him more than anything else in the world and she travelled all the way from Red Gap, U.S.A. to Europe to get him! • And furthermore, she got her man, even if she had to win him in a poker game!



And what woman wouldn't to get the perfect servant? • All of which explains how Ruggles, the perfect British valet, found himself pitch-forked into the rough-and-ready American frontier town of Red Gap. • All of which also explains how

Charles Laughton, winner of the 1933



Academy Award for his serious

screen charac-

terizations, gets his first big comedy chance in

the title role of Paramount's "Ruggles of Red Gap".

Laughton has always wanted to play comedy on

the screen. He had scored effectively in this type of

role on the stage. But screen producers continued

to cast him in such parts as the mad doctor in "The Island

of Lost Souls", Emperor Nero in "The Sign of

The Cross" and as that doughty ruler of Britain, "Henry

VIII". • Then came "Ruggles of Red Gap"—and Laughton's comedy chance. And how he plays it! • As

Ruggles, the perfect servant in the Harry Leon Wilson story, Laughton comes to America in the employment of

the socially-minded Mary Boland of Red Gap. His particular mission is to "civilize" Cousin Egbert, as played

by the inimitable Charlie Ruggles. Every woman has a Cousin Egbert lurking in the background. But what happens

to the prim English valet in the

land of the free furnishes one of the most hilarious comedy

plots ever concocted. • Just to

add to the general hilarity, the cast also includes Roland

Young, Zasu Pitts and Lucien

Littlefield. • But watch Laughton as a comedian. Watch

the manner in which

he gets howls of laughter with a lift of the eyebrows,

a gesture of the

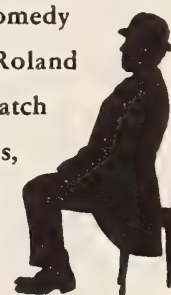
hands, a swift change of facial expression. Even

his walk is funny!

That's the new and surprising Charles Laughton

who makes his bow

as a funny man in "Ruggles of Red Gap".



(Advertisement)



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● Records show that Greyhound travel is more than 7 times as safe as private car travel—in any weather. Greyhound has won the National Safety Council's highest award for intercity bus fleets every year.

● Comfort features include deeply-cushioned reclining chairs, and controlled warmth from Tropic-Aire heaters.

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FW3

With the NEWS SLEUTH

Continued from page six

German sausage, pumpernickel bread and —BEER!

Marlene and her mate continue to have the best understanding of any Hollywood couple. The German actress appeared at the Trocadero to other night with the Egyptian Prince Felixe Rolo in tow, and the following evening attended the Mayfair Ball with Director Rouben Mamoulian as her escort.

Rudy was toiling at a directorial assignment.

The Way of a Woman

SHIRLEY TEMPLE STROLLED into the sanctum of Winfield Sheehan, Fox chief, the other afternoon, climbed into his lap, placed her arms about his neck and planted a resounding smack on the Sheehan cheek. And there was method in her madness, too.

Shirley wanted that Pinkie doll she used in her current picture. What's more, she got it!

Gloom for Shirley

AN UNTHINKING FEMALE has robbed Shirley Temple of her greatest pleasure—shopping.

The woman, one of a mob that was trailing Shirley and her mother on a tour of a department store, reached out and snipped off one of the star's curls. Mrs. Temple now has issued an order that she is to be kept away from crowded places.

And because he does not want Shirley spoiled, Boss Sheehan has inserted three new clauses in her contract. Henceforth, she must be in bed by eight o'clock in the evening, is not allowed to eat with the other actors in the studio commissary, and will not be permitted to make personal appearances in theatres.

He's in Demand

HOLLYWOOD PRODUCERS ARE bemoaning the fact that there is only one Robert Donat, whose American-made *Count of* Please turn to page ten

ARRIVING



—Wide World

When Leslie Howard returned to America alone, the wise ones solemnly nodded and said, "Aha!" But Mrs. Howard, their daughter, Leslie, and their son, Ronald, took practically the next boat to join him. Ronald, who otherwise resembles his famous father, aspires to be a newspaperman. His F. F., who has just finished reading "Anthony Adverse," may soon start the picture version

DEPARTING



Frank Buck, who brings 'em back alive—with pictures to prove it, heads for the Malay jungle again. Mrs. Buck goes along—to the jungle's edge

PRINCESS PERSONALITY HERSELF!



THE GIRL WHO CAN DO EVERYTHING
IN THE MUSICAL ROMANCE
THAT HAS EVERYTHING!

Jessie Matthews
in **EVERGREEN**

THE STORY WAS TOO BEAUTIFUL FOR
WORDS...SO THEY SET IT TO MUSIC

By Benn W. Levy
Music by Rodgers & Hart and Harry M. Woods

Directed by
VICTOR SAVILLE

OUTSTANDING SENSATION OF RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL

**COMING TO YOUR
FAVORITE THEATRE**

•
GEORGE ARLISS in
THE IRON DUKE
JACK HULBERT in JACK AHoy
EVELYN LAYE-HENRY WILCOXON
in PRINCESS CHARMING • •
NOVA PILBEAM in LITTLE FRIEND
CHU CHIN CHOW • POWER
EVELYN LAYE in EVENSong
MAN OF ARAN • • • •



**GAUMONT
BRITISH
PRODUCTIONS**



....UNTIL you see
the surface skin blemishes
she has tried to cover up

DO YOU have those occasional little pimples that come sometimes from a temporary internal disorder, or perhaps from clogged, sluggish pores? You probably do—almost every woman suffers this embarrassment now and then.

Don't try to cover up these surface defects with cosmetics, which won't really conceal—*get rid of them instead.* You can clear them up so easily and quickly by giving nature a little external aid with Resinol Ointment and Soap, to hasten the healing process.

It is refreshing to breathe the tonic-like fragrance of Resinol Soap and to feel its light foamy lather cleansing and stimulating your skin as you gently work it into the pores. It rinses easily, too, and leaves the skin ready for the soothing medication of Resinol Ointment. This special medication relieves the soreness and redness and helps to quickly heal pimply spots. Made from a doctor's formula, it is safe for the most sensitive skin and it does not smart or sting.

All druggists sell Resinol Ointment and Soap. Supply yourself today—use them freely as directed and you will be delighted with the improvement in your skin. For free sample of each, write Resinol, Dept. 8-B, Baltimore, Md.



With the NEWS SLEUTH

Continued from page eight

Monte Cristo still is cleaning up at the box-offices. Every studio in town is angling for Donat's services, but to date he has given the nod to only three.

Paramount will star the newcomer in *Peter Ibbetson*, while Warner Brothers have signed him for *Captain Blood*, which was one of the late Milton Sills' best silent vehicles. Then Donat owes one more production to Edward Small, the independent producer, who introduced him to the fans over here. It will probably be *Beau Brummel*.

Time Will Tell!

THE JEAN HARLOW-WILLIAM POWELL interest in each other — both on the screen and off—has the Filmtown gossipers divided into two camps.

"Why is Jean supervising the decoration and furnishing of Bill's new mansion unless she's to be Mrs. Powell?" demand the "wills." The "won'ts" answer, "Two unhappy matrimonial ventures are enough for Bill. He'll never wed again."

Maurice an Eyeful

PERHAPS IT WAS in anticipation of the opening of Los Angeles' new racetrack that Maurice Chevalier had his Paris tailor ship him all that ultra-noisy wearing apparel.

Included in the trunks was a black-and-white suit, the checks in which measure one inch square. Then there was an overcoat with checks—and no kidding, either—that are two inches in length and breadth!

Comtesse His Real Heart?

CINEMA TONGUES ARE wagging word that the Comtesse de Maigret of Paris has succeeded to top place in Maurice's affections. And all because the Frenchman used her name to head his list of the ten most fascinating women.

"The Comtesse comes first," he explained, "because the moment I set eyes on her I was fascinated. I am not prejudiced, either, for she is of Swedish birth, and is the widow of a young French nobleman. She has been on the stage, and should she be brought to the screen, she would, I predict, become the most glamorous of all stars. A brunette, she is tall and slender, and is radiant in both mind and body."

Watson, my spyglass in a hurry!

A Bow to Clara

IN ADDITION To the Comtesse, Maurice's list of fascinators includes the names of Clare Brokaw, New York author, Kay Francis, Marlene Dietrich, Madeleine Carroll, Greta Garbo, Norma Shearer, Clara Bow, Loretta Young and Anabella, French screen actress.

"Clara Bow," Maurice said, "is a memory of the past that I shall never forget. She had an insouciance toward life that was wonderful, yet was her tragedy. She was a child thrust into the stream of life, untaught and too happy to take heed of its undercurrents."

Please turn to page eighty-seven



Director Scott Beal, heeding that Share-a-Meal cry, takes pity on a hungry movie star who also likes home-cooked food—Mary Astor. Between picnics, they have been working together on *Straight from the Heart*

SUPPOSE *You* BECAME A HOLLYWOOD STAR



ANNE SHIRLEY charms her way to stardom in RKO-RADIO's "Ann of Green Gables"

You'd learn this about **BEAUTIFUL HAIR**

AN EXPERT Hollywood hair stylist would study your facial contours and design special hairdress styles that would give your personality the most character, glamour and allure. But first, you would be advised to get a good permanent wave. A wave, soft and natural in appearance. You would be cautioned to make sure the permanent waver used only the finest waving solution and fresh clean pads. You would be warned that movie stars dare not take the slightest chance with the beauty of their hair. If you asked your studio hair stylist to recommend a wave, he might say, "89 Hollywood Beauty Shops feature DUART WAVES and there must be a reason for these shops serve the world's most famous, most particular patrons—the Hollywood Stars."

Now even though you may not be a Hollywood star, you are a star in a daily drama with your own friends, husband or sweetheart whose admiration and desire you wish to inspire. And you can have all the pleasure and enjoyment of a naturally beautiful DUART WAVE because there is a beauty salon near you equipped to give you a genuine DUART WAVE, with all the quality features that have made this wave the Choice of the Hollywood Stars. Prices may vary with the style of coiffure and the artistic reputation of the operator.

WAVE OIL

If your hair is inclined to be dry, too fluffy or unruly after shampooing, use a few drops of DUART PERMANENT WAVE OIL. It makes the hair soft, silky and radiant, adding to the life and beauty of your wave. Delicately scented. Not gummy or greasy. If you do not find Duart Permanent Wave Oil in your beauty salon, use coupon below. SEND 15 CENTS for full size bottle.



**SEND COUPON
FOR TRIAL**



HAIR RINSE · 12 SHADES

Hollywood beauty experts recommend a correct shade of DUART RINSE after every shampoo. It rinses away the invisible particles of soap that dull the natural sheen and brilliance of your hair. And it adds a tiny tint—just enough to give a touch of shimmering sunlight to the natural color of your hair. It is NOT a dye—NOT a bleach. Look for Duart Rinse at your beauty salon, drug store or use the coupon below. Each 10-cent package contains TWO rinses of the same shade.

DUART ★
Choice of the Hollywood Stars

Send 10c for Duart Rinse · 15c for P. W. Oil

Black
Dark Brown
Chestnut Brown
Titian Reddish Brown
Henna
Golden Brown
Titian Reddish Blonde
White or Gray (Platinum)
Ash Blonde
Medium Brown
Golden Blonde
Light Golden Blonde

Mark
choice
of shade

Mail to Duart Mfg. Co.,
Ltd., 984 Folsom St.,
San Francisco, Calif.

☐ Check here for full size
bottle of Duart Permanent
Wave Oil. Send 15c.

Name.....

Address.....

State.....

10 Ways to Avoid Divorce —Maybe

Mrs. Harmon O. Nelson, Jr. has tested them,
herself—"and they have worked"

by *Bette Davis*

IN A WAY I am writing this article under protest because I am afraid that you who read it will be thinking, "Who does she imagine she is—the model wife?" I know I'm not! There are days when I do all the things I believe a wife shouldn't, and if my husband reads these thoughts of mine, he will probably groan, "I only wish she would carry them out!" But at least I do know when I'm wrong.

When I was ten years old, you see, my mother and father were divorced. Naturally this has a tremendous effect on a child, and ever since, consciously and unconsciously, I have studied marriage and tried to discover why so many marriages crack up. I formed definite theories on the subject and they have worked out successfully, so far, in my own marriage.

Freedom, I believe, is one of the essentials of a happy marriage. Freedom in big things and freedom in little things. Some wives make a fatal mistake of trying to rule their husbands' lives, and men are dominating creatures who cannot be ruled by anyone! For instance, some women believe that if they allow their husbands freedom to enjoy the companionship of other women, they will lose them. *I believe the exact opposite is true.* A wife can't lose her husband faster than by telling him what to do and whom to go out with. And this works the other way around. If my husband tried to dictate to me, I'd do the very thing he had forbidden—out of spite!

I don't believe there is a married man or woman living who won't meet someone of the opposite sex who is attractive! I know that every now and then I meet a man who intrigues me, and my husband says, "Go ahead and go out with him if you want—it's none of my business!" This is the sensible view. It might make a fatal triangle out of a purely temporary attraction for the husband or wife to stage a scene and command, "Look here, we're married and you've got to stay home!"

I would feel as if I were killing my marriage if I ever did such a thing to Harmon. I married my husband because I love and trust him, and I'm perfectly willing to leave such things to his own discretion. If I kept him from knowing another woman, he might make a big thing out of a little thing, and always have in his heart the feeling, "There's someone I might have been fond of!"

● Fortunately we have more sense about this now than in the days when a momentary attraction was a good reason for divorce. We realize that these fascinations are usually temporary, and don't mean a thing compared to the love a man feels for his wife.

This same idea of freedom applies to all the little things people always tell you are so important in marriage. But you can't realize how important until you're married yourself! My husband and I each have our own work, our amusements, and our friends. We give each other the freedom to retain our separate individualities.

He is always after me to learn to play golf with him, but I think it's swell that I don't. It's *right* for him to have his own pleasures in which I have no part. Anyway, women can't really compete with men in sports, and men have to play a different, inferior game when most women are tagging around.

Women shackle their husbands' freedom in other ways—they love making them dress up, even though the average man

HOLLYWOOD



loathes it. I know of one divorce caused mainly because the wife insisted on her husband dressing for dinner every single night, even when they were alone. Men like to slop around their own homes! My husband feels free to wear whatever he likes, relax, and be comfortable.

Similarly, I would never ask a man to promise me not to do this or that after we're married. You all know girls who boast of "reforming" their husbands. I think that's a fatal mistake. You must make up your mind that the man you marry is going to be just the same kind of man *after* you are married as before. I have seen a girl torture a fellow for two years by asking him not to take the drinks he enjoys. Some day he's going to break out in a wild dash for freedom—and start drinking worse than ever before!

Women, I believe, are usually the worst offenders in marriage. Women are the ones who lead. Women are often more inconsiderate than men. If a woman likes night clubs, the married couple will go to night clubs whether the husband gets a kick out of them or not. But that same woman will fight to keep her husband home from the fishing trips he adores.

If a man likes to go fishing, or if he likes prize fights, I believe he should be encouraged. It makes for separate and distinct individualities, which are so important in marriage. A woman, too, should have some occupation or hobby that is all her own. If possible I believe she should be self-supporting. My husband and I have our own separate incomes and expenses. We are like two independent concerns merged in a sort of partnership. We stay together because we love one another and not because we are tied to each other economically. Even if she doesn't work, a married woman should have some outside interest. It makes for independence as opposed to dependence. I can imagine no more tragic situation than a decent man tied to a woman he no longer loves because she is so utterly dependent on him that he hasn't the heart to ask for divorce. This happens—even in Hollywood!

When Ham and I married, we decided that appreciation would be an important feature of our life together, and I believe this is one good way of avoiding the divorce courts. Too many husbands and wives take little kindnesses for granted, thinking, "Naturally he does nice things for me—he's my husband!" They forget that even a husband enjoys being told!

Consideration is another quality easier to talk about than to put into actual practice. How many men forget that their wives don't give a darn about the details of a business transaction—and come home every night to talk for hours about their various deals? Harmon knows that I know very little about music, and he is considerate enough not to rave on about

Please turn to page eighty-two
MARCH, 1935



*If everyone in this Family
uses Pepsodent Antiseptic*
(As used in recent tests)

...there should be 50% fewer colds!

*New way in cold prevention revealed in test with 500 people.
Facts on how Pepsodent Antiseptic helps reduce number of
colds—time lost from colds. How Pepsodent Antiseptic gives
you three times as much for your money.*

LET us assume that everyone in this family should use Pepsodent Antiseptic regularly. Then, if what happened in a recent scientific "cold" study happens again . . . as it reasonably should do . . . these people will have 50% fewer colds.

We present this forceful possibility to encourage you to see for yourself how Pepsodent can help you prevent colds this winter.

The test we refer to included 500 people, over a period of five months. These 500 people were divided into several groups. Some gargled with plain salt and water—others with leading mouth antiseptics—one group used Pepsodent Antiseptic exclusively. Here is what happened as shown by official scientific records.

The group who used Pepsodent Antiseptic had 50% fewer colds than those who used other leading mouth antiseptics or those who used plain salt and water.

The group who used Pepsodent Antiseptic, and did catch cold, were able to rid themselves of their colds in half the time of those who used other methods.

Thus we believe that you will agree with our predictions for any average group. Nat-

urally we cannot anticipate just how many people in this family would ordinarily catch cold. Nor can we foretell how many would catch cold if they didn't use Pepsodent Antiseptic. We do say that the facts proved in this scientific test with 500 people can be applied to some extent to any other group.

Pepsodent can be diluted

Remember, Pepsodent Antiseptic is three times as powerful in killing germs as other leading mouth antiseptics. You can mix Pepsodent Antiseptic with two parts of water and it still kills germs in less than ten seconds. Therefore, Pepsodent gives you three times as much for your money. It goes three times as far and still gives you the protection of a safe antiseptic.

Get Pepsodent Antiseptic and see for yourself just how effective it is in helping you prevent colds this winter.



PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC

So I Became a Movie Actor—

by *Fred Keating*

Facts to remember about Fred:

Nothing worries Fred Keating, who strolls nonchalantly from one career to another . . . He was born March 27, 1902, in New York City . . . His father, L. C. Keating, was a fine lawyer, and an even better politician; his mother, Camilia Serrano, was a Spanish beauty—which accounts for Fred's dark good looks . . . Like his pal, Sidney Lenz, he is both magician and bridge expert . . . In Hollywood, Keating indulges in none of the expected activities; he dislikes sports, stays up half the night, avoids sunshine, and kids the life out of the producers . . . At the recent Guild Ball, attended unanimously by the stars, he made telling use of the gag about paying actors not to appear in pictures, which he first wrote in this story . . . He has a Boston bull that has asthma and snores, a colored valet, Aubrey, who travels with him everywhere, and a canary. He is six feet, one inch tall, weighs 178 pounds, and likes his coffee black.

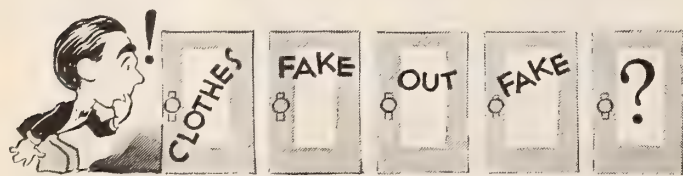


IT'S A GREAT place, this Hollywood.

I've been here six months and still can't find my own house. I've barged accidentally into some of the finest homes in Hollywood, but it never seems to bother anybody. You just walk in, raid the icebox, and go your way.

They all look alike, these houses. Spanish architecture, arched doorways, stucco, stairs, mortgages — and patios. This is the most patio-conscious country in the world. The house is the last thing they think of building. They cut the grounds up into patios, thousands of them, and then, if they remember, they insert the house somewhere so that it won't get in the way of the patios.

My own home, "Casa Escrow," sprawls through seven of them. It's built on top of the garage on the edge of a cliff overlooking Warner Brothers Studio, and it looks like an ancient Pueblo monument. You enter through the garage and land in the pantry. Turn left from the pantry and



When Fred Keating wants a bird-cage to vanish, it vanishes—to the amazement of all beholders. But nothing amazes Fred—except the movie life. Tongue in cheek, he writes about his "umphs and downs in Hollywood"

you're in the master bedroom—which is probably the last place you want to be in at the moment. It takes a little thought and ingenuity to extricate yourself from this resplendent chamber, which boasts, miraculously, five doors. Five of them! One is for the clothes closet, two are props, one must lead out, and the other I've never had the nerve to open.

● Once outside, you find that to go downstairs you've got to go up. That is, you don't go upstairs to bed, you go down! You've got to remember this. It was somewhat embarrassing to me at first. Some people came in one night on the theory that there ought to be a party going on in the neighborhood. I was sitting in the master's room, and it seemed to me as if they were dropping in through the ceiling.

I told them to make themselves right at home, which is superfluous advice in Hollywood, and then they all disappeared. I knew that they were still in the house because I could hear a lot of noise. I did my best to trace them, groping and stumbling through the still unexplored territory of my new home, but finally gave up, exhausted. Then I did the logical thing. At least, logical for an Easterner. I thought I'd go upstairs to bed.

It seemed natural enough to go upstairs to bed . . . a relic of my early childhood training, I suppose. I recall that our family has been doing it for generations. So up I went, and started to undress. I was down to my last bit of covering, and found I had been stripping in the center of the parlor floor for the benefit of my mislaid guests!

But that's Hollywood for you. Nobody seems to mind anything out here—not even starvation. Maybe it's the climate or the sunshine, but nobody seems to care. People come out here from New York (an Eastern seaport town near Bridgeport, where living entertainers appear on illuminated platforms in conjunction with motion pictures) and they go through a routine of bitter rebellion . . . then, inevitably, they go native. Some get rich, some go broke, but nobody worries. The "umph" is gone.

Of course, that is something that never bothers me. I mean about the umph. That word, in case you care, is Hollywood slang. It is pronounced like a cross between a grunt and a sigh, and if you say that "the gal sure has a lot of umph," everybody seems to know what you mean. That is, if your pronunciation is expressive enough.

● I never had any umph. I'm never so settled inwardly as when I'm disorganized. Everything I've ever planned came out backwards, and better than I had planned it. It has brought me luck, and I attribute it strictly to lack of umph, for if I had any I'd never have left Broadway, and I wouldn't now be getting a nice salary in pictures, or wandering through crazy houses, or writing this article.

And now I'm getting some place. At last I've reached through to the core of the subject and put my finger on the palpitating spirit of Mr. Fred Keating, bless his heart!

To begin with, I'm an exhibitionist; that is, professionally. Of course, we're all show-offs at heart, but most of us don't know how to make any money out of it.

If Sidney Lenz had been content to be merely the greatest bridge expert of the realm, instead of ringing in amateur magic on the side, I might not now be writing this story for HOLLYWOOD Magazine. But Sidney, a friend of my family, made a card disappear before my eyes and my future was settled. Perhaps Sidney saw the fanatical gleam in my eyes, or perhaps he wished to keep me occupied while he played bridge; at all events he launched me in the study of the black arts and another magician was born.

By the ripe age of nine I could put on a show of my own, and at fourteen I was getting good money for it. Being the center of attraction and getting paid for it appealed to me as a most pleasurable occupation, and I pursued both with great intent and purpose.

Then I saw the one and only Thurston, and without ceremony I disappeared from home to turn up as one of his assistants. Armed with more magic, I carried my bag of tricks into a vaudeville act of my own, then toured the country with Miller Brothers' 101 Ranch, becoming familiar with the flora and fauna of rural life in America. I also delved into hitherto untouched regions of the backwoods on a Chautauqua circuit, and finally I renounced it all for the life of a newspaper reporter on the *New York World*.

● But I still considered myself a pretty fair magician until one night I saw the late Texas Guinan and knew that she made us all look like pikers. This was something! She didn't need any vanishing bird-cage to make people happy; no twenty-two trunks of equipment followed her from nightclub to nightclub. Oh, no, she was a real magician—she could keep people fascinated with her tricks for hours on end, and with absolutely nothing up her sleeve.

I determined to learn something about this art of hers, and Tex didn't mind. In fact, she said that she could use a young feller like me in her floor show. Gradually, my patter improved,

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MARCH, 1935



NEED A BLONDE FADE EARLY?

By *Lady Esther*

People say that blondes have a brilliant morning, but a short afternoon. In other words, that blondes fade early!

This, however, is a myth. Many blondes simply look older than their years because they use the wrong shade of face powder.

You should never choose a face powder shade just because you are a blonde or brunette. You should never try to match the color of your hair or the particular tone of your skin. A blonde may have a dark skin while a brunette may have quite a light skin and vice versa.

A face powder shade should be chosen, not to match your hair or coloring, but to *flatter* your whole appearance.

To Find the Shade that Flatters

There is only one way to find the shade of face powder that is most becoming to you, and that is to try *all* five basic shades.

Lady Esther Face Powder is made in the required five basic shades. One of these shades you will find to be the most flattering to you! One will instantly set you forth at your best, emphasize your every good point and make you look your most youthful and freshest.

But I don't ask you to accept my word for this. I say: Prove it at my expense. So

I offer to send you, entirely without cost or obligation, a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

When you get the five shades, try each one before your mirror. Don't try to pick your shade in advance. *Try all five!* Just the one you would least suspect may prove the most flattering for you. Thousands of women have written to tell me they have been amazed with this test.

Stays on for Four Hours —and Stays Fresh!

When you make the shade test with Lady Esther Face Powder, note, too, how exquisitely soft and smooth it is. It is utterly free from anything like grit. It is also a *clinging* face powder! By actual test it will stay on for four hours and look fresh and lovely all the time. In every way, as you can see for yourself, Lady Esther Face Powder excels anything ever known in face powder.

Write today! Just mail the coupon or a penny postcard. By return mail you'll receive all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

Copyrighted by Lady Esther, 1935

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (10)
Lady Esther, 2030 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

FREE



Joan Crawford is determined to be honest in what she says and what she does, no matter what the personal cost may be. She is the answer to the question: "Can a star be on the square in Hollywood?"

by JACK JAMISON

Joan Crawford Can't Lie

SUPPOSE THAT YOU were a star like Joan Crawford. Suppose you were faced with her problems every day. Suppose that newspapers and magazines found news in everything you did or ever had done. Suppose you had a career to protect and develop and that you had money and success. Could you conduct yourself properly on all occasions? Could you win and hold the reputation of being a square-shooter? In fact, do you think that a star like Joan can be honest in Hollywood?

The person best able to answer that question is Joan Crawford herself, who has the reputation of being just about the squarest shooter Hollywood has ever seen. Maybe you've never heard much about that side of Joan but all her life she has been honest to a fault. She takes no credit for it.

"It's something I can't help," she says. "It's just natural for me."

When she was seven years old she used to swipe candy off the dining room table. "Did you take that candy?" her mother would ask, and Joan knowing that she was going to get a spanking would tell the truth.

"I never could lie," she explains. "I knew a lie was always going to be found out. But, even if that hadn't been true, I would never be able to look a person in the face after I'd lied to him, and I don't like the idea of



Reflective beauty! Joan Crawford, resting between scenes on a "stand up" board, to save wrinkling the wedding gown she wore in Forsaking All Others

not being able to look a person in the face."

When she was fifteen Joan was working her way through Stephens College, at Columbia, Missouri, by waiting on table. (All through high school she cleaned a fourteen-room house every day, cooked for a family of nine, and did the washing, bathing, dressing, mush-boiling, milk-heating and colic-soothing for thirty babies at a nursing home!) At college the other girls were cruel to her, because she was so poor, and her unhappiness strengthened her resolve to go on the stage. So one morning she put on her one and only dress, folded her school uniform into her old suitcase, and simply trudged down to the railroad station with her savings. There, just before her train came in, she was discovered by the kindly old dean of the college.

"Running away!" he exclaimed, and shook his grey head sadly. "This isn't like you, child. This is the first time I have ever known you to do a dishonest thing!"

That nearly broke Joan's heart. "I—I have to go," was all that she could say.

"You know what this means," said the dean. "You'll lose all your school credits."

He urged her to come back to school, but she refused. And, eventually, although she was crying so that she could hardly talk, she made the gentle old man see it her way.

In the first place, she was running away because she loved him too much to go into his office and tell him goodbye.

"In the second place," Joan says, "I knew I was not cut out for school, and that I was cut out for the stage. Running away, I was being more honest than I would have been if I stayed."

The Dean must have been impressed by that honesty of

HOLLYWOOD

hers, for he saw to it that she got her school credits after all. What is more, when he is in California on his vacations nowadays he always calls on Joan at the studio. They love each other more than they ever did, and he is proudest of her of all his ex-students.

And there are many friends from Joan's show-girl days, when she was a dancer on the stage, who recall that impelling honesty of hers!

All of which leads us to Hollywood.

It was an honest youngster, charged with the enthusiasm of her glorious youth, who came to Hollywood and took the name of Joan Crawford. Now Joan is a star. In between lie years of struggle and striving. Is it possible for a girl, fighting her way up to stardom, always to be honest? Is it possible, *after* she has attained success, for her to remain honest?

"Yes it is," say Joan Crawford's friends "just look at Joan."

● A star's relations with the world are threefold—public, social, and business. In other words, the Press, the Parties, and the Studios. There are a hundred examples of Joan's tremendous personal honesty as applied to each one, but there isn't room for all so we'll pick one of each.

First of all, the press. That means newspapers and magazines. They are the principal way a star has of reaching out and getting in touch with the public on a large scale. Therefore, most stars deem it necessary to be extra nice to writers, and take care not to offend them. A writer can if so inclined, do a lot of damage to a star, not only by making "dirty cracks" but by simply *forgetting* to write anything at all.

Not so long ago a woman writer printed an article which asked, "What has become of the old Joan Crawford? The dynamic, effervescent Dancing Daughter who used to win cups in Charleston contest is gone. In her place we have but a pale copy of her old self. Joan, today, is no more than an imitator of Garbo!"

Now that wasn't very nice and it wasn't good publicity. Most stars would have tried to hush the story up, or else jotted down the name of that particular writer and made it a point to be especially charming to her in the future. Either of these methods, to Joan's way of thinking, was hypocritical.

She invited the writer to visit her on the set, and promptly asked, "Can you prove that I'm imitating Garbo?" The woman couldn't.

"All right," said Joan, "then the reason you said that was just because you weren't thinking, wasn't it? You had some space to fill, and you wrote the first thing that came into your head. It's people like you, saying things carelessly, who start an actor on the downgrade. Now, the next time, dear, please think a little more carefully about

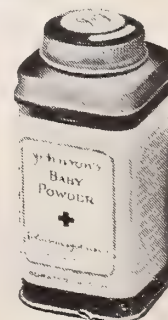
Please turn to page sixty-eight

MARCH, 1935



"I'm Johnson's Baby Powder—the kind that makes babies happy! I'm made of Italian talc—try me between your thumb and finger... I 'slip' like satin. No gritty particles as in some powders. And no zinc stearate or orris-root... You'll like my pals, Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream, too!"

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY





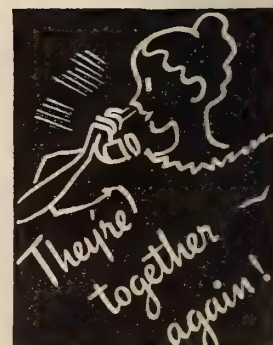
Janet **GAYNOR**
Warner **BAXTER**
 in
One More Spring

with this splendid cast

WALTER KING • JANE DARWELL • ROGER IMHOF
 Grant Mitchell • Rosemary Ames • John Qualen • Nick Foran
 and STEPIN FETCHIT



Produced by WINFIELD SHEEHAN • Directed by HENRY KING
 From the Novel by Robert Nathan • Screen play and dialogue by Edwin Burke



HOLLYWOOD

Starlight



Anna Sten

As a child in Russia, she knew hunger, cold, the dark terror of revolution. She did not have to study drama; she lived it. And she still is living it—as the first and only foreign star to glorify the peasant. In *The Wedding Night*, with Gary Cooper for her co-star, she lights up a Connecticut countryside with her smile

Tullio Carminati

Italy gave the world Valentino. Now, via Hollywood, it gives the world a new Man of Effortless Charm—the blue-eyed, soft-spoken Carminati. *One Night of Love* emphasized what he can be, what he can do. Now, *Once a Gentleman* makes him a star



Jean Muir

The gods that watch over the ambitious and talented have answered Jean's supplications. She gets her Big Chance as Helena in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*



Bing Crosby

As natural in person as in a picture, and just as natural on the screen as off it—that's Bing. And that, too, is one reason why he is one of the Top Ten stars today. Three other reasons are—his singing, his sense of humor, his romancing. He goes show-boating in his new film, *Mississippi*





Rochelle Hudson

She is the most beautiful ingenue in films today—and the most promising. At least, Will Rogers thinks so. She is with him for the fourth time in *Life Begins at Forty*



Ann Harding

As sincere as she is lovely, Ann never lets any audience down. And her popularity is proof that fine acting has its rewards. While she takes a six months' rest from the blazing studio lights, you will see her in *The Enchanted April*

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George Raft and Margo

As the screen's newest dance team, they are "naturals." Long before *Scarface* ever made him an actor, George was famous as a dancer. And Margo, Spanish beauty, was a dancing sensation before she became an acting sensation in *Crime Without Passion*. In *Rumba*, they will show you some fascinating, fancy footwork

MY LIFE as JOHN BARRYMORE

by *Fredric March*

... who reveals, amusingly and for the first time, what it has been like to be John's "audacious ghost"

THIS IS THE sort of story that, like murder, must out sometime. Yet it is not easy to tell. Some of the old sense of uneasy guilt creeps in, and I feel again that shiver of apprehension that went over me the night John Barrymore sat in the audience and watched me, his audacious ghost, romp through *The Royal Family*.

It seems safe enough now to admit in public print that "The Royal Family" was, of course, the Barrymores, but habit imposes its constraint upon even that admission, for we were used to dissembling with the utmost effrontery when charged with that natural supposition.

Nor have I confessed, until now, the amazing hold that John Barrymore's dynamic personality exerted upon me, and how dangerously close I came to being his pale ghost throughout my screen career. At times it was a sheer tug of war between my own personality and his, which I had grown into through the long assumption of his mannerisms for the stage and screen productions of the parody. It was a tussle as perilous as the one waged between the *ego* and *alter ego* of Dr. Jekyll.

Even today, during a scene requiring intense mental concentration, I slip unconsciously back into that character I wore so long, and discover myself walking with that swinging Barrymore slouch, tugging at my chin and making that lithe, abrupt turn that I studied hard to achieve—and bring up with the sudden realization that Fredric March has not yet escaped from the fellow. It is a strange sensation!

● When *The Royal Family* was to be produced on Broadway, Jed Harris offered me the part, declaring it was just the thing for me.

Unfortunately, Mrs. March and I had just signed with The Theatre Guild to go on tour. We were both broken-hearted, for the play appealed to us strongly, and I hated to miss this splendid chance. However, a mutual friend, George S. Kaufman, the playwright and co-author of the play, who knew the spot we were in, explained matters to Harris.

A year later we saw the play on Broadway, and fairly wept over the fun we had missed. I had a contract to play in Denver, and we came out to Hollywood on a trip a few weeks before the engagement was to begin. I learned that Fred Butler was going to produce *The Royal Family* for a Pacific Coast tour, and went to see him. Again it seemed as if Fate were conspiring to keep me out of a rôle I was obsessed with playing, for my Denver engagement interfered with his plans.

MARCH, 1935



To begin with, Fredric March bore a resemblance to John Barrymore. And his "knack for mimicry" did the rest . . .

The late Paul Bern wrote me in Denver to keep me posted, and urged me to come back to look into the talking pictures situation, which was developing rapidly, before going on to New York. And it so happened that Butler delayed his production until August. At last I was to be John Barrymore. I let my hair grow and developed a mustache, and the play opened in San Francisco to a packed house.

● I had studied all the films and photos of John Barrymore I could find, I had seen him in *The Tempest* and witnessed two performances of his magnificent "Hamlet," and, having a knack for mimicry, I managed to catch the flavor of his walk, speech, and mannerisms.

Please turn to page sixty



JOHN



FREDDIE

The Secret

by *Claretha Colby*

HOW NICE It would be if a woman could but glance at a man and know just how to classify him! Of course, every woman *tries* to do that. She tucks him neatly into what she think is his proper pigeon-hole, all carefully labeled, gives him a little pat and says: "There you are, that's where *you* belong!"

But when you think you have put your finger on one of the species, and triumphantly decide that he is an introvert with a love for peace and comfort, he's apt to break out in an affair of fisticuffs at a night-club—and then where are you?

Perhaps that's what I like about men. The unexpected is always interesting.

To approach the study of this fascinating subject of fascinating them, I believe I should begin with the observation that men are not so dumb as they are painted. Oh no, really, they are a clever lot! Yet most women make the mistake of assuming that all males are both thick-skinned and obtuse.

Women will come out with the most bare-faced flattery—something you would hesitate to hand a six-year-old child—and expect instant results.

It is embarrassing to a man to be made the object of blatant flattery. The unfortunate fellow, being cursed with notions of chivalry that prevent him from bursting out with a terse retort, must pretend, instead, to swallow it all. He must stand there like a fool and draw circles with his toe and say, "Aw, you don't mean it," and be fully aware that you *don't*. Flattery is very apt to back-fire, when used injudiciously upon men. If you would succeed with men, give them credit for intelligence.

● If I were to pick out Rule Number One for a girl who has set her saucy cap for some particular man, I would say: *The first thing to do is to find out what his particular interests are.*

Once you know his likes and dislikes, it is not difficult to make yourself agreeable in his eyes. Should you blindly assume that he is, being a man, interested in football, you might prattle on about teams and standings and All-American quarterbacks for hours before discovering that he is utterly bored with football.

In my recent picture, *Imitation of Life*, a revealing incident developed to point a moral in this respect. Warren William played the part of my suitor, a wealthy ichthyologist. Eager to make a commendable impression upon him, Rochelle Hudson, as my daughter, scurried off to look up the word "ichthyologist" in the dictionary, and then attempted to discuss the subject of fishes with him.

Quite the proper technique! Unfortunately, the study of fish is not so simple as it sounds, and should you ever confront an ichthyologist, don't try to dazzle him with hurriedly crammed knowledge of his pet subject!

But it is true that the first step in charming a man is to find out what he likes.

This is a subtle form of flattery that can excite no objections. If you do a man the honor of

ARE YOU ATTRACTIVE TO MEN?

Check up on your good points with this chart prepared in collaboration with Miss Colbert. A perfect score is 100—but, remember, no man desires perfection! In estimating your own values, set down the figures in the outside column. Or ask your most critical friend to make out your score.

PHYSICAL BEAUTY

	Value	Your Score
Does your coiffure emphasize your good points?	10
Is your complexion good, your make-up blended?	10
Are your teeth straight and kept white?	10
Have you kept your weight close to normal?	10
Hands, nails—are they perfectly groomed?	3
Do your clothes heighten your appeal?	7

MENTAL ATTRIBUTES

Is your disposition cheerful, variable, or gloomy?	10
In your presence are men at ease, awkward, or glum?	10
Can you discuss masculine topics, or only recipes?	5
Do men like to talk to you?	5
Do you rely on sex appeal or include mental appeal?	5
Have you read two new books and today's sport section?	5
Can you flatter a man without his realizing it?	10

Ideal total 100 points. Your score:

of CHARMING MEN

You need more than beauty to attract some men, more than personality to attract others. But Claudette tells how any girl can make herself attractive to any man, no matter who he is. Can you pass her test of a woman's appeal?

discussing his hobbies, you may rightfully be accused of deliberately trying to please him, but certainly he would be the last to object to this form of cozening.

From that point on, success depends upon your personal attraction.

I believe that no normal man can overlook a woman's neglect to make herself physically attractive. With all due respect for mental qualifications, a woman must remember that men see, as well as hear, and that all the pearls of wisdom that fall from the lips of a physically unattractive woman will fail to blind his eyes.

Fortunately, you do not have to be beautiful to charm a man. Even women who would be judged homely by classical standards are often very attractive to men.

The whole thing condenses to this: Make the most of what you have.

● It has always amused me that I should be considered beautiful, for I have looked at myself too often in the mirror. At the same time, I am secretly pleased to discover how I have managed to fool people on that score. You see, I place such credit where it belongs—on my determination to make the best of my good points.

That, surely, is practical advice, is it not?

For, consider—you can apply your rouge in the morning, deftly, carefully, and in a moment fool even yourself into thinking how well you look, when as a matter of fact you may have felt positively haggard a moment before.

And now I discover that I am leading up to the Charm Chart that the editor suggests should appear with my story. In arriving at this chart with him, I said that physical appeal should rate just as high as other feminine attractions, and by the same token, other attributes cannot be allowed to add up to more than physical allure.

But in this category I would include clothes, for they are most certainly an indispensable part of your appearance, at least in present-day society. The *right* clothes are exceedingly important. I have experienced one reaction about clothes from men that has surprised me. I have discovered that when I wore severely tailored suits, men would be most impressed with my appearance. Not feminine, frilly things at all, as one might expect, but a little jacket and skirt seemed to make the biggest hit. They would come up and say: "How smart you look in that!"

Now, you would think that tailored clothes would detract from your femininity. Take my word for it, some women look more feminine in smartly tailored outfits than they do in laces and flounces.

If you doubt that observation on the reactions of the observant male, Please turn to page sixty-two

MARCH, 1935



In Imitation of Life, Rochelle Hudson, as Claudette's daughter, was clever about charming Warren William—and Claudette explains how



Animation and vitality — which Claudette Colbert has in abundance—are two attributes that men don't fail to notice



Do you have conversational ability? asks Claudette — taking (and passing) the "telephone test"



CLARK—as Bob sees him

"His meteoric rise was enough to dazzle any fellow. He could have sat back and taken it easy; but he didn't. That's one reason why I respect him.

"Clark is like me in that he appears to be light and airy, yet is pretty serious underneath it all.

"A man with Gable's intensity yearns to live life, not just play-act it."

I ONLY HOPE THAT Clark receives as many compliments for me as I do for him! The lovely ladies who act opposite him like him. All the rest of the people on the set, from prop boys up or from the director down, like him. The nicest people about Hollywood like him. I know, because they're always coming up and telling me so!

Now I agree perfectly with the unanimous appraisal of Clark Gable as the most likable sort of a fellow. But I want to confess something. I get a personal kick from the way people look at me when they finish saying a kind word about him.

They speak and then peep at me in a fashion that I can describe most accurately as "suspicious." When I say that I, too, think he's great, they give me that sickly smile and seem to be inwardly murmuring, "The liar!"

Clark and I have often discussed our "rivalry." Since each of us is happily married, any possible rivalry is limited to the studio confines. By those who are informed on state secrets, I mean. Clark and I are the only two in town, I guess, who are uncertain about the whole thing. We get together for "wondering bees!"

But enough of exposing what I presume is a good gag.

- The first time I ever saw Clark was in New York. About a half-dozen of us had gone to Arthur Hopkins' production of *Machinal*, and in the play, in the rôle of a young engineer, was Clark. He made a distinct impression on us.

This is CLARK

by
ROBERT MONTGOMERY

As Told to Ben Maddox

...in which CLARK GABLE'S supposed "rival" paints a penetrating word-picture of him. And if you don't think they're pals, just read it!

There was a virility in his performance that set him apart from all the rest of the cast. We talked of him at length.

It was after I watched him score so magnificently with Norma Shearer in *A Free Soul* that I fully realized what a terrific punch he carries.

I don't think there is another man or woman in pictures who has made such definite steps forward as Clark has, either. You mustn't misconstrue this. He was a fine actor when he started on the screen. But every one of us can improve, and not enough of us do.

In spite of Clark's breaks, his progress, in my estimation, has been due to his worth, rather than to luck. His meteoric rise was enough to dazzle any fellow. He could have sat back and taken it easy; he could have gone along elegantly just on personality. But he didn't. He put real thought and effort into every part, and still does. That's one reason why I respect him. The ordinary actor isn't so much different from the person who has to reach for the first olive after opening a jar of them. There isn't much to spur him on to dig down for the other olives. They'll probably roll out.

- Clark is definitely a man's man—in his manner of thinking and behaving, and in his way of living. Although he has been flattered to the extreme, he hasn't let himself go soft.

He has had to withstand more public pressure than any man in Hollywood. Every move he has ever made has been spotlighted. He has had countless opportunities to go haywire. And yet he hasn't. Furthermore, he isn't namby-pamby. He doesn't deny anything he has ever done. Whenever he has made mistakes—and who of us hasn't made plenty?—he has admitted them . . . to the press. Believe me, that takes courage!

When he makes decisions, he stands by them and doesn't hem and haw. You can depend on him and trust him to the utmost. What strikes me as exceptionally complete turn to page seventy-two



Clark Gable

HOLLYWOOD

and THIS IS BOB

by
CLARK GABLE

As told to Ben Maddox

... in which ROBERT MONTGOMERY'S alleged "public enemy" tells what he likes about Bob—and why. And kills some "silly rumors!"



BOB—as he looks to Clark

"He couldn't be boring or stuffy if he tried, because he's too full of the zest for living.

"One of the qualities I particularly envy in Bob is his ability to meet any situation that may arise. You can't floor the boy!

"There's an amazing contradictory streak in him. He doesn't take things seriously, and yet, undoubtedly, he does."

Unfortunately, I've stumbled upon the sad fact that all that glitters is not gold. Yes, even—or should I say *especially*?—in Hollywood. So when I landed that job in *The Easiest Way*, five years ago, I walked onto the Bennett-Montgomery set mentally prepared for the worst. He might not be what he screened to be.

I remember, too, that no one bothered to introduce me to him at first. Everybody assumed we had known each other on the stage in New York. I guess it was a coincidence that we hadn't become acquainted in the East. Anyway, I finally got up the courage to ask for a genuine introduction.

He and I were kept so busy afterwards that we didn't really have a chance to become friends until about a year ago. And at that, most of our conversation still concerns what we'd like to do, what we *will* do. When we have the time!

Bob is not the least disappointing in person. He is the same gay, light-hearted, romantic fellow you see in his pictures. There's a jaunty, friendly way about him that immediately wins your approval. Even his clothes—and he's usually comfortably nonchalant, despite his expensively tailored wardrobe—have a delightfully informal air.

He couldn't be boring or stuffy if he tried, because he's too full of the zest for living. Dat ol' debbil Fame hasn't lured him into "taking it big." He is sincerely interested in people and nearly always has someone with him. Bob isn't moody or morbid. Or arty.

Please turn to page seventy-four

I WAS A FAN OF Bob Montgomery's for at least two years before I ever met him. And I rated an introduction just five years ago. So, to be frank, all this talk that has been stirred up about our being romantic screen rivals sounds darn silly to me. Of course, we sort of alternate opposite the glamour girls. But I don't hold that against Bob!

We recently vied for Joan Crawford's heart in *Forsaking All Others*. A lot of folks were worried about how Bob and I would get along as co-stars, sharing honors in the same picture. I have a sneaking hunch that they hoped we'd squabble for the breaks.

This is the funny thing. They didn't know that we had played together once before. Only then it was my first film at Metro, and I was a humble laundry-man in the plot! If you can recollect back that far, I'm referring to Connie Bennett's *The Easiest Way*. Bob was the dashing hero, and I was rung in for a "bit." Life is strange, isn't it? Now I've just finished opposite Connie in *Town Talk*!

Fight for the breaks? Nonsense! I'd much rather work with a cast that keeps me on my toes than struggle through a story with actors who are second-rate. Bob is a swell performer and the excellence of his technique, the way he can do scenes for all they're worth, is stimulating.

● You know how you acquire pre-conceived ideas about people? Well, the first time I saw Bob on the screen, I spotted him as one of my favorites. Then, when I glimpsed him with Norma Shearer in *The Divorcée* and *Strangers May Kiss*, I was positive that he must be a grand egg.



Robert Montgomery

CAMERAMEN HOLLYWOOD'S BEAUTIFUL

Cameramen know what it takes for a woman to give the illusion of beauty on the screen. That's why their selections—and their revelations—mean something!

WHO ARE THE ten most beautiful women in Hollywood? Individual directors, famous artists and prominent producers have rendered their individual opinions—and haven't settled the question, because they haven't been able to agree. And then the cameramen were asked. And they DO agree.

Since beauty, according to Hollywood standards, means camera beauty, the cameramen of Hollywood—who know every star's beauty secrets—are the final and most logical judges. When they can agree on ten names to top the beauty list, that agreement should mean something.

But not even Lancelot, in his quest of the Holy Grail, or Jason, in his search of the Golden Fleece, faced more obstacles than I did in getting their answers. Cameramen are a canny lot—serious, unobtrusive publicity-dodgers. If an individual cameraman were intrepid enough to voice in print his selection of the ten most alluring screen beauties, woe to him the next time he photographed one who had not been included in that list! So, to gain my goal, I had to promise to keep each cameraman's choices secret—and to find the answer to my question in the ten stars who polled the highest number of votes.

That answer is, in alphabetical order: Claudette Colbert, Joan Crawford, Marion Davies, Marlene Dietrich, Kay Francis, Greta Garbo, Jean Harlow, Jeanette MacDonald, Norma Shearer and Loretta Young.

There you have them—the ten most beautiful women in Hollywood, according to a consensus of opinion among a score of Hollywood's most famous cameramen. Many other beauties were named, but it was this group upon whose attractions all the cameramen unanimously agreed.

● Hal Mohr, favorite cameraman of Janet Gaynor and husband of beautiful Evelyn Venable, has spent twenty-five years in his profession. It was he who explained to me—and thus to you—the difference between camera beauty and beauty that pleases the eye.

"The world is filled with women of unusual beauty," said Mr. Mohr,



Greta
Garbo



Claudette
Colbert



Norma
Shearer



Kay
Francis



Jean
Harlow

NAME TEN MOST WOMEN

by
J. EUGENE CHRISMAN

"who can never find success on the screen and for the same reason that beauty contest winners seldom do. These women are beautiful because of their coloring—the tint of their hair, the peach-bloom of their skin, the redness of their lips. But the camera photographs only in black and white and so, when they appear before its all-seeing eye, their beautiful coloring is of little help to them.

"Camera beauty," continued Mr. Mohr, "is the beauty of symmetrical features, of facial contour. This type of face, aided by the cameraman's art of lighting, can be photographed to reveal great beauty that may not be evident to the human eye. Without the appeal of her coloring, the average beautiful woman lacks this symmetry and balance of feature and she looks a fright on the screen."

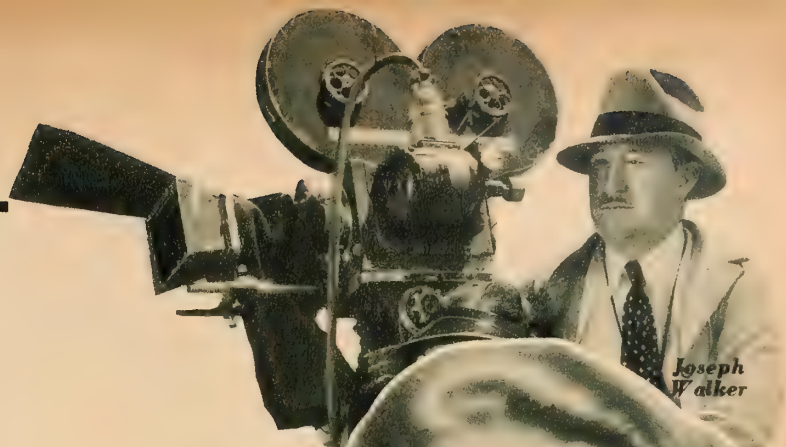
James Van Tree, another veteran of the camera, insists that beauty, while it may be only skin-deep elsewhere, goes deeper than the cuticle in Hollywood.

"It is personality that counts to-day," says Mr. Van Tree, "and the vapid, doll-faced beauties of the old silent days would not have a chance with the stars of to-day. Study the faces of the women you have on your list, selected as beauties by the cameramen. In every face you find evidence of intelligence and an inner personality. Hepburn is not a beauty, according to accepted standards; neither is Crawford or Garbo or many of the others one could name. But Hepburn is a cameraman's delight and so is Garbo—because they have that inner beauty that counts so definitely."

● William Daniels, who has photographed every picture that Garbo has made since *The Torrent*, told me:

"My ideal screen beauty would be a combination of Garbo, Norma Shearer and Jeanette MacDonald—but that, of course, is impossible. I think Garbo does have more photographic value than any other woman of the screen. She can stand any kind of lighting and any camera angle without damage to her beauty. She is the only star on the screen without a single bad angle. It took the camera, in fact, to reveal Garbo as a

Please turn to page sixty-six



Joseph Walker



Marlene Dietrich



Joan Crawford



Marion Davies



Jeanette MacDonald



Loretta Young



It's A

writes
GINGER ROGERS

Right in the midst of house-hunting and picture-making, **GINGER ROGERS** takes time out to become a star-reporter about movie life in general and her own life in particular . . .



"Of course, Lew would be the one to find the house. He spent twenty minutes . . ."

Now, THIS Is a fine thing! Here I was supposedly on my honeymoon, but in reality looking for a house, and in the midst of rehearsing dances with Fred Astaire for our new picture, *Roberta*, when along comes Captain Fawcett, asking me to write a few words ("around fifteen hundred," he said) about Hollywood.

So between running from a Monterey farmhouse up in the hills above Beverly, to a Cape Cod cottage someone had suggested, I began thinking about this column, and what to do about it.

● I've always thought, until now, that columnists had the cinch job of the universe. And since I'm a pretty confident girl, I assured myself that I would bat this out in an hour or so, and then go out to lunch, as all good columnists always do, at least, in the movies.

That was last week, and here I am, still at it. Honest flagpole-sitting would be a lot easier on the nerves. I even got the bright idea of putting the news boys on the spot, and asking them for news.

The reversal of the usual procedure floored them for a moment, but they recovered quickly, and, as usual, gave out nothing except suggesting that I write about myself since I had the opportunity.

So what to do about it? At this moment, I have just returned from looking at four really terrible houses and have a date, in a couple of hours to look at a few more.

● House-hunting has not been all in vain, however, because Lew and I have a lucrative sideline ready for us any time we want to go into it. We both know who owns what house and where it is situated in every corner of the city.

So if the mortgage-holders will just keep paid up, we will be able to conduct a sight-seeing trip that will absolutely startle the tourists.

We've seen everything from Pick-fair to the house that Mickey Mouse

built for his creator, Walt Disney, out at Toluca Lake. We can't tell you much about parties; we've been too busy. But how we can go on about houses!

● The search has taken us from Fredric March's front yard through all the alleys and byways of the town. We took an excursion to Arline Judge's and Wesley Ruggles' newly-completed domicile, and were ill because we couldn't move them out. It's a large Georgian house, surrounded by beautiful terraced grounds. There is a swimming pool, with an open-air bar, a nine-hole miniature golf course, and a championship tennis court.

● The golf course is Wes' pride and joy. Some three hundred and fifty yards in length it has a par of twenty-seven and includes shots that are as difficult as any you would find on a regular links. Only a putter and

HOLLYWOOD

Crowded Life!



"A reducing hint . . . dancing a la Fred Astaire. We've been averaging about six hours a day at rehearsals"

"Marlene Dietrich never fails to call for Love in Bloom"



"Maurice Chevalier insists upon Speak to Me of Love"

"Joan Bennett will stay for hours to hear Phil Ohman play Say It"

mashie-niblick are needed to play this course—but how they're needed!

● Recently, a friend had a batch of score cards printed to inform the guests that a hole-in-one meant absolutely nothing. Said friend played the same day he delivered the cards and, to his own and all onlookers' amazement, shot a hole-in-one from the first tee. Arline merely pointed to his own announcement on the card and none of the foursome even uttered a word of praise. The poor fellow ended up with a score of fifty.

● We tried to rent director George Archainbaud's house and found that Wynne Gibson was living in it. The Charlie Farrell-Virginia Valli house, a cute English home, would

have been another swell place for us; but, of course, the Farrells decided to return to the house as soon as Bette Davis' lease expired.

Situations like this and worse confronted us twenty-four hours a day, but we have just settled for a Spanish farmhouse in Beverly right across the street from the Richard Barthelmess' home.

Of course, Lew would be the one to find the house. While I've been sitting here, pondering over this, he went out. He spent twenty minutes—looked at this one house, called back for me and we signed the lease.

● Now I've got nothing to do except move, work on the picture and finish this "news letter," and since I've talked about myself thus far, I'll just continue on.

Ever since we came back from our

honeymoon, which was spent up in the mountains, I've been busy writing "bread and butter" letters, and right here I'm going to inject a free ad. Both Lew and I want to thank everyone who wrote and wired us congratulations and good wishes. They made us terribly happy.

And since my fingers are worn down to my knuckles from writing, I'm taking a little of Captain Fawcett's space (after all, it's my column, isn't it?) to answer these messages. It was wonderful, hearing from all our fans and we appreciate it more than we can tell you.

● Now for a little snooping.

Somebody told me (never divulge the source of your news, if you ever become a reporter) that Carl Brisson's friends are in more or less of a pet. It seems that Carl gave up his big house, the one that Clara Bow used to live in, and moved into a hotel bungalow. And the home had such a swell billiard room and playroom, not to mention a spacious swimming pool!

I hear Carl has written about "ideal husbands" for HOLLYWOOD this month.

Please turn to page seventy-seven



Dr. A

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It's A Crowded Life!

writes
GINGER ROGERS

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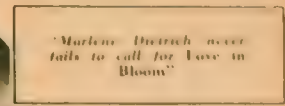


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Now I've got nothing to do except move, work on the picture and finish this "news letter," and since I've talked about myself thus far, I'll just continue on.

Ever since we came back from our

honeymoon, which was spent up in the mountains, I've been busy writing "bread and butter" letters and right here I'm going to inject a free ad. Both Lew and I want to thank everyone who wrote and wired us congratulations and good wishes. They made us terribly happy.

And since my fingers are worn down to my knuckles from writing, I'm taking a little of Captain Fuwett's spare (after all, it's my column, isn't it?) to answer these messages. It was wonderful, hearing from all our fans, and we appreciate it more than we can tell you.

Now for a little snoring. Somebody told me (never divulge the source of your news if you ever become a reporter) that Carl Brisson's friends are in more or less of a pet. It seems that Carl gave up his big home the one that Clara Bow used to live in, and moved into a hotel bungalow. And the home had such a swell billiard room and playroom, not to mention a spacious swimming pool!

I hear Carl has written about "ideal husbands" for *MovieWeek* this month. Please turn to page seventy-seven.

WHAT'S NEW



Biography of a Bachelor Girl

• • • • Ann Harding and Robert Montgomery, who had one of the most entertaining times of their cinema lives in *When Ladies Meet*, are co-stars again in another brilliant comedy—one intended for the sophisticates, but bound to be enjoyed by all above the intellectual age of twelve. And this time, they have refreshingly new rôles (which both of them needed). Ann is an artist; Bob is editor of a confessions magazine.

She has just returned from France, flat-broke, when Bob, wanting to print her sensational life-story, makes a bargain with her. But into the picture comes Edward Everett Horton, a former sweetheart of Ann's, whose new, million-dollar romance, not to mention his future, will be blighted if the story—or, at least, his part in it—is ever published. Frantic and desperate, he turns a simple enough deal into a world-shaking problem—for which there is, of course, only one answer. Bob and Ann must fall in love. It rates your attention because it is a hilarious, sparkling satire of emotional impulses and played with spirit.—*M-G-M.*



The Night Is Young

• • • Ramón Novarro, back from his South American concert tour and looking younger than ever, has a new co-star—Evelyn Laye, newly married to Frank Lawton and newly arrived from England, where she has the reputation of being *THE* beauty of the British screen. The story that unites them is a romantic fantasy by Vicki ("Grand Hotel") Baum, and in the background is not only music, but dancing.

He is a handsome young prince, fated to marry royalty; she is a ballerina, fated to love and be loved by him. Their romance is as light as a ballet dancer's feet—and as easy to watch. And, perhaps, as easy to forget. But you won't forget Evelyn Laye—her loveliness, her animation, her singing. And you will remember, with amusement, the antics of Edward Everett Horton, Charles Butterworth, Una Merkel and Herman Bing.—*M-G-M.*



Father Brown, Detective

• • • When Gilbert Chesterton created the character of an amateur detective who was a priest in his non-adventurous moments, he gave English detective literature something new. Now, he does the same thing for the screen—with the valuable assistance of Walter Connolly. His performance is flawless.

The particular adventure with which the screen concerns itself for a beginning is the foiling of a famous jewel thief and his regeneration by the genial, philosophical and elderly priest. Devoid of the usual suspicions of the usual detective, he lets common sense and his rich understanding of human nature do his work for him. All of which makes him unique. Paul Lukas gives an ingratiating performance as the jewel-abductor. Gertrude Michael, Robert Lorraine, Halliwell Hobbs and Una O'Connor all have good rôles.—*Paramount.*



Little Men

• • • This had to come—the sequel to *Little Women*. But it took courage to make it. The very success of the earlier Louisa M. Alcott picture put any attempted successor in the danger of comparison. *Little Men* weathers that danger very well.

The story is too widely known to need recounting here. But what will be of interest to the movie-curious is: Who plays the rôle of Jo—played in *Little Women* by Katharine Hepburn? The answer is: Erin O'Brien-Moore, talented young stage actress. She took a difficult assignment, following in the Hepburn footsteps, and is so completely real that many will debate which played the rôle better. Frank Morgan—in Paul Lukas' erstwhile rôle as Jo's professor-husband—turns in his usual excellent performance. But perhaps the best individual performance is given by Frankie Darro, as Dan, the waif.—*Mascot.*

Don't go to the movies blindly! Shop for your entertainment! Read **HOLLYWOOD'S** frank previews!

ON THE SCREEN

Sweet Adeline

• • • Still another tale of the Gay Nineties! This one has music by Jerome Kern, and Irene Dunne singing seven (count them) songs. It is the first real singing chance that Ziegfeld's former prima donna has had on the screen.

As entertainment, it is uneven. It has excellent spots and it has weak, draggy spots. The Gay Nineties motif seems a bit overdone, though those who can remember the actual era may find the flavor completely to their liking, even when it does hamper the story. Not that a story matters particularly in a musical comedy. This one has Irene as a singer in a beer garden who makes such a hit with the customers that she becomes a stage star. Among those customers are Donald Woods (he supplies the romance), Hugh Herbert, Joseph Cawthorn and Ned Sparks (they supply the laughs), and Nydia Westman, as a young sister.—Warners.



Evergreen

• • • An earlier British picture with a one-word title, *Evensong*, told the story of the rise and fall of a famous prima donna; this new British picture tells of the disappearance of a famous stage beauty and her apparent re-appearance years later. It has not only music, but dancing and charm—and Jessie Matthews, who is close to being the feminine Fred Astaire. If the plot is a bit complicated, perhaps you can overlook that.

Miss Matthews has a dual rôle. In a prologue she is a darling of the London stage of earlier days, who vanishes, leaving her daughter with a faithful servant. Time marches on—and the daughter grows up as a beauty. Barry Mackay, Betty Balfour and Sonnie Hale hatch a scheme to ballyhoo the daughter as the mother, returned.—Gaumont-British.



Strange Wives

• • • It's a strange title, too, for an amusing comedy of domestic difficulties; it's a title that will catch the eye, but will be hard to remember, because it doesn't exactly tell the story. But bother the title! You will remember June Clayworth, a newcomer, and Roger Pryor, who looks destined to become one of the year's romantic hits—even though he isn't the orthodox romantic type.

Despite the efforts of his pal, Hugh O'Connell (a clever comic from the Broadway stage), to save him from matrimony, Pryor embarks on that tumultuous sea. His bride—almost as unsophisticated as he is—is the daughter of Russian emigrés, who promptly move in with the newlyweds. Roger shares his sorrow with I-told-you-so Hugh; June is consoled by Leslie Fenton. But the newlyweds find a solution short of divorce. An entertaining solution.—Universal.



The County Chairman

• • • • If ever a screen rôle fitted Will Rogers, it is the title rôle of *The County Chairman*—which George Ade wrote decades before Will ever heard of a town named Hollywood. But its age does nothing to Ade's humor, which is practically imperishable, because it is penetrating, earthy. And the fact that the story's setting is allowed to remain the late 1890's gives zest and color to it. Here, if you like your Will Rogers—and who doesn't?—is one picture worth driving through a blizzard to see.

Having played a Yankee, a Southerner and a Middle Westerner, Will now is a politician and editor in a Wyoming cowtown—a setting in which he should (and does) feel at home. He has a young partner (Kent Taylor), who is in love with the daughter (Evelyn Venable) of Rogers' deadly political rival (Berton Churchill). Moreover, he puts up his young partner as candidate for district attorney, the post held by his rival—which complicates the budding romance, to say the least. But out of the rising chaos, wily Will brings suspenseful amusement.—Fox.



RATING CODE: • • • • • Excellent • • • • Good • • Fair • • Mediocre Additional Reviews on page 54

"SWEET MUSIC"



When Ann Dvorak went on the screen, she named herself after a famous composer. And she likes music enough to write it, herself. So why shouldn't she be happy in Sweet Music?



Rudy Vallee gives his all to Sweet Music—and Sweet Music gives America's Croon Prince a chance to be himself. That's all he needed to be a movie hit. Now he's back to stay



Sweet-and-moanin'-low music is what Helen Morgan made famous. So she fits into this picture, right alongside Rudy

With Rudy Vallee waving his wand over the orchestra, Ann Dvorak steps out in a brand-new direction



JANET'S SIDE of the Story

Has Janet Gaynor changed? Is she different off the screen? Now all the guesswork can end. She speaks out for herself—to a writer who "knew her when"!

by LLOYD BROWNFIELD



YOU HAVE READ that Janet Gaynor has gone "difficult"—a genteel word for "high-hat"—and has no time for interviews. It is only a legend, a myth. I am a reporter, and I have just interviewed her. Rather, we have interviewed each other. For when it comes to cross-questioning, Janet can not only weather it; she can ask questions, herself.

I had unearthed what I considered one of the most valuable photographs in all Hollywood—a production "still" taken in 1925 and showing Janet Gaynor and Clark Gable seated side by side. When you stop to consider that, barring Will Rogers, Janet and Clark are the two biggest box office attractions in the film world today, you must admit that I had found a real prize. I went out to Fox Studio to try to persuade her to talk about it.

After hearing all the rumors, I was prepared for a battle to reach the Gaynor presence, as soon as I revealed that my object was an interview. No such battle was necessary. I stated my mission, was asked to wait, and after only a few minutes was escorted to the particular stage where Janet was working.

Curled up on a chintz-covered couch in her tiny portable dressing room on the *One More Spring* set, she greeted me with open arms and then proceeded to knock the props from under my cherished story idea. In return, however, she gave me material enough for a half-dozen yarns. . . .

● In the first place, Janet not only remembered me from the old days when she was a little "extra" girl, working for \$7.50 a day (some days); she also remembered the rest of the newspaper gang with whom she had danced and partied before *Seventh Heaven* rocketed her to stardom—and thousands of miles from the orbit of cub reporters and their ilk.

"Gee, Brownie," Janet laughed up at me as I stalked a bit awkwardly across her miniature boudoir, "I'm glad you came out. Where have you been all these years? How's your brother—and Herb—and Cub—and Milt and the rest of the bunch?"

I answered her first volley of questions and produced my precious photograph. While Janet examined this ten-year-old reminder of her "extra" days, I took stock of Janet Gaynor—1935 edition.



Who remembers when Janet Gaynor and Clark Gable appeared together for \$7.50 a day apiece? Janet, for one!

For her rôle in *One More Spring*, she was dressed in what I would classify as a "depression suit"; but (being a man) I noticed that she wore the sheerest of sheer silk stockings.

"She's prettier than ever," was my first thought. "But the little Gaynor girl I knew back in 1925 and 1926 is no more," was my second. Janet has changed amazingly—and for the better, if my opinion is worth anything.

She has the same heavy mop of coppery hair, flecked with golden high lights. She has the same warm brown eyes, the same adorable mouth, even the same tiny freckles chasing themselves across the bridge of her slightly tip-tilted nose. She's still tiny, still friendly and still charming. But she's

Please turn to page sixty-four



For Marlene Dietrich, Josef von Sternberg works eighteen hours a day

HARRY CARR'S

Harry Carr is famous as an observer of the Hollywood scene—because he looks below the surface and behind the make-believe, and tells just what he sees

Fame by Accident

“ONE OF THE things that never entered my head,” said Miss Patrick, “was being a movie actress. I had just taken my bachelor’s degree at the University of Alabama when a chance came for me to escort a group of contest-winning girls to Hollywood. When I got into the studio, they offered me a job acting for the screen.

“I am going to be a lawyer, but I thought this would be an amusing way to fill in the time while I rested before tackling law school. That was two years ago; and I am still acting. Give up the law? Don’t ever think it. I am going to be a lawyer and I am going into politics. From the time I was a tiny little girl I have had my heart set on one thing: Some day I am going to be governor of Alabama.”

I am not sure about her other qualifications, but she will be the loveliest of all Alabama’s governors. She is an extraordinarily pretty girl—long and lithe, with a low voice that has thrills in it.

Josef’s Other Side

I DARESAY WE should have expected this. The friends of every demanding person whisper to you to be sorry for the guy because he is shy and bashful, and that is what makes him yell at everybody.

The revelation was a long time coming; but that’s what friends of Josef von Sternberg tell me now. They claim that he has struggled all his life with an appalling inferiority complex and is really issuing orders to his subconscious self.

It sounds sort of complicated. But, anyhow, they insist that he is the most charming conversationalist in Hollywood and has the most sensitive and cultured mind.

Whose Face Is Green?

I CAN’T FIND any company to admit it; but a most curious story comes from Mojave out on the desert where the finding of a bonanza gold ledge has sent thousands of people stampeding in a

Gail Over Alabama

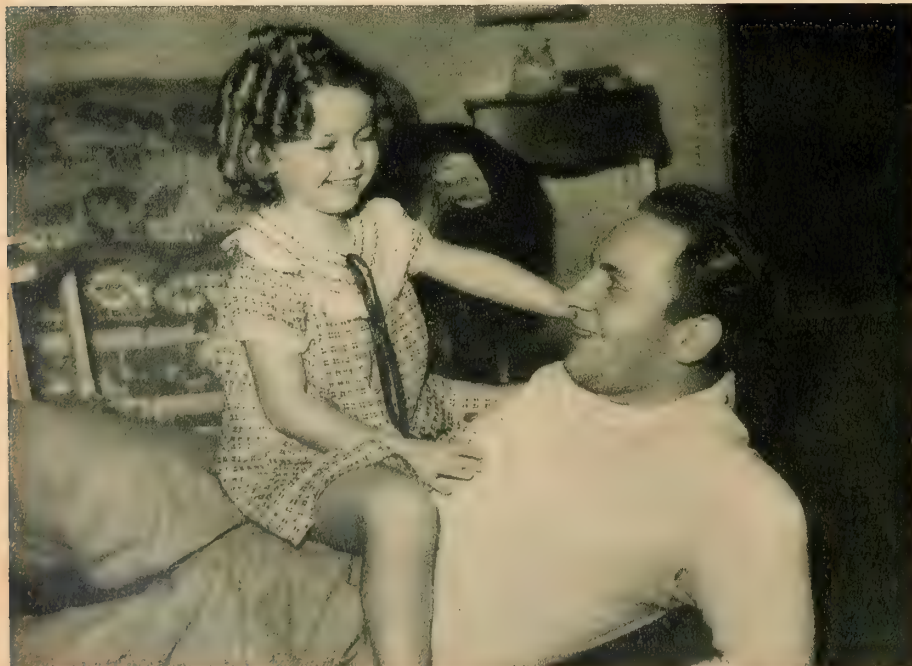
THIS PICTURE STAR business is one of the things that Gail Patrick isn’t too much excited about—which is probably the reason she is getting on.

Miss Patrick, on signal from the sovereign voter, is willing to sacrifice herself on the altar of her civic duty and be governor of Alabama. She told me all about it in Dr. Margaret Chung’s house on Telegraph Hill in San Francisco the other night.

Nearly every important star in pictures knows Dr. Chung of Telegraph Hill. Her house is a port of call for Hollywood. She is a Chinese surgeon who gives charming Oriental dinners and is the champion listener of the world—one woman who hears all, sees all, tells nothing.



Who’s this, knocking on Hollywood’s door? England’s sensation —Merle Oberon!



Every once in a while, Shirley Temple thinks, even a dance director needs sitting on. She has one who not only takes it, but likes it—Jack Donohue

HOLLYWOOD

Shooting Script



by Harry Carr



They're honeymooning on a movie set—Director William Wyler and Margaret Sullivan



If it were only a case of sing or swim, Jeanette MacDonald would—b-r-rr!—rather sing

new rush for riches. It appears that one of the companies recently made a mining picture at Mojave and went to the trouble of sinking a shaft on the very same property where the "strike" was afterward made. Doubtless the prop men shoveled out a fortune in gold ore without knowing it while they were fixing the sets.

Tip for Directors

THIS MIGHT HELP with all temperamental stars. In his first movie part, "Man Mountain" Dean, the gigantic, whispering wrestler, stopped the picture because he stoutly refused to wear spats. While he and Director

Please turn to page eighty-one

Love Stuff

LOVE HAS HIT Hollywood in strange ways; but never did it deliver a more peculiar whack than in the case of the girl who is abandoning her promising film career to devote her time to being a step-mother.

The girl is Lucille Walker, the Fox young lady who was married recently to a cousin of U. S. Senator McAdoo. Her new husband runs a drug store in Carlsbad, New Mexico. Miss Walker has to stay on for the filming of George White's *Scandals*, but says that this will be her last picture. "My husband has a baby daughter who needs a mother's care; so I am leaving the screen."

Picturesque Weddings

THE "QUIET WEDDINGS" that the society reporters write about are not for Hal Mohr. His first one was performed on a movie set while Erich von Stroheim was making *The Wedding March*—with a whole herd of "extras" in Viennese court uniforms for audience. His latest was his airplane elopement with Evelyn Venable to Yuma, Arizona.



Douglas Fairbanks has seen plenty of traveling—and he's going to see some more—but the way Maurice Chevalier's dice travel is a revelation to him

Mary Ellis is the vocal girl who made good in Metropolitan Opera, musical comedy and drama. Now she arrives on the screen, in All the King's Horses



Donat was THE hit of 1934 in The Count of Monte Cristo. Now three studios have signed him!

From North Pole to South Seas—that is the transition that Mala, of Eskimo fame, is now making for Typee



IT'S the MARCH

Baby Jane, three years old, is Shirley Temple's youngest rival. In Straight from the Heart, she also goes straight to it



Frankie Thomas—the boy wonder—has a seven-year contract. He's making *A Dog of Flanders*



of NEW STARS

Queenie Smith, from Broadway, is Bing Crosby's new and pert co-star in *Mississippi*



James Barton is the Broadway comedian who became a great character actor—and a great screen bet. He makes his movie bow in *The Taming of Shrew*



Rosamond Pinchot left the social register for stage fame. Now the movies will star her in *The Brave Live On*



Valerie Hobson is seventeen, English, and the busiest newcomer in films. Her sixth picture is *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*



I Served as a Spy



by

John Boles

The only star to live a spy role during the World War reveals for the first time some of his amusing and amazing adventures

We were given intelligence tests, dispersed to different parts of the service, and I found myself attached to the Department of Criminal Investigation with headquarters at Havre. A chap by the name of Ray Monroe was sent up with me. Back home he had been an exporter of precious stones. I had been a medical student. Now we were a couple of American spies! Just N-52 and B-36.

The first order that came through was to locate a lot of A. E. F. stuff that had disappeared—tires, honey and sugar. It was supposed to be cached somewhere in our vicinity.

It was pure chance that helped us—that, and a bee's sting. I had gone down for the usual inspection tour of the wharves and I saw a strange thing happening.

Ordinarily you don't find bees swarming around creaky docks reeking of tar and fish. But here they were, apparently attracted to a deserted, broken-down warehouse. Curiosity got the better of me—and that's when I got stung! Two minutes later, I was dragging out fat bags of sugar with good old U. S. labels on them, from under tarpaulin covers! One of them had burst—hence the bees. And hence the discovery.

We made reports to both the American and French authorities, and the offenders were quickly rounded up.

Our work took Ray and me everywhere, up and down the line from Bordeaux to Bruges. For a year I played a strange and sometimes remarkable game of hide-and-seek with air raids. No sooner would I leave a spot than it was shelled. From Paris to Rouen



John Boles was a World War soldier at 21. This picture was taken just before he sailed for France.

and on to Abbyville and Calais, the thing continued. Then one night it caught up with me at Havre—the first and only time the enemy bombers ever dared to venture in so far. They were good shots, those Boches.

Havre was a colorful place in those days. The Belgian government was making its headquarters there, and high dignitaries of the state mingled on the streets with soldiery from every part of the world.

It was a brilliant sight—but to me the most fascinating

Please turn to page seventy-eight

THERE WERE THREE of us quartered in that tent. A Greek who painted pictures all day and swore at the mud. A young millionaire who could sleep through anything. And myself—a Texas greenhorn.

Every French-speaking American in the country seemed to have been brought to that camp in North Carolina. They came from everywhere, Louisiana planters, New Englanders with a strong Canuck accent, seamen who had picked up a throaty Marseilles dialect. The idea in the beginning had been to make us a special regiment assigned to General Pershing. But that was only at the start—during the hectic, mad jumble in the early days of America's entry into the War.

The night our sailing orders came the Greek said soberly, "Me, I shall put the war on canvas. I shall draw little sketches at the front and afterwards—afterwards I'll show the world what fighting is!"

"At's great," said the second fellow with a wide yawn. "Me, I'm going to sleep through the darn thing!"

"And me," I countered, "I'm going on a nice little sight-seeing tour."

Talk. Kid's talk. That was our idea of war then. We changed it later. . . .

At St. Nazaire the regiment idea seemed to be abandoned.

DEAR DICK:

Don't think, because this is the ninth of my open letters to stars, that I rate you that far down the roster of my friends. In fact, it's because I consider you practically my best pal that I'm writing to you now. Don't double up those big paws of yours to swing on me if I rub your fur the wrong way. I'm doing it for your own good.

I'm your film god-father in a way. I was the first scribe in Hollywood to recognize your screen possibilities. Mine was the first magazine story to appear on you. On the photograph of you that decorates the wall of my office is an inscription in your own copperplate handwriting, acknowledging that fact. My wife is also a Little Rock girl, as you know, and she delights in telling friends that when you were an unknown, you used to read the gas meter in her father's home in Pulaski Heights. Coach Earl Quigley, your former high school athletic coach, and a mutual friend, wrote that he had a brief word with you when you were back in Little Rock on your recent personal appearance tour. All of us who have known you a long time are proud of that acquaintance—anxious to see you do big things. And still be the Dick Powell we know.

Can you imagine how a father feels when the little tyke he used to rock on his knee begins to complain that his razor pulls? Well, all your fans—including myself—are beginning to feel a little like that about you.

You're "growing up" Dick, and we don't want you to lose that boyish freshness and youthful charm that

An Open Letter to Dick Powell

from
J. EUGENE
CHRISMAN



first endeared you to your screen audiences. That smile of yours isn't as spontaneous as it once was and the twinkle in your eyes isn't so bright. You are growing up, something which we all must sometime do, but that's only the half of it.

Hollywood is doing something to

you, Dick. A close friend of yours recently asked me, "What's happening to Dick? He isn't the boy he used to be. I went down to see him on the

Please turn to page eighty

Jean Harlow Replies to

J. EUGENE CHRISMAN



DEAR GENE:

Your open letter to me in last month's HOLLYWOOD was one of the most gracious gestures I have known. It is needless to say that I thank you sincerely.

You mention my feeling of loyalty to the people who, as you so adequately phrased it, are the real reason for whatever success that I may have today. I believe, Gene, that you know what friendship means to me. It is one of the motivating factors of my life. These people have more than proved their friendship for me.

I feel that you have given me too much credit for the manner in which, as you expressed it in your letter, I have "taken it on the chin." When it is a case of sink or swim, you usually

swim. I have tried to live up to the ideas and ideals that have been instilled in me from childhood, which includes sportsmanship.

We all know that in everyone's life there are bitter disappointments. If we were to allow ourselves to be warped by these experiences, or to allow them to make us bitter or cynical, then we would not deserve the compensations that life always offers for those things.

Somehow, to me, life has always been like going through grammar school, high school and college. In each class we have problems of one sort or another to solve, and when we have solved them satisfactorily, we are then ready to go on to a higher

Please turn to page sixty-three

Spring Is Coming— But FAY WRAY is Here— With New Frocks!

Knitting is smart these days, but dressmaking is smarter—if you pattern yourself after a star . . . It's easy, with HOLLYWOOD Patterns . . . And the coupon below will bring them to you!

WHETHER SPRING finds Fay Wray in Hollywood or in England—and she has become an international star, wanted in both places at the same time—she will certainly be in style. Quietly, without any great ballyhoo, she has become one of the best-dressed women on the screen—a fact emphasized anew in Columbia's "White Lies," with "Alias Bulldog Drummond," which she has just made for Gaumont-British, promising her new laurels. And half of the appeal of her gowns is that they not only are glamorous, but have the virtue of simplicity. The two gowns pictured here are gowns that YOU could make, easily, if you had the patterns. And the coupon at the bottom solves that particular problem.

The frock at the left, designed by Kalloch, is of heavy, mustard-colored silk with a kick-pleat both in back and in front. The full sleeves are gathered into gauntlet cuffs, with a yoke and a full waist. The broad belt and turn-down bib are of flame color, ornamented with large brown wooden buttons. The pattern (No. 158) is designed for sizes 14, 16 and 18 years, 36-, 38- and 40-inch bust.

The frock sketched at the lower right, made of wool and modeled along novel lines, gives its wearer both gracious height and youthful slenderness. Brightly-colored crinkly crêpe silks are also fascinating fabrics for this model. The pattern (No. 275) is designed for sizes 14, 16 and 18 years, 36-, 38- and 40-inch bust.

*Style No. 158 is
the gown Fay
Wray models at
the far left*

*Style No. 275
gives Fay Wray
"tailored s i m-
plicity"*

*Would you like a
frock like Fay
Wray's, above? The
coupon suggests the
next step!*

HOLLYWOOD'S Pattern Service
1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.

For the enclosed . . . send me Fay Wray's dress pattern No. 158—

No. 275 (circle style desired) Size . . . Bust . . .

☐ Check if you wish the new HOLLYWOOD Fashion Magazine.

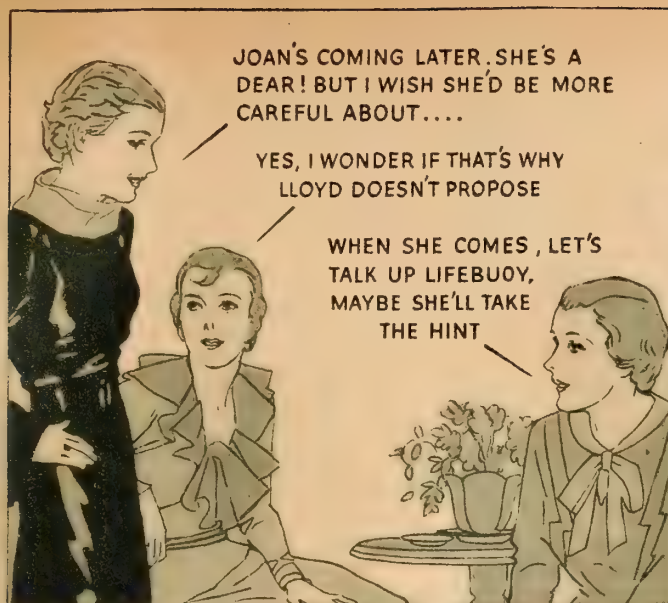
Name

Street

City State

Patterns 15c each. Fashion Magazine 15c
(With one or more patterns, Fashion Magazine will be sent for only 10c)

HOLLYWOOD



IT'S THE SUDS THAT SAVE THE WORK



HOW the news spreads! For the wash, for the dishes, for all cleaning—"there's no soap like Rinso!" On washday it soaks out dirt—saves scrubbing—gets clothes 4 or 5 shades whiter. Clothes washed this safe, "no-scrub" way last 2 or 3 times longer.

You'll save lots of money. A little Rinso gives rich, lasting suds—even in hardest water. Recommended by makers of 34 famous washing machines. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Get the BIG box.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO

TRY AMERICA'S BIGGEST-SELLING PACKAGE SOAP NEXT WASHDAY



READ **FREE** OFFER BELOW



WHY MEN "FALL" FOR CERTAIN GIRLS

—a simple beauty secret

DULL, lifeless eyes are a handicap to happiness. Yet *you* can have lovely eyes in 40 seconds! There's no need to envy girls who always have "dates"—you can accent your eyes so easily, so inexpensively.

See how quickly my Winx Mascara glorifies your lashes, giving your face a new charm. Little eyes become big. Skimpy lashes become long, lustrous. Remember your eyes are your fortune—beacons on the road to romance.

For "Come hither eyes" Winx your lashes and brows

Millions of women prefer Winx to ordinary mascaras—so will *you*. Winx is refined to the last degree—so it's safe, smudge-proof, non-smarting, tear-proof—scientifically perfect. Try Winx today—learn how easy it is to have lustrous Winx lashes. Get Winx at any toilet counter, darken your lashes, see the instant improvement.



To introduce Winx to new friends, note my *two* offers below. My booklet—"Lovely Eyes—How To Have Them"—is complete—how to care for the lashes and brows, how to use eye shadow, how to treat 'crow's-feet,' etc.

Louise Ross

Merely send
Coupon for "Lovely Eyes—
How to Have Them"

Mail to LOUISE ROSS,
243 W. 17th St., New York City

F-3-35

Name.....
Street.....
City.....State.....

If you also want a generous trial package of Winx Mascara, enclose 10c, checking whether you wish ☐ Black or ☐ Brown.

HERE'S GOOD FUN— AND GOOD FOOD!

How about a "Gay Nineties"
party—Hollywood style? It is
easy to plan, easy to stage,
famous for results!

by

Grace Ellis

HOLLYWOOD'S
Food Consultant

THEY DIDN'T SERVE SALADS IN THE GAY NINETIES!

But they served quantities of juicy fruit pickles.

You can buy spiced fruits every bit as good as theirs, or make them yourself from already canned fruit, if you like. Our recipe for delicious PICKLED FRUIT MEDLEY is ready for you, printed on one of our handy little recipe filing cards, as is the recipe for Genuine Old-Fashioned Chicken Pie.

You may have *either* recipe free, by sending a stamped, addressed envelope. If you wish *both*, include an additional 3-cent stamp for the second one.

Write Grace Ellis, HOLLYWOOD Food Consultant, 1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.



Anne Shirley, who made a hit as an old-fashioned girl in Anne of Green Gables, knows a cooking secret or two, herself!

HOLLYWOOD PEOPLE USED to say, "Let's have a party!" Now they say, "Let's have a Gay Nineties party!" They're throwing sophistication to the winds and having some good old-fashioned fun. And giving the rest of the world some "new" party ideas.

Mae West started it all, nearly two years ago, and the craze shows no signs of abating. Since *She Done Him Wrong*, practically every player in the movies—from Will Rogers to Baby Le Roy, and from Katharine Hepburn to Shirley Temple—has acquired a costume that could pass as 1890 vintage. And why store them in moth-balls? Why not use them? Why not, in short, have a Gay Nineties party?

And there is your cue for that party you were half-planning for February or March—whether it is to be an afternoon feminine festivity, an evening bridge group of the "mixed" variety, a special tea, or an "invitation" party. There is your cue for dragging out old sheet music, for rummaging through old trunks—two zestful occupations, bound to be fraught with re-discoveries.

But what food would you serve on

such an occasion? (The "food problem" is always the biggest one at any party.) That's another enjoyable thing about a Gay Nineties party. It doesn't call for anything fancy or fussy! The food—if it's old-fashioned and good-to-eat—need be the least of your worries. Waffles, pancakes, oyster stew, chicken pie or any one of a dozen other old-time favorites would make an equally suitable main dish.

And you don't have to worry about the entertainment. Give the guests (even if there isn't an actor or actress in the crowd) half a chance and they'll provide most of it, themselves—and extemporaneously. As for the costumes—well, you can't say, of course, that everyone loves dress-up parties. I've known men who make a terrific family disturbance that usually ends in a dual regret when a "come-in-costume" invitation arrives. But even these refractory souls are apt to enjoy dressing for a "Gay Nineties" or "Pioneer Party." There's almost always a pair of pin-toed shoes or a checker-board vest about to form a nucleus for a

HOLLYWOOD

masculine costume. As for the ladies—they can pick their ideas straight from *Little Women*, *Judge Priest*, *Belle of the Nineties*, *Anne of Green Gables* or a dozen other movies I could mention.

In giving an unconventional party of this sort, don't let yourself be restricted to following someone else's suggestions. You'll be concocting plenty of ideas of your own, once you start working on plans.

As a send-off, I shall tell you of two recent parties that were to use a Hollywood phrase, "smash hits." The first was a "Gay Nineties" dinner, given by a young and attractive lady who isn't so helpless in the kitchen as the myths about "young moderns" would lead you to believe. Both she and her mother like to cook, and her mother enjoys particularly doing the old-fashioned dishes, so that helped tremendously.

Invitations were written on white paper, cut in the shape of a Victorian lady's hand, with a ruffle at the wrist. The eleven guests came costumed as bicyclers, auto-fans, languishing (and laced) ladies and flashy "Diamond Dicks" of the just-before-1900's—not to mention His Highness, the man on the flying trapeze! Dinner was served with pseudo elegance at a table centered with an old-fashioned castor and a pair of silver pickle-jars, and consisted of:

Chicken Pie
Mashed Potatoes Cream Gravy
Escalloped Corn
Celery (Served from a Celery Vase)
Pickled Fruit Medley
Baking Powder Biscuits Quince Jelly
Blanc Mange Layer Cake
Coffee

Each place was marked with a tiny home-made booklet titled "Autograph Album of _____," with the blank holding the name of the guest. Inside of the flyleaf of each was written a verse copied from an old "autograph album"—a relic of the days when autographs were collected for sentiment's sake, not display. Three-fourths of the hilarity of the evening was furnished by these and by the original verses written into the albums by other guests, each of whom was supposed to leave a signature and a line or two of "noble sentiment" or remembrance, on one page of the album of each other guest.

The dining table, stretched to its full length, was the center, not only of the everything-on-the-table-and-pass-the-food-around meal, but of the fun that followed. "Pokeno" furnished the evening's diversion. If you haven't played it, you must! It's the game of the moment in Hollywood. You need only a group of Pokeno cards (which you can purchase at any department store), a few poker chips and a Monte Carlo manner. Though a new game, it fitted into the "Dead-Eye-Dick-and-Diamond-Lil" spirit of the party with perfection. Losers were forced, finally, Please turn to page seventy

MARCH, 1935



"I read an 'ad' of the Perfolastic Company ...and sent for FREE folder".



"They allowed me to wear their Perforated Girdle for 10 days on trial".



"The massage-like action did-it...the fat seemed to have melted away".



"In a very short time I had reduced my hips 9 INCHES and my weight 20 pounds".

TEST the... PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE

For 10 Days at Our Expense!
*"I have reduced my hips
Nine Inches"* writes Miss Healy!

REDUCE
YOUR WAIST AND HIPS
3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS OR
...it won't cost you one penny!

WE WANT YOU to try the Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere. Test them for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if without diet, drugs or exercise, you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, they will cost you nothing!

Reduce Quickly, Easily, and Safely!

● The massage-like action of this famous Perfolastic Reducing Girdle and Brassiere takes the place of months of tiring exercises. You do nothing, take no drugs, eat all you wish, yet, with every move the marvelous Perfolastic gently massages away the surplus fat, stimulating the body once more into energetic health.

*Ventilated . . . to Permit the
Skin to Breathe!*

● And it is so comfortable! The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breathe normally. The inner surface of the Perfolastic is a delightfully soft, satinized fabric, especially designed to wear next to the body. It does away with all irritation, chafing and discomfort, keeping your body cool and fresh at all times. There is no sticky, unpleasant feeling. A special adjustable back allows for perfect fit as inches disappear.

Don't Wait Any Longer... Act Today!

● You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce you. You do not need to risk one penny . . . try them for 10 days . . . at our expense!

*"You can be
YOUR SLIMMER SELF
without Exercise, Diet or Drugs!"*



SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

Dept. 73, 41 EAST 42nd ST., New York, N. Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

Name _____
Address _____

City _____ State _____

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card

A "Beautiful Bride" CAN Stay Beautiful!

Gloria Stuart and Ginger Rogers, two widely different types, tell what they believe in doing to "guard those romantic illusions"

by MAX FACTOR
Famous Studio Make-up Expert



Gloria Stuart gets the advice of Max Factor about make-up for "a pastel type"—and passes it on to you

WILL you always be your husband's sweetheart—the same girl he loved and fêted and bought flowers for during your engagement? Or are you afraid that he may lose his romantic illusion of your loveliness? Be honest with yourself. Ask yourself this question: Would you risk killing his love inch by inch with little petty things? Would you, for example, let him leave in the morning with a picture of you all carelessly dressed and tousled . . . to meet other women neatly groomed, beautiful?

There's this to remember, to mark with red letters and keep right before you: *It is the small annoyances a man can't bring himself to tell his wife about that kill romance and romantic illusions!*

He won't tell her about her soiled brush lying on the bureau day after day . . . or her untidy personal habits . . . but she feels him turning from her, growing colder.

It ought to be part of the wedding ceremony—the bride's promise to try to live up to her husband's ideal of her. It's the most beautiful thing in a woman's life.

That is why those two charming Hollywood brides, Gloria Stuart and Ginger Rogers, say, "Guard that illusion! It's a woman's biggest and most important job!" And they're



Like Gloria, Ginger Rogers feels that a morning touch of perfume helps to give the day a glamorous start

going about it in ways that would benefit every girl.

Gloria, who is a golden blonde with wide blue eyes and great poise (and Mrs. Arthur Sheekman in private life), thinks that there is nothing so attractive to a man in any type of woman as fresh daintiness. Unquestionably she is right. Ask your husband—or any man friend. If you're in the habit of hearing that you have "such a glowing look," if people are always wondering what "that delightful fragrance about you" is, then you have the key to feminine loveliness. And don't drop it along with your maiden name! That is the time to redouble and keep adding to every charm asset you have.

"Cleanliness," declares Gloria, "may be next to Godliness, but it's also the most luxurious feeling in the world!

What I do is to keep a bottle of liquid soap on hand. I fix it myself. It's a simple matter. All you have to do is to shave your favorite bath soap into a pan and add three quarts of cold water to it. Place it over a slow fire and stir occasionally until the soap has entirely melted, then add a teaspoonful of powdered borax. Pour it into a large-mouthed jar and use only enough for each bath.

"What you do, after you step into your tub at night and before you sit down, is to dip a large bath sponge into your warm water and then sprinkle it liberally with the liquid soap. Rub the sponge all over, beginning at your neck; and when you're covered with lather, lie in the tub quietly for about five minutes. It doesn't seem to take as long as the ordinary bath and it's much more effective. After a luke-

HOLLYWOOD

warm rinse, a rubdown and a little perfumed body powder; you have that grand immaculate feeling.

"In the morning, following your cold shower and the cleansing cream-as-tringent ritual, it isn't in the least extravagant to touch your eyebrows and the lobes of your ears with a drop of perfume. Not when it gives such an exciting start to the day! It's almost as exciting as the sparkle your morning make-up gives you across the breakfast table."

● As she said that, I thought of a certain actress who has been married seven years and whose husband seems more in love with her than ever. "She never lets me breakfast alone," he told me one day with ill-concealed pride. "And she always looks so—well, made up as carefully as if she were going to a party. That certainly makes a man feel important in his own home! Guess I'm just naturally lucky. . . ."

Try making *your* head-of-the-house feel "just naturally lucky" and see how romance not only lingers on, but grows apace!

The morning make-up, naturally, should not be so heavy as the one for evening and should not take half so long to apply. But it should be complete—yes, even to the eyelash make-up. A light application will do the trick, enough to get rid of that "bleached" look. Because the tips of most lashes are light and when they're darkened, women suddenly realize that their lashes are much longer than they thought. And their *men* suddenly wonder why they never appreciated before what beautiful eyes their "better halves" possess!

There's one thing I'd like to point out again, though: The old "painted mask" effects are as out of date as knee-length skirts. I've mentioned that before, but in spite of everything said on the subject there still are walking versions of over-ripe china dolls going about. You know the type I mean—with cheeks like twin red flags and eyes fringed with brittle-looking brushes. There is nothing more repulsive to a man. . . .

The whole idea in modern make-up is to keep every line soft—to put new, young life into the face. Be a siren in the morning sun—but a freshly eager, subtle siren. . . .

● Gloria, for instance, is a pastel type, all golden and cream and pale rose tones. It is absolutely necessary to "see" the component parts in your skin tones—otherwise, the face you present over the coffee cups may be a pretty strange mixture of pink powder on tanned skin, purplish rouge adding years to your age and a lipstick that defies your natural lip-coloring! And a husband is often more observing than a wife dreams. . . .

"In my own case," says Gloria, "I've found that the color of my mouth
Please turn to page sixty-nine



... but he's saying "I'm sorry" now!



It was Ada who really saved me. I was telling her how Bill and I had quarreled that morning because I couldn't get his shirts white enough to suit him.



"Your trouble sounds like tattle-tale gray," Ada told me—"and that means left-over dirt. Change to Fels-Naptha—its richer golden soap and lots of naptha get out ALL the dirt."



And am I glad I listened to Ada! My washes are like snow. They've lost every bit of tattle-tale gray. Bill's so tickled with the way his shirts look that he's been sweet as pie ever since!

YOU bet Fels-Naptha will get your clothes cleaner—and whiter!

For Fels-Naptha brings you something that no "trick" soap can—two dirt-looseners instead of one. Not just soap alone, but good golden soap with plenty of dirt-loosening naptha.

Chip Fels-Naptha into your washing machine—and see what a gorgeous job it does. It's great in your tub and for soaking or boiling. You'll find it gentle—safe for your finest silk stockings and daintiest lingerie. And it's kind to hands, too—for there's soothing glycerine in every golden bar! . . . Fels & Co., Phil., Pa. © FELS & CO. 1935

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray"
with Fels-Naptha Soap



IT CORRECTED
MY CONSTIPATION
IN *NO* TIME!



*Thousands Now Get Safe
Relief from Indigestion,
Skin Troubles, "Nerves"
with this Pasteurized Yeast*

DO you want to stop indigestion, pimples and boils, "jumpy" nerves, and all the other annoying ills caused by a sluggish system? You do? Then try this improved *pasteurized yeast*. Thousands have found that this remarkable corrective food ends constipation and related ills for good!

Science now knows that in countless cases of constipation the real cause is insufficient vitamin B complex. The stomach and intestines, deprived of this essential element, no longer do their work properly. Elimination becomes incomplete and irregular. Digestion slows up. Poisons accumulate in your system.

Yeast Foam Tablets supply the vitamin B which is necessary to correct this condition. These tablets are pure *pasteurized yeast*—and yeast is the richest known food source of the vitamin B complex. This improved yeast quickly strengthens your internal muscles and gives them tone. It stimulates your whole digestive and eliminative system to normal, healthy function.

With the true cause of your trouble corrected, constipation soon goes. Indigestion stops. Pimples disappear. Pep returns. You really live again!

Don't confuse Yeast Foam Tablets with ordinary yeast. *These tablets cannot cause fermentation in the body.* Pasteurization makes Yeast Foam Tablets safe for everyone to eat.

Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today.



**YEAST FOAM
TABLETS**

"I'M LIVING
as I
SHOULDN'T"



Says
**Claire
Trevor**

To
BEN MADDOX

NOT ANOTHER GIRL in pictures today is as perplexed as the blonde, competent-looking young actress who has just finished the lead in *Dante's Inferno* opposite Spencer Tracy. I refer to the curious case of Claire Trevor.

For almost two years she has been playing film heroines. Her performances have certainly been better than adequate. Why hasn't she made the final step to genuine stardom?

One excellent alibi is that she hasn't been especially lucky in regard to the pictures she has drawn heretofore. You can't be stupendous in so-so stories. But there's more to it than that. Claire blames herself.

"I'm living as I shouldn't—to get ahead in the world. I realize it, myself. And still, so far, I can't make myself change. The goal doesn't seem worth the sacrifices!"

Attractive rather than beautiful, bothered by no complexes, she has more in common with the average girl of middle-class family than any feminine star. Hers is no rags-to-riches background, no tale of turbulent strife. At twenty-four she has had no hectic love life.

Consequently, her current dilemma can easily be understood by many who, like Claire herself, are overwhelmed by the seeming necessity to be startling, sensational, to be a Success with a capital S.

She was born in New York City, of non-theatrical parents. Her father is a merchant tailor and for years has owned a shop on Fifth Avenue.

Claire's maturing was pleasant and calm. She intended to enter Vassar, but discovered that she would have to return to high school to improve some credits. Instead, she enrolled at a drama academy.

● "I went there because it was fun.

I had no burning ambition to become an actress. In fact, I wasn't terribly excited about it; so, after a season, I quit. I decided that art was my forte and enrolled at Columbia University. That kept me busy another winter. But I really was getting nowhere."

By the merest coincidence, she ran into an acquaintance who was working at a theatre. He told her that she ought to try the stage. Infected with his enthusiasm for acting, she started to pester the theatrical agents. Immediately, she learned that no one would take her seriously because she had had no stage experience.

Without any fuss, Claire hastily remedied that. When asked for references, she blithely reeled them off. And kept on with her fibs even when caught up. Soon she was telling a convincing tale.

One day she met a man from out of town. "He came into an agent's office. As soon as I heard that he was in search of an ingénue, I cornered him and mentioned casually that I was between Broadway runs!" He was impressed and hired her to support Margaret Anglin, no less!

"I had never been on a real stage in my life. But I didn't waver. I re-

HOLLYWOOD

"—to get ahead in the world," she adds. And now Claire wonders: Should she set out to startle the headline hunters—or would she be happier just as she is? What would you tell her?

heard with the rest of them, went on opening night, and played the entire run successfully." That debut occurred in Ann Arbor, Michigan, site of the University of Michigan, where she was publicized as a New York star. Fortunately, no one arose and told all.

Claire was on her way with that impetus. She talked herself into more shows, easily, and a year later was actually enacting a lead on Broadway. Another season and she was grabbed by Fox for pictures.

"But now I'm frankly bewildered. Just as a beginner has to lie to get past that no-experience bugaboo, so does a film actress have to push herself ahead to stand out from the crowd. And this is the hitch. I'm moderately athletic, interested in dancing, books, the new shows, and good-looking men. Please turn to page sixty-seven



Should she go exotic places and do exotic things—or should she stay at home? That is Claire Trevor's dilemma!

MARCH, 1935

"SUB SOIL" GROWS GOOD BLACKHEADS



ONLY A PENETRATING FACE CREAM WILL REACH THAT UNDER-SURFACE DIRT!

By *Lady Esther* Those pesky Blackheads and Whiteheads that keep popping out in your skin—they have their roots in a bed of under-surface dirt.

That underneath dirt is also the cause of other heart-breaking blemishes, such as: Enlarged Pores, Dry and Scaly Skin, Muddy and Sallow Skin. There is only one way to get rid of these skin troubles and that is to cleanse your skin *to the depths*.

A Face Cream that Gets Below the Surface

It takes a penetrating face cream to reach that hidden "second layer" of dirt; a face cream that gets right down into the pores and cleans them out from the bottom.

Lady Esther Face Cream is definitely a *penetrating* face cream. It is a reaching and searching face cream. It does not just lie on the surface. It works its way into the pores immediately. It penetrates to the very bottom of the pores, dissolves the imbedded waxy dirt and floats it to the surface where it is easily wiped off.

No other face cream has quite the action of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream. No other face cream is quite so searching, so penetrating.

It Does 4 Things for the Benefit of Your Skin

First, it cleanses the pores to the very bottom.

Second, it lubricates the skin. Resupplies it with a fine oil that overcomes

dryness and keeps the skin soft and flexible.

Third, because it cleanses the pores thoroughly, the pores open and close naturally and become normal in size, invisibly small.

Fourth, it provides a smooth, non-sticky base for face powder.

Prove It at My Expense

I want you to see for yourself what Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream will do for *your* skin. So I offer you a 7-day supply free of charge.

Write today for this 7-day supply and put it to the test on your skin.

Note the dirt that this cream gets out of your skin the very first cleansing. Mark how your skin seems to get lighter in color as you continue to use the cream. Note how clear and radiant your skin becomes and how soft and smooth.

Even in three days' time you will see such a difference in your skin as to amaze you. But let Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream speak for itself. Mail a postcard or the coupon below for the 7-day trial supply.



Make This Test

Pass your fingers over your whole face. Do you feel little bumps in your skin? Do you feel dry patches here and there? Little bumps or dry or scaly patches in your skin are a sure sign of "sub soil" or under-surface dirt.

Copyrighted by Lady Esther, 1935

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (10) **FREE**
Lady Esther, 2030 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.

Please send me by return mail your 7-day supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

NEW... BETTER

CORN RELIEF



FROM THE RED CROSS LABORATORIES

● YES, corn plasters have gone modern. This new plaster from the Red Cross Laboratories is toe-conforming, waterproof, inconspicuous.

Now Shape—Protects toe from pain and pressure as it treats corn. Trim slip-proof tabs hold fast without crowding toes.

Never sticks to stockings—because of its smooth, glossy finish. And it's waterproof, too. Stays dry when you bathe. The Drybak feature is not found in other plasters.

Individual Medicated Centers—safer and unexcelled for removing corns effectively.

Send 10c for a trial package of corn plasters.



For professional foot treatment see a Chiropodist.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J. CHICAGO, ILL.



RED CROSS DRYBAK CORN PLASTER

Also Drybak Bunion and Callus Plasters

How to TREAT A WIFE



"When Be-Good-To-Wives" week rolls around, these are the things that ideal husbands may do. At least, so the Danish star amusingly suggests...

Carl Brisson thinks that a man should be athletic — and tell his wife that she IS athletic

Always admit your wife is right when she is right, but never mention when she is wrong.

Your home is the only place on earth and you have never met sex appeal outside it.

Don't prefer blondes or redheads if your wife is a brunette.

Never turn around and look at other girls on the street.

Have a man as your secretary and never flirt with a telephone girl.

Be proud and always tell your wife that she is perfect when she sings, plays piano and golf, swims or drives a car.

Always be awake before the alarm-clock goes off so that you don't disturb her. And before you leave for your work take a last peek at your sleeping "better half" and put a red rose on your empty pillow. It is understood that you fix your coffee, yourself.

Around noontime, call her up on the 'phone and ask her if she has had a nice, peaceful sleep with rosy dreams. Even beg her, in case she hasn't a tennis or bridge engagement, to go to a matinee or something.

If you have a business engagement combined with a luncheon, ask your wife to join you.

If you are in a restaurant, never

"BE GOOD-TO-WIVES-WEEK" is something nobody has thought of before, though we have had "Be Good To Animals Week" and be good to this and that week. And I've been wondering what we husbands would do if there was a "Be-Good-to-Wives Week" or, rather, "Be good to wives always." After due deliberation, consideration and concentration, I've decided on the following mottoes—suitable (perhaps) for framing:

You have to be a man before anything else—if you understand what I mean.

HOLLYWOOD

by
**CARL
BRISSON**

staringly figure your bill. Pay at once and give plenty of tips. Try to read her mind if you think she wants another drink and never grab her glass in case yours is empty.

Always dance the first dance with your wife and hold her close. If you are dancing with somebody else, keep a certain distance.

Always tell her that her cooking is a thousand times better than restaurant cooking and always ask for a second helping — even when discretion dictates otherwise.

Never be annoyed if you have your full-dress suit on and are all set to go out and your wife thinks the car needs a dusting-off.

Always manage to get tickets to a theatre, even if it is sold out.

If you happen to be out by yourself, always tell her that the evening was spoiled because she wasn't there.

Never scold her if she gets set in a sure five-trick bridge game. Encourage her by saying that you couldn't have done it better.

Always think that your wife's friends are perfect.

Always take care of your own laundry. Please turn to page sixty-six



Carl pretends it's Be-Good-to-Wives Week in All the King's Horses. And Mary Ellis is his wife in the picture!

When a girl needs a girl friend



"Those were his very words!"

"What do you suppose that new young doctor said to Jack after the dance the other night? When Jack asked him how he liked the rush Jane was giving him, he just looked bored and said, 'Why doesn't some kind girl friend tell her she needs Mum?' Those were his very words. Imagine! After the way we girls have all tried to ease it over to her! Can we help it if she's dumb?"

What an old meanie she is for not telling!

"Mr. Glover said he was afraid he'd have to let Ann go. Wish I had the nerve to tell her what's the matter. It's such a pity when a jar of Mum would save her job for her."



(In other words, young lady, you need Mum.)

"Your references as to ability are very good, Miss Clark. But I hardly think you'd fill the requirements of our position here. Sorry."

SHE'S bound to lose out every time—the girl who is careless about underarm perspiration odor. For people will not excuse this kind of unpleasantness when it is so easy to avoid. With Mum!

It takes only half a minute to use Mum. And it lasts all day. Use it any time—when dressing or afterwards. It won't harm your clothing.

Mum is soothing to the skin. Prove this by shaving your underarms and using Mum at once.

Another reason you'll like Mum

—it prevents every trace of ugly odor without preventing perspiration itself. Decide today to use Mum and be safe every day. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.



MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

YOU NEED MUM FOR THIS, TOO. Use Mum as a deodorant for sanitary napkins and enjoy relief from worry about this source of unpleasantness.



GINGER
ROGERS
RKO-Radio
Pictures Star



A.D. 1750
a padded
cushion!

...1935 Hold-Bobs

MADAME DE *for the hair*
POMPADOUR draped her hair over a cushion two feet high. But none of that fussiness today... it's HOLD-BOBS for modern hair! And how easily these bob pins keep your coiffure in place.

HOLD-BOBS are the modern bob pin and the only one with these exclusive features:

Small, round, invisible heads.
Flexible, tapered legs, one side crimped, to hold hair in place; and smooth, non-scratching points.

HOLD-BOBS come in colors to match all shades of hair. And their satin-smooth finish lets them slide in easily.

Try HOLD-BOBS at our expense. Check your shade — and mail the coupon.

THE HUMP HAIRPIN MFG. COMPANY
1918-36 Prairie Avenue, Dept. F-35, Chicago, Ill.
Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd.
St. Hyacinthe, P. Q., Canada

Gold and Silver Metal Foil cards identify HOLD-BOBS.

All sizes and colors to meet every requirement. Also sold under brand name of BOBETTES.



MAIL COUPON for Gift CARD

The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co.
Dept. F-35, Chicago, Ill.

I want to know more about these new HOLD-BOBS that match my hair. Please send me a free sample card and new hair culture booklet.

Name

Address

City..... State.....

☐ Gray and Platinum ☐ Blonde ☐ Brown
☐ Auburn ☐ Brunette

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May's Memories



May Robson gives all credit to Marie Dressler for her own screen success...

The recent appearance of Marie Dressler's posthumous autobiography makes timely these vivid reminiscences of her lifelong friend, May Robson

by
CLARK WARREN

a fighting cock to the defense of her friend. "Marie wouldn't do a thing like that, even if she didn't like a person. I could tell you tales of Marie's generosity that would make you see that she just *couldn't* have done a thing like that."

● And so I got May started on reminiscences about Marie. There was a closer bond between these two, who, in the twilight of their lives, attained their greatest success, than will ever be found among those to whom friendship has not withstood the test of years. May's eyes were misty as she spoke of Marie.

"It's just like talking about my own sister, to be talking about Marie," she said.

It was Marie who, when May wanted to retire after almost a half-century of stage work, induced her to come to Hollywood and try pictures.

WHEN MARIE DRESSLER was still alive, many a moviegoer thought of May Robson as Marie's foremost screen rival. And since *Lady for a Day*, *You Can't Buy Everything*, *Lady by Choice* and, now, *Grand Old Girl*, many have hailed her as Marie's most likely successor. Few know that Marie was responsible for May's movie career; and, perhaps, not many know that May is Marie's most ardent champion — and always has been; the first to insist that there was, and could be, only one Marie Dressler. You see, they were friends, lifelong friends.

Most actors and actresses like nothing so much as to talk about themselves. But not May Robson. She would rather talk of Marie—whom she met so long ago in the dim and distant past that she cannot remember when or where that first meeting occurred.

If you want to draw the thunderbolts of May's wrath, just repeat any little bit of fiction that you have heard about her Marie. I discovered that, lunching one day with Miss Robson. The conversation turned to the subject of Marie's manifold charities and her great generosity. I repeated to May a hard-to-believe story that once went the rounds—to the effect that Marie was supposed to have had ejected from her set a former vaudeville headliner who was working as an "extra" to stave off starvation. May's eyes flamed.

"It isn't so," she stormed, rising like



Even 'way back when May Robson was the young actress above, and Marie Dressler was the young actress at the right, they were friends

HOLLYWOOD

of Marie



Happy, smiling—that is how May Robson likes to remember Marie Dressler...

"She wouldn't listen to the idea of my retiring," smiled May, "and she told me I ought to be ashamed even to think of such a thing—a young girl like me. Marie always got her way; so here I am. Not only that, but when I got here, she went right to Louis B. Mayer and told him that if he didn't see me and put me under contract before some other studio did, it would be the mistake of his lifetime. Marie Please turn to page seventy-three



Difficult Days?

*I don't have them
any more!*



"When I think of the way I used to suffer regularly, setting aside certain days when any activity was out of the question—even walking any distance—you may know how grateful I am for Midol. Now, I have no such pain, or even discomfort. I ride horseback on the days that once demanded absolute quiet."

This is not the experience of just one woman. Thousands could tell how Midol has given back those days once given over to suffering.

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Address.....





*Hollywood Endorses this
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You, too, can have beautiful hair that glows and glistens like the movie stars'—after your first shampoo with Mar-o-Oil. No soap required—no messy lather, and it washes out with clear warm water.

Start today. Get your bottle of Mar-o-Oil at any toiletry counter. All leading beauty shops give and recommend Mar-o-Oil shampoos to rid hair and scalp of dandruff accumulations, dirt, and grime. Guaranteed results.



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I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin) to cover handling and mailing.

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UNIVERSAL SONG SERVICE, 681 Meyer Bldg., Western Avenue and Sierra Vista, Hollywood, California.

Turn to page 79 for information about cash prizes which will be paid for letters published about the stars.

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THE Guide TO NEW pictures

Can you talk about the new pictures in advance? HOLLYWOOD'S preview staff can—and in these brief, frank reviews, as well as those on pages 32 and 33, they do so. Keep up with them, and you will know what the new pictures are about and how good they are!—Editor.

The Unfinished Symphony

••••• This is a picture that will quietly thrill all music-lovers, all who have had dreams woven by music. It will do more than that. It will start a cycle of screen biographies of composers. And it will do this despite the fact that the only cast-name familiar to Americans is that of Helen Chandler; despite the fact that it is not an exciting picture. It doesn't need to be exciting. Its mood and its music are enough.

It covers the same general ground as *Love Time*—the life and broken love of Franz Schubert, great musician and shy lover. But it has more of the atmosphere of his time, his surroundings; and, perhaps because the actor who plays the rôle (Hans Jaray) is new to us, Schubert himself seems more real. Briefly, the story tells of the love of a little shop girl (Helen Chandler), who helps him rise to greatness; and his love for another girl (Marta Eggerth), to whom he writes a symphony that must remain forever unfinished.

It rates ••••• because of its sensitiveness, its sincerity, its pictorial and musical beauty; because of its haunting concentration on the melodies of Schubert; because of the performances of the three principals; and because, like *One Night of Love*, it appeals to two audiences—those looking for good stories, and those looking for great music. (Gaumont-British)

The Gilded Lily

••••• Claudette Colbert does it again in *The Gilded Lily*—changes her pace and scores still another hit. This time she is a modern of the moderns, the last word in glamour, utterly real, and thoroughly amusing. *The Gilded Lily* is a satire disguised in ermine.

She is a flip stenographer who falls in love with a titled Englishman (Ray Milland) without having an inkling of his family tree. After he has gone back to England, she learns his history from a convivial ship-news reporter (Fred MacMurray). Disillusioned by what looks to her like distrust of her affection, she let MacMurray headline her as the "No" girl who turned down a Duke's son. Overnight, she is a sensation—a bit on the notorious side. Then she meets Milland again, and again she falls in love with him, but up rise all the headlines to threaten the romance this time. The ending isn't trite, hackneyed or senti-

If You Went "On Location"



How Much Would You See?

This is an observation test. Study, for a few moments, this photograph of an off-the-record shot of a location for Will Rogers' picture, *The County Chairman*. Then turn to page 84. If you can answer the obvious questions there, you qualify as a person who uses his eyes

mental. Right to the end, here is entertainment that is refreshing, spirit-lifting, amusingly convincing.

It rates . . . it reveals still more of the Colbert talents, not to mention the Colbert beauty; because it begins cleverly, ends cleverly, and is clever all the way between; because it doesn't sacrifice reality for entertainment. (Paramount)

Helldorado

• • • With the recent gold find in the Mojave country, this is timely entertainment—entertainment that has the setting of a Western, without the old, old plot. This one concerns a deserted mining town, where a group of people are marooned during a cloudburst, and where one old prospector lingers on, waiting for his partner to return and show him where they had found yellow ore. Before it's over, everyone takes the simple-minded old chap seriously, and there is suspense in the air.

Richard Arlen is the hero of the piece; Madge Evans, the heroine; Henry B. Walthall, the old prospector. Ralph Bellamy furnishes the rivalry for Arlen; James Gleason and Stanley Fields are on hand for comedy.

It rates . . . because it jells into an entertaining mixture of drama and comedy, because the cast, in a setting where mediocre acting is traditional, refuse to be mediocre. (Fox)

The Secret Bride

• • • Barbara Stanwyck's emotions never look routine, no matter how routine a plot may be. But in *The Secret Bride* she doesn't have to rise as far above her material as she has sometimes had to do. The material, while still of a "problem" nature, packs an extra element of mystery; it has suspense and a punch.

She is the secret bride of Warren William, state's attorney, and the daughter of Arthur Byron, harassed Governor, whom William is forced to prosecute for acceptance of a bribe. Barbara, torn between loyalties, is prevented from testifying at the trial, whose suspense is heightened when a powerful tycoon, listed as a suicide, is revealed as a murder victim, whose demise is followed by another murder. Glenda Farrell, secretary of the Governor, is the suspect.

It rates . . . because of the performances of the four principals; and because the director has given a telling pace to an overworked theme, played in an over-familiar setting. (Warners)

One Hour Late

• • • It looks as if Bing Crosby has a rival. His name is Joe Morrison, and he is, if you remember, the singer who set a nation to humming *Home on the Range* and won a movie break. The boy has what it takes. And, in addition, his new picture is worthy of his mettle. A comedy with a melodramatic twist, it permits him to be a singer, a comedian and a hero.

He starts out as a clerk, ambitious for a radio career and violently in love with a beautiful stenog (Helen Twelvetrees), who isn't so dumb that she doesn't want to improve her social position when she marries. In short, she doesn't take his radio ambitions seriously and is not Please turn to page fifty-six

MARCH, 1935



A million eyes marvel at the beauty of CLAUDETTE COLBERT

How many look at you?



FACE POWDER

...To harmonize with my colorings, black hair, dark eyes, olive skin, Max Factor's Olive Powder is correct... Fine in texture, it adheres perfectly and creates a satin-smooth make-up that clings for hours.



ROUGE

...Max Factor's Raspberry Rouge is correct for me. A perfect color tone, and creamy-smooth, like finest skin-texture, it blends evenly, imparting delicate, lifelike coloring to the cheeks.



LIPSTICK

...Max Factor's Super-Indelible Crimson Lipstick completes my color-harmony make-up. Its moisture-proof, the color is natural and once I've made up my lips I know they will appear perfect for hours.



Learn How Hollywood Stars Emphasize the Charm of Beauty With This New Make-Up

There's a thrill when admiring eyes confirm the appeal of your beauty. So learn the make-up secret of Hollywood's stars, and you yourself can create beauty that is more alluring, attractive, appealing.

The secret is color harmony make-up, consisting of face powder, rouge and lipstick in harmonized color tones, originated by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius.

Working with famous screen stars to capture the mystery of ravishing beauty, Max Factor discovered a new principle of color harmony to be beauty's secret of attraction. Based on this principle, he created new color-harmony shades in face powder, rouge and lipstick to bring out the color appeal of each type of blonde, brunette, brownette, redhead.

You will be amazed at the new beauty your own color harmony in this new make-up will bring to you. Remember... famous stars have found magic in this secret, so you may expect a remarkable transformation.

So share the luxury of color harmony make-up, created originally for the stars. Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. At all leading stores.

Max Factor * Hollywood

Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick... In Color Harmony

Mail for your COLOR HARMONY IN POWDER AND LIPSTICK

MAX FACTOR, 5-8-37
 Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood, California.
 SEND Post-Box of Powder in my color harmony shade and Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose 10 cents for postage and handling. * Also send my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and the new Illustrated Instruction Book, "The New Art of Savvy Make-Up" FREE.

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE <input type="checkbox"/>
Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEAD <input type="checkbox"/>
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
SKIN Dry <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Only <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE	type shade and hair <input type="checkbox"/>

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I once looked like this. Ugly hair on face... unloved... discouraged. Nothing helped. Depilatories, waxes, liquids... even razors failed. Then I discovered a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked! Thousands have won beauty and love with the secret. My FREE Book, "How to Overcome Superfluous Hair," explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Mile. Annette Lanzette, P.O. Box 4040, Merchandise Mart, Dept. 116, Chicago.

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PUBLIX COIN CO.

AF-7343 Cottage Grove, Chicago

THE Guide TO NEW pictures

Continued from page fifty-five

averse to the attentions of her boss (Conrad Nagel). Then an elevator, crowded with people, stalls between floors—which gives Joe a chance to be a spectacular hero, get the attention of a radio man he saves, stand in front of a microphone, and win the girl.

It rates • • • because of Morrison's personality and voice; because of the realistic comedy; and because the situation of the stalled elevator tickles the imagination. (Paramount)

Sing Sing Nights

• • • This is melodrama that does not pretend to be anything else and, concentrating on its suspenseful purposes, emerges as exciting entertainment. In the leads are Boots Mallory, Hardie Albright and such well-remembered favorites as Conway Tearle and Mary Doran.

At a farewell party in his honor before a departure for Europe, a famous war correspondent (Tearle) is killed — by three bullets, fired from three different guns. Three men separately confess the murder, and all might have had sufficient motives for the deadly deed. But some clever detective work, in which a lie-detector and a couple of fake pardons are featured, turns up some surprises.

It rates • • • because, to those who don't assume from the title that the picture is just another prison yarn, it offers fast, crisp action. (Monogram)

Behold My Wife

• • • Sylvia Sidney and Gene Raymond, who made their first big movie impressions as the young lovers of *Ladies of the Big House*, are together again as unhappy lovers battling against fate. They don't have as vivid a story to work with, but their performances put the picture in the "excellent" division.

Sylvia is an Indian girl; Gene is a scion of society, cursed with an interfering family. Because of their trouble-making, his fiancée has committed suicide; embittered, he marries the Indian girl in an attempt to disgrace his family. When Sylvia finds out why he married her, she plans revenge. When his sister's lover is murdered, Sylvia takes the blame, hoping that Gene will be tortured with remorse, after she has walked the last mile. But, even if she doesn't believe it, he loves the girl. So he takes the blame, himself. And thereby traps the real culprit.

It rates • • • because love between two different races is difficult to project, and Sylvia and Gene make their emotions believable; because they have the support of such capable performers as Juliette Compton, H. B. Warner and Laura Hope Crews; and because a story that might well be draggy moves along smoothly. (Paramount)

West of the Pecos

• • • Ever since *Cimarron*, Hollywood has been trying to find another Western saga for Richard Dix. *West of the Pecos* isn't it, but it is a Western far above the average—not so much in story, as in performances. You can't have a saga without a big story.

Echoing *Cimarron* in one respect, the new picture shows Dix as an emigre to the Great Open Spaces. But the things that happen to him are things that have happened to countless other Westerners in countless other Westerns. He is accused of cattle-rustling and there doesn't seem to be any immediate way of proving himself an honest man. He meets a girl (Martha Sleeper) who insists, against his advice, on masquerading as a boy—and falls in love with her while arguing with her. The subsequent events are not hard to guess.

It rates • • • because, despite its trite story, it has glamour, believable and virile performances, and settings that should satisfy any gipsy-of-the-imagination. (RKO-Radio)

The Mystery Woman

• • • You are going to be Mona Barrie-conscious after seeing this spy drama—which is considerably above par, as such dramas go. The girl has real talent, plus poise. And for a supporting cast she has Rod La Rocque, John Halliday and Gilbert Roland as her principal aids. La Rocque, making a very favorable impression, is a particularly welcome sight—and another proof that, when given a break, the so-called "old-timers" still can click.

He is a French captain, stripped of his chevrons and shipped to Devil's Island, because he failed to make a safe delivery of an important document. Miss Barrie, rightly suspecting John Halliday, an art collector, of the theft, sails on the same boat to America. En route, another spy (Roland) steals the document. With all this going on, and with the onlooker wondering what, in the end, will happen to La Rocque, the tension is what you like it to be.

It rates • • • because Mona Barrie proves, by making a major stir in a minor story, that she will soon be making a major stir in a major story; because it gives two former favorites—La Rocque and Roland—chances to remind audiences that they aren't outdated; and because, though a spy story (and all spy stories are more or less alike), it has suspense. (Fox)

Lottery Lover

• • With an army of facetious fellows storming at Hollywood's gates, battling to play in musical comedy, why must Lew Ayres be wasted on such slight fare as this—a sexy musical comedy about sailor-cadets who are not only on a training cruise, but also "on the make?"

Lew plays the boy who is backed by all his shipmates to uphold the boat's romantic reputation, with Pat Paterson and Peggy Fears the principal women in his would-be-ardent life. Pat, of course, is the young and sweet one; Peggy, a *Follies* beauty who used to operate a gown shop in New York and knows her clothes, is the wicked lady of the piece, which is a bit self-consciously "naughty," itself.

HOLLYWOOD

It rates • • because it has some good tunes, if not actual hit numbers; because it introduces the provocative Peggy Fears to movie audiences; and because one of the scenes that doesn't drag is a dueling number by a huge ensemble. (Fox)

The Gridiron Flash

• • • The producers are a bit tardy this year with their football pictures, and there are some who will say, "Better never than late." But *The Gridiron Flash* is one football opus worth seeing. Except for that inevitable touchdown in the last minute of play, it has a fresh slant at the industry of intercollegiate football, tackling it from a novel unexpected angle.

Eddie Quillan, star on a prison eleven, is discovered by Grant Withers, alumnus of a college that needs a "Red" Grange badly. He pulls wires, gets Eddie paroled, then enrolled at his alma mater; in return, Eddie wants help on some "outside jobs" and is promised it. He survives the Freshmen hazing, then falls for a co-ed (Betty Furness), and gets college spirit. But on the eve of the big game, he loses his illusions, appropriates some jewels and vanishes—until Betty finds him.

It rates • • • because it is amusing, without being silly or absolutely incredible—which is high praise for a picture with a collegiate background; and because it proves that the producers should rustle up more pictures for Eddie Quillan. (RKO-Radio)

The Band Plays On

• • This is another football picture—which had the makings of honesty and forcefulness, but developed anemia. It tells a tale of four boys from the wrong side of the tracks who come under the wing of the director of a public playground, turn into football enthusiasts, and then decide to get rich in a hurry. But if you are expecting a powerful bit of irony, you're due for a disappointment.

The plot follows the quartette through high school and then college, to the verge of professional football. Only an accident to one saves them from toppling over the mazuma cliff, and then they go on to become heroes again. The chief protagonist of the tale is Robert Young, with Betty Furness again the co-ed love interest. Stuart Erwin is the lad who loses her, but gains the audience's sympathy. Leo Carrillo and Ted Healy are on hand to furnish laughs.

It rates • • because it moves right along, even if its plot does go timid. (M-G-M)

Federal Agent

• Some day there will probably be a robust, full-bodied and illuminating drama about the most dramatic crime-detectors of America. This, decidedly, is not it.

The routine plot has the Federal agents preventing political crooks from purloining some important government papers, with Bill (Screen) Boyd trying hard against insurmountable odds. Lenita Lane is the girl and she, too, is handicapped by the story. The comedy relief is very, very sad.

It rates because it is uninspired and uninspiring. (Select)

Please turn to page eighty-four

MARCH, 1935



"No!"

my daughter won't suffer as I did"
WRITES A MOTHER...

Because WONDERSOFT KOTEX gives new comfort... makes chafing and pulling impossible

KOTEX is the ideal pad for active girls because it *stays* dry and soft. There's no chafing and rubbing. The sides are covered with a film of softest cotton — the sides only, mind you, for the surface is left free to take up moisture. You can't find any other pad with this Wondersoft feature.

Roping and twisting ended

Women used to complain so about pads twisting out of shape and pulling. But Wondersoft Kotex keeps readjusting itself to conform to the body, no matter

how active you are. The center equalizer is specially made to protect under any and all circumstances, which means, of course, a safeguard against soiled lingerie.

Forget-about-it protection

Isn't this the kind of forget-about-it pad you've been looking for? Ends are smooth and flat, so they don't show under closest-fitting dresses.

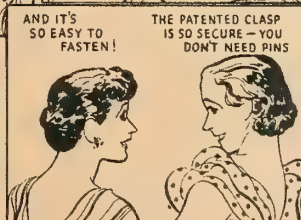
Even the package is different. The next time, won't you ask for Wondersoft? Super Kotex is now priced the same as regular size, at all dealers.

ONE WOMAN TELLS ANOTHER ABOUT THIS NEW COMFORT



Free Booklets!

Write for either or both of two authoritative booklets on Feminine Hygiene—"Health Facts on Menstruation"; and "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday", for a child. Address Kotex Company, Room 1428, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.



WONDERFORM



How to get rid of CORN...

easily and without danger
of infection



• All persons now suffering from corns are urged to get relief immediately with this approved Blue-Jay method.

Blue-Jay is amazingly easy to use. Quickly applied, without fuss or bother. Pain stops instantly—soft, "common sense" pad removes all pressure on the corn. Then, the safe Blue-Jay medication gently but surely loosens and undermines the corn. In 3 days you lift the corn right out, completely.

Try Blue-Jay today. (25¢ at all druggists). Note the new Wet-Pruf adhesive strip that holds pad securely in place (waterproof—soft, kid-like finish—does not cling to stocking).

BLUE-JAY
BAUER & BLACK'S SCIENTIFIC
CORN PLASTER

Suppose you owned
this hotel? How would
you run it?

No doubt you would want your guests sure of a friendly welcome; of cheerful, alert service; of clean, bright, modern rooms. You'd want them to sleep well; to like the food—to have it good food; and the rates would have to be right, too.

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Drop me a line

Dollars for your movie thoughts!
Money for letters to stars—
Read the rules on page 79

He Champions Mae West \$10.00 Letter

DEAR MISS WEST:
I am a young boy sixteen years of age and attend the movies regularly. I have seen all of your pictures and can truthfully say that I don't think your pictures are cheap and vulgar, as described by some of these men and women who criticize the movies.

I just saw *Belle of the Nineties* and I enjoyed it immensely, but it is a shame they had to cut out so many good scenes. In spite of that, I saw the picture twice. I want to give you credit for picking such splendid leading men.

Hoping to see you soon on the screen in as good or better pictures, I am
Yours truly,

BILL COX,
307 Harrison Avenue,
Oklahoma City, Okla.

Off the
screen, too
—as her letter
proves—
Mae West
lightens her
earnestness
with humor

Ann Harding—Inspiration \$5.00 Letter

DEAR ANN HARDING:
For some time, I have wanted to write you and tell you of the interest with which I have followed your career.

You wouldn't remember me, I am sure, but I was just starting my high school education at East Orange when you came there to finish yours. I remember you when you were in a few of my classes, and the very efficient way in which you finished everything you undertook. I remember the class play, in which you had a leading part, and I also remember the seriousness with which you took your rôle in that show. You had so much poise and acting ability, even at eighteen, that you made the other boys and girls in the show look like kindergartners, instead of high school seniors.

I've watched your advancement from the small part you played in your first New York show until you became one of the stage's leading actresses; and from your first motion picture up to the present time.

There is no career which shows more clearly to the American boys and girls the heights which one can attain. There is no better lesson in the will and determination to make something of oneself, no matter what difficulties may arise, than that which you have given to those of us who have watched you from your high school days.

It has taken not only a great actress to succeed as you have, but also a fine character and understanding. I hope that you



will stay in the movies and not return to the stage, as so many more people can see your work upon the screen than ever could on the stage, and I know that you will continue to give us the fine performances you have in the past.

Sincerely,
ELEANOR D. HINES,
17 Oxford Street,
Newark, N. J.

HOLLYWOOD



In private life
Grace Moore
prefers to be
Mrs. Parera

GRACE MOORE PARERA
1034 ELEVENTH ST.,
SANTA MONICA, CALIFORNIA

Mrs. Amy L. Alexander,
1034 Eleventh St.,
Santa Monica, California.

My dear Mrs. Alexander,

Your appreciation of my Columbia
film "One Night Of Love" expressed in your recent
letter only adds to my desire to make another
which I hope will be received as graciously as
this one.

I am very happy to have been the
pioneer in this new type of picture entertainment
and I can assure you I thoroughly enjoyed working
with every member of the well chosen cast.

The photograph you asked for has
been mailed and I hope you and your friends will
enjoy it. My next film - the story is being planned
but it is much too soon to say more about it, ex-
cept that good music will be a part of it.

Most sincerely,

Grace Moore

Moore Praise \$10.00 Letter

MY DEAR MISS MOORE:
I have already seen *One Night of Love* seven times and I expect to take a party of friends this evening. I can't tell you how your lovely voice has thrilled me and how happy I have felt after each performance.

I think your singing has been the very best tonic I could buy, and as my spirits have been somewhat low, I've been indulging in generous doses; but I'll never tire of the picture.

You must know how everyone loves you for bringing to them such joyous song. Your rendition of the aria from *Madame Butterfly* has thrilled me through and through. I do believe my constant attendance speaks for itself, as words fail me to express the very high tribute I would pay you. How I would love to have your picture!

Wishing you continued success, I remain

Yours sincerely,
AMY L. ALEXANDER,
1034 Eleventh Street,
Santa Monica, Cal.

Please turn to page seventy-five

MARCH, 1935

THE RIGHT AND WRONG ABOUT COLDS!

Facts It Will Pay You to Know!

THE "COMMON COLD" yearly, directly or indirectly, takes more lives and causes more illness—and more expense—than any other single ailment to which human flesh is heir.

The sad part of it is that much of the misery caused by colds is due to carelessness or ignorance in treating colds.

A cold, as your doctor will tell you, is an *internal infection*, resulting from a germ attack. In other words, a cold, regardless of the locality of the symptoms, is something lodged within the system.

Everything but the Right Thing!

The failure of many people to recognize the internal or inward character of a cold results in much mistreatment of colds. More often than not, people do everything but the right thing for the relief of a cold.

They rub pungent greases on their chests; they inhale stinging vapors; they swallow all kinds of preparations which, for seven months of the year, are good for everything but colds and which suddenly become "good also for colds" when cold weather sets in.

Many of these methods are good as far as they go—but they don't go far enough! They don't get at a cold from the inside which a cold, an internal infection, requires. The result often is that a cold may progress to the point where it becomes a serious matter.

Recognizing the apparent nature of the "Common Cold," it becomes

obvious that a cold calls for a remedy that is expressly a cold remedy and one that is internal in treatment.

Such a remedy is Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine!

It is expressly a cold remedy and not good for a number of other things as well. It is internal treatment and it is complete in effect.

The Four Things Necessary

First of all, Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine opens the bowels gently but effectively, the first step in dislodging a cold.

Second, it combats the cold germs and fever in the system.

Third, it relieves the headache and grippy feeling.

Fourth, it tones the entire system and helps fortify against further attack.

This is the treatment a cold calls for and anything less is coming pretty close to taking chances.

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Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine contains nothing harmful and is absolutely safe to take. For more than forty years it has been the standard cold and grippe tablet of the world, the formula always keeping pace with Modern Medicine.

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BEAUTIFUL
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WHY endanger your business and social life with Dandruff when you can correct it so quickly and easily with Lucky Tiger Hair Tonic? Made under our Standardized Formula for two decades—used by millions everywhere. Happy results with the very first application—Guaranteed Results from the first bottle. Costs little at Druggists and Barbers.

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My Life As John Barrymore

Continued from page twenty-three

Actually, Barrymore was easy to caricature. We had a fine cast, and all was going well for us in San Francisco. Picture people were coming up to see football games, and they brought back news of the play's success. Robert Leonard of Metro, up for a game, saw me and arranged a screen test. It must have been pretty bad, for no murmur of interest followed that brief appearance before the camera.

Then the play came down to Los Angeles. Our workout had polished the rough edges and the entire cast was in fine fettle. The play was hailed with delight, and night after night we would spot nabobs of the picture industry out in front.

One evening the big negro doorman came back to my dressing-room.

"John Barrymore, he's out front, suh," he said. "Jus' thought you'd like to know."

The long-dreaded moment had arrived. Barrymore was to see his ghost face to face—and anything might happen! I quaked in my boots, as I thought of the lines, the crackling, profane lines—not to mention my cavorting and high jinks as I took liberties with the greatest figure of the stage and screen. I felt like a small boy at last caught with the cookie jar.

All during the play, I had the funny feeling that Barrymore might rise at any moment and take a pot shot at me. I made my first entrance, as the doorman described it later, "shaking like an aspirin."

I had heard that John's sister, Ethel, objected strenuously to the parody, but that John took it all in good humor and was a regular guy. Nevertheless, I had my misgivings.

The curtain went down. I was still alive. Then the manager burst into my room.

"Barrymore," he gasped, "is in the lobby. And he's laughing! He and his wife are both laughing!"

I sat down and weakly mopped my brow.

BARRYMORE HAD KNOWN Miss Emelie Melville, the delightful elderly lady who played the mother rôle. A veteran of the stage, she had given a crisp portrayal that was a major contribution to the success of the play. John Barrymore came back to visit in her dressing-room, and sent for me.

By this time I had taken heart and managed to face him without falling down. He cocked his head at me in keen appraisal, suddenly clapped me on the back and broke into roars of laughter. Pacing up and down in the manner I had tried so faithfully to copy, he declared that it was a splendid performance and that he could hardly have done better with it, himself!

You may well imagine my gratitude and relief.

Paramount decided to take a chance on me, and I signed a contract. But having no test of me, and being rather fearful of what I might look like sans mustache and sans long hair, they did not dare remove these adornments. I had to play the part of a young husband in my first picture, still wearing my Barrymore get-up.

Cast in *The Studio Murder Mystery*,

I induced them to let me trim my hair. But the mustache, and the Barrymore swagger, remained. I could not for the life of me throw off what had become a habit. Eventually, I gave up the struggle. But the mustache bothered me, for I had always been clean-shaven on the stage. One day I went to the director of *Paris Bound*, which was getting under way at Pathé, and suggested casually that the rôle I was to play would hardly require a mustache. He shrugged and told me to do as I wished, and I dashed for a barber chair as fast as I could, figuring that he would have to take the rap for the consequences.

I was sent East by the studio to do *Laughter* and then *The Royal Family of Broadway*. Walter Wanger was enthusiastic over this picture version of the play, and I had found it simple to slip back into the Barrymore character. Of course, to my way of thinking the play, lost much when it lost its delightful profanities in the picture version, but it went well in the larger cities.

Jesse Lasky called me in.

"This will be your big year," he predicted.

"Well, that rather depends on what parts I get to play," I said.

"What would you like to do?" he asked.

BY THIS TIME I rather enjoyed being John Barrymore. Certainly I could not be putting my feet down into more famous tracks.

"Well, any good Barrymore play would be fine," I said. "Such as *Beau Brummell*, *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*—"

"Fine! We own that," said Lasky. "We had thought of selling it, but I think it will do splendidly for you. It was a great success with Barrymore."

We made the picture, with Miriam Hopkins, and if Barrymore ever saw the film, it must have given him a start.

At this time David Selznick called on me for a heart-to-heart talk. He told me quite frankly that I was in danger of losing forever my own personality if I continued my life as John Barrymore. I, too, had been uneasy on that score, and it was then that I seriously attempted to cast off the mannerisms I had assumed for professional purposes.

Unhappily, I had become saturated with these rôles and with these mannerisms so closely identified with John. I had come to feel that I knew him better than his own shadow. But I made the attempt.

I had even taken to wearing Barrymore collars, and now I tried to grow accustomed to a different style. I told myself: "It's time you stood on your own feet; come now, March, and snap out of it!"

Then I encountered my patron again. It was at the Mayfair that John Barrymore strolled up to me, shook hands, and complimented me on my performance as Barrymore.

"They'll have me doing imitations of you before I'm through," he chortled. "Do you know that my daughter has sent for a picture of you and that you are her favorite actor?"

WE LAUGHED TOGETHER over that incident, and I felt more in his debt than ever. I wondered if I could be that magnanimous in his place! As I continued in my picture work, I strove more and more to bring my own personality back to its

HOLLYWOOD

former vigor. A series of costume pictures—*Death Takes a Holiday*, *The Affairs of Cellini*, *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* and *We Live Again*—did not make the task easier. But viewing each one critically, I saw but a faint tracery, now and then, of the old mannerisms, and these fitted the rather swashbuckling rôles portrayed.

Now that I am to do *Les Miserables* in my new contract with 20th Century, I return to an earlier hero in my life—Victor Hugo, and the last fine threads that may still bind me to my life as John Barrymore will snap. I shall be a Victor Hugo character instead, and bring to life the character I revelled in as a boy, when those thick tomes of Hugo's used to weigh me down as I carried them about with me. Oddly enough, my first New York stage appearance was as *Victor Hugo* in the play, *Deburau*. It was just a walk-on bit, but what a thrill it was!

That is the end of the story of how I was John Barrymore. To that fine actor and great gentleman, I am indebted for his generosity and forbearance, and I, his erstwhile ghost, wish him a long life and a happy one!



—Wide World

Joan Blondell, who used to be a dancing daughter, is now a dancing mother. And pretty happy about it, too—as is hubby George Barnes. She'll soon be back on the screen—dancing



Posed by professional models

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In *The Iron Duke*, made in England, George Arliss reminds a forgetful world that the Duke of Wellington attended a ball on the eve of Waterloo. And he has also given New York artists the cue for this year's Beaux Arts Ball. They'll stage a replica of that famous ball. (P. S. Arliss is invited!)

The Secret of Charming Men

Continued from page twenty-five

try it yourself. You may be as surprised as I was.

With some women, feminine clothes exaggerate their shortcomings, while simple, tailored costumes make them look appealingly feminine. Also, there is a refreshing youthfulness about a tailored costume that seems to impress men.

But there are other matters to consider besides fashions, and although they play a most important part in this art of being attractive, there are many other elements to consider.

THE AMOUNT OF interest that men show in physical charm may vary, but this I do believe: *No man's interest can be held for long if physical charm is all that a woman has to offer.*

The conversation of a good-looking girl may be the most tiresome thing on earth.

And it is just as true that a slovenly indifference to feminine charm exhibited by one of the lady intellectuals can be fully as boring. Of course, the balance between mental and physical appeal depends on the viewpoint of the man, and there it becomes a question of individual susceptibility.

All men love an audience, but you'll find that they do not put on a very good show before an unattractive woman.

If there is one thing a man likes to do, it is to talk. If he can talk to a pretty girl, he is that much the happier. And

if a girl will only let him talk long enough, the average man is likely to talk himself into marrying her.

It used to be that a man talked things over first with a friend, then with her family, and finally with the girl. When he proposed, he did not know whether he would be accepted or not.

But not many men today suffer in suspense as they pop the question; in fact, most modern couples never can remember whether the man proposed or not! Sometime during a conversation about marriage in general, he probably said: "Well, I get a vacation in August and we could be married then." And without realizing it, there he is, neatly captured.

So the talkative streak in men has its values. If a man discovers that he can talk to you with enjoyment, he will want to talk to you more and more until eventually, to make sure of his audience, he marries you.

In all discussions of what appeals to the masculine eye, the question of make-up enters sooner or later. Someone is sure to ask: "Do men like to see a girl made up?"

The only secret to make-up is to have it all there, but so well applied that a man is unconscious of it.

A smear of lipstick and a blob of rouge would appeal to nobody. On the other hand, those every-day aids, properly applied, are as important as the right clothes.

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Jean Harlow Replies

Continued from page forty-one

class and learn more. The most valuable lessons we learn in this life, to my way of thinking, are tolerance, gratitude and the real meaning and application of that misused Golden Rule: "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

Regarding your reference to my mother, my only reply to that is that I am certainly one of the most fortunate persons in this funny old world of ours to have as a parent a person with such sound and fine fundamental principles, such a divine sense of humor and such an unselfish love for her family.

Gene, you mentioned the fact that I enjoy being a movie star. I do. I enjoy the things the position offers, such as intensely interesting work, the charming and talented people with whom I work, and the true joy of having a job that **MUST** be done. Also, the sense of personal satisfaction (this in no way has anything to do with ego) that a job finished, to the best of one's ability, gives.

As to my friend, Mr. Powell—again I feel that I am more than fortunate. If you can find as many laughs in a week with twenty people as you can in half an hour with Bill Powell, I still haven't met the people or found the week.

Bill and I haven't found time to become romantic about each other, and I'm afraid we never will find the time. His friendship has been a great mental stimulus to me, as well as a stimulus to my sense of humor. A more clear-thinking, intelligent, fair-minded individual, you could never find.

Speaking of that long-promised game of golf, how about bringing along a pal? Bill loves to play and many of our happy hours together have been on the golf course. Only let me warn you—bring some sandwiches. Because we very often arrive at about the fifth hole and get into an intense argument and we simply take time out for awhile.

And now, Gene, I just must say a word to you. I treasure your friendship for me and your friendliness toward me more than I can say.

With deep affection,

Jean Harlow

Do You Know—

1. How much longer has Garbo guaranteed to remain in Hollywood?
2. Which two stars were involved in the Great Duck Mystery?
3. What actress is making inquiries about the South Sea Islands?
4. Who says, "If you would succeed with men, give them credit for intelligence"?

(Answers on page 67)

RED, CHAPPED HANDS?

relief
GUARANTEED OVERNIGHT



**Hands made smoother,
softer, whiter—too,
with famous medicated cream**

HERE'S A sure way to relieve badly chapped hands—a quick way to make red, rough, ugly-looking hands soft, smooth and white. Try it—if it doesn't greatly improve your hands overnight, it will cost you nothing!

A hospital secret

This famous medicated cream was used first as a chapped hands remedy in hospitals. Doctors and nurses have a lot of trouble with chapped hands in winter—they have to wash hands so frequently. They found that if they applied Noxzema Cream liberally on their hands at night, all soreness disappeared by morning—hands became smoother and whiter.

Today millions of people use this "overnight remedy for chapped hands." If your hands are chapped, see for yourself how wonderful Noxzema is for them.

Make this simple test. Apply Noxzema on one hand tonight—rub plenty of it into the pores. Leave the other hand with nothing on it. Note the big difference in the morning. Feel the difference, too! One hand still red and irritated—the other smooth and white.

Noxzema is a snow-white, dainty, greaseless cream—not sticky, gummy or messy to use.



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To end skin faults

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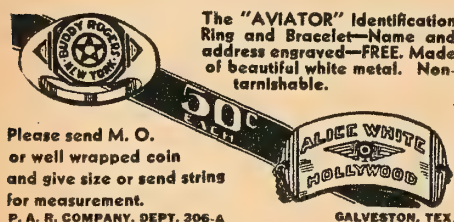
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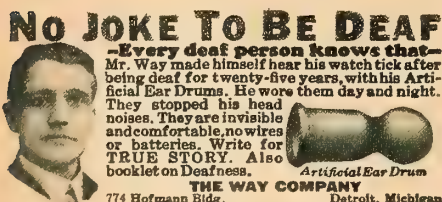
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Janet's Side of the Story

Continued from page thirty-five

no longer a little girl to be playfully teased. She is a beautiful young woman with a keen, flashing wit, a mind of her own, and a store of common sense in keeping with her position as one of the greatest stars the film world has known.

JANET DISMISSED My prized picture with scant ceremony. "Of course, I remember that picture," she declared, "and I remember the Clark Gable of those days very well. Clark was just as nice then as he is now as a star. He used to have a little car and he always took a bunch of us home at the end of the day. I couldn't very well forget that!"

"Clark and I worked for seven-fifty checks in that picture," Janet continued. "It was called *The Plastic Age* and was made at the old F. B. O. Studios on Gower Street. Clara Bow was the star and Gilbert Roland played one of the leading rôles. It was just about his first appearance in pictures. Donald Keith had another featured part, but Clark and I were just atmosphere."

"Were you making a pretty fair living in those days, Janet?" I asked.

"Honestly, I would have starved to death if I had depended on my 'extra' checks," she replied seriously, "and I got quite a bit of work at that. But I always had a home to go to—and I kept plugging in hopes of the chance that eventually came."

So the story about the Gable-Gaynor picture and Janet's days as an "extra" was left by the wayside and we settled down to firing questions at one another.

I wanted to find out about those reports that Janet was hard to see—that she wouldn't answer any questions until she had carefully considered each one—and that several magazine writers had aroused her ire during the past few months. So

I cautiously steered the conversation around to the subject of interviews and interviewers.

To my surprise, she talked freely. I've questioned killers, bandits, burglars and high-binders of all kinds in my day as a police reporter and I'm not exactly bashful when it comes to rapid-fire cross-examination. But Janet never flinched. She answered every question.

"WRITE WHAT YOU really think," Janet told me when I asked her if there were any strings to the interview. "I'm not afraid of honest opinions, but it does irritate me when writers say things that, down in their own hearts, they don't believe, themselves."

"I object to a certain type of magazine story," Janet declared, "because of the carefully-handled innuendo which leaves the impression with readers that I'm two-faced—the impression that, although I may play nice-girl parts on the screen, I'm not necessarily the same kind of girl in private life."

"The writers, themselves, know they're unfair," continued the now thoroughly aroused little redhead, "for if they know me at all, they should know that I live a perfectly sane and normal life away from the studio."

"I don't mind it when they write that I've grown up. Of course, I'm grown up. Anyone who saw *Seventh Heaven* should understand that I must be grown up by this time. But I really make an honest effort at sincerity—both on the screen and off—and if my efforts are not entirely successful, it's not because I don't try."

If more proof was needed, I got it within the next few minutes. Janet was called on the set and I slipped out to watch her go through a scene with Warner Baxter and Walter King. There was no "com-



In this particular scene from *One More Spring*, Janet seems to be paying rapt attention to Warner Baxter's side of the story. And what is the story? A light-hearted fantasy of a depression winter—with both in unexpected rôles

HOLLYWOOD

plete transformation" when she stepped under the lights. The Janet I had been talking to was the same Janet who played the scene. Her voice probably lacked the indignation aroused by some of my questions, but it was the same voice—the same girl.

When Janet returned, I asked her about her recent European trip, about her "holiday home" in Hawaii and about the fun she had enjoyed in a camp in northern Wisconsin.

"I'VE LEARNED," SHE pointed out, "that it doesn't pay to travel 'grand.' You can have a lot more fun just running around with a bunch of good friends and avoiding the pomp and ceremony of the big hotels and liners."

"Over in Europe this last time, we rented a little car and drove down through Southern France. There were several friends in the group and my mother was along. No one paid the slightest bit of attention to us and, gee, we had a good time!"

"Even in Honolulu," Janet declared, "the folks who spend a lot of money and try to buy their good times usually leave feeling cheated, while I can have the time of my life just playing around our little place and making friends with the natives and the regular residents."

A chance question revealed that I had spent the Summer of 1932 in the South Seas and Janet, figuratively speaking, leaped on me with both feet.

"Oh, I'm just dying to go there. How did you like it? How long does it take? What sort of hotels are there and are the native girls pretty?"

She fired questions so fast that I had to call a halt and explain that, officially at least, I was the interviewer and she the interviewee.

I warned her not to expect romance in Tahiti—but to take her romance along. Janet grinned and nodded, admitting that she had figured on the same problem. For the first time she evaded one of my direct questions—she wouldn't reveal whether or not she had anyone in mind for the trip.

"BUT WHY IS it, Brownie," was Janet's next question, "that you go to Tahiti and have a marvelous time, and other friends of mine have made the trip and figured it just so much wasted time?"

I pointed out that she had answered that question, herself. Folks who go down in style—and live in a grand manner—always miss about nine-tenths the fun. While other visitors hired hula dancers to appear before them—I went out on the native parties and danced the hula right along with 'em.

"Of course," agreed Janet, "that's probably just as true in Tahiti as it is in Hawaii, or in Europe, or any other place. But are you planning to go back—"

At this moment an assistant director stuck his head in the door to notify Janet that she was wanted on the set again and I never did have a chance to answer her last question.

Having taken up some two hours of Janet Gaynor's \$4,000-a-week time, I prepared to slide gracefully out of the picture.

Janet gave my arm a friendly little squeeze as I left the dressing-room with the parting admonition, "I'm just crazy to ask more questions about the South Seas. Come out again soon. And let's get the old gang together once more. I'll call you up the first free evening I have."

Between you and me and that gate post over there—I wonder if she ever will?

MARCH, 1935



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For women who desire to stay young and grow attractive looking, Marchand's has three uses:—

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PAUL RIEGER, 168 First Street, San Francisco

Cameramen Name Hollywood's Ten Most Beautiful Women

Continued from page twenty-nine

great star. When she arrived in Hollywood with Mauritz Stiller, she was regarded at the studio as an ungainly liability. It was only when studio officials saw her camera tests that they became enthused with her.

"Study the faces of the great feminine stars," said Daniels, "and you are immediately struck by one fact. All of them have strong, well-developed features. Few of them are beautiful, in a classic sense. Yet the camera does things to them that make them the world's most beautiful women."

Space does not permit the quoting of all the cameramen I questioned—Nick Musuraca of RKO; Victor Milner, fourteen years a Paramount cameraman and next to shoot C. B. De Mille's *Crusades*; Karl Struss, also of Paramount, who won the Academy award for his photography of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*; George Fosley of Metro; Jimmy Howe, the little Chinese ace, and others. This article must be a compendium of the opinions of all these experts who have contributed their opinions.

But we cannot omit the trenchant remarks of Joseph Walker, Columbia cameraman, who photographed *It Happened One Night*.

"I agree with the voting for the ten most beautiful women," said Joe with a grin, "but I'd like to add a few more, if I'm expressing my personal opinion. I think Lilian Harvey has one of the best camera faces I ever shot. Anna Sten, whom I have not yet photographed, seems to me to belong somewhere on that list, also. Myrna Loy is a difficult camera subject, but the results of good camera work and lighting on Miss Loy make it a pleasure to photograph her."

"The old standards of the merely pretty face have given place to the character face. When I tried to make Barbara Stanwyck merely beautiful, the result was terrible; but when I tried to develop her character, she became one of my finest camera subjects. Another example of this is Grace Moore. In her two previous pictures, they tried to make her a real beauty. Miss Moore has too much character to neglect from a photographic standpoint, and it was the evidence of this that helped to make *One Night of Love* a smash hit."

Hal Mohr revealed some of the secrets

of the art of lighting. This, he believes, is the most important part of the cameraman's art.

"What ever he does to develop character and to enhance beauty on the screen," says Hal, "is with his lights. Camera angles are important, too, but lighting more so. For instance, if we are photographing a glamorous star like Gloria Swanson or Joan Crawford, we light her face so as to emphasize the mouth. We high-light her lips, which gives glamour."

EVERY STAR, No matter how beautiful, with the possible exception of Garbo, has some camera angles that must be avoided. Hepburn, for instance, has never been permitted to cry on the screen, since she made *A Bill of Divorcement*. Her mouth is contorted when she gives vent to tears. In reaching for some of the high notes in her arias for *One Night of Love*, Grace Moore's mouth opened so wide as to make her unbeautiful and, as a consequence, the songs were dubbed in to conform to her more attractive lip movement when not reaching for high C.

Nearly every star has one "bad" side and one "good" side to her face, according to several cameramen. The "bad" side is avoided whenever possible. A crooked nose can be straightened for the camera by throwing a high-light on it. A face too oval can be made more symmetrical by placing the camera above; and one too long can be made more oval by shooting from below.

But if you do not have a camera face to-day, do not despair. Hal Mohr holds out hope for the world's beauties who do not meet the camera standards of to-day.

"In the not-too-distant future," he told me, "color will come into its own and we will see all films in natural hues. That means that thousands of beautiful women, whose beauty depends upon their vivid coloring, will become available for the screen."

And so I pass on to you the expert opinion of Hollywood's cameramen as to the ten most beautiful women of the screen—and the reasons for their choices. Do you agree with them?

How to Treat a Wife

Continued from page fifty-one

dry and always hang up your clothes in the closet. Have a shoe-shiner on yearly salary.

Have your private mail addressed to your home and consider it perfectly all right if she opens it.

Always tell her that she reminds you of a certain popular film star.

Never forget to bring her flowers and gifts on your engagement and wedding anniversaries.

Never spill cigarette ashes on the floor and don't smoke a pipe inside.

Always ask her early in the various

seasons about the new styles in hats and dresses—and remember that a new dress needs a new hat, shoes and gloves.

Always throw away your old razor-blades.

Always wash—or dry—the dishes without comment.

Always tune in on those radio stations that your wife prefers, even if you can't stand the program.

Don't be jealous of her old admirers.

Always take the dog out for the evening hikes.

And always—

"I'm Living as I Shouldn't"

Continued from page forty-nine

I'd like to deliver some worthwhile acting characterizations and save enough money to become financially independent.

"But that isn't enough. I should have a 'line' and more ambition! Most of my competitors have had unusual backgrounds—which gives them something to work on. Too, they have vivid imaginations concerning themselves. I can't stand off and gaze in rapture at myself, taking it big.

"While my head tells me that I should sit down and plan ways to be bizarre, my heart insists that I don't want to be. I see the penalties that fame demands. To become and remain a top-notch, it seems to me, you have to sacrifice too much—friends, fun, a normal life, privacy."

Claire and her mother reside in a rambling home in quiet North Hollywood. Her days are not the complicated routines that those of the brightest stars are. When she finishes at the studio, she forgets to go on acting.

"The life that I *should* enter into, be a part of for the advancement of my career, looks artificial to me. It is a one-sided existence, where you have to be continually on display, and where you never can relax and enjoy the simple pleasures.

"The only reason why I went on the stage at all was that I wanted something to work at, something that would develop me as a woman. Living a natural life is the most important thing in the world to me, doing what a woman is meant to do. Ultimately ending up in sheer domesticity, with a husband and children, is my desire."

Meanwhile, Claire is in a quandary. She has never fallen in love and she's in a spot that lures many girls. Before her stretches potential film greatness.

You have wondered about this girl. Is she amazingly wise for her years because she senses that Hollywood glory seldom brings true happiness to a woman? What is your advice to her?

Claire Trevor's dilemma is one that every ambitious player faces. Warner Baxter has found the solution—and tells about it in April Hollywood. Look for: "How to Act and Still Be Yourself!"

Answers

to questions on page 63

1. At least two years.

See "With the News Slenth," page 6

2. Clark Gable and Robert Montgomery.

See "This Is Clark," page 26

3. Janet Gaynor.

See "Janet's Side of the Story," page 35

4. Claudette Colbert.

See "The Secret of Charming Men," page 24



MANUFACTURER'S NOTE:—As the result of KELPAMALT'S tremendous popularity, many inferior imitations—sold as kelp and malt preparations—are being advertised. Don't be fooled. Ask for the original, genuine KELPAMALT TABLETS. They are easily assimilated, do not upset the stomach nor injure the teeth. Absolutely guaranteed to produce results or money back.

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4. More Sulphur than 2 lbs. of tomatoes.
5. More Sodium than 3 lbs. of turnips.
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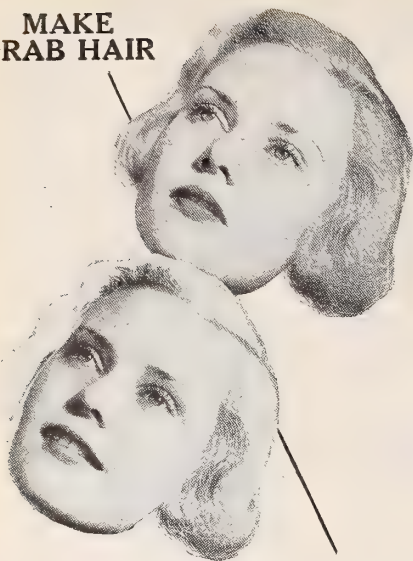
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Joan Crawford Can't Lie

Continued from page seventeen

what you're saying when you sit down to write about somebody."

Joan took the risk of making an enemy, for life, of that writer! But she told her what she honestly thought.

IN HER PROFESSIONAL contacts she is every bit as honest. Here's something that happened while she was making one of her recent pictures—we won't tell you which, because we don't want to hurt anybody's feelings, but it is one that is still playing. Working late, one night, with everybody tired, one of Joan's fellow actors tried to liven things up by doing a bit of clowning in the middle of a take. The crew laughed, but there was an unforeseen result. The director went into a rage, blamed Joan for spoiling the take, and stalked off the set.

Now, this was a situation that called for diplomacy! The director had really insulted Joan; made her lose face with the crew. He put her in a position where there were only three things she could do: She could stalk off the set herself, tying up production and costing the studio a lot of money in overhead. (For which not she, but the director, would get the blame). She could throw the blame where it really belonged, on the practical-joking actor; or she could hypocritically accept the blame, soft-soap the director, and let him walk all over her. She was too honest to do any of them. She knew exactly why the director had walked off, and she made no bones about saying so.

"He's just trying to be temperamental," she said to the boys on the crew. "I'll bet you fifty bucks he's back on the set inside of three minutes." He was back inside of two.

"Will you please step into my dressing room for a minute?" Joan politely asked. He stepped in.

"Now cuss me out" Joan said "get it all off your chest."

He did with no uncensored words.

"All right, now let me say my say" and Joan said it!

Of course, there are things a lady can't say, but within her limits Joan did very well. She started in by telling him that he was rude, and ill-mannered, a rotten sport and disloyal to the studio, and she ended up with some personal truths that stung.

Again she took the chance of making a powerful enemy and one right in her own studio who could do her a lot of

harm. But Joan insists on perserving her personal honesty.

Finally there is the social side of Hollywood. Perhaps more Hollywood business is transacted at parties than anywhere else. Social enemies can be the most dangerous of all. That is the reason you see actresses who loathe and detest one another being oh, so sweet to each other at teas and cocktail parties. Joan refuses to do it. She's simply too honest. She can't stomach it.

There is a young woman in Hollywood whom Joan doesn't care for because, as Joan says, "She's married and I don't like the way she ignores the fact."

One day not so long ago they met at a big party—seventy-five people or so. The other girl walked past Joan three or four times and Joan didn't speak. Most stars would have spoken, if only to keep from stirring up trouble—but not Joan.

Finally the girl came directly over to her.

"What's the matter?" she demanded, although she of course knew perfectly well what the matter was.

"Don't you like me?" the girl asked.

"No" said Joan, point-blank.

"Why" said the girl.

"Because I don't agree with certain things you do" said Joan mincing no words, "I don't think I should gush over you and tell you how lovely you look and all that, when I don't."

"Thanks" said the other girl. "It's swell of you to be honest about it, and to tell the truth I don't agree with some of the things I have been doing either."

"Then why do them?" asked Joan.

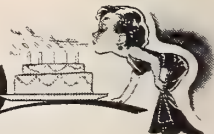
"Well, they seemed to be the things to do at the time" the girl replied. "I want to have fun—I want to have a good time."

"There are ways to have a good time without hurting other people" said Joan ending the conversation.

And that is Joan's philosophy. She believes from the bottom of her heart that honesty is the one thing that can never hurt. That is—it can never hurt anyone but oneself—and Joan is prepared to take that risk for herself.

Next time you read about something that Joan Crawford has done or said, put yourself in her place and see what you might have done in the same situation. I'll wager you'll find yourself saying "There aren't many like Joan Crawford."

March Milestones



To each of the following stars—all members of the Born-in-March Club—HOLLYWOOD extends birthday greetings:

Jean Harlow	3	Sari Maritza	17
Charlotte Henry	3	Andy Clyde	18
Edmund Lowe	3	Betty Compson	18
Dorothy Mackaill	4	Edward Everett Horton	18
Sheila Terry	5	James Ford	21
Rochelle Hudson	6	Joan Crawford	23
Guy Kibbee	6	El Brendel	25
Hugh Williams	6	William Harrigan	27
Claire Trevor	8	Gloria Swanson	27
Barry Norton	11	Charles Starrett	28
George Brent	15	Warner Baxter	29
Conrad Nagel	16	Eddie Quillan	31

HOLLYWOOD

A "Beautiful Bride" Can Stay Beautiful!

Continued from page forty-seven

before I make it up is just the right shade for my cheek rouge. I like the clear bright red of a blonde rouge because it seems to illuminate blond complexions. Of course, all skins vary. Some have blood undertones, others have yellow undertones ranging from sallow to cool beige. But it's easy now to get cosmetics that are in perfect harmony with your own complexion.

"The first thing a studio teaches every girl is the importance of a make-up foundation. They insist on it—for a very excellent reason. It gives the smooth, even tone to the face that the camera demands. Just try going on a set without it and see how soon the director says, 'Go back and get properly made-up!' You feel as guilty as if you had walked into a ballroom scene in overalls!

"Knowing what a good foundation does for them on the screen, actresses have learned to use it off the screen as well. Especially, since this new one has been discovered for street make-up. And it's a joy to use in that hurried before-breakfast hour. For it is easily blended in and only a small amount is necessary. But it does that special trick for you that keeps hubby from hiding behind his newspaper!"

IF GLORIA is a pastel lady, Ginger Rogers—bride of Lew Ayres—is a lady of contrasts! She has hair of a glorious gold-red, eyes that have a startling way of changing from blue to green (depending on what she's wearing, plus the lighting effects)—and freckles. Faint, irresistible freckles! A girl of Ginger's coloring can be more definite in the way she uses rouge and lipstick than the delicate-toned, more ethereal Gloria.

Notice, too, that Ginger's eyebrows are the darker of the two. She has some exceptionally interesting ideas on the subject of eyebrows. "They should begin on a line even with the corner of the eyes," she says, "and if they're brushed up and out regularly they'll finally grow that way. I rub cream on mine every night to make them grow smoothly. It's true that you can shape them perfectly, no matter how heavy they are, if you actually comb them with a fine tooth comb. Personally, I don't believe in plucking them to any extent, but if you must, pluck them from underneath.

"Girls, I think, sometimes confuse 'make-up' with 'grooming.' You're well made up when each feature is beautified. You're well groomed when such items as your elbows and the back of your neck have been taken care of! A good cream goes a long way towards eliminating such 'danger' points, which are dangerous because they're tell-tale—and other people see them so much more frequently than we do!

"There's something else that picture work shows us the advantage of—*patting* on powder and dusting off the surplus, instead of *rubbing* it in with any old kind of powder puff. You can't expect to have a beautiful skin when you continually pound powder into the pores!"

And a beautiful skin is something for every woman to guard. It preserves that illusion!

MARCH, 1935

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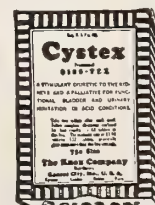
Because of its amazing and almost world-wide success the Doctor's Prescription known as Cystex (pronounced Siss-tex) is offered to sufferers from poor Kidney and Bladder functions under a fair-play guarantee to fix you up to your complete satisfaction or money back on return of empty package. It's only 3c a dose. So ask your druggist for Cystex today and see for yourself how much younger, stronger and better you can feel by simply cleaning out your Kidneys. Cystex must do the work or cost you nothing.

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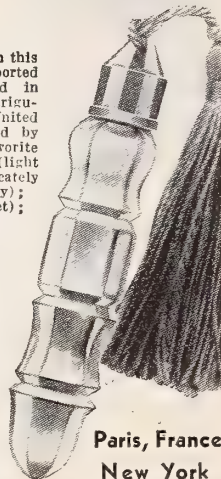


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Chicago Daily News Bldg., Dept. C-2, Chicago, Ill.

Here's Good Fun and Good Food!

Continued from page forty-five

to entertain the more fortunate with stunts. And the evening closed with some "barber-shop" renditions of *The Man on the Flying Trapeze*, *The Merry Widow Waltz* and *On a Bicycle Built for Two*.

THE SECOND PARTY was a "Pioneer Party" with a hard-times flavor, given by a young married couple for ten fellow-members of "the younger set." Please believe that I'm neither joking nor fictionizing when I say that the menu—which went over in a marvelously big way—was:

Cornmeal Mush Brown Sugar Top Milk
Steamed Brown Bread Crabapple Jelly
Sliced Baked Ham Fruit Pickles
Gingerbread with Whipped Cream
Coffee

Proof that the guests did not brag about the mush merely to be obliging is the fact that every man present took a second serving, and four out of five women 'phoned next day to ask how the brown bread had been cooked. (I'll give the method presently.)

This meal, too, was served at a long table, though bridge tables set up in groups of two's or three's might have been substituted. An old-fashioned red tablecloth; red-plaid paper napkins and a borrowed "Lazy-Susan"—one of those old-time wooden centerpieces that hold such essentials as sugar, butter and salt, and may be whirled into easy reaching position—gave the necessary atmosphere.

Old-fashioned "parlor games" and dancing furnished sufficient gay enlivening of the evening. It was altogether the most successful party that this young hostess had ever given, she told me, and the easiest. The ham, jelly and pickles were purchased already-canned. The brown bread might have been—though I'm a wee bit partial to the home-steamed variety. It's so easy to do. And so especially good to eat. The gingerbread was made from a popular "gingerbread-mix," which is boxed, ready to be mixed with water or milk and baked.

I should like to give the same sort of party, serving:

Baked Beans with Pork Chops or
Corned Beef Hash
Steamed Brown Bread
Cold Slaw Quince Jelly Butter
Sweet Dill Pickle Slices
Sour Cream Raisin or Pecan Pie
Coffee Cheese

For an evening "hard-times" party with supper following, a menu like this would be equally suitable:

Oyster Stew Crackers Hard Rolls
Olives Celery Pickles
Doughnuts Baked Apples
Coffee

Beans, for such a party, needn't be home-baked to taste home baked. Use canned oven-baked beans and follow the "Baked Beans with Pork Chops" recipe at the end of this article.

The following recipes are given in quantities to serve twelve, instead of the customary six, with the party idea in mind.

Blanc Mange Layer Cake

(Will serve 12)

Cake Portion: Cream $\frac{3}{4}$ cup butter and $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar together until mixture is light and waxy, adding the sugar gradually. Add 3 egg yolks, one at a time, and beat hard after each addition. Sift together three times 3 cups pastry flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt and 4 teaspoons baking powder. Add this to the cake mixture alternately with 1 cup milk. Beat lightly after each addition until smooth. Add 1 teaspoon of vanilla. Fold in the whites of 3 eggs beaten until stiff. Pour into three well-greased 9-inch cake pans. Spread batter well toward the outside of the pans. Bake in a moderate oven at 375 degrees F. for 25 minutes. Remove from pans. Put layers together just before serving with the following sauce:

Blanc Mange Sauce: Scald 6 cups of milk. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cornstarch mixed with $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt. Bring to a boil, stirring to prevent burning. Set over boiling water and cook 15 minutes. Pour small portion of mixture into 7 beaten eggs. Pour egg mixture back into double boiler. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly until mixture thickens up slightly. Add $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla. Pour over cake layers and serve.

Sweet Dill Slices

Cut small-size dill pickles into chunks or thick slices. To 1 quart of the slices,



"Be still, my heart, be still!" says Mary Boland, getting an eyeful—not to mention an earful—of Charlie Ruggles' new suit. (Wait till he sees hers!) Their garb is just part of the "Gay Nineties" fun they have in Ruggles of Red Gap

HOLLYWOOD

add 1 slice of onion or one-half of a garlic kernel and 2 tablespoons mixed pickling spices. Use just enough vinegar to cover. Heat vinegar to scalding, together with 1 cup of sugar for every cup of vinegar. Pour over the slices. Seal and store for future use. Or let slices stand in the syrup overnight and serve next day.

Steamed Brown Bread

(Will serve 12)

Sift together $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups white flour, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups cornmeal, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups whole wheat flour, $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons salt, $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons soda and 2 teaspoons baking powder. Mix $\frac{3}{4}$ cup brown sugar, 1 generous cup molasses, and 3 cups buttermilk, or sour milk. (One and one-half cups evaporated milk, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups water and 3 tablespoons vinegar may be substituted for the sour or buttermilk.) Mix together wet and dry ingredients. Add 2 cups seeded raisins, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups broken nutmeats that have been floured. Blend. Put into 3 greased two-pound coffee cans, filling each only $\frac{2}{3}$ full. Cover tightly. Steam in covered kettle for $\frac{3}{4}$ hours. Brown in a hot oven for 5 minutes before removing from cans. Served sliced with plenty of butter, while hot.

Oyster Stew

(Will serve 12)

Scald 3 quarts of whole milk. Add $\frac{1}{3}$ cup butter. Boil 1 quart oysters in $\frac{1}{3}$ cup butter and the oyster liquor for 2 minutes. Blend $\frac{1}{4}$ cup flour, 1 tablespoon salt and a pinch of pepper with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold milk, and stir into the oyster mixture. Cook until it thickens. Add to the milk. Let stand for 15 minutes before serving.

Baked Beans With Pork Chops

(Will serve 12)

Brown 12 pork chops on both sides. Season to taste. Place the contents of 2 cans of oven-baked beans in the bottom of a large casserole or roaster. Lay the seasoned pork chops over the beans, top with the contents of 2 more cans of beans. Put $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter in the pork chop pan. Melt. Blend with 3 tablespoons flour. Add $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups water and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup tomato catsup. Cook 3 minutes. Pour this sauce over the beans and pork chops. Sprinkle with 1 tablespoon each of vinegar and sugar. Bake until a golden brown in a moderate oven—45 minutes at 375 degrees F.

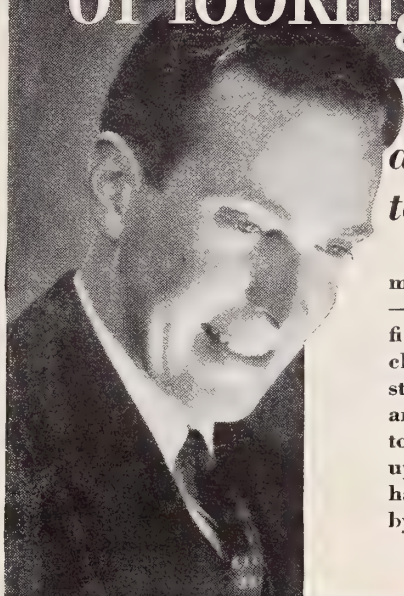
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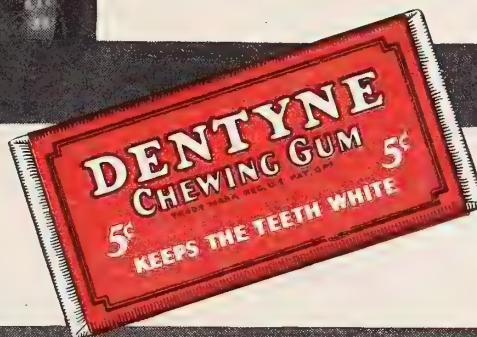
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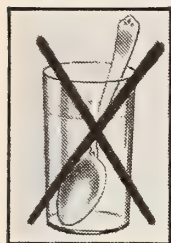
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This Is Clark

Continued from page twenty-six

mendable is that he decides everything from a man's viewpoint—not from the apt-to-be-fantastic aspect of a movie star.

Clark was fortunate in that he had knocked around Hollywood before he ever attracted attention. When you're in the money, I find, people treat you differently from the way they do when you're in desperate need of a job. I know that from my own past experiences. But Clark had his jolts right here. He didn't harbor any absurd illusions when he "arrived," because he already knew what a whale of a difference a little fame and cash make in this town.

Those tales of heart-breaks that you read about, if you'll stop to recollect, center about people who have a far-fetched notion of Hollywood. They come into sudden glory and are swamped by the honeyed words. Or they are utterly discouraged by not getting the breaks. Clark went through all that, then abandoned Hollywood, went to Broadway, and finally returned to triumph—with his eyes wide open.

A trait I have detected in Clark from the beginning is his absolute understanding of himself. It's important that we should correctly estimate ourselves. If Clark has ever deviated, briefly, from his own conception of his abilities, nothing could be more natural—for he is such a target for everyone's ideas as to what he should do. But he can retrace the road to his original self better than anyone I know.

HE DOESN'T Go in for a chauffeur for himself, or for any excessive star trimmings. His idea of relaxation is jumping into his car and heading for the mountains to hunt. There's a spot in Arizona that fascinates him. The people there aren't film-goers. They don't know who he is; all they know about him is that he's that very regular guy who blows in from California twice a year. He stays at various cabins, pays for his board, and sits up half the nights talking with "the natives"—about everything under the sun.

I hate one-track individuals. Clark tried an assortment of jobs before he ever determined on becoming an actor, and he could get along anywhere. With his adaptability, his intelligence, and his charm, he could step out of the movies and click in any number of other businesses.

You have heard how stars are pestered and how they have to slink down alleys and rush away in deep disguise. Well, let me tell you about this Gable. Frequently, he eats lunch in a little restaurant a half-block down Washington Boulevard from the studio. When he's eating in the studio café, he's generally upon a stool at the counter, tearing into a huge dish of stew. You draw your own conclusions!

His principal virtues are his steadfastness and sincerity. But I can't overlook Clark's tact. He is a whiz at tact. Now, this counts in any line, but it is one essential to sticking around long in pictures. People who probably are not the chummiest of folk are Clark's close friends. What I'd like to know, Clark, is—what's your system?

It isn't being silent, or being afraid to

be frank. Clark is not a dodger when you ask him questions. Still, he makes friends of foes. Smart boy—!

Clark is like me in that he appears to be light and airy, yet is pretty serious underneath it all. He plans ahead—not calculatingly, but sensibly. He has a great sense of humor—but he doesn't go in for kidding himself. And he never will.

I REALLY Do want to take a hunting trip with Clark some day. The only time we have ever had a vacation simultaneously, we were three thousand miles apart. I had skipped off to New York. When I heard that Clark was actually free, I wired him: "How about going hunting?" He had a wire relayed back to me. "The doctors have already gone a-hunting for my appendix!" He was doing his vacationing in the hospital.

He has grown to be a confirmed Californian and the big city mob scenes no longer appeal to him. The outdoor life has got him. Being in the open has become vital to Clark. Why, between "takes," he doesn't sit around on the set. He dashes outside and parks in the sun and talks democratically to whoever is at hand.

Still, he hasn't purchased a Beverly estate. Or any home. He owns no fancy star set-up, preferring to rent. There's a restless urge in him that has always dominated him. Since he has been here, a riot in pictures, he has stayed in one place much longer than he ever did before. I'm not so sure that the acting life satisfies him completely, either. A man with Gable's intensity yearns to live life, not just play-act it.

He's generous. But for a while I had my doubts—during the fortnight of the great "duck mystery." It was one of those we're-going-hunting schemes, only I couldn't get off. So Clark went alone and afterwards called me up. "Stop by the house and I'll give you a half-dozen ducks," he said. "Marvelous!" I responded.

I got the package that morning, took it home, and next morning I was served two ducks for breakfast. "Only two?" I questioned our houseboy. He nodded. So at the studio I said to Clark, "Thanks for the ducks—all two of them!" He was astounded. "Six!" I shook my head. "No, no, my lad, two!" He 'phoned his house, and came back to insist, "They gave you six!"

Well, where the four missing ducks had gone perplexed us no end. Someone had done someone else wrong. Finally, two weeks later, I cross-examined my house-boy again. "How many ducks did Mr. Gable give me?" He knocked me for a loop when he answered, "Six." I screamed. "Six? Say, let's get together. I'm going mad! Before you told me I had just two!" He grinned. "Yes, sir, you had two. But it was a day before I served you and in the meantime Mrs. Montgomery gave a duck luncheon. Didn't you know about it?"

I should be talking about Gable when I can't even keep up with what's happening in my own house! But you see, I like Clark. And now don't sneer when you read these honest words! I'm going to invite him over for a duck dinner. You can bet: he'll bring the duck!

HOLLYWOOD

May's Memories of Marie

Continued from page fifty-three

must have given him some song and dance!

"Marie was always a lot of fun, even when she had plenty of reason to be depressed," continued May. "I suppose we crossed to Europe together a dozen times, starting 'way back when the best liners always carried a load of cattle below decks. I remember the time when a foreigner of some kind, who was helping 'tend the cattle, got sick, or so they thought. He refused to get up out of his bed.

"Why don't you give him a big dose of salts," she suggested to the doctor. Later that day, the doctor came to where we were sitting in our deck chairs, and he was nearly dying with laughter. It seems that someone who could speak the sick man's language had been found. He hadn't been ill at all. He refused to get up because somebody had stolen his pants. Marie and I laughed all the way to Europe over that."

MARIE AND MAY were near-neighbors in Beverly Hills and spent many pleasant evenings together. Both of them fond of sewing, they often passed an evening together, with hardly a word between them, sewing away. But their real fun was in playing cards.

"You talk about that story you heard about Marie," May frowned again, still resenting the implication against her pal. "Well, let me tell you something. Not long before Marie took sick, she heard of a chorus girl who was going to miss a test for a good part because she didn't have any suitable clothes to wear. And what do you think she did? She sent that girl kiting right down to a good shop and outfitted her. Never heard of the girl before, either. Humph!"

May chuckled at another recollection. "Marie was always a card. She always did things different from other people. Once, while we were on the way to Europe, I saw her cut out a complete dress while standing up on the deck of the boat.

MARIE, OF THE great heart, who loved the whole human race, must sometimes have envied May her children and her grandchildren. But May made no mention of such a memory. Nor did she talk about Marie's sad days, the days of heart-break. May prefers to remember the humorous, philosophical, unselfish, cheerful Marie—anxious for everybody to have a good time. And one suspects that May feels that that is just how Marie, herself, would like to be remembered. Certainly, in her posthumous autobiography, "My Own Story"—which was written only a few months before her passing—Marie, herself, courted no other impression.

But in closing I want to add one more note about May Robson. During the course of the interview just set down, she had managed to consume two large breaded veal chops, a dish of peas, a side order of potatoes, and a cup of coffee—a lunch fit for a harvest hand. Not only that, but she read the menu without the aid of glasses and chewed this astounding meal with all her own teeth. In her own—and distinctly individual—way, she is just as remarkable a specimen as her lifelong friend, Marie Dressler.

MARCH, 1935

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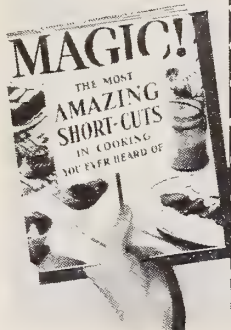


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And This Is Bob

Continued from page twenty-seven

WE HAVE THE same pet sports—hunting and horses. We've never gone hunting together yet, because we've never been able to make our time between pictures jibe. As for our mutual interest in horses, Bob is going in for steeple-chasing and high-jumping at present and I'm being a little less ambitious. I merely ride—and speculate as to whether my best horse is going to do right by me when I enter him in the next big race.

One of the qualities I particularly envy in Bob is his ability to meet any situation that may arise. Figuring ahead what you'll do is one thing. Reacting instantaneously is another. You can't floor the boy! His brain functions trigger-fashion and it would take a better man than Gungha Din to stump him.

I remember an amazing incident. He has a farm in the hills of Connecticut, you know, and he plans to retire to it eventually. Whenever he can maneuver a vacation, he heads back there, and he already has his house fixed just about as he wants it. The only trouble is that folks have discovered that it's his, and there isn't as much privacy as he anticipated. A fellow has to get off this eternal dress-parade sometime!

Well, one day Bob had been out and, when he returned, he found that a young man and woman had walked up, opened the front door, and were completely at home inside, giving his living-room a minute once-over. Can you imagine such nerve? I'll admit that I'd have been so mad at such effrontery that I'd probably have been completely speechless.

Bob was astounded, but he never let on. "Do you like it?" he queried politely. "Oh, yes," they answered. He says he could tell they were newlyweds and, somehow, didn't realize that there was anything odd about just walking in and making themselves at home.

"I'm so glad!" he exclaimed. "Let me show you all around and then we'll have tea!" Bob loves to play jokes on people, but he's a good sport when he's the goat, too!

I'M GOING TO tell another incident about him. This last Christmas, he gave a lot of heavy thought to his selection of a present for Brooks Morris—Chester Morris' six-year-old son. Bob finally settled on a fancy electric train. Three weeks before Christmas he had it sent to the Morris home, for Chester to hide away. A couple of days after he had been advised that it had arrived safely, he phoned Chester one evening and said he wanted to come over. So what did he want to do? He had Chester pull aside all the furniture in one room and proceeded to plunge into the mysteries of setting up that train and seeing it run in all its complicated glory!

But there's another side to Bob, also. I am sure you have sensed this from his screen portrayals. After all, a man who was all gaiety would grow tiresome. Bob has his serious moments.

As a business man, for instance, he is very shrewd. He didn't fall into his Hollywood success. There were years on the stage when he was struggling along on a small and shaky salary. So he has behaved with praiseworthy foresight since establishing himself in pictures.

He lives comfortably, but he hasn't bought a mansion. He rents a house from John Mack Brown. He isn't putting on any front to impress. His home is for his family and his friends. His earnings are carefully invested.

Bob isn't gullible. And, believe me, that's a very helpful characteristic out here. They don't try to sell you the subway, or the Empire State Building, but practically everything else can be had "at a great bargain, just for you!"

THERE'S AN AMAZING contradictory streak in him. He doesn't take things seriously, and yet, undoubtedly, he does. It's difficult to explain. All the hullabaloo made about stars doesn't fool him—he accepts it as fun and phoney-business. But he is profoundly concerned, nevertheless, with things being as they should be. He's still idealistic.

He is one of the leaders in the Screen Actors' Guild and is constantly battling for justice, for better conditions for the actors. Not just for himself, but for our profession as a whole.

I hate to go through a picture with those extraordinarily arty souls who have illusions of grandeur. They carry on as though they had the weight of the world on their shoulders. They can't be natural for fear it will shock the prop-boys—or spill the beans about themselves! Bob, now, goes at it with a keen sense of humor. He enjoys the actual acting.

I should say that he ranks extremely high as an actor, too. He has an obvious charm of personality, and more. Bob has studied, debated, which are the best ways to give certain effects. In other words, he is skilled at his trade. And that means something. His personality, which is unique, put him across in Hollywood. But his earnestness, his mastery of the technique of acting, will keep him on top here as long as he wants to stay. I don't think there's a better light romantic actor in any studio.

THERE I COME back to what may hit you as still another paradox. You might suppose that he achieves perfection in his particular line by simply breezing onto the set and rattling off his dialogue. He does "toss off" his speeches. That is, he delivers his dialogue in a human, unaffected manner. He isn't one of those hammy actors who drums in his meanings to the audience.

Yet, strangely, I have never found Bob "ad libbing." He is spontaneous, but he is diligently prepared to be. He knows his rôle to the last nuance, learns his part and doesn't trust to improving it on the spur of the moment. Nor is there any foolishness about getting into a mood. He has figured it out the night before. So he can be gaily chattering with someone and then suddenly walk before the cameras and do a big scene.

I'm a past master at "going up" on lines, myself. Bob never does!

We're going to work together again soon, in "Mutiny on the Bounty," and there's a lot of swell swashbuckling written in the script. It's an assignment that suits me to a T. Montgomery is the kind of guy I favor having around—quick, bright, and continuously amusing. But perhaps you've already got my idea. Bob is a bit of "all right!"

HOLLYWOOD

Drop Me a Line

Continued from page fifty-nine

May Garbo Smile Often!

\$5.00 Letter

DEAR EDITOR:

At last Hollywood has discovered the truth about Garbo! She has a sense of humor! It's a far cry from the languishing vamp in *The Temptress* and *Flesh and the Devil* to the humorous and light-hearted Garbo in *The Painted Veil*.

Garbo was never meant to register minute-long close-ups of seductive glances and insinuating gestures. Garbo, the actress, is infinitely more entrancing and interesting than Garbo, the angular siren. And how strange that it took so long to discover humor, as well as pathos, in her sensitive face!

The Painted Veil will serve as a life-line to a wonderful actress whose histrionics are as finely attuned as the sensitive strings of a Stradivarius, but whose talents were being gradually smothered by one-track direction. Hail to the new Garbo! Long may she reign!

CORINNE CHILDERS,

506 Clement Avenue,

Charlotte, N. C.

Even the Army Liked It

\$1.00 Letter

DEAR EDITOR:

Living in an army town, I found *Flirtation Walk* a most clever, as well as authentic, picture.

The audience, composed chiefly of army officers and their families, got a great kick out of viewing their "old camping grounds" again—that is, Schofield Barracks and beautiful West Point.

The West Point scenes were most generous. I have never before seen it filmed at so many angles.

The director and photographer, as well as the entire cast, should be complimented on turning out this splendid picture. It really went over with a "bang" here.

Sincerely,

(MISS) ELCY OBERDICK,

305 Spruce Street,

Leavenworth, Kan.

Changed Mind About Shirley

\$1.00 Letter

DEAR EDITOR:

A short time ago, I had begun to think that Shirley Temple's success had gone to her small blond head. The various rumors to that effect which were circulating around had served to lessen her adorableness for me. However, since reading Mrs. Temple's reply to J. Eugene Chrisman's Open Letter in *HOLLYWOOD Magazine*, I'm boosting Shirley again one hundred per cent. Such a straightforward, intelligent mother is certain to keep Shirley natural, unaffected and sweet—just as her fans like her to be.

Sincerely,

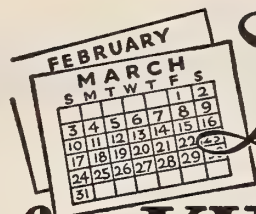
MRS. BERTHA G. McDOWELL,

907 Ronceverte Avenue,

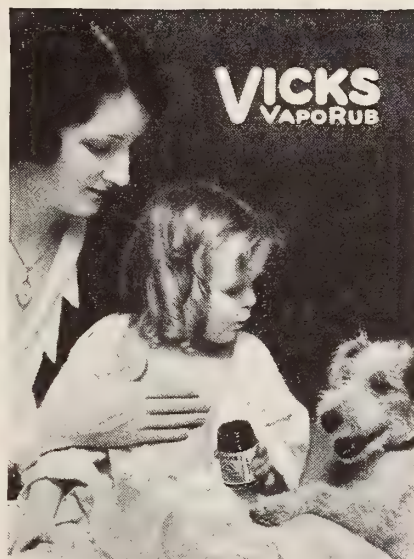
Ronceverte, W. Va.

There is no doubt about it, apparently—Shirley Temple is not only America's New Please turn to page seventy-nine

MARCH, 1935



Dangerous Days for KIDDIES' COLDS



TAKE CARE, mother! This is the danger season for children's colds especially. Colds are more prevalent now, and so apt to lead to more serious diseases—such as bronchitis and pneumonia.

But don't worry—and don't experiment. Just treat every cold promptly with Vicks VapoRub, the *proved external* method. VapoRub can be used freely—and as often as needed—even on the youngest child. No "dosing" to upset delicate little stomachs and thus lower resistance when most needed.

Just rubbed on throat and chest at bedtime, VapoRub acts *direct* through the skin like a poultice or plaster, while its medicated vapors are inhaled *direct* to inflamed air-passages. Through the night, this *double direct* attack loosens phlegm—soothes irritated membranes—eases difficult breathing—helps break congestion.

STANDBY OF MOTHERS IN 68 COUNTRIES



I was so lonely and friendless, a newcomer to town. Neighbors called once—but never came again.

I read how a woman became popular by learning to play through the U. S. School Course. I enrolled.

Soon I was able to play real tunes. Now I'm invited everywhere. They call me "the life of the party".

MUSIC—the Surest Path to Friends ... so easy to learn this short-cut way

NO longer need you envy people who play—who are always the center of attraction at parties—who make friends immediately wherever they go. Now this newly perfected short-cut home-study method can make YOU an accomplished musician. It can bring you the good times you've always longed for.

More than 600,000 men, women, boys and girls have successfully learned to play their favorite instrument without a teacher the famous U. S. School way. And the cost averages only a few cents a day!

Easy As A-B-C

This new "print-and-picture" method is literally

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Organ	Ukulele
Tenor Banjo	
Hawaiian Guitar	
Piano Accordion	
Or Any Other Instrument	

as easy as A-B-C. The U. S. School simplified instructions, written by expert teachers, first tell you what to do. Then a picture shows you what to do. Then you do it yourself and hear it.

And you learn so much more quickly by

this modern, up-to-date method than was possible in the old-fashioned, tiresome, scale-practicing way. Now you play real tunes almost from the start—by note. No teacher to fuss you. No wearying scales to plague you. No interference with business or pleasure, because you choose your own time at home.

Prove to yourself without cost how easily and quickly you can learn to play. Send today for our booklet, "How You Can Master Music in Your Own Home." With it comes a Free Demonstration Lesson which shows graphically how simple this expert home instruction really is. Mail the coupon TODAY. U. S. School of Music, 363 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC
363 Brunswick Bldg., New York City

Send me your amazing free book, "How You Can Master Music in Your Own Home," with inspiring message by Dr. Frank Crane, also Free Demonstration Lesson. This does not put me under any obligation.

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Address

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—and learn that what was considered impossible before—the removal of pimples, blackheads, freckles, tan, oily skin, large pores, wrinkles and other defects in the outer skin—can now be done harmlessly and economically at home in three days' time, as stated by the legions of men and women, young and old.

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Hollywood Chatter

Col. Tim McCoy breaking the world's six-gun record by drawing and firing five shots in seven-twelfths of a second.

Grace Moore admitting that she once made a hole-in-one on the Pinehurst Golf Course.

Roger Pryor leaving for New York to make his annual visit to bandmaster Arthur Pryor, Sr. and Arthur Pryor, Jr.

Warner Oland turning real-life detective to find the missing mandarin hat of his stand-in.

May Robson reading an original poem to a gathering of twenty-five hundred Los Angeles school teachers.

Peggy Fears returning all sun-tanned from a vacation on the desert.

Will Rogers entertaining Eddie Robinson at luncheon at the Café de Paris on the Fox lot.

Miriam Hopkins flying in from New York for her new RKO picture, the all-Technicolor *Becky Sharp*.

Rochelle Hudson dancing every dance with a different partner at the Cocoanut Grove.

James Blakeley sporting a beautiful black eye, gained when he asked one of the Three Stooges to demonstrate the famous eye-poking trick.

Alice Faye moving into a new apartment, which has no rules regarding dogs.

Charlie Chaplin entertaining a party of eight at the Victor Hugo.

James Dunn working like a Trojan in the Hollywood gymnasium in order to keep his weight down.

Janet Gaynor back from Palm Springs, where she has been getting rid of a cold.

Joel McCrea tooting his new super-powerful automobile horn, brought from England by his pal Johnny Weissmuller.

Charles Bickford having a difficult time with his laryngitis.

Jackie Coogan having his brand-new car washed at Muller Brothers.

Dolores Del Rio and hubby Cedric Gibbons organizing a tennis tournament to be played at their house on week-ends.

Gloria Swanson and Herbert Marshall entertaining for the honeymooners, Frank Lawton and Evelyn Laye.

Lupe Velez all excited over blessed events in the family of her two pet Chihuahuas. Quintuplets, no less.

Operator 6605, keeping both eyes and ears open, reports that he has seen and heard:

James Cagney learning a new step from Fred Astaire right in front of everybody in Levy's Tavern.

Sally Eilers taking her young son out for his first airing.

Paul Muni eating lunch in the "pit" set of *Black Fury* to make sure he wouldn't get out of the mood of the picture.

Evelyn Laye treating her friends to a dinner of grouse shipped all the way from England.

Charles Laughton carrying around a huge volume of bird study and nature lore.

Joan Blondell refusing to say anything about her baby's nursery, reported to be the most kidnap-proof nursery in Hollywood.

Andy Devine still weak after giving a pint of blood for Mrs. Vince Barnett.

Absent-minded Alice White putting a memorandum list inside her cigarette case where she would be sure to notice it.

Guy Kibbee going into Levy's all by himself.

Elissa Landi trying to find the owner of a parrot which has moved into her back yard. The parrot says nothing but "Coffee and Doughnuts."

Gene Raymond bemoaning the loss of a wisdom tooth.

The Crosby twins starting to yowl every time Bing appears in his whiskers make-up.

Myrna Loy tickled pink because she has been voted "Favorite star of the U. S. S. Tennessee."

Hugh O'Connell threatening to distort a stuffed fish so that it looks like "Schnozzle" Durante.

Marian Marsh nursing a bruised arm received when *Head Play*, the famous Preakness winner, took a nip at her.

Gilbert Roland returning from another duck hunt—*sans* ducks.

How many Stars do you know?

Test your knowledge of the stars . . . Here are their reel names, see if you can fill in their real names . . . Score 10 points for each correct answer

	REEL NAME	REAL NAME	SCORE
1	DIANA WYNARD		
2	W. C. FIELDS		
3	KAREN MORLEY		
4	BORIS KARLOFF		
5	STAN LAUREL		
6	JOAN MARSH		
7	MARIAN MARSH		
8	PAUL MUNI		
9	LILA LEE		
10	LYLE TALBOT		

Stumped? Turn to page 83 for the answers

It's a Crowded Life!

Continued from page thirty-one

OVER AT THE Trocadero, Hollywood's smartest night spot, the orchestra leader, Phil Ohman, has compiled the favorite tunes of some of the screen celebrities.

For instance, Marlene Dietrich never fails to call for "Love in Bloom," while producer Joseph Schenck, who recently won a rumba dancing contest, invariably calls for "The Carioca," whereupon he engages in some very nifty and tricky steps.

Joan Bennett will stay for hours in order to hear Phil play "Say It" two or three times.

And Maurice Chevalier's romantic nature asserts itself whenever he visits the restaurant, for Maurice—who is just back from France—always insists upon "Speak to Me of Love."

I MET CHARLIE FARRELL on the Boulevard during a shopping spree, and he told me that he was seriously thinking of building four tennis courts on his property at Palm Springs. Since Hollywood has taken over the desert resort during the season, and is tennis-mad, Charlie figures it will be a profitable sideline. Charlie and Ralph Bellamy—both of whom have just been abroad, picture-making—hold a large tract of land at the Springs that someday may turn them into full-fledged realtors.

FROM DICK POWELL came the most interesting piece of news I have heard in months—mainly because it concerns me. (There she goes, talking about herself again!) But it did thrill me to learn that so many people asked him about me while he was out on his personal appearance tour. Guess I'll go in and ask for a raise.

NO COLUMN FROM Hollywood is complete without a reducing hint, and here's mine. Go out and dance your weight away. I've been doing it to the extent of six pounds in a couple of weeks. Of course, you may find it expensive, but if the boy friend can afford it, I'll promise that you will lose that excess poundage.

I happen to be a little more fortunate in that it's part of my work at the moment. Fred Astaire and I have several new dances for our next picture, and every minute we're not working in front of the cameras, we go over to another stage and rehearse.

We've been averaging about six hours a day at rehearsals, with the result that I eat anything and everything that comes along, and still don't gain a pound.

So try it, girls, and if you don't drop from exhaustion (I nearly do), I'll guarantee that you'll lose those pounds that have been bothering you.

AND IF THIS shouldn't work, try bowling. Lew and I are addicts. In fact, he has just challenged me, but, instead, I gave him this to read. His comment was, "Un-huh, let's go and bowl," so I guess from that I had better stick to the grease-paint exclusively in the future. One thing I know for certain, the editors will be a lot happier.

This is one time that "feminine intuition" was wrong, Ginger. Or were you just being modest?—the Editors.

MARCH, 1935



Copy this girl and send us your drawing—perhaps you'll win a COMPLETE FEDERAL COURSE FREE! This contest is for amateurs, so if you like to draw do not hesitate to enter.

Prizes for Five Best Drawings—FIVE COMPLETE ART COURSES FREE, with drawing outfits. (Value of each course, \$190.00.)

FREE! Each contestant whose drawing shows sufficient merit will receive a grading and advice as to whether he or she has, in our estimation, artistic talent worth developing.

Nowadays design and color play an important part in the sale of almost everything. Therefore the artist, who designs merchandise or illustrates advertising has become a real factor in modern industry. Machines can never displace him. Many Federal students, both men and girls who are now commercial designers or illustrators capable of earning from \$1000 to \$5000 yearly have been trained by the Federal Course. Here's a splendid opportunity to test your talent. Read the rules and send your drawing to the address below.

RULES

This contest open only to amateurs, 16 years old or more. Professional commercial artists and Federal students are not eligible.

1. Make drawing of girl 5 inches wide, on paper 6½ inches square. Draw only the girl, not the lettering.
2. Use only pencil or pen.
3. No drawings will be returned.
4. Write your name, address, age and occupation on back of drawing.
5. All drawings must be received in Minneapolis by February 25th, 1935. Prizes will be awarded for drawings best in proportion and neatness by Federal Schools Faculty.

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Big Money easily earned demonstrating this amazing new silk Hosiery. All loose, fuzzy silk threads are sealed smooth. Resists runs. Hose wears three times longer. Saves wearers money. Convincing unnecessary—just show to friends and neighbors. No investment in stock. We furnish elaborate demonstrating equipment, including actual stockings. Without any experience you can start at once and make fine, steady income. Answer at once, giving home size and color preference.

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LOST 36 Pounds No Diets! Feels Fine!

...DETROIT LADY SAYS

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● Quoting a San Francisco Graduate Nurse: "In my work I have met many people who have ruined their health trying to reduce. My own experience in reducing with RE-DUCE-OIDS was so satisfactory that I recommend them to others." (Name on request.) She knows how important this fact is:

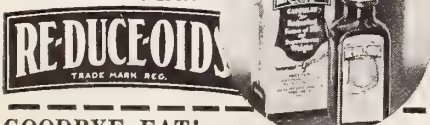
RE-DUCE-OIDS absolutely DO NOT contain the dangerous drug, Dinitro-phenol. Laboratory chemists test every one of its pure ingredients, ingredients which physicians prescribe.

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● If you are not entirely satisfied with the wonderful results you obtain from RE-DUCE-OIDS you get your money back. You risk not one cent! **START TODAY** before fat gets another day's headway. Sold by Drug and Department Stores everywhere. If your dealer is out, send \$2.00 for 1 package or \$5.00 for 3 packages direct to us. (Currency, Money Order, or Stamps, or sent C.O.D.) In plain wrapper.

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Send me the FREE Book "HOW TO REDUCE."
If you wish RE-DUCE-OIDS check number of packages here:

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

I Served As a Spy

Continued from page forty

were those French Algerian fellows with their burnouses and darting glances through half-slanted lids. They seemed to see everything. Maybe they did. Because they were wizards at dice games down there on the water front! It used to remind me of Texas, dark faces bent over rolling "bones," sharp cries that probably meant "Come seben, come eleben," in the Riff tongue. They spoke French, too, of a sort, and many a night I got into a game with them and acted as a "come on" man. But one night—

They had stopped playing and there was an air of tenseness in the group. A doughboy—we'll call him "Teaser"—was asking decidedly pointed questions. How soon were they moving up to the front? To what sector?

He paid no attention to me (I was in civilian clothes) and when he left I followed him. At a particularly dark corner he stopped and stuck something into his shoe. That was enough for me. There were too many "leaks" on all sides to let anything suspicious go without investigation.

His regiment was moving immediately into a front line sector and I tagged along. "Teaser" was talkative enough—about everything but himself. It wasn't until three evenings later, in a clammy dugout, that he opened up. "I just wish," he told me, "that we had those babies from Algiers next to us! Say, with the bunch we got here we could skin 'em alive in a crap game! They took everything I had back in Havre, the dirty bums. Even my safety razor. But I fooled them. I got the identification tag on one of 'em. See?" And he pulled a small disc out of his shoe. "Some day you bet I'll find them and get all my stuff back!"

And that ended that little spy chase!

But not all of them were so ready—and pleasantly—finished. There was, for instance, the case of the "friendly" blacksmith who ran his shop right beside a main road used by the troops in going back and forth from the trenches. He was extremely popular with the boys because he always had a joke and a cigarette to offer. They talked to him as a natural thing, told him the spots they were headed for, their division identity...

And the Germans seemed able to anticipate every move our men made. They were being shot down before they ever reached their destinations. A little under-cover exploring unearthed the fact that the blacksmith had a three months' supply of cigarettes on hand—and a direct telephone communication with the German lines—in his cellar... It doesn't take a court-martial long to figure out the answer to such cases.

A certain camp, from which thousands of American soldiers entrained, was situated at the base of a hill. And on that hill was a woman living alone and acting most suspiciously. It was her custom each morning to hang out on a clothesline—which could be seen for miles around—an amazing assortment of lingerie. "And," said the officer in charge who was explaining the situation to me, "I'm pretty sure that every time we get a fresh shipload of men she hoists a red petticoat!" Moreover they'd found out that a known German spy had visited her.

I was put on sentinel duty near her fence and sure enough she came right down to talk to me as she had the others before me. But after a while she got suspicious. "The other boys go. You stay here always!"

I told her I was a German-American and they didn't trust me. It seemed to satisfy her and she asked me to call that night when I was free.

In the meantime I stumbled into plenty of hot water when I was taken to headquarters. It seems the British Intelligence Department had been watching the woman with binoculars and had seen me carrying on long conversations with her. To them it called for investigation and I had a bad half hour before my papers cleared me.

Going to her house that evening I wondered at the enemy's lack of perception. For the lady was neither young nor beautiful. But I hadn't been there five minutes before I realized she was not a spy, never had been. She was merely a poor woman suffering under the delusion that she was a siren. With thousands of men stationed below her, she'd tried to sing a siren song with a red flannel petticoat! And had nearly caused international complications...

If it hadn't been for a certain incident during the war, I suppose I might be a doctor in Greenville, Texas, today. That's the way things happen.

I don't know what prompted me to go into the "Y" hut that particular evening. Maybe the rain. Maybe a wave of homesickness for cotton fields and the rising hum of negro melodies. It was warm inside, crowded with soldiers of a dozen nationalities. An impromptu orchestra was playing and the leader called for a volunteer soloist. I stood up and before I knew it I had swung into "Roses of Picardy." They were a lonesome bunch of men and the rousing old song struck home. It was my first taste of "audience response" and it gave me a thrill I'll never forget.

Afterwards, when I'd taken my seat again, a quiet little Englishman came over. "Are you a professional?" he inquired.

"No—just an amateur."

"There's a career for you in your voice if you have it cultivated. A place at the top—if you're willing to study and make sacrifices. I know," he added simply, "because I'm a voice teacher. Whether we ever meet again or not, remember what I'm telling you now."

Remember? The words reshaped the whole future for me! They rang in my ears through the remainder of the war.

One other unique experience I had—only of a far different nature. The Spring before, the Doughboys' Dream came true for me. I had the pleasure of giving orders to a general!

It happened in his room at the Continental Hotel there in Havre. Sealed orders of a private nature had come through our department for him, and it was my duty to relay them. I had to see his papers first, of course. It took me a long time to inspect them. A very long time! Then I handed him the red sealed envelope with a salute that almost cracked my elbow...

War. I hope I never see another—but I wouldn't have missed that last one!

Drop Me a Line

Continued from page seventy-five

Sweetheart, but America's Favorite New Topic. HOLLYWOOD has been deluged with Temple mail this month. And we are about to invite more. For, next month, HOLLYWOOD will take you behind the scenes where only insiders can penetrate—and give you an intimate close-up of the life of a little girl who is also a sensational movie star.—The Editor.

Donat, Take a Bow!

\$1.00 Letter

DEAR ROBERT DONAT:

Where did you come from? Yes, that is what I'd like to know—just where did you come from? Just when I had decided there couldn't be anyone like you, I saw you flashed upon our local screen—you with such charm, such a new personality.

You are magnetic, your acting superb, and that voice! That voice! Where have I heard such a voice before? It's beautiful, haunting like music in the air, or the breeze of a summer's day. When they said they searched the world over to find you, I think it was worth it.

When I saw you as the Count of Monte Cristo, I forgot that you were Robert Donat, the movie star. It seemed as though you were really the Count of Monte Cristo, and what a Count! I never thought that there could be anyone like you.

You are a star in your own right. Here's to you, Robert Donat, America's new matinee idol!

Sincerely,
CAROLYN L. HILL,
1528 Church Street, N. W.,
Washington, D. C.

Movie-makers, Please Note!

\$1.00 Letter

DEAR EDITOR:

As it is difficult to tell much about a movie from its title, I have formed a habit of going to see only those pictures which cast my favorites. Many of my friends choose what to see in the same way.

Having the stars *individually* introduced at the beginning of a play is, of course, ideal. But if this is impractical in all movies, a list of the important players at the end of the reel as well as at the beginning, would be very helpful. We could become acquainted by name with more actors and actresses, and would thus attend more movies.

There are many supporting players whom I enjoy immensely, yet I do not know who they are. It is practically impossible to remember a long list of character names and unfamiliar players' names until after you can associate them with the plot.

Yours very truly,
HELEN MORGAN,
1883 Burton Avenue,
Highland Park, Ill.

Prizes!

Ten dollars will be paid for each letter published with a star's reply, \$5 for each of the two next best and \$1 for each of the next five. Duplicate prizes awarded in case of a tie. The editors of HOLLYWOOD will be the sole judges and right is reserved to publish all or any part of any letter received. Address: Drop Me a Line, HOLLYWOOD, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

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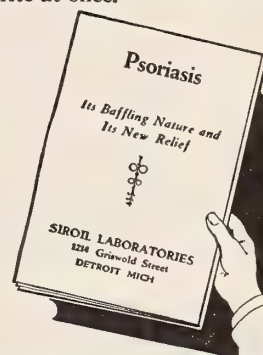
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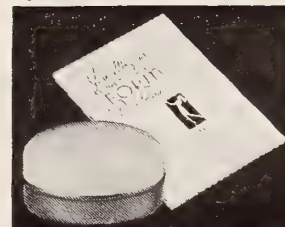
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An Open Letter to Dick Powell

Continued from page forty-one

'Hollywood Hotel' radio program the other day and he was as stolid as a school master. He used to look out through the glass partition and keep the audience in an uproar with his funny faces and clown around while he was singing. Now he goes at it as if it was another job to be done. Something has happened, but what?"

Your fans have noticed it, too, Dick, and when you answer this letter, won't you please tell them what it is and why? Is it perhaps, a matter of "all work and no play" what with one picture after another and a radio program to take up the hours when you might be relaxing, recouping your enthusiasms? Even in *Flirtation Walk*, although your performance clicked in a big way, you looked drawn and worried.

Something has happened to your voice, too. I think I know what that is. You've been concentrating on vocal technique. Your voice hasn't the spontaneous, lilting charm it had in the days when you warmed the heart of America with "The Shadow Waltz." A vocal instructor can no doubt give you a better operatic voice, Dick, but only God could give you the voice you brought to Hollywood. In those first pictures, your voice did things to a fellow's heart. It lifted one out of the every-day, the commonplace. Now, there is a studied perfection to it that may be more technically perfect, but doesn't reflect the real Dick Powell.

Your big house in Toluca Lake district must be nearly ready, Dick. I notice that your mother and dad have arrived to spend the remainder of the winter and I know what a satisfaction it is going to be to show them through that new home of yours. But honestly, Dick, did you build it just for that? Will Mary Brian be the mistress of that home, Dick? I don't want to pry, but can't you let your fans have some inkling? Your romance with Mary is the personification of love's young dream to millions, and nothing would thrill your fans and her fans, like the announcement that she was to be Mrs. Dick Powell.

Also, Dick, we'd like to know what wealth and fame have brought you. Are

you as happy as when you were a boy in Mountain View, Arkansas, learning to play your first saxophone? Are you happier? I know one thing, at least, that brought you a great and heart-filling satisfaction. It was when you went home to Little Rock and were offered a large sum of money to make a personal appearance. And when you learned that there was not money enough to keep the swimming pool for poor children open, you did make an appearance in a local theatre—and donated the entire proceeds to that cause. That is one of the finest gestures a fellow ever made.

It must be one of the thrills of a lifetime to be able to give your parents such luxury, to take them to places that will thrill them and to introduce them to your famous movie friends. I know something of the sacrifices they made for you, and now that you can make life easy for them, how much of a kick you must get out of doing it!

I hope you will accept this letter in the same friendly spirit in which it is written. In writing, I'm thinking—with all of your fans who want to see you keep the charm of your earlier picture days—only of your career, your future, your happiness.

Do you remember James Whitcomb Riley's old poem, "Take Keer of Yourself, Jim?" That's the way we feel about you, Dick. "Take keer of yourself." Don't lose that charm that endears you to the world and don't let your God-given voice be altered by ambition. Please, Dick, keep on sending out those glorious, golden notes to cheer the heart of the world.

Your fans who read this will be eagerly waiting for your reply. Tell them, straight from the heart, your side of it. They'll love you for it. The first time I shook hands with you, I was amazed at the strength of your grip on my hand. I want you to keep just as strong and firm a grip on the hearts of your fans.

Your friend,

Eugene Christian



—Wide World

Here they are, making a bet at Hal Roach's new Santa Anita racetrack. Plenty of other people are making bets, too—that Dick Powell and Mary Brian will be stepping aboard a plane for Yuma any day, any hour, any minute

HOLLYWOOD

Hollywood's Shooting Script

Continued from page thirty-seven

Victor Fleming were still arguing, Man Mountain went to San Diego and an Indian named Chief Little Wolf threw him out of the ring and into a hospital. Fleming claims it is the judgment of an outraged Providence.

De Mille Can Take It

"GRACIE," THE "EXTRA," is sure of one job—she will be in Cecil B. De Mille's coming picture of the crusades. Gracie will always be present in De Mille pictures. Her method is not recommended, however.

While De Mille was explaining a scene to the company in *Cleopatra*, two "extra" girls disturbed him by talking in the back row. He sternly ordered silence, but they kept on. At last, with frosty politeness, the great director said: "As the topic of your conversation seems to be so absorbing, kindly come up here to the loud speaker and let us all hear it." Not a whit dismayed, Gracie wended her way through the scene and came to the speaker. "Well," she said, "it was this way. I was just sayin' to my friend, I said: 'How long do you suppose that old bald-headed geezer will keep us waiting for lunch?'"

De Mille roared and Gracie has a life job.

New Hideouts

LEWIS STONE HAS started a new fad for the world-weary. He has bought an old mining claim up in the Bret Harte country.

These old claims can be had almost for the asking. The land is practically worthless; it is covered with trees, however—grown up from the stumps of the timber that went into mine shafts in the Fifties. The whole country around there is pockmarked with prospectors' holes.

The Bret Harte towns are still there—ghost towns in whose streets once dashed the six-horse stages and where the gun fights were held.

Mary 'n' Doug

IT SEEMS To be all off again, Mary Pickford having refused an invitation from Douglas Fairbanks to go wandering around the world in a schooner he is buying in New York.

I think that the truth is that Mary's new religion has absorbed her every thought. She has even written a book about it.

Restoring Marlene

THE REAL REASON why Marlene Dietrich has gone back to work with Josef von Sternberg is to make the critics of *Scarlet Empress* eat their harsh words.

It is doubtful if any picture made by a major director ever received a worse panning.

Von Sternberg still is convinced that it was a great picture and that Marlene was wonderful. Nevertheless, the two are working eighteen hours a day on the new picture *Caprice Espagnol*, solely for the purpose of making the movie world more Dietrich-conscious than ever.

All things considered, Marlene has never been able to please the public again as she did in *Morocco*—which also showed Gary Cooper as a real actor of parts.

MARCH, 1935

Heartaches Ahead?

WHEN *The Good Earth* finally gets under way, will it be haunted by the ghost of a tragedy?

His friends tell me that Director George Hill's suicide is directly traceable to his disappointment over this picture.

Hill envisioned it an epic with an all-Chinese cast. He spent months searching China for "shots" and characters. He came back with miles of beautiful pictures and native Chinese actors and was told that the cast would be Chinese only in facial—not racial—make-up.

Over-Sold

LILIAN HARVEY IS one of the few actresses who have ever been sincere in dodging publicity men.

In a talk with a Los Angeles newspaper man, she said frankly that her career in the studios was stultified by her being "over-sold" to the American public.

After her European triumph in *Congress Dances*, she arrived in Hollywood with all the acclaim that would go to a flock of empresses.

She says that she knew at the time that it was fatal. Nobody short of Duse could have lived up the billing.

Now, without any ballyhoo, she just wants a part that will enable her to make good with the American public.

After a long rest in the hills, she quietly returns to the screen opposite Tullio Carminati in *Once a Gentleman*.

She Trouped to Conquer

HAVING TRAMPED AROUND Hollywood, heating the dust of humiliation, Mrs. Leslie Carter has won at last. She took the knocks and the disappointments without a whimper, so everyone rejoiced when the late Lowell Sherman gave her the part of Mrs. Crowley in *Becky Sharp*.

Joan Sets a Record

THE NEW CONTRACT signed by Joan Crawford and M-G-M establishes something of a record. She has been nine years with this studio. Her whole career has been within its high fences.

I am not sure, however, that this is the most unique experience of the kind. Mabel Normand must have been under contract to Mack Sennett for at least that long.

On the whole, Miss Crawford has held up as a star as well as any other woman who has ever been on the screen. And it must be a satisfaction to her to know that she has made this climb without pull or outside influence.

She has been studying singing and her next picture will probably be a musical upon which Oscar Hammerstein and Jerome Kern are working.

Years Are So Short

YOU MAY DEBATE about other stars, but anyone can measure the length of the starring days of one big box-office wallop.

In the nature of things, Shirley Temple can last for only a year or so longer. No matter how good these wonder-children are, they always grow up.

She is now at the height of her drawing power. She is among the top ten box-office attractions of the world.

Appetite gone?

- ✓ losing weight
- ✓ nervous
- ✓ pale
- ✓ tired



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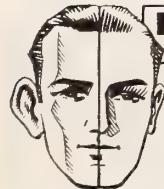
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10 Ways to Avoid Divorce—Maybe!

Continued from page thirteen

the beautiful chord he produced or the applause he got the other night at the Colony.

Sometimes, of course, this can't be helped. It's a natural human impulse to talk about what vitally concerns you. But it can be turned into a pleasant thing simply by bringing the other person actively into the conversation—by asking their advice. Incidentally, it is amazingly true that in almost any business worry the advice of an outsider, who knows nothing about the business but who has your best interest at heart, is really valuable.

Ham, for instance, has given me important advice all through my career. At first I didn't want to do *Border Town* because the rôle is another bad-girl type like Mildred in *Of Human Bondage*. Ham convinced me that I should play it because the girl's badness is believable—whereas Mildred's wasn't!—and because if I succeed, it will prove to people that my success in *Bondage* wasn't just a freak of luck.

A really excellent way of avoiding divorce is to go around with happily married couples. If we went around with people who are divorcing, separating, and always swapping husbands and wives, we might very easily reach the foolish point ourselves.

DIVORCE IS AMAZINGLY tempting to an actress! It means a big splash announcement in the papers, reams of publicity, and being the talk of the town. One could begin thinking that it might be rather fun—if you went around with a group in which it was almost contagious!

I am all for divorce, however, if two people really cannot get along. But if there are children, I think it is absolutely wrong. For this reason I don't believe in having children until you've been married three years at least. By that time you should have a good idea as to whether you want to stay married—or not. I have no idea whether I will have children or not. In one way, it's swell to be free to live your own lives when you're young. Responsibility of a family is apt to be a terrific weight on a young husband who is just starting in. On the other hand, if you wait, you may be so much older than your children that it will be even more difficult to bridge the gap of the generations and be a real friend as well as a parent. And this is too valuable a relationship to risk losing.

Keeping romance alive is a favorite topic with writers about happy marriages and how to live them. It has always seemed rather silly to me. I know that when I catch myself making conscious efforts to keep the romance alive in my own marriage, I'll know it must be almost on the rocks.

Perhaps the romance has kept fresh for Ham and me because we both work and one of us is away so much of the time, because we each have our own interests, and because we respect each other's right to his own opinions, friends, and amusements. Which brings me back to where I started, with the belief that the most important thing in marriage is Freedom!

HOLLYWOOD

Here are their Real names

Here are the stars' real names . . . Do you know their reel names? . . . Turn to page 76 and score yourself on your knowledge of the stars

- 1 DOROTHY COX
- 2 WILLIAM CLAUDE DUKINFELD
- 4 CHARLES EDWARD PRATT
- 5 ARTHUR STANLEY JEFFERSON
- 6 JOAN ROSHER
- 7 VIOLET KRAUTH
- 8 MUNI WEISENFREUND
- 9 AUGUSTA APFEL



3. Mabel Linton

10. Lysle Hollywood

So I Became a Movie Actor

Continued from page fifteen

and that, ladies and gentlemen, is how sound came into the movies.

Then an offer came along to go into *Forsaking All Others* on the Broadway stage.

I still don't know how they came to pick me. I didn't want to be an actor; that's sure. Somebody must have said: "We need something to fill this empty spot on the stage over here. Hmm . . . well, a tall, dark-haired man would look well beside that picture on the wall. Run along now, and pick me up something."

Well, I suppose Tallulah Bankhead couldn't do all the talking in the play, so they gave me some lines to read. I rather enjoyed the experience, though I felt like a stooge. Having become an actor, don't you know, I could not very well turn a deaf ear to the clamor for my services, which was sweeping in a whisper that could have been heard six inches from a megaphone if the air was still. So I allowed myself to be cast in *All Good Americans* with Hope Williams.

That gave Columbia Studios the idea that I was picture material. Raw material, but then, who knows the brilliance hidden in an uncut gem?

I SAID I DIDN'T want to go into pictures. I didn't like Hollywood, anyway, because I wasn't used to sunlight.

And then Aubrey took me in hand.

I should have presented Aubrey long before this. Excuse me. Folks, meet Aubrey. Man and boy, Aubrey has been my entire retinue of valet, chauffeur and secretary for years; he has looked after me through all my umphs and downs. He said:

"Well, Mistah Fred, you said the same things about actin' in stage shows. Maybe you'd like this picture business. Anyway, we has to eat!"

Aubrey's logic settled the matter.

So far I've enjoyed some glorious indolence. At first I was puzzled by the phenomenon of receiving a weekly check and exercising no further effort than calling for it. Although now I don't even bother to go in person — I just send Aubrey.

But the suspicion has begun to dawn on me that maybe I am being paid a weekly salary not to be in pictures!

MARCH, 1935

I was, at first, submitted to play several parts—that is, when I was not on salary—and this kept up for so long that it began to look as if, through an oversight, I might play one of them. Now that I'm under long-term contract, I hear I am being considered *not* to play some really very important rôles. Naturally, if these rumors are true, I expect an extension of my contract, and a raise.

I saved the company a vast sum of money by not playing in the Columbia picture, *Broadway Bill*, and they tell me I did very well.

I might have gone on to the heights, but at last they cast me in a picture. This was *The Captain Hates the Sea*. Critics declared I was well cast as a crook.

OTHERWISE, I'M GETTING along all right. I've been steadily insulted and ignored by autograph hounds. And I'm still not in the least in love.

But I fear that I shall be unable to escape being put to work. I had a narrow squeak during the casting of *Carnival* and wormed out of it. Now I am aware of insidious plotting to make me earn my keep. They have lately discovered that I was a magician back on Broadway, and so they are giving me the eye for a rôle in a picture of Houdini's career.

The Master was, of course, every magician's ideal. I was lucky enough to have known and worked with him, and Mrs. Houdini, who is now in Hollywood, has long been my good friend.

The rumor has gone around that this is to be a picture showing how some of Houdini's tricks were done. How preposterous! Rather than reveal a secret of his craft, a magician would shut himself up in his disappearing box and, with a few despairing incantations, make himself vanish from this earth forever.

Yet, without divulging any of the secrets of his magic, the astonishing career of Houdini would be a glorious undertaking for a picture. The memories of his magic will live long after the last magician has made his final bow.

And now, if you'll excuse me, I must stimulate my umph glands by lying five minutes in the sun. And to do so, I will bring this article to a close and run downstairs to the roof.

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29x4.75-19	2.45	30x6.00-18	2.50	32x6.50-21	3.55
29x4.75-20	2.50	30x6.00-19	2.55	32x6.50-22	3.65
29x5.00-19	2.85	30x6.00-20	2.90	32x6.50-23	3.75
29x5.00-20	2.85	30x6.00-21	2.95	32x6.50-24	3.85
28x5.25-18	2.90	30x6.00-22	3.00	32x6.50-25	3.95
28x5.25-19	2.95	30x6.00-23	3.05	32x6.50-26	4.05
30x5.25-20	2.95	30x6.00-24	3.10	32x6.50-27	4.15
31x5.25-21	3.25	30x6.00-25	3.15	32x6.50-28	4.25
31x5.50-17	3.35	30x6.00-26	3.20	32x6.50-29	4.35
28x5.50-18	3.35	30x6.00-27	3.25	32x6.50-30	4.45
28x5.50-19	3.35	30x6.00-28	3.30	32x6.50-31	4.55
30x5.00-16	3.75	30x6.00-29	3.35	32x6.50-32	4.65
30x6.00-18	3.40	30x6.00-30	3.40	32x6.50-33	4.75
31x6.00-19	3.40	30x6.00-31	3.45	32x6.50-34	4.85
32x6.00-20	3.45	30x6.00-32	3.50	32x6.50-35	4.95
33x6.00-21	3.65	30x6.00-33	3.55		
32x6.50-20	3.75	30x6.00-34	3.60		
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7.50-20	6.95	30x5.50-22	4.55
8.25-20	8.95	30x5.50-23	4.65
8.25-22	9.95	30x5.50-24	4.75
9.00-20	10.95	30x5.50-25	4.85
9.75-20	13.95	30x5.50-26	4.95

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31x4	2.95	32x4 1/2	3.55
32x4	2.95	32x4 1/2	3.65
33x4	2.95	32x4 1/2	3.75

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THE Guide TO NEW pictures

Continued from page fifty-seven

The Check-Up of Current Pictures

These are pictures now making the rounds of the nation's theatres, which have been reviewed in HOLLYWOOD during the past two months, receiving the following ratings:

• • • • •

Broadway Bill — Amusing, exciting, thoroughly human racetrack drama, directed by Frank Capra, starring Warner Baxter and Myrna Loy.

Kid Millions — Eddie Cantor in pursuit of a fortune, with Ethel Merman, Ann Sothern, the Goldwyn Girls and music.

What Every Woman Knows — Helen Hayes in Barrie's comedy about a plain, but subtle woman.

Great Expectations — Henry Hull's movie debut in Dickens' famous story of a convict playing philanthropist.

The Painted Veil — Garbo, smiling, debates between Herbert Marshall and George Brent in a Chinese setting.

Music in the Air — Gloria Swanson and John Boles singing duets by Jerome Kern, against a background of hysterical comedy.

Kentucky Kernels — Wheeler and Woolsey help an orphan inherit a fortune and run up against old Southern hospitality, as represented by duelists.

The President Vanishes — Sensational, timely melodrama, with the President disappearing in a dramatic crisis.

Imitation of Life — Thoughtful, provocative drama, contrasting the lives of blacks and whites and revealing Claudette Colbert in a mother rôle.

Grand Old Girl — May Robson scores another hit as an old lady full of fight.

The Man Who Reclaimed His Head — Sensitive, startling drama exposing men who cause wars and starring Claude Rains.

The Little Minister — Katharine Hepburn as Barrie's gipsy girl, with John Beal as the earnest young cleric she bewilders.

Forsaking All Others — Joan Crawford tries comedy, with both Clark Gable and Robert Montgomery as co-stars.

The Mighty Barnum — Colorful, dramatic, amusing biography of the granddaddy of ballyhoo, played by Wallace Beery.

Babes in Toyland — Victor Herbert's operetta as a screen fantasy, interpreted by Laurel and Hardy.

Here Is My Heart — Bing Crosby scores his biggest hit in a singing version of *The Grand Duchess and the Waiter*.

• • • • •

It's a Gift — W. C. Fields, plus Baby Le Roy.

Babbitt — Sinclair Lewis' satire of a typical business man, minus the sting, superbly played by Guy Kibbee and Aline MacMahon.

Bright Eyes — Shirley Temple at her best — and James Dunn at his — in a sprightly little tale.

Sequoia — An unusual picture; the story of the friendship of a deer and a mountain lion, with Jean Parker also present.

Romance in Manhattan — Francis Lederer follows up his hit in *Pursuit of Happiness* with a gay comedy of a young immigrant getting used to American ways. Ginger Rogers is of considerable assistance.

I Am a Thief — Ricardo Cortez scores in another slyly clever melodrama.

Evelyn Prentice — William Powell and Myrna Loy, the co-stars of *The Thin Man*, decorate a so-so story.

College Rhythm — Musical farce of football and collegians, with Jack Oakie, Joe Penner, Lanny Ross and Lyda Robertson.

The Curtain Falls — Henrietta Crosman in a vivid character sketch of a trouper who can still troupe.

Anne of Green Gables — The famous tale of an orphan who made good, with a new story appearing in the person of young Anne Shirley.

The Captain Hates the Sea — An amusing kaleidoscope of life aboard a cruise liner. Aboard are Victor McLaglen, John Gilbert, Walter Connolly, Helen Vinson, Wynne Gibson, Leon Errol, Walter Catlett, Fred Keating.

Gentlemen Are Born — An ironic story of bright college youths battling the cold, cold world. Franchot Tone is the principal alumnus.

The St. Louis Kid — James Cagney drives a truck through the milk-strike zone, and adventure and comedy are rampant.

The Firebird — Mystery about who killed Ricardo Cortez — mother Verree Teasdale or daughter Jean Muir.

Enter Madame — Elissa Landi reveals unsuspected fire as a prima donna with a rebellious husband, Cary Grant.

The White Parade — A sensitive, dramatic, complete picture about the life of student nurses, with Loretta Young epitomizing the white-capped idealist.

Hell in the Heavens — Warner Baxter goes to war in an airplane, with romance awaiting him behind the trenches.

Can You Answer These Questions About the Picture on Page 54?

1. What season of the year is the setting for this particular scene?
2. What era is represented by the costumes of the "extras?"
3. Do the workmen outnumber the "extras," or vice versa?
4. Just where are the principals in the scene to stand—as indicated by the position of the microphone arm?
5. Where is the camera?
6. Are all the light reflectors placed in the same position?
7. Which predominate—adults or children?
8. Are there any automobiles in view?

HOLLYWOOD

Hollywood Flashes

Continued from page six

Van Der Beke will have to wait until after the vehicle is finished. . . .

If and when Myrna Loy takes the vows with Producer Arthur Hornblow, it will be a home wedding, rather than an elopement. . . . Ethel Shannon Jackson, one-time Wampas Baby Star and widow of Scenarist Joe Jackson, announced her engagement to Jose Luis Medinilley Grau, rich young Cuban, journeyed to Santa Barbara to become his bride, then suddenly called off all bets. "I'm still too much in love with my late husband," tearfully explained Ethel. . . . Franklyn Parker is taking Astrid Allwyn places. . . . Now that Rudy Vallee has hied himself back to New York, Alice Faye is stepping with Barclay Johnson, Hollywood man-about-town. . . . Nick Foran and Grace Bradley are seeing the night spots, arm-in-arm. . . . Patsy Ruth Miller and Johnny Mahin are altar-plotting. . . . Robert Cobb is paying for Gail Patrick's lunches and dinners. . . .

Polly Ann Young, Loretta's younger sister, and Carter Herman, Pasadena socialite, are on the verge. . . . The ex-Mrs. Conrad Nagel and Director Sidney Franklin have set the date, but it's their secret. . . . Millionaire Howard Hughes is top-man in Marian Marsh's life. . . . Park Avenue's own James Blakeley now an actor at Columbia, has christened his costly new famous yacht "Mary" in honor of his fiancée, Mary Carlisle. . . . Mary Ellis, the Broadway star who made *Rose Marie* famous and now is movie-debating opposite Carl Brisson in *All the King's Horses*, would have you know that she's not fancy free. In fact, she's still very much in love with hubby Basil Sidney. . . . When Toby Wing and Jackie Coogan decided to go their separate ways after a period of betrothal, Toby turned to Jack Oakie for sympathy, and Jackie found solace in Anne Shirley. . . .

Patricia Ellis and Fred Keating are seeing each other so-o-o-o often—despite Pat's insistent denials. . . . Sheila Terry, out of the hospital after a long siege, continues to be John Warburton's big moment. . . . Even though marriage plans have been tossed out of the window, George E. Stone's praise for Ruth Romaine lingers on. . . . Edmund Lowe has been orchiding Florence Rice. . . . James Dunn and Patsy Lee are cooing both on and off the sets these days, for Jimmy has the lead and Patsy a chorus berth in the 1935 *George White's Scandals*. . . . Elmer Leterman, millionaire New York insurance broker, is simply cuhrazy about Miriam Hopkins, who insists that there is no chance of a reconciliation with her ex-hubby and great good friend writer, Austin Parker. . . .

Marriages

WHEN LORENA LAYSON called off her engagement to handsome Danny Danker, the latter became the gloomiest fellow in town, but a week later, they Yumaed it and now Danny's living in the clouds. . . . Elopers Lila Lee and Jack Peine (Virginia Pine's brother) are planning a 'round-the-world honeymoon to start as soon as Lila completes current stage contracts. . . . Jocelyn Lee, red-headed star of the silents, will be Mrs. James (Director) Seymour ere you read this. . . . Lucille Walker, a George

White eyeful, is the bride of William McAdoo, Arizona banker and cousin of U. S. Senator William Gibbs McAdoo, whose daughter recently married actor Ralph de Onate. . . . Roberta Gale became Mrs. Samuel S. (Attorney) Zagon in a Caliente ceremony. . . . Catherine Dale Owen, flicker star of a few years back, has wed Milton F. Davis, Jr., scion of a New York fortune.

Divorces

THE CHARLIE CHASES are still trying to make up their minds whether to try a reconciliation or tell it to a judge at once. They've been wed twenty years. . . . The Herbert Mundins are consulting their lawyers. . . . Doris Deane, the second Mrs. Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle, is divorcing Elmer Hartz, Beverly Hills banker. . . . A. Hayes Busch, socialite, and Dorothy McGowan Busch, ZaSu Pitts' stand-in, have parted after four years of matrimony. And now they're heading for the courthouse. . . . Verna (Panther Woman) Hillie has severed the ties that bind her to Frank Gill, Jr., radio entertainer, explaining that he called the dog the same name that he called her, which was "Stooge". . . . Edgar Rice Burroughs, *Tarzan's* creator, divorced his helpmate in Las Vegas. . . . Kasha LeSueur won a decree from Hal Hayes LeSueur, Joan Crawford's brother. . . .

Births

IT'S A GIRL at the home of Morton Downey and Barbara Bennett, bringing the total of their offspring to three. The first two were boys. . . . There are rumors that the Ross Clarks (Barbara Fritchie) are expectant. . . . The Hobart Henleys are buggy-shopping. . . . The Andy Devines have tagged their first-born, Timothy Andrew Devine, "Tad" for short. . . . If the perpetrator of those Bing Crosby stork tales doesn't let up soon, Bing is going to explode. The all-too-frequent denials are beginning to interfere with his golf. . . . Clara Bow and Rex Bell have a boy—who will be called Bow Belden. . . .

Deaths

COL. JOSEPH A. MARMON, 59, Pauline Frederick's husband of a year, succumbed after a lingering illness. . . . Henry William Gerrard, ace cameraman, never recovered from the shock of his wife's demise. . . . He filmed an RKO-Radio talkie with a doctor at his side, then was rushed off to the hospital for an emergency appendix removal. . . . "Oh, why didn't they let me die on the operating table?" he moaned after the ordeal. . . . And, despite warnings, he twisted and turned on his cot. . . . Death claimed him a few days later. . . . Lowell Sherman, the movies only actor-director and famous for wearing shorts while megaphoning, died of pneumonia—with all Filmdom mourning.

National

RAQUEL TORRES paid \$50.05 for her first ride in the New York subway. . . . the nickel went for her fare, and the \$50 was plucked from her purse by a light-fingered gent.

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Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

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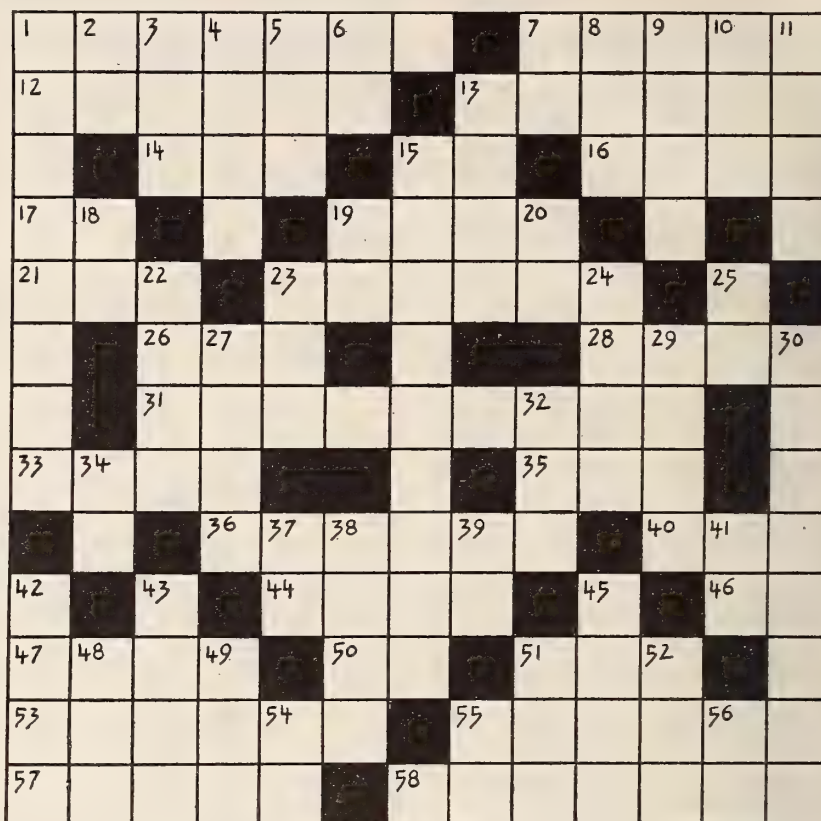
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STAR CROSSWORD PUZZLE



ACROSS

1. RKO-Radio star.
7. *Trigger* and *Jo* are among those she has played.
12. She feels thus toward interviewers.
13. Her best work has been on this.
14. Word used to designate her maiden name.
15. New England state in which she was born (abbr.).
16. One who played with her in *Little Women*.
17. First name of Mr. Meighan (abbr.).
19. Feign.
21. Plump.
23. She received one of those given by Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.
26. Kind of lights under which she works.
28. Whose part was Joan Bennett given in *Little Women*?
31. First name of this actress.
33. Mrs. Joel McCrea, who played with her in Alcott film (poss.).
35. To urge on.
36. You'll see her picture on this outside any theatre showing her films.
40. Rested.
44. What she did when pursued by reporters.
46. Initials of Joan Crawford's ex-husband who played with her in *Morning Glory*.
47. Underground part of a plant.
50. Abraham's birthplace (Bib.).
51. To place.
53. Clemence Dane was _____ of screen play in which she made debut.
55. She began hers on stage.
57. Color of her eyes.
58. She attended that called Bryn Mawr.



The Key to
the Puzzle

DOWN

1. City in which she was born.
2. Evelyn's initials.
3. Her latest, *The Little Minister*, is from that of Sir James Barrie.
4. Reared.
5. Employ.
6. Musical note.
7. Per cent (abbr.).
8. Overalls — her favorite attire.
9. Her brown hair is tinged with this color (pl.).
10. Number.
11. To break suddenly.
13. Player such as this actress.
15. She played principal feminine one in *Christopher Strong*.
18. Exclamation denoting surprise.
19. Compass point (abbr.).
20. She played in stock in this state (abbr.).
22. Receive.
23. Division of her stage play, *The Lake*.
24. Hummed.
25. Film in which she portrayed a faith-healer was written — Lulu Vollmer.
27. Coarse file.
29. Whose rôle in *Little Women* was that of 33 across?
30. Screen play in which this actress starred.
32. Noun suffix.
34. Ludlow Smith is her _____ husband.
37. Her first film was *A Bill — Divorcement*.
38. Slight.
39. Mr. Wynn.
41. Initials of her stand-in, who also acts in films.
42. Boast.
43. She is an actress of _____.
45. Her long bob ends in one.
48. Belonging to us.
49. She acted on stage in — *Warrior's Husband*.
51. Chum such as Laura Harding is to this player (slang).
52. She uses this mound in golf.
54. She went — location for scenes of 30 down.
55. Prefix signifying with.
56. For example (abbr.).

Answer will be published in
April HOLLYWOOD

With the News Sleuth

Continued from page ten

The Path Is Open

THE MEXICAN COURTS have granted a divorce decree to Mrs. Leland Hayward, thus paving the way for the long-anticipated marriage of Katharine Hepburn and Leland, her manager.

In fact, the newshawks were certain that the event was at hand when Katie, Leland and Katie's pal, Laura Harding, boarded a plane at a Los Angeles airport not long ago. The move proved a false alarm, however, for the trio were headed New Yorkward, where Katie hopes to make another try at the stage.

The unexpectedly short run of *The Lake*, in which Katie returned to Broadway last year, still rankles in her thoughts. That's why she is so interested in taking another whirl at the footlights. Katie is determined to "show" the critics who so mercilessly panned her previous effort!

Gary Rejoices

GARY COOPER HAS completed his stellar rôle in Paramount's *Lives of a Bengal Lancer* and he's elated over the fact for two reasons.

Filming of the vehicle was marked by a series of accidents, and Gary's own narrow escapes from fractured bones were numerous.

But more important to Gary was his enforced separation from his bride (Sandra Shaw). It was only occasionally that she was permitted to visit him in the four location camps used by the troupe.

Rudy to Return

RUDY VALLEE WILL make Hollywood his permanent base just as soon as he completes the night-club engagement that dragged him back to New York upon the completion of his Warner Brothers' musical, *Sweet Music*.

The California climate holds a strong appeal for the crooner, who plans to quit road tours and confine himself to pictures and to broadcasting from this Coast.

A Rival for Cagney

RUDY IS THREATENING to kick over the traces now that he has definitely made up his mind to cast his lot with the screen. Despite the fact that his crooning

has fluttered millions of feminine hearts, he craves an opportunity to do the Jimmy Cagney hard-boiled type of rôles.

"My singing gives the public the impression that I am a dreamy, mopey sort of a fellow," said Rudy, "when, as a matter of fact, I'm not like that at all. I'm naturally energetic, a doer, and if I can get into an action picture, I believe I can open up an entirely new field for myself."

All's Well That Ends—

EVERYTHING IS HUNKY-DORY in the Hal Mohr-Evelyn Venable domocile, now that Papa Venable has been around to deliver his forgiveness.

It was the Professor's opposition to his daughter's romance with the previously-wed cameraman that caused the pair to slip off to Yuma, instead of being joined in a church ceremony as Evelyn had long planned.

The merging followed Evelyn's twenty-first birthday by less than a month.

Jed Bears Up

THE MARGARET SULLAVAN-WILLIAM WYLER elopement, which came as a surprise to all Hollywood, wasn't so much of a shock to Jed Harris, Broadway stage producer and so long regarded as Margaret's real heart interest.

Jed, it seems, flew Westward three days before the wedding for no other purpose than to extend his blessing to Peggy and Willie. Directing her in a wedding scene gave Wyler the courage to ask Peggy: "Is it against the law for a star to marry her director?"

Honeymoon Is Over!

BUT WHILE MARGARET and William and Evelyn and Hal are thrilling to the bliss that they have found in their respective unions, there's another pair of recent elopers who haven't found the going so smooth.

June Knight and Paul Ames, who met in Chicago for an unheralded wedding, came to the parting of the ways just twelve days later.

There is a possibility of a reconciliation, however, with Paul's brother and sister-in-law, Stephen Ames and Raquel Torres, acting as the mediators.

Dixie Goes to Work

MAYBE IT'S IN an effort to down rumors that the stork again is hovering over her home, or perhaps it's to get a vacation from nursery duties, but whatever the reason, Dixie Lee Crosby is going back before the cameras and mikes.

When Paramount executives decided that Dixie was too beautiful and too talented to be devoting all of her efforts to family duties, Bing didn't protest. In fact, he's proud that the movies called his wife back!

Now she's being tested for the lead opposite Joe Morrison in *Win or Lose*.

Tommy's Her Man

PARENTAL OPPOSITION BECAUSE of their ages and their careers is all that keeps Anita Louise and Tom Brown from the parson's door.

Please turn to page eighty-nine



An Affliction so Embarrassing, Many Bear it in Silence!

PILES are enough almost to drive one mad! They torment you day and night, even while you are abed.

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Nourishine is applied like a tonic—so easy to use. You get SAFE and POSITIVE results. Your hair will become soft, lustrous, with a natural appearing color that defies detection. Nourishine is absolutely non-injurious to hair or scalp—is positively beneficial.

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No matter what you have tried for gray hair or dandruff, forget past disappointments and try this absolutely different liquid. It is not greasy—does not rub off nor stain scalp or linen. The one liquid imparts any color. You can easily prove it best for gray hair and dandruff. Try Nourishine now!

For better results use NOURISHINE SHAMPOO. Contains no acids that hinder the action of Nourishine.

Write for our free booklet, "Home Care of the Hair." Contains helpful hints on the home care of permanents, marcel, oily and dry scalp, describes coloring methods, etc. Nourishine, \$1.25; Shampoo, 50c, at drug and department stores or by mail, except in California, from NOURISHINE COMPANY, 979 S. Broadway, Los Angeles.

NOURISHINE BEST FOR GRAY HAIR

The Answer to Last Month's Puzzle

G	A	R	B	O		S	T	A	R	S
L	B	A	R	R	Y	M	O	R	E	S
E	S		N	O	D		I	N	A	S
A	T	E		W	A	L	L		R	E
D	O	R	Y		I	C	E		C	O
S	C	R	E	E	N		S	W	E	E
K	A	Y					E	D	E	
S	H	O	R	E	S		R	E	A	L
T	O	W	S		T	W	O		R	O
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R	M		F	O	E		A	R	T	R
T		D	I	R	E	C	T	I	O	N
B	E	R	E	T			E	A	D	I

NEW LOW PRICES

2¹⁵ GOOD YEAR

Firestone Goodrich U.S. AND OTHERS



TIRE USERS by thousands all over the U. S. A. vouch for LONG, HARD SERVICE, under severest road conditions of our standard brand Tires reconstructed by the ORIGINAL SECRET YORK PROCESS. OUR 18 Years in business makes it possible to offer tires at LOWEST PRICES in history with 12 month guarantee. **Don't Delay—Order Today.**

BALLOON TIRES

Size	Rim	Tires	Tubes	Size	Rim	Tires	Tubes
28x4	40-21	\$2.15	\$0.85	30x5	25-20	\$2.95	1.15
28x4	50-20	2.35	0.85	31x5	25-21	3.25	1.15
30x4	50-21	2.40	0.85	28x5	50-18	3.35	1.15
28x4	75-19	2.45	0.95	29x5	50-19	3.35	1.15
28x4	75-20	2.50	0.95	30x6	00-18	3.40	1.15
28x5	00-19	2.85	1.05	31x6	00-19	3.40	1.15
30x5	00-20	2.85	1.05	32x6	00-20	3.45	1.25
28x5	25-18	2.90	1.15	33x6	00-21	3.65	1.25
28x5	25-19	2.95	1.15	32x6	50-20	3.75	1.35

REGULAR CORD TIRES

Size	Tires	Tubes	Size	Tires	Tubes
30x3	\$2.25	\$0.65	32x4 1/2	\$3.35	1.15
30x3 1/2	2.35	0.75	33x4 1/2	3.45	1.15
31x4	2.95	0.85	34x4 1/2	3.45	1.15
32x4	2.95	0.85	30x5	3.65	1.35
33x4	2.95	0.85	33x5	3.75	1.45
34x4	3.25	0.85	35x5	3.95	1.55

HEAVY DUTY TRUCK TIRES

Size	Tires	Tubes	Size	Tires	Tubes
30x5 Truck	\$4.25	\$1.95	34x7 Truck	10.95	3.95
34x5 Truck	4.25	2.00	36x8 Truck	12.45	4.25
32x6 Truck	7.95	2.75	40x8 Truck	15.95	4.95
36x6 Truck	9.95	3.95			

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SEND ONLY \$1.00 DEPOSIT with each tire ordered. (\$4.00 deposit on each Truck Tire.) We ship balance C. O. D. Deduct 5 per cent if cash is sent in full with order. **ALL TUBES BRAND NEW Heavy Gauge Circular Molded. GUARANTEED.** Tires failing to give 12 months' service replaced at half price.

Order Now at These Low Prices
DEALERS WANTED

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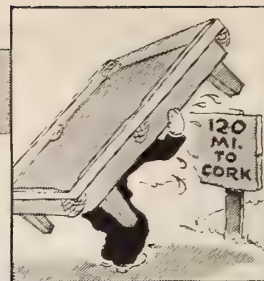
Will Be Food Fit For Movie Kings—and Queens!

That's what Grace Ellis Hollywood Food Consultant, writes about each month—and tells you how to prepare it.

Don't miss her recipes for a "Gay Nineties" party—Hollywood style—on page 44 of this issue!

And she will have other new culinary ideas for you next month . . .

STRANGE Movie FACTS



W. C. FIELDS went around the world with a pool table. For thirteen years, he and the table that he used in his vaudeville act were inseparable—touring thirty countries.

A thirty-dollar loan to an old school pal may bring Chick Chandler a fortune. The borrower, a prospector, gave Chick a note making him owner of a two per cent interest in a Mojave claim. And now they've found tons of gold on the land.

The grapes you will see in Rudy Vallee's *Sweet Music* are made of wood.

Paulette Goddard, Charlie Chaplin's new leading lady (and Mrs. Chaplin?), was revealed as an autograph fan when she advertised in the "Lost" columns of Los Angeles newspapers for an autograph book trimmed in purple velvet, with a diamond and jade clasp ornamented with ermine tails.

When Errol Flynn, Warner Brothers' twenty-five-year-old Irish importation, was asked to fill out a studio biography blank, he wrote "Actors" in the space reserved for Pet Aversions.

Jean Muir has woven a blanket for Joan Blondell's baby. And she made it on an old hand-loom that her great-great-grandmother brought over from Scotland.

The elaborately jeweled cigarette case that Carl Brisson carries in *All the King's Horses* was a gift to him from Rasputin.

The new twenty-two-room residence of Arline Judge and Director Wesley Ruggles contains the colony's most unusual study.

One enters by a secret panel, and, when this snaps shut, all noises of the outside world, including the household itself, are stilled. The room is insulated like a sound stage.

Colonel Roscoe Turner—"Beau Brummel of the Air," who finished third in the England-to-Australia race and now will star in a movie—carries a cane fashioned out of a lion's tail.

The wardrobe matron at M-G-M is making a patchwork quilt of pieces of material from which stars' gowns have been made, with each piece autographed and then hand-embroidered.

For the first and only time since his early acting days, Ronald Colman will appear sans mustache—in *Clive of India*.

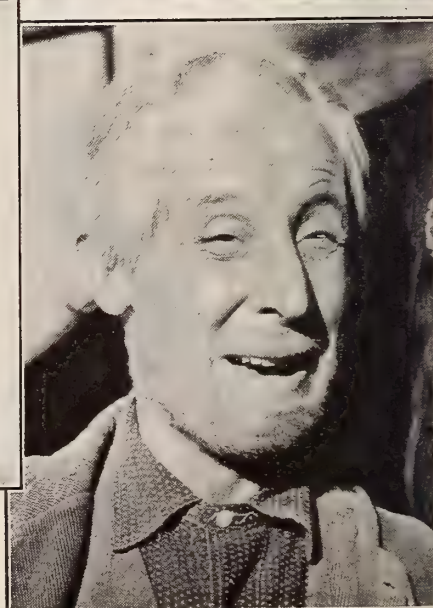
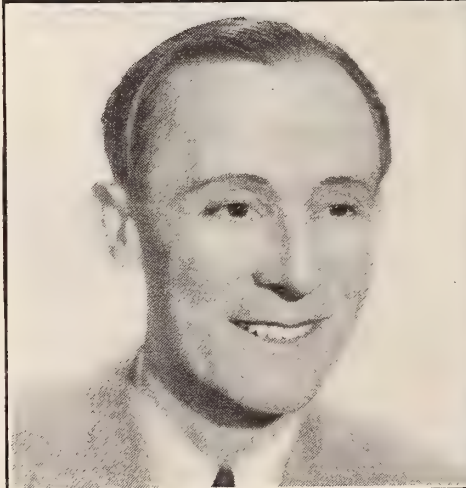
Every one of Joan Crawford's screen gowns—even the simplest—is weighted at least fifteen pounds.

Nancy Carroll's one ambition, when she was ten years old, was to own a floppy picture hat and fluffy dress.

Producer Bryan Foy (he made the Nudist picture, *Elysia*) inherits the cane that the late Willard Mack carried for more than twenty years. It originally was a gift to Mack from Bryan's father, the late and famed Eddie Foy.

The newest Hollywood remedy for excess curves is bowling.

The Magic of Make-up



Above is a face you may never have seen before. At the right is one you have seen often. Both belong to the same man—Charles "Chic" Sale

With the News Sleuth

Continued from page eighty-seven

Returning from a New York visit, Anita wired the studio requesting that no splurge be made over her arrival. The reason? She wanted Tommy alone to greet her at the station!

Pranks of Fate

YOU NEVER KNOW where Fame is going to strike next in this funny town.

For fifteen years, Mary Gordon has toiled in the "extra" ranks, always hopeful of a break. Then Katharine Hepburn got an earful of Mary's Scotch accent, and landed her in a featured rôle in *The Little Minister*.

An ancient ragpicker who made semi-monthly calls to Director E. H. Griffith's abode so intrigued Griffith and Writer Horace Jackson that they penned a tale and made a two-reeler with the old fellow as their star.

The Truth Will Out

THE EVELYN LAYE-FRANK LAWTON nuptials in Yuma were a real disappointment to all those tongue-waggers who have been insisting that Evelyn and Frank had been wed in New York State the day after her arrival from England.

Their romance had its inception in London long before Lawton was brought over here for his first American rôle in *Cavalcade*. And when Frank went to M-G-M for the title rôle of *David Copperfield* and Evelyn arrived there to co-star with Ramón Novarro in *The Night Is Young*, Daniel J. Cupid chartered an airplane for them.

Feeds His Friends

LARDERS IN THE homes of Clark Gable's pals seldom are without ducks these days, for the gun-toting star is spending all of his leisure hours in the Southern California marshes.

Duck-shooting holds a greater appeal for Gable than any of the other sports he has turned to since attaining wealth in the talkies. The rice fields back of San Diego are his favorite gunning spot.

Spencer Goes Home

THE SPENCER TRACYS, parted for more than a year, are on the verge of complete reconciliation.

Meeting for the first time in a long while at a recent dinner party, the couple spent the entire evening dancing together. A series of conferences followed, and now Spence is expected back at the family hearth almost any day.

Charlie a Realtor

CHARLIE FARRELL'S Big string of polo ponies continue to run up feed bills while Charlie is devoting himself to Palm Springs real estate.

Charlie and Ralph Bellamy are launching a new fifty-two-acre subdivision at the desert resort, where they've built a clubhouse and laid out tennis courts as an extra attraction to prospective purchasers.

And now that he has turned salesman, Charlie hasn't time for polo.

MARCH, 1935

New Tennis Ace

TENNIS INSTRUCTION FURNISHED Charlie Farrell by Elizabeth Ryan, the champ, has put Charlie in line for the film colony title.

His colleagues got the surprise of their lives when Farrell took Gilbert Roland, long rated as No. 1 player among the actors, into camp, following up his victory by vanquishing Paul Lukas and Dick Arlen.

Merle Turns Chemist

MERLE OBERON—CHEVALIER's co-star in *Folies Bergere de Paris*—has applied to Uncle Sam for a patent on the self-concocted make-up she used with such telling effects as *Anne Boleyn* in the British-made *Private Life of Henry the VIII*. It's a powder containing a generous sprinkling of unadulterated gold dust.

The unusual—and costly—cosmetic has created such a furore among the Hollywood lassies that Merle has adopted it for street as well as studio wear.

Hollywood Approves

THE MOVIE ELITE have hung out the "Welcome" sign for Dr. I. S. Veblen, Janet Gaynor's fiancé, now that they've had an opportunity to meet the handsome young New York dentist.

New York will be Janet's home after her marriage to Dr. Veblen, but she will continue her career in Hollywood. She plans to commute back and forth via the air.

Irene Dunne, married several years to another New York dentist, Dr. Francis Griffin, has successfully combined career and marriage in that manner.

Dick's Lost Now!

EACH PASSING DAY draws Dick Powell and Mary Brian closer to the marriage license bureau.

When the final nail had been driven and the last drop of paint applied to Dick's new Toluca Lake manor house, Mary and he, following an old Arkansas hillbilly custom, tossed off a big party for all of the workmen, from the day laborers to the boss decorators.

Dick's buddies are already referring to the abode as the "honeymoon house."

Wants to Act

DICK POWELL CRAVES the coming of an era when he will be heralded as a great dramatic actor, as well as a stellar crooner. He is fearful of the loss of public favor if he continues in singing rôles, he insists.

"The fans get tired of just a young man with a song," he said, "so I'm not going to take any chances."

Now he's beseeching the Brothers Warner for an opportunity to do some grand opera stuff before the cameras and "mikes."

Almost a Record!

SHIP YOUR CONGRATULATIONS to Will Rogers, who has been able to hold on to the same wife for twenty-six years.

APPROVED WAY TO TINT



GRAY HAIR

and Look

10 YEARS YOUNGER

Now, without any risk, you can tint those streaks or patches of gray or faded hair to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and Brownatone does it. Prove it—by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of your own hair.

Used and approved—for over twenty-three years by thousands of women. Brownatone is safe. Guaranteed harmless for tinting gray hair. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Is economical and lasting—will not wash out. Simply retouch as the new gray appears. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Just brush or comb it in. Shades: "Blonde to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black" cover every need.

Brownatone is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee, or—

SEND FOR TEST BOTTLE

The Kenton Pharmacal Co.

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Please send me Test Bottle of BROWNATONE and interesting booklet. Enclosed is a 3c stamp to cover partly, cost of packing and mailing.

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★ featured in Universal Pictures. ★

SAVE
ON YOUR WAVES
Make them last longer with a

DON-A-CAP
PATENTED
FORM FITTING WAVE PROTECTOR



25¢
DON-A-CAP 300



50¢
DON-A-NET 300

★

LOVELY hair requires this extra care! Slip on a comfortable, snug-fitting Original tailored Don-A-Cap at night and see how your waves will last days longer. Your hairdresser recommends it.

For an additional nightly beauty treatment, use No. 200, a snap-on model which holds up the chin.

Medium and large sizes in pastel colors and white. Also black and brown.

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★ If not obtainable, write ★
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BUMP GOES DOWN!
Pain stops almost instantly. Then blessed relief! **Fairyfoot** helps reduce painful, ugly bunions. Foot soon appears more natural. **Fairyfoot** is easy to use, entirely harmless. Used on over two million feet since 1897. Write for FREE trial treatment.

Fairyfoot Products Co., Chicago
1223 S. Wabash Ave., Dept. 1943

FREE PROOF!



THE

by W. H. FAWCETT
Publisher of HOLLYWOOD Magazine

Publisher's Page

HEATHER ANGEL—this month's star-guest editor
makes some pertinent observations of the movie scene

I APPROACH THIS TASK of writing HOLLYWOOD's editorial page with mingled feelings of flattery and timidity—and, I must confess, considerable pleasure. For here is Opportunity! Lives there anyone whose fingers have not itched to write; who has not yearned to see his opinions in print? Be assured that a movie player is no exception. Seldom is he granted the privilege of expressing his own ideas in writing—his lot is to express, through histrionics, the ideas of others.

So—now to "talk shop" and I hope you enjoy "hearing" me as much as I will enjoy doing the "talking."

Don't You Like Good Pictures?

THERE'S A QUESTION every producer in Hollywood would like answered.

In asking it, please don't think that I am trying to dictate the entertainment you should select—I am merely trying to satisfy a thirst for knowledge. If I am successful, I shall have the thanks of everybody connected with motion pictures, both in front of the camera and behind it.

Several months ago, a crusade was begun—with the "cleaning up" of the movies as its goal. Motion picture producers, always ready and eager to give the public what it wants—for in their satisfying the public rests the success of their business, readily fell in with the idea.

Splendid pictures were produced, some of them picturizations of the classics of literature. They were ably enacted by some of our most talented actors, they were photographed beautifully, and the narratives were above reproach. Did moviegoers flock to see these pictures? Did they fight for the chance to see them and beg for more?

Those are idle questions, I know, for the answers are obvious. They did not, and poor Mr. Producer sits sadly holding an aching head—a pathetic figure, indeed.

Producers are not psychic, but it is getting so that they are wishing they had second sight as well as foresight and hindsight. You can help us a lot by telling us what you really want.

A Movie Argument Against War

PERHAPS IT IS not good form to applaud and exhort the exploits of one's family but I simply cannot resist telling about a picture I saw in preview recently. It is a compelling and forceful argument against war that every thinking person will appreciate; and, in addition, it offers a never-to-be-forgotten story.

The picture is *The Man Who Reclaimed His Head* and my fellow-countryman, Claude Rains, is featured in it with Joan Bennett, Lionel Atwill, Baby Jane and Henry Armetta. And, I am proud to add, my home studio, Universal, produced it.

No one abhors war more than I. Although I was but a child at the time, the World War left an impression upon me that



Heather Angel—the English girl with the unforgettable name (more-over, she has always had it)—is Mrs. Ralph Forbes in private life. She is now starring in The Mystery of Edwin Drood

never can be eradicated. I lost my own dear father, who gave up his billet as a chemistry professor at Oxford to serve England as a munitions expert, when he was killed in the Silvertown munitions explosion. He died for his country, but so unnecessarily—for war is not necessary.

The Man Who Reclaimed His Head will cause widespread discussion and perhaps bitter comment, for it tells how munitions manufacturers promote wars for their own selfish ends. It will reach the hearts of all who suffered the agonies of the last war and will teach others the futility and folly of another war.

I think you will thank me for sending you to a most worth-while entertainment.

"Wicked" Hollywood

BY THE TIME you read this, I shall have been in Hollywood slightly more than two years. As I write, I recall with amusement the reception my friends in England gave the news that I was to enter Hollywood pictures. Believe me, they had heard all the stories about the "wild, wicked life" of the movie colony and their imaginations had done the rest. Veritably was I the lamb being thrust into a band of merciless wolves.

Naturally, I felt some misgivings—wondering just how true all those stories might be. Imagine my surprise, then, to discover that Hollywood after sundown is about as exciting as one of our English villages after nightfall.

Hollywood is a city of industry—and industry and vice do not mix well together. The devil finds mischief for idle fingers, you know, and there is little idleness for

the movie star. Hollywood has had its scandals, just as every other community has; but I find most of the stories of wickedness ridiculous.

Clothes and the Movie Star

CONSIDERABLE CRITICISM HAS been directed towards stars who appear in public garbed in old sweaters, slacks and other disreputable attire. Englishmen are noted for their penchant for correct attire—even the man stationed at the outpost of some remote possession will dress for dinner—but I must leap to the defense of the star who yields to the joy of donning old clothes.

Try "thinking" clothes for weeks on end. Put yourself in a glass case where a microscopic inspection of your coiffure, make-up, clothes and general appearance can be made by the public. Then you will understand why the movie star lets down occasionally.

Heather Angel

"Treasured Flavor"

Wherever Gum and Candy are sold you'll find the Beech-Nut treasure trove... gems of flavor in Beech-Nut Gum... golden goodness in each Beech-Nut Fruit Drop... precious nuggets of refreshment in Beech-Nut Mints and Luster Mints. It's "treasure" and "pleasure" for your enjoyment. Step right up and say —
"Beech-Nut, Please!"

Beech-Nut GUM and CANDIES



TATTOO YOUR LIPS !



From South Sea maidens, whom you know as the most glamorous women on earth, comes the secret of making and *keeping* lips excitingly lovely and everlastingly youthful.

In that land where romance is really *real*, you'll naturally find no coated, pasty lips. Instead, you'll find them gorgeously *tattooed*! Not with a needle, but with a sweet, exotic red *stain* made from the berries of the passion-fruit. The resulting transparent, even color is alluring beyond words.

TATTOO is the civilized version of this marvelous idea. You put it on just like lipstick, but instead of leaving it on, you let it set for a few moments, *then wipe off all the pastiness*. Miracle of miracles! Your lips are then evenly, smoothly, and lastingly *stained* with rich, *transparent* color that has actually become a part of your skin. Your lips will be *tattooed*!

And with it all, you'll also get away from the drying, cracking, youth-wrecking effect of so called indelible lipstick. TATTOO, instead of drying your lips will keep them soft...inviting...youthfully caressing, forever. Yes, actually! TATTOO is a dollar, everywhere.

TATTOO, INC., CHICAGO

FOUR EXCITING SHADES NEVER SEEN BEFORE

No. 1 has an exciting orangish pink cast. Rather light. Ravishing on blondes and titian blondes. It is appropriately named "CORAL."

No. 2 is an exotic, new shade—brilliant, yet transparent. Somehow we just cannot find the right words to describe it. It is called "EXOTIC."

No. 3 is a medium shade. A true, rich blood color that will be an asset to any brunette. It is called "NATURAL."

No. 4 is of the type that changes color when applied to the lips. Gives an unusually transparent richness and a depth of warm color that is truly amazing. It is called "PASTEL."



PUT IT ON

RUB IT OFF... *only the color stays*

APR - 6 1935

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The Secrets of Charming Women by Maurice Chevalier

*Tattoo your
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*... a New Red
from the South Seas*

Hawaii brings you the glorious red of the wild Hibiscus flower in a really new kind of lipstick! Called TATTOO "HAWAIIAN." It's a new shade of red, unusually bright and luscious . . . almost a Chinese lacquer red, a shade that gives life, dash, and vivid individuality. It's brilliant, saucy . . . decidedly daring . . . yet not hard to wear because with all its vividness it imbues the lips with a soft, sincere, feminine warmth they have never had before. This shade has been dreamed of ever since indelible lipsticks first were made, but because it would turn purple on the lips, could not be used. Now, TATTOO, and TATTOO only, offers this stunning shade in an infinitely indelible, extremely transparent stick which positively will not turn even the least bit purplish. It can't! Only "HAWAIIAN" gives you this gorgeous new red that stays red. Go Native!

**ACTUALLY TRY IT
AT THE TATTOO
COLOR SELECTOR**

Your favorite toilet goods dealer invites you to test, on your own skin, all five shades of TATTOO at the Tattoo Color Selector, illustrated here and readily found wherever fine toilet goods are sold.

TATTOO IS \$1



TATTOO "HAWAIIAN"

PUT IT ON • LET IT SET • WIPE IT OFF • ONLY THE COLOR STAYS

ORCHIDS TO SALLY (UNTIL SHE SMILES)



"Pink Tooth Brush"

Makes her avoid all close-ups... dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm.

EVERY woman knows what wonders a smile can work... what a flaunting little banner of loveliness it can be.

But do you realize what a shock of disappointment follows a smile that gives a glimpse of dingy teeth and tender gums—of the damage that neglect of "pink tooth brush" can lead to?

DON'T IGNORE "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"
You can't afford to take chances—to ignore a warning that threatens your smile and your dental health. Dental science has

explained and stressed that warning—"pink tooth brush." Foods that rob our gums of exercise—soft and creamy dishes that tempt our palates but lull our gums to sleep—those are the reasons for the modern plague of tender, ailing gums.

If your tooth brush even occasionally shows "pink"—do the sensible thing. Don't let yourself in for serious gum troubles—for gingivitis, Vincent's disease or pyorrhea. Get a tube of Ipana

Tooth Paste today and follow regularly this healthful routine. Start today!

Brush your teeth regularly. But—care for your gums with Ipana, too. Each time, massage a little extra Ipana into your lazy, tender gums. Ipana with massage helps speed circulation, aids in toning the gum tissue and in bringing back necessary firmness.

Your teeth will be whiter—your gums healthier—and your smile will be lovelier with Ipana and massage.



IPANA

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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a 3¢ stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer rings up the curtain on its greatest achievement... a glamorous pageant of drama, mirth and beauty... mightier than any musical yet seen on the screen! You'll thrill to its glittering extravagance... you'll laugh at its bright comedy... and you'll cheer those new sweethearts, Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, who found their love under the creole moon. It's the screen's musical masterpiece!

Jeanette MACDONALD • *Nelson* EDDY NAUGHTY MARIETTA

"AH, SWEET
MYSTERY OF LIFE"

"I'M FALLING IN LOVE"
"ITALIAN STREET SONG"

a W. S.
VAN DYKE
PRODUCTION
Book and Lyrics by
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with
FRANK
MORGAN
Douglas Dumbrille
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Picture
Produced by
HUNT STROMBERG

SHE LIED TO LIVE HER NIGHTS OF LOVE



FILMLAND'S MOST PRIZED TROPHY!

This statuette is the award given by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences each year for the best movie work of the past season. And the new trophy-winners are:

For best acting—female

CLAUDETTE COLBERT
in "It Happened One Night"

For best acting—male

CLARK GABLE
in "It Happened One Night"

This is the first time in the history of the Academy that two players in the same picture have won both awards. And the man who directed them—Frank Capra—also won the "best direction" award. Columbia made the celebrated picture—which also received the award as the year's best.

Shirley Temple, five years old, won a special award—for becoming one of the Top Ten stars within one year!



MAY, 1935

Vol. 24 No. 5

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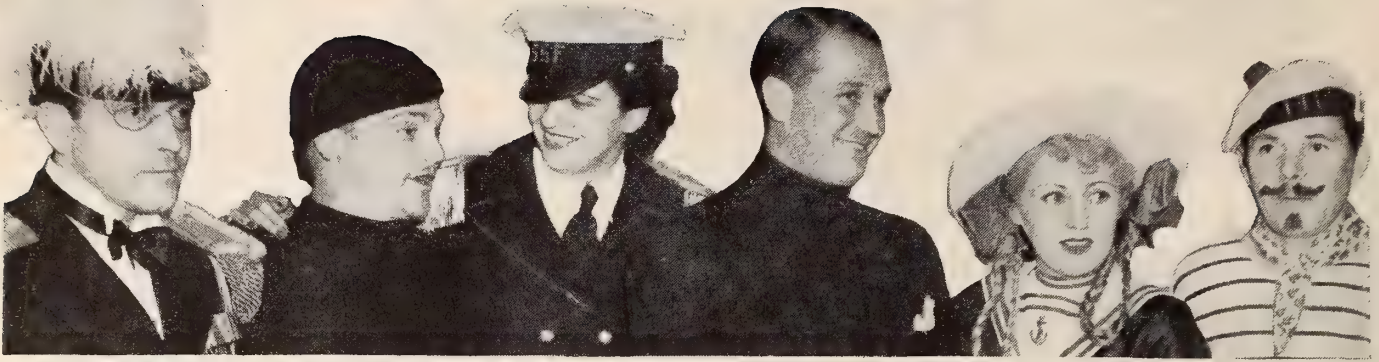
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LET'S TALK ABOUT STARS!

Here's news for you—news about headliners and headline happenings—fresh news, the news that only The Insiders Know!

Kay Proves Her Grit

BECAUSE SHE HAD invited more than two hundred and fifty friends to what turned out to be Hollywood's swankiest social function of the season, Kay Francis, a victim of that old debbil, Flu, stayed on her feet until the last guest departed at dawn, then climbed into her town-car and was whisked away to a hospital.

Kay chartered the fashionable Vendome Café, had it converted into a replica of an ocean liner, and bade the film colony's élite to come in sea-going attire.

Everyone had a swell time with the exception of Kay's physician, who afterward lost several nights' sleep in his efforts to save her from pneumonia.

Change of Hearts

JUST WHEN HOLLYWOOD had satisfied itself that sooner or later George Brent, Kay's new screen partner, would lead Greta Garbo to the altar, the scintillating Irish Romeo turned his attentions—all of them, mind you!—to Loretta Young.

La Garbo, though, isn't the only one left out in the cold by this newest merging of hearts. Ronald Colman soared into a top spot in Loretta's life and laughter while they were emoting together in *Clive of India*, but the Young lass has had little or no time for him since Ruth Chatterton's ex-mate loped into her leisure hours.

Brent, who has been missing from the late spots ever since the collapse of his marriage to Ruth, is now an almost nightly patron, and always with Loretta on his arm.

While it lasted, the Brent-Garbo companionship maintained the legend that all her leading men fall in love with Greta.

When Cupid Smiles

SALLY BLANE and Polly Ann Young are not finding time heavy on their hands while sister Loretta is galavanting with Brent.

Cesar Romero, Cuban sheik (he's opposite Marlene Dietrich in *The Devil Is a Woman*), has eyes only for Sally these days—and evenings; while Carter Hermann, personable Pasadena architect, has Polly Ann considering a middle-aisle stroll.

Garbo Dines Out

SPEAKING OF the great Garbo, she is one star who never forgets a friend.

Back in that era when Greta was struggling for a celluloid toehold, she was in-

A sailorish sextette at Kay Francis' famous "nautical" party were, left to right: Richard Barthelmess, James Cagney, the hostess, Maurice Chevalier, Joan Blondell and her mate, George Barnes

troduced to the mother of Howard Greer, Hollywood stylist. Mrs. Greer took an instant liking to the young immigrant, and asked her to dinner at the Greer home. Greta went.

Their trails did not cross again until Greta's now-famous visit to the Trocadero. Mrs. Greer, there with her son, espied Greta at a nearby table, and motioned the actress to join them. Greta left her companions, and for five minutes chatted and laughed with the older

Please turn to page eight

Hollywood Flashes

Foreign Affairs

RICHARD BENNETT, daddy of Constance, Joan and Barbara, is recuperating in a London nursing home from serious injuries sustained when he was tossed off a horse, while riding with a flock of lords and dukes and whathaveyou . . . Ken Maynard picked up a hulk, an ancient throwing stick, while exploring the land of the Mayan tribes in old Mexico . . . Buddy Rogers, in Paris, declines to comment on reports that he will shortly wed an American society lass . . . Howard Estabrook, ace Hollywood scenarist, has been awarded membership in the London Dickens Fellowship Society in recognition of his able handling of the *David Copperfield* script . . . Now that Reichsfuehrer Hitler has lifted the ban on her, Pola Negri is emoting in German pictures in hopes of recouping the hefty fortune that was once hers . . . Johnny Farrow lined up all the British actors and actresses in

Hollywood, and collected their signatures in a special book that was forwarded to King George for his jubilee celebration . . . Taylor Holmes rushed to Rome to sit at the bedside of his son, Phillips, who fell dangerously ill there while emoting in an Italian production.

National

WHITTIER COLLEGE in California has decorated Joe E. Brown with a "Doctor of Mirth" degree . . . Nelson Eddy is hopping about the States on a concert tour before again facing the cameras . . . Colleen Moore's famous \$435,000 doll house is now ready for that trans-continental tour, the proceeds of the venture to go to children's charities. The last bit of furnishing was a one-inch high globe, the maps on which are perfect, but you have to trace them through a magnifying glass . . . Lily Pons is packing her belongings in New York pre-

Please turn to page seventy-seven

The New Stream-Lined MAE WEST

by SUSAN HARTWELL

Just a brief two years ago Mae West changed the feminine contours of the world when she swept across the cinematic heavens in "She Done Him Wrong."

Now the versatile Mae is about to do the same thing again, to the delight of the fashion designers and her legions of feminine and masculine fans. But this time she's offering a stream-lined silhouette instead of the full-rounded curves of two seasons ago.

It's all part of the radical change in the character Miss West portrays in her newest Paramount Picture, "How Am I Doin'?" No longer is she a swaggering gal of the Gay Nineties; this time she is the personification of the spirit of 1935. The Westian curves are still there, of course, but they are streamlined in the modern manner.

And the story and background of "How Am I Doin'?" offers just as much contrast to her previous vehicles as the Mae West of 1935 does to the Mae West of 1933. The fashionable spots of smart, present-day society—Long Island, N.Y. and Buenos Aires, Argentina, for instance—replace the Bowery of the Nineties and gay spots of New Orleans a generation ago as the setting for the action of her new picture.

Even her leading men have undergone a radical change. Gone are the prize-fighters and gamblers of an older era; instead honors are shared



by Paul Cavanaugh, suavest of suave Anglo-American actors and Ivan Lebedeff, ace of the heel-clicking, hand-kissing, heart-smashers.

So watch out for the New Mae West. She is going to set a new standard

in entertainment, in wise-cracks, in fashions and in the feminine form divine when Paramount's "How Am I Doin'?" reaches the screens of the world.



SPEND your summer vacation in Yellowstone amid the geysers, boiling pools, mud volcanoes and smoking mountains of this strange land.

See the colossal Yellowstone Canyon—one of the longest and deepest of the world's chasms, and perhaps the most color-splashed of all. Marvel at its majestic waterfall, twice as high as Niagara.

Rail fares this summer are down to rock bottom, and so are the prices in the Park—complete 3½ day tour of the magic wonderland costing only \$45 if you stop at the big hotels . . . \$38 at the lodges.

The 90-mile motor trip over the famous Cody Road through Shoshone Canyon and over the Absaroka Mountains can be included in your Park tour without extra cost. Tickets can be routed through Colorado including Denver and Colorado Springs (and alongside the Black Hills of So. Dakota) at no additional rail fare.

Go to Yellowstone in luxury aboard the North Coast Limited. This famous train completely air-conditioned this summer. It carries through-Pullmans direct to and from Cody and Gardiner gateways . . . takes you to Yellowstone over the shortest route and in the fastest time.

**SEND
THIS
COUPON**



**Burlington
Route**

TO
E. E. Nelson
P. T. M.
Northern Pacific Ry. or Burlington Route
St. Paul, Minn. Chicago, Ill.

Send me your free illustrated booklets, rates and information about Yellowstone vacations.

Name _____
Street & _____
Number _____

City _____ State _____

☐ Check here if interested in all-expense Escorted Tour.

THE NATIONAL PARK LINE

Let's Talk About Stars!

Continued from page six

woman. The result was another invitation to the Greer abode.

Now, Howard has often remarked that his mother didn't know any Hollywoodians outside of her lodge sisters, but imagine his chagrin when he discovered that the mater had invited a dozen or more of them in to meet Greta!

And the privacy-loving Greta took it in a big way!

Ruffles for Greta

ADRIAN, METRO's designer of feminine attire, is walking in the clouds these days, creating frills and furbelows with which to decorate Garbo for her rôle in *Anna Karenina*.

The gowns Greta will wear in this vehicle shatter the Garbo tradition for severe tailoring, and Adrian is confident that her appearance in be-ruffled apparel will pave the way for a world-wide revival of ultra-femininity in women's dress.

He Won't Talk!

CHARLIE CHAPLIN doesn't believe an artist can serve two masters, so he has just turned down a \$15,000-a-week offer for a series of twenty-six broadcasts.

He also frowned upon the idea of Paulette—who, by the way, is his leading lady in *The Waif*—going on the air.

Maureen Secret Bride?

NOW THAT Charlie Chaplin has admitted that Paulette Goddard has been Mrs. Chaplin for lo! these many months, Talkietown has turned its attentions to Maureen O'Sullivan and author Johnny Farrow, suspecting them of hoarding a similar secret.

Charlie and Paulette were wed on the Pacific by the captain of Charlie's yacht, the comedian has told his pals.

And Maureen and Johnny were wed at sea, too, if the guessers are correct. The ceremony is supposed to have taken place while they were en route home from a joint visit to Ireland last Fall!

Will Pays for Peace

WILL ROGERS may be rated a millionaire, but he's still an Oklahoma cow-hand at heart.

When he reported for work in *Doubting Thomas*, he discovered that his Fox bosses had engaged a valet for him.

The unfastidious Will put up with the constant whisk-brooming and tie-straightening throughout the first day with only passive resistance, but on the following morning the servant was conspicuous by his absence.

Investigation revealed that Will was paying the fellow five extra dollars a day to make himself scarce!

Dangerous Business

IF YOU ARE ONE who considers talkie-making a safe and sane profession, give thought to a single week's record of casualties and near-casualties:

Tullio Carminati suffered a six-inch gash when he pushed a leg through a too realistic pane of glass for a scene in *Paris in Spring*.

Leslie Fenton wrenched a hip and barked a shin when he engaged in a fisticuff scene with George Raft in *Stolen Harmony*.

Ann Sothern was unconscious for ten minutes and suffered severe injuries when she was hurled against the rail of a studio ship while emoting in a Columbia picture.

Jean Muir sustained a sprained shoulder and arm when *A Midsummer Night's Dream* steed sent her careening through space.

Please turn to page ten



—Photo by Rhodes, HOLLYWOOD Staff Photographer

When the Pat O'Briens give a cocktail party, they pick guests who will entertain them—like Bing Crosby (note the matching shirt and tie), Bert Wheeler and Joe E. Brown. When Joe started to sing, everyone laughed—except Bing and Bert, who seized the opportunity to inspect Joe's oral cavity

HOLLYWOOD



YOU'VE WON HIM— NOW YOU MUST KEEP HIM...

Don't let COSMETIC SKIN spoil your good looks!

SO much of a woman's charm depends on keeping her skin clear—appealingly smooth. Yet many a woman, without realizing it, is actually *spoiling her own looks*.

When stale make-up is not properly *removed*, but allowed to choke the pores day after day, it causes unattractive Cosmetic Skin. You begin to notice tiny blemishes—enlarged pores—blackheads, perhaps—warning signals of this modern complexion trouble.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

In Hollywood the lovely screen stars *protect* their million-dollar complexions with Lux Toilet Soap—the soap especially made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its

rich, ACTIVE lather sinks *deep* down into the pores, carries swiftly away every vestige of dust, dirt, embedded powder and rouge.

Before you put on fresh make-up during the day—**ALWAYS** before you go to bed at night—give your skin this protecting, beautifying care. Exquisite smooth skin is a priceless treasure. Don't take chances!



ELISSA LANDI
PARAMOUNT STAR



ANY GIRL CAN HAVE A SMOOTH, REALLY LOVELY SKIN. YOU CAN USE COSMETICS AS MUCH AS YOU WISH IF YOU GUARD YOUR SKIN AS I DO—WITH GENTLE **LUX TOILET SOAP**



or Modern beauty WITH HOLD-BOBS?

● Great Aunt Maria was in style! A wire roll built her pompadour to the peak of fashion—in the '90s. But for the chic, smooth coiffures of today, modern women demand HOLD-BOBS—only these modern hairdress aids will do!

"I like the way HOLD-BOBS keep my hair for hours—just as I dress it," exclaims one constant user.

"Never have I known HOLD-BOB's smooth, round points to scratch my scalp," says another.

And another, "Because of HOLD-BOB's small, round, invisible heads and harmonizing colors they never show in my hair."

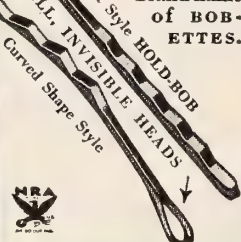
You, who know how priceless a beautiful hairdress is—use HOLD-BOBS once and you'll use them always.

THE HUMP HAIRPIN MFG. COMPANY
1918-36 Prairie Avenue, Dept. F-55, Chicago, Ill.

Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd.
St. Hyacinthe, P. Q., Canada

Gold and Silver Metal Foil cards identify HOLD-BOBS.

All sizes and colors to meet every requirement. Also sold under brand name of BOB-ETTES.



MAIL COUPON for Gift CARD

The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co.
Dept. F-55, Chicago, Ill.

I want to know more about these new HOLD-BOBS that match my hair. Please send me a free sample card and new hair culture booklet.

Name.....
Address.....

City..... State.....
☐ Gray and Platinum ☐ Blonde ☐ Brown
☐ Auburn ☐ Brunette

Copyright 1935 by The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co.

Let's Talk About Stars!

Continued from page eight

Blazing film ignited a couch on which Mary Boland was emoting on a Paramount stage, and only speedy footwork saved the comedienne from serious burns.

Spencer Tracy was under a physician's care for several days, the result of being nicked in the head by a flying plate during the making of a Fox talkie.

Gary Cooper suddenly slapped King Vidor's face in the presence of forty "extras" on *The Wedding Night* set, killing a Black Widow spider before it dug its poison pipe into the director's cheek.

Miriam Hopkins was badly singed when the lacy gown she was wearing in *Becky Sharp* came in contact with a lighted candle.

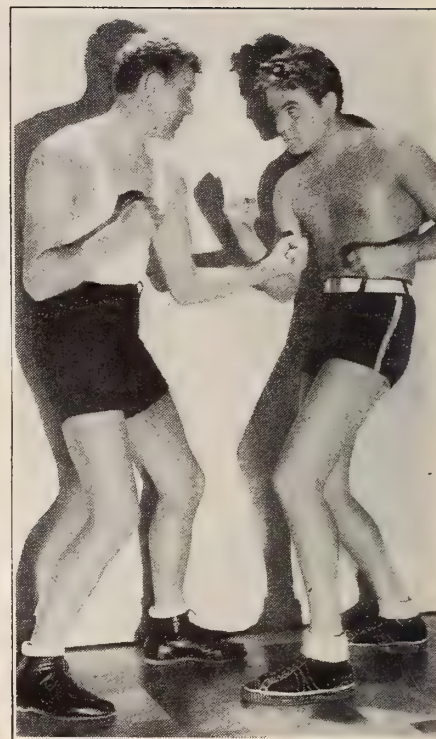
Czech Mated!

FRANCIS LEDERER is threatening dire things for the columnist who confused him with Ivan Lebedeff and reported the Czech as dining tête-à-tête with Wera Engels.

"How could anyone think that I would abandon Mary Anita Loos for any other woman?" shouted the irate Francis, practically ripping a handful of hair from his own head. Ivan has not yet been heard from on the matter!

Child Reunites Them

NOW THAT EVERYTHING is again hunky-dory in the Spencer Tracy abode, it might be well to record the fact that it



No, the boys aren't looking for a fight; they're looking for a workout. Their friendly fisticuffing—the secret's out—explains why Carl Brisson (left) and Henry Wilcoxon both look so fit



—Rhodes Photo

You wouldn't think it to see these two ingenues on the screen, but they're proud mamas in private life. Left, Helen Twelvetrees and her small son, Jack; right, Arline Judge, and her son, Wesley

was the Tracy children who brought the estranged Spencer and Louise together.

Property settlements and other such matters were under discussion between the father and mother, when Spencer's son interrupted with:

"You know a boy's place is with his daddy, and a girl's place is with her mother!"

So certain is Spencer that the reconciliation will endure that he has taken a lease on Gary Cooper's San Fernando Valley manor.

Next He Will Sing

HERR LEDERER has gone in for voice culture in a big way.

The versatile Francis, who sculpts and lectures on World Peace among his many other accomplishments, has been taking singing lessons for several months from Otto Morando, who is also making Franchot Tone into a basso and Joan Crawford into a clever warbler of popular ditties.

Morando lists Francis as his most diligent pupil.

Dick Takes a Bow

MARTHA MERRILL, Dick Powell's talkie protégée, has made good, and Dick's wearing one of those I-told-you-so smiles.

Warner Brothers have awarded Martha Please turn to page eighty

HOLLYWOOD

"Quit picking on us and jump on the men"

Three ladies, hopping mad,
take us to task
for sparing careless men

Advertising Dept.,
Lambert Pharmacal Co.,
St. Louis, Mo.

July 6, 1934

Gentlemen:

Your ad, which I am enclosing, certainly burns me up!

Will you kindly explain just why, although there are mostly boys in the picture, the moral is for girls? Do you think girls have a monopoly on halitosis? Let me assure you that they certainly have not. Just ask a few girls of your acquaintance, and find out. Learn how many girls dread to see certain chaps come over to ask them to dance, because it is such an ordeal to face the boy's breath. Believe me, there are plenty of ruined romances due to halitosis on the part of the man.

Now let me see you direct an occasional ad against the men—but I just bet you won't!

Very sincerely yours,

Miss F. E. Y.

Staten Island, N. Y.

Lambert Pharmacal Co.,
St. Louis, Mo.

October 20, 1934

Gentlemen:

I am writing to tell you that your last ad, taking women to task for having halitosis (bad breath) has annoyed me and several of my women friends. My work happens to bring me in contact with the public and I know from experience that for every woman who has bad breath there are at least nine men. If you wish to do a real service to everybody, direct a few of your ads to men. They're the real offenders.

Mrs. A. F. P.
Chicago, Ill.

Advertising Manager,
Lambert Pharmacal Co.,
St. Louis, Mo.

Jan. 11, 1935

Dear Sir:

You'd think from reading your ads that nobody but women had halitosis, and that men went around smelling as sweet as May blossoms.

If you knew what you were talking about you'd know that most men have got halitosis about half of the time. But they're too self-satisfied, vain, stupid, and conceited to do anything about it. They think that just because they're men they can get away with anything and we women have to stand around and pretend we like it.

I don't know what value you place on your women customers but you're going to lose a lot of them if you don't give the men their just deserts in one ad at least.

Mrs. M. F. S.
Tuckahoe, N. Y.

Men are the worst

MEN ARE INDEED the worst offenders in spite of the fact that we have directed at least 2 million dollars worth of advertising to them on the subject of halitosis. It is true, however, that most of our advertisements are directed to women. We feel that women are the biggest factors in influencing men.

We are glad to print the above letters. Perhaps men will read them and resolve to go forth, fastidiously speaking, and sin no more!

Halitosis (bad breath) is unforgivable in either social or business life—unforgivable because inexcusable. It can be so quickly and pleasantly corrected by the use of Listerine, the safe antiseptic and quick deodorant. Listerine halts fermentation, a major cause of mouth odors; then gets rid of the odors themselves. Use it morning and night and between times before social and business engagements. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

Listerine takes your breath away



Sparkling Billie Burke, already famed as an actress, may now become famous, like her late great husband, for Glorifying the American Girl

THREE B'S TO PUT IN YOUR BONNET

Beauty, Brains and Balance—these are the three requirements for success, says the actress-widow of Florenz Ziegfeld, whose chorus girls became stars . . .

by
BILLIE BURKE

IF ANYONE SHOULD ask me to name the three most important requirements to-day for a girl who hopes to get a start on the screen as a chorus girl, I would not hesitate to answer: Beauty, Brains and Balance — with emphasis on the Balance.

Because of the number of chorus girls who have gone on to stardom, the chorus has become America's greatest "show case" for talent. And this means that any girl who hopes to attract attention in a chorus must not only be beautiful, but she must have brains. In order to succeed, she must have the desire to learn—strength of mind and body—the ability to stand up under long, grinding hours of work—and last, but not least, the strength of character to take it on the chin!

There was a time in the evolution of the chorus girl when she was considered by the public only as a flighty, senseless sort of a creature who used her beauty to snare rich men and take them for a financial "sleigh ride," so to speak! The type of chorus girl who doted on champagne suppers and millionaires at the stage door has been

out-of-date for years—that is, if she ever really existed at all (aside from a few exceptions who gave the public a false impression of chorines by exploiting their own personal escapades to advantage).

To the contrary, the modern chorus girls are educating themselves for their work, just as girls do in other pursuits of life.

- The ambitious chorine—like the ambitious girl in any other line of work—hasn't the time to waste on night life and frivolity. And should she ever find the time, she realizes that her health and beauty could not stand up for long under the strain of late hours and dissipation.

During the years of my marriage to Florenz Ziegfeld, I had the opportunity of meeting many of the "Follies" girls and, as a whole, they were a group of alert, vital, well-groomed girls who took their careers seriously. That is why they are famous today.

The proof of the pudding lies in the ultimate popularity and success of such actresses as Marion Davies, Billie

Dove, Joan Crawford, Virginia Bruce, the late Lilyan Tashman, Justine Johnstone, Mary Lewis and many others too numerous to mention, who started their careers in the "Follies" chorus. Barbara Stanwyck, Miriam Hopkins, Constance Cummings, Dorothy Mackaill, Toby Wing, Barbara Weeks and Ann Dvorak are other outstanding examples of one-time chorines who today are high on the rosters of fame. Certainly no one could consider them flighty or without intelligence!

I remember that only a few years ago, when Mr. Ziegfeld took a census of the educational background of his "Follies" girls, he discovered that eighty-three per cent of them had gone either to finishing schools or colleges and many of them had graduated with honors. That hardly makes them out as "beautiful, but dumb" types, does it?

- All this has been brought back to me so many times since starting work as technical aid to William Anthony McGuire on *The Great Ziegfeld*, the coming picture based on my late husband's life. Among other things, I have been asked to aid in the selection of the chorus.

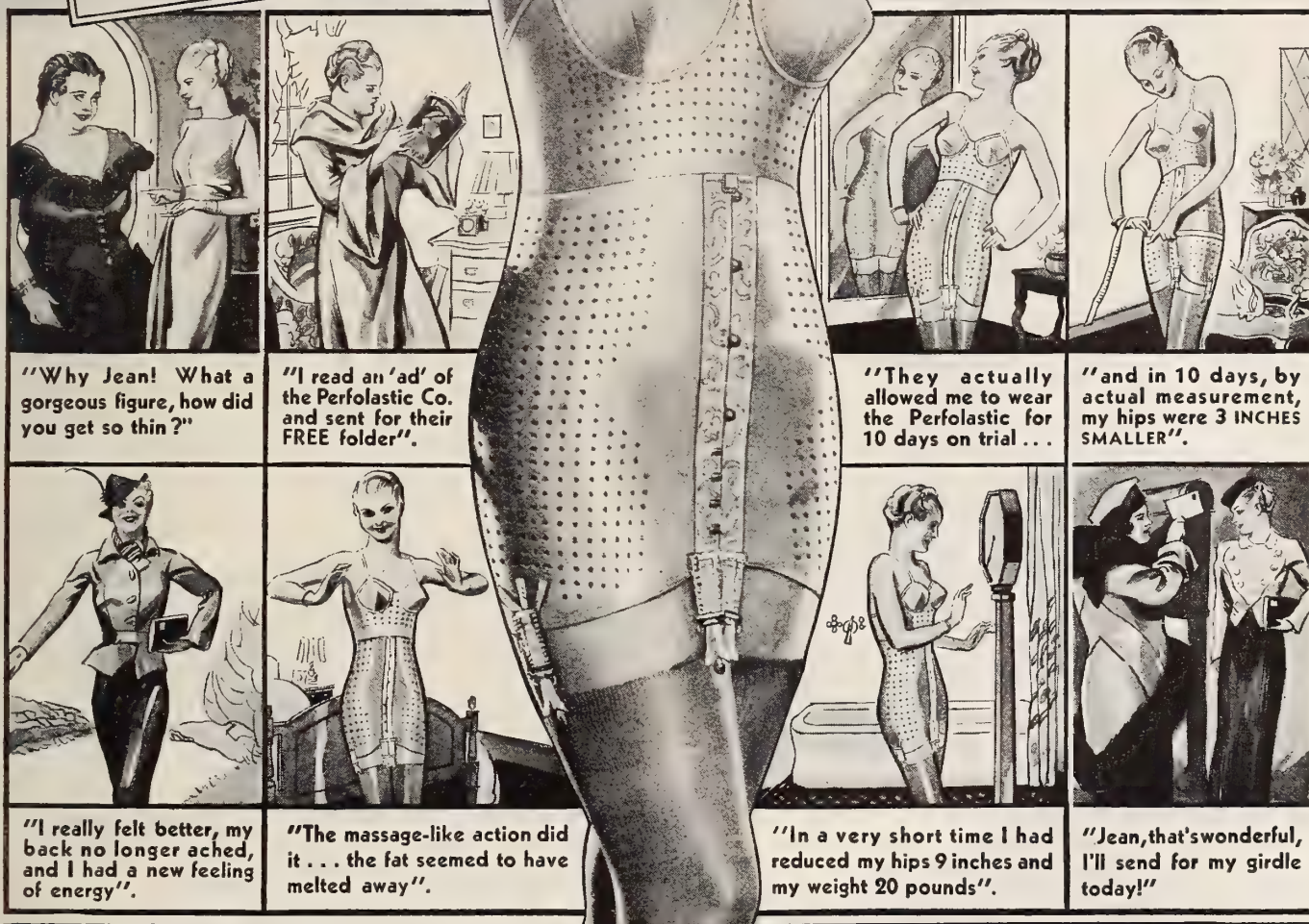
I am attempting to follow Mr. Ziegfeld's methods in the selection of this film chorus. Flo took great pride in choosing a fine type of girl for his shows. He insisted upon their conduct's being unquestionable off the stage, as well as on. As a matter of fact, I am told by many people who

Please turn to page eighty-nine

Reduce your WAIST AND HIPS THREE INCHES IN TEN DAYS

... Read how
Miss Jean Healy
reduced her hips
9 INCHES!

with the
PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE
or it won't cost
you one cent!



"Why Jean! What a gorgeous figure, how did you get so thin?"

"I read an 'ad' of the Perfolastic Co. and sent for their FREE folder".

"They actually allowed me to wear the Perfolastic for 10 days on trial ...

"and in 10 days, by actual measurement, my hips were 3 INCHES SMALLER".

"I really felt better, my back no longer ached, and I had a new feeling of energy".

"The massage-like action did it ... the fat seemed to have melted away".

"In a very short time I had reduced my hips 9 inches and my weight 20 pounds".

"Jean, that's wonderful, I'll send for my girdle today!"

You can TEST the Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere for 10 days ... at our expense!

DOES excess fat rob you of the grace and charm that should be yours?

■ Has unwanted flesh accumulated at waist, thighs and diaphragm in spite of all your efforts to retain that girlish slimness? Then you will rejoice over the marvelous Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere that reduce hips and waistline inches without effort ... simply by their beneficial massage-like action.

Safe! No Diet, No Drugs, No Exercises!

■ The wonderful part of the quick Perfolastic method is its *absolute safety and comfort*. You take no drugs ... no exercise

... you eat normal meals ... and yet we guarantee you will reduce at least 3 inches in 10 days or it will cost you nothing! We can dare to make this startling guarantee, because we have tested the Perfolastic Girdle for many years.

Reduce ONLY Where You Are Overweight!

■ The Perfolastic Girdle kneads away the fat at only those places where you want to reduce. Beware of reducing methods which take the weight off the entire body ... for a scrawny neck and face are as unattractive as a too-fat figure.

You Need Not Risk One Penny!

■ You can *prove to yourself* that these marvelous reducing garments will take off at least 3 inches of fat from *your* waist, hips and diaphragm or no cost!

PERFOLASTIC, INC.

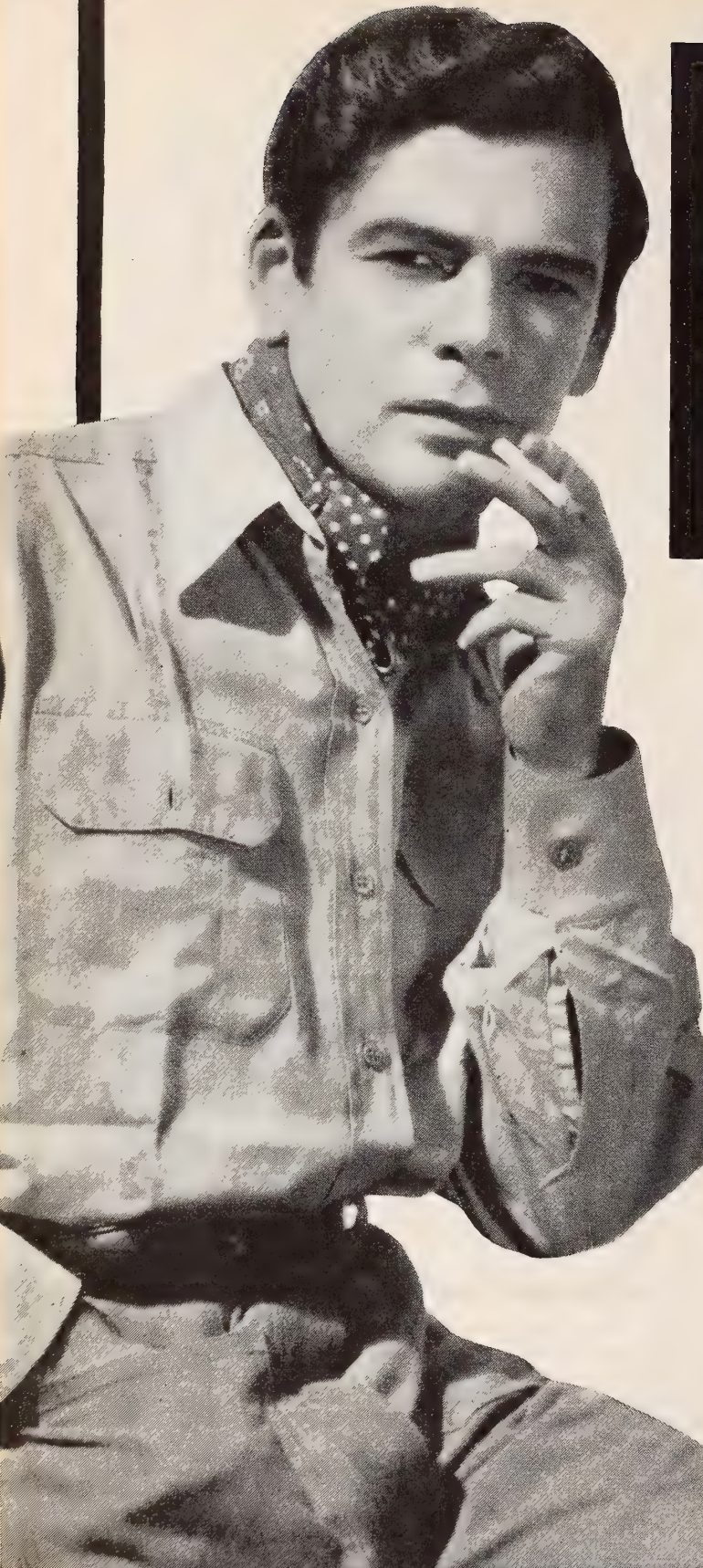
41 EAST 42nd ST., Dept. 75, NEW YORK, N.Y.
Without obligation on my part, please send me FREE booklet describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card



"I COULD Be HAPPY on \$25⁰⁰ A WEEK!"

Says PAUL MUNI
to KATHARINE HARTLEY

WHEN PAUL MUNI said to me, "I could be happy on twenty-five dollars a week!" I showed my doubting-Thomas side and said, "You *really* mean that you could be happy on twenty-five dollars a week, after tasting the sweet fruits of Hollywood success?" Paul Muni is frank and direct and honest in everything he says, but this was almost too much for me to believe without some explanation.

He was quiet for a moment—not angry that I had questioned him, but quietly, thoughtfully, earnestly weighing his own words. "Yes," he said, "I mean it—with one provision. I could be happy on twenty-five dollars a week—provided I was creating something!"

Everything that I knew about him—everything I had ever heard him say, was suddenly explained. Such statements as: "If I had my way, I would not be a star. But, star or not, I won't do more than two pictures a year—and those must be selected by me. . . . I do not want any personal publicity. It does not please me to have people stare at me and ask me for autographs. Being a big-shot means nothing to me. . . . A crowded social life doesn't intrigue me in the least. . . . I have never been completely satisfied with anything I have ever done. . . . I want to do fine rôles well. I do not care if people even know my name. I only want them to know the parts I play, and to be inspired by them."

Yes, he has been pretty consistent in insisting that the creation of a fine rôle is the most satisfying thing to him—and that the fancy fol-de-rols that go with film fame mean little or nothing to him.

● "I used to be happy on twenty-five dollars a week," he said now. "Why shouldn't I be, again? You see, money never meant very much in my life, because my family never had very much of it. And, unlike most poor people who spend all their time wishing for riches and envying their more fortunate friends, we were too busy to spend our time wishing. We had our own work to do, which meant more to us than anything else.

"We were happy when we were working. We were unhappy when we were not working . . . but the fact that we weren't getting paid when we were idle had less to do with our unhappiness than you can imagine. Once when I was in Chicago, and the play in which I was appearing closed, I got a job in the gas works. That job paid me more than the theatre was paying me at the time . . . but do you think

Please turn to page eighty-one

A movie star making such a statement! You may scoff at the idea. But you will believe Muni—and you will know him as you never have before—when you read this interview



"Women welcome frankness when talking about these Kotex advantages"

CAN'T CHAFE · CAN'T FAIL · CAN'T SHOW!

Mary Pauline Callender

Author of "Marjorie May's 12th Birthday"

Your druggist can't tell you these things without embarrassment. But as one woman to another I want to tell you of these remarkable improvements in sanitary protection.

**①
CAN'T
CHAFE**



To prevent chafing and all irritation, the sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton. That means lasting comfort and freedom every minute Kotex is worn. But, mind you, sides *only* are cushioned . . . the center surface is left free to absorb.

**②
CAN'T
FAIL**



There is a special center layer in the heart of the pad. It has channels that guide moisture evenly the whole length of the pad—thus avoids accidents. And this special center gives "body" but not bulk to the pad in use . . . makes Kotex keep adjusting itself to every natural movement. No twisting. The filler of Kotex is actually 5 times more absorbent than cotton.

**③
CAN'T
SHOW**



Now you can wear what you will without lines ever showing. Why? Kotex ends are not merely rounded as in ordinary pads, but flattened and tapered besides. Absolute invisibility always. No "give away" lines or wrinkles . . . and that makes for added assurance that results in peace of mind and poise.

FRANKLY, I believe that I know what women really want in sanitary protection. For I have talked to thousands of women of all ages, and from all walks of life, about their personal problems. In intimate chats I've heard the faults they find with ordinary pads. And I know you'll be grateful to hear about the remarkable new Kotex.

Here are the facts that will interest you most.

Kotex *is* much softer because of its downy, cotton sides. 8 women in 10 say it prevents chafing entirely.

Kotex gives a freedom of mind for hours longer because the "equalizer" distributes moisture evenly, avoids accidents.

The tapered ends permit you to wear clinging gowns without the fear of lines that show.

Kotex eliminates pulling and twisting. *The reason for all this is contained in the pad itself and the new pinless belt.*

These are exclusive Kotex features of which no other napkin can boast.

Super Kotex for extra protection

Just let me mention that women who require extra protection find Super Kotex ideal for their needs. It costs no more than the regular. For emergency, Kotex is available in West Cabinets in ladies' rest rooms.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX

Try the New Deodorant Powder Discovery . . . QUEST, for Personal Daintiness. Available wherever Kotex is sold. Sponsored by the makers of Kotex

NEW ADJUSTABLE BELT REQUIRES NO PINS!

No wonder thousands are buying this truly remarkable Kotex sanitary belt! It's conveniently narrow . . . easily adjustable to fit the figure. And the patented clasp does away with pins entirely. You'll be pleased with the comfort . . . and the low price.



NOW I CAN TELL

by *Evelyn Venable*

... who reveals, for the first time, why she and Hal Mohr kept their romance secret for a year

HOLLYWOOD IS INCURABLY romantic, and invariably sentimental. It is as curious as any small town over anything that might possibly involve emotions.

Take, for instance, my first experience with Hollywood publicity. Do you remember all those absurd stories to the effect that I refused to be kissed in pictures?

So much ado about a kiss! Yet it shows how Hollywood grows excited over any story with a romantic flavor, no matter how slight.

It was this furor, this teacup tempest, which made me so wary of the town's inquisitiveness that I went to great lengths to keep my engagement a secret. I *wanted* to tell everyone, but I *didn't dare*. After you have read about my initiation into Hollywood publicity, you may understand why.

Those who saw all that "unkissed" publicity must have been as puzzled over it as I was. For years and years it has been the inalienable right of the producers to bring their screen dramas to a close with the heroine in the arms of the hero. Hollywood dotes on this, and who would dare to rob the producers of this traditional fade-out in a lingering kiss? Surely not I!

Yet, to my dismay, I discovered that a little studio argument over the suitability of a certain rôle had developed into the story that I refused to be kissed!

I can smile over it now as I write, much as I used to smile over some of the stories that came over my desk when I edited my school magazine, but it was most tragic at the time, and caused my father and me considerable mental anguish.

● You see, some actresses specialize in gold-digger rôles, some play frustrated housemaids, some are flamboyant modernists—and I wanted to portray what I considered the most suitable type for me: a normal young girl, with a distaste for flippancy or fickleness, which would make such a girl vulgar and common. I didn't feel that this particular rôle was my type, and I didn't want to play it. This was broadcast as a desire to be "unkissed."

It was even said that I had seen to it that my contract had a "no kissing" clause. Naturally, my contract contained no such thing.

When the tempest subsided, I determined to become a free-lance player so that I would be free to choose my own type of rôles.

It was this move, incidentally, which led me into my first comedy part, and also my first opportunity to play a modern young girl, in the picture, *Vagabond Lady*. I have enjoyed it hugely, romping through hilarious scenes with that excellent comedian, Reginald Denny, and clever Robert Young, as well as the others in the cast assembled at Hal Roach Studios for this M-G-M release.

Until I played in *Vagabond Lady*, I had never appeared in a picture in which I could play myself. All others (and I include *Death Takes a Holiday* in this category) have been costume plays. And before that my stage life was concentrated upon Shakespearean dramas.

When Evelyn Venable found herself in love, she made up her mind that no one should know. Her reason? "Something might happen to take this away from us"

—Engstead



—Photo by Rhodes, HOLLYWOOD Staff Photographer
With Evelyn Venable and her camera-man-husband, Hal Mohr—seen in the garden of their honeymoon home—it was a case of love at first sight, and love tested for a year

As I have explained, then, my experience with Hollywood publicity made me fearful when I found myself in love.

● I grant you that the public has a right to know a great deal about everybody it pays to see in pictures, or I should not be writing this, but I do hold that the public should be correctly informed. I have seen many things happen to picture players as the result of misinformation and misjudgment arising from rumors and stories entirely without basis of fact. That's why I kept secret my engagement.

If you should know where a million dollars lay buried, wouldn't you hug this secret with great wariness? Wouldn't you feel that you could trust no one? Wouldn't you be more than a little scared about being in possession of something very precious, which might be taken away from you? . . . Well, I had found the equivalent of a million dollars.

This is the first time I have told anything about that long year, during which I dissembled and pretended and employed all sorts of subterfuge to keep secret my plans and hopes to marry the man I loved.

If you only knew what Hollywood, with its high-powered curiosity, can do to romance!

I had gone out to Fox to play in
Please turn to page seventy-one
MAY, 1935

*Sticking
out your tongue
isn't polite*



—but it's the new test for

BAD BREATH!

Pepsodent Antiseptic offers you
a pure, fresh breath at $\frac{1}{3}$ the usual cost

THE good opinion of others is important . . . so don't risk offending them. Look at your tongue in the mirror. The minute you see a grey or brownish coating on your tongue, you may be guilty of impure breath. For a "coated tongue" condition exists in 75% of cases of bad breath, authorities now find.

Take this simple precaution. Use Pepsodent Antiseptic . . . as thousands already do. Pepsodent acts to remove tiny food particles from between the teeth. It helps to cleanse the lining of the mouth . . . to sweep away dead cells and particles from the tongue. It kills the germs it reaches . . . the germs often responsible for unpleasant breath odors. Your whole mouth feels more refreshed—you are confident that your breath is purer, sweeter.

We do not claim that "coated tongue" always means bad breath. But take no chances. Use Pepsodent Antiseptic.

Makes \$1 equal \$3

But in fighting "coated tongue" and halitosis, never forget the vital difference

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC

Keeps breath pure 1 to 2 hours longer



Why take chances on impure breath?

between leading mouth antiseptics. So many leading mouth antiseptics, you see, have to be used full strength to be effective. Pepsodent is safe when used full strength—yet it is powerful enough to be diluted with 2 parts of water and still *kill* germs in 10 seconds. Thus Pepsodent gives you 3 times as much for your money—offers added protection against unwholesome breath.

Look at your tongue TONIGHT. See what it tells about you. Then use Pepsodent Antiseptic to be sure your breath is above reproach. And always remember—a clean mouth and throat are among your best defenses against colds.

**IT'S TOPS..
this year more
than ever!**

Take it from me—this new Scandals is 365 times greater than last year's . . . and what svelegant entertainment *that* was! Only George White himself could have out-dazzled his 1934 creation.

You're going to zoom from loud "ha-ha's" at the comedy to gasping "a-ah's" at the beauties to thrilled "o-oh's" at the romance. And you're going to dance out both your shoes this spring to the swingy rhythms of six hit tunes!

**STARS
GIRLS
SONGS
DANCES
LAUGHS
SPECTACLE**

Keep your eye on Alice Faye, Fox Films' new glamour gal. She has what it takes to hit the cinema heights.



Watch the sparks fly!



Sumptuous settings! Spectacular Dances! Gorgeous girls including 30 beauty contest winners!

A frolicking foursome bubbling with the gaiety of the Gay Nineties number



with

**ALICE FAYE
JAMES DUNN
NED SPARKS**

Lyda Roberti Cliff Edwards
Arline Judge Eleanor Powell
Benny Rubin Emma Dunn

GEORGE WHITE

Entire Production Conceived, Produced and Directed by George White

Alice plays her grandest role in this picture. And what a marvelous singin'-steppin' duo she and Jimmy Dunn make! • As for Lyda Roberti . . . well . . . team up Poland's gift to Hollywood with Ned Sparks and Cliff Edwards . . . then look out below! • Fox Studios have staged this musicale with a lavish hand. And what a great, big hand YOU will give it!



Hollywood cheered this masterpiece of that master showman, George White

**HUM-ABLE, SING-ABLE,
DANCE-ABLE TUNES!**

"According to the Moon light"
"It's an Old Southern Custom"
"Hunkadola"
"Oh I didn't know (you'd get that way)"
"I was born too late"
"I got shoes—you got shoesies"



As Welcome as Spring



*Ann
Gothen*

Ann not only is as welcome as Spring; she personifies all its loveliness and languor. That is one—just one—of the secrets of her charm. Where some stars might ring just one bell, she will probably ring a whole octave of them in *Columbia's Eight Bells*.

Portrait by Wm. A. Frakes



Ginger Rogers

A golden gown, say we, is none too good for Ginger—whose glamour, charm, acting and dancing are all of the 22-karat kind. As the pert partner of nimble Fred Astaire, she has become one of the most popular of stars. They'll be together again in *Top Hat!*

Portrait by Ernest Bachrach



Claire Trevor

And ermine is none too good for Claire—who started her screen career as the heroine of a Western and is emerging today as a glamour girl, on the brink of stardom. Her performance as Spencer Tracy's leading lady in *Dante's Inferno* is the tip-off

Portrait by Otto Dyar

Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy

All the romance of the New Orleans of 1790, all the charm of Victor Herbert's music—these are what coquettish Jeanette and her new, sensational co-star bring you in *Naughty Marietta*. We warn you: Look and listen for them!

Portrait by C. S. Bull





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Portrait by C. S. Bull





Shirley Temple

On April 23, she will be six—and she will start her seventh year by also starting her seventh starring picture, *Heaven's Gate*. Her new accordion is a gift from its maker—a man in Italy—who had intended it for his own little girl. When she died, he wanted The World's Little Girl to have it.

Portrait by Otto Dyar.

by
Madge Evans

One of the screen's most popular girls
makes a startling statement—and means it!

I CAN HEAR YOU groan: "Just a gag to pull in a little publicity! Won't these movie players ever learn that Barnum may have been right a hundred years ago, but nowadays it's a skeptic that is born every minute?" I am aware that I may be saying the unexpected, yet to me it seems a natural, normal sentiment. I honestly mean it when I say: "I DON'T WANT TO BE A STAR." I have been asked to tell why—and this is my explanation.

There is no place in the world where a girl has more opportunity to develop a sense of values than Hollywood. And every time I get ambitious and start thinking, "Wouldn't it be nice to see my name splashed across the skyline in electric letters that are bigger than any others on the sign?" I pull myself up by taking a long look around me.

For instance, there used to be an "It" Girl. She was a star. From the time she awakened in the morning, until she tumbled into bed, that "It" business controlled her daily life. The public demanded "It"—they paid for "It"—and they had to get "It!" All I can say is that "It" must have been a perfectly miserable existence! Think of the strain! Not only to her fans, but to her friends, servants, interviewers, studio officials, directors, the butcher and the baker, must she prove that she had this Certain Something.

Look at Garbo! I think she is by far the most glamorous woman on the screen. I admire her tremendously; I know she is a great artist. But I really wouldn't like to have to fight to live my own life, as she does. She must become terrifically tired of those dark glasses, and the necessity of disguising herself every time she wants to go anywhere. I am sure that there must be times when she resents the fact that she is a star, and cannot do as she would like.



I DON'T *Want* TO BE A STAR!

● And once an actress becomes a star, she is expected to live in a style appropriate to the glory of her fame. Even Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Constance Bennett, Marion Davies—all these perfectly human girls—have to live up to their stardom with a concentrated energy that leaves them very little time for just being themselves. They must live in gorgeous houses. They must wear extravagantly beautiful clothes. They must be surrounded by servants. They must ride in magnificent cars. They must own wonderful jewels, furs, prize dogs, swimming pools and other appurtenances of luxury. They are stars—and the public expects these things of stars.

These four have enough prestige already, however, to overlook one unwritten law of the movie colony—namely,

that each star must outshine the other in the way of possessions, to prove her prestige. This is less true to-day than formerly, perhaps, but there still is a race to see who can have the biggest home, the newest and most expensive car, the finest yacht, the largest number of diamond bracelets. That's another reason why I don't want to be a star.

As a featured player, not a star, I can—and do—live simply. I live with my mother and brother in a house that I rent, and my life is little different from that of the average young American girl, so far as my daily habits are concerned. My work occupies most of my time. When I am not working, I like to read, to swim, to visit with girl-friends, to have a few dates. That's all. I go to very few parties because I am

Please turn to page sixty

The Secrets of

by MAURICE CHEVALIER

as told to
GLADYS HALL

If any man knows the definition of charm, that man is Maurice Chevalier—who names the most fascinating women of two continents, and defines their fascination . . .

If any man in pictures, here or abroad, should know the secrets of charming women, that man is Maurice Chevalier—the debonair, smiling gallant of the straw hat and Paris and the *Folies Bergere* and Hollywood.

He has danced with Mistinguette. . . . He has tipped that famed straw hat to the cinema charmers of two continents . . . to Miriam Hopkins and Jeanette MacDonald . . . to Marlene Dietrich and Kay Francis . . . to Merle Oberon and Ann Sothorn.

He once said to me, "When the spotlight is on, I go into my dance and song, my act." And when the spotlight is off? . . . Then he is a man who might be taken for a young international banker, an official; a man whose charity supports a hospital in Paris for the poor of the theatre; a man who once told me that he would rather be like George Arliss than any other man on stage or screen, because Mr. Arliss has the one quality that time cannot dim or chance affect—*charm*.

This off-screen Chevalier is a man who has seen poverty and hunger and war and privation, as well as the Champs Elysée and Piccadilly and Hollywood Boulevard—and a man who, having looked upon the gray side of life, as well as the gay side, has a different description of charming women from the one you might expect. That description follows.—*Gladys Hall*.

IT IS HARD to say, in so many words, what are the secrets of charming women. There are so many charming women, with so many secrets. A woman seldom looks the same to any two men. Cleopatra, it is true, was irresistible to both

WHAT SECRETS MAKE A WOMAN CHARMING?

Maurice Chevalier says:

"A pretty face is not enough. It is a mask she may take off at any moment, revealing something not charming underneath.

"Charm can be a set of tricks or it can be an authentic quality as inseparable from a woman as the scent of a flower is inseparable from that flower.

"A charming woman must wear her charm in her heart—and if she does, it always reaches to her face."

Maurice Chevalier knows how to be charming to women, and he tells what women, of all those he has known or seen, have had the most charm for him—and why

CHARMING WOMEN



Marlene Dietrich (above) is on Maurice Chevalier's list of ten of the most fascinating and charming women he has ever known



And Greta Garbo (right) also is included among the fascinating half-score—whose charm, he points out, is the lasting kind



After Maurice Chevalier met Merle Oberon, his partner in Folies Bergere, he wanted to add an eleventh name to his earlier list

Marc Antony and Julius Caesar. But she was the exception, rather than the rule.

The women on the screen, all of them, are physically attractive or they would not be on the screen at all. Yet each beauty has her own especial fans, who are seldom the ardent fans of any other.

I have said before that ten of the most fascinating women I have ever known are the Countess de Maigret, of Paris; Clare Brokaw, the New York writer and magazine editor; Kay Francis, Marlene Dietrich, Madeleine Carroll, Greta Garbo, Norma Shearer, Clara Bow, Loretta Young and Annabella, the French actress. There are others, too, of course. When I made that list, I had not met Merle Oberon, for example. We had not begun to make *Folies Bergere*.

It is comparatively easy to mention certain obvious charms of charming women I have known. . . . Clare Brokaw, for one, is brilliant, as well as beautiful; she is serious-minded and yet she has wit and all of the social graces. . . . The Clara Bow of silent pictures had an insouciance, an earthiness, a warm sunniness that is wonderful. . . . But it is not necessary to tabulate the charms of such women as these . . . you have all seen them on the screen and their charms are obvious. . . .

Mere physical attractiveness is not enough to make a woman charming—for charm is something that endures, that does not vanish in an hour, a day, a year.

● The real secret of a woman's charm—for me—is this: She must be, always, feminine. She may be a star of the screen, an actress in the theatre, a musician, an authoress, an artist, a dancer—she may be all of these things, but unless I am first conscious of her femininity, she holds no charm for me. Her beauty, her mannerisms, her tricks

of personality, the way she wears her hair, her perfume, her laughter are all as superficial as the clothes she wears, unless back of them is the eternal feminine.

Instinctively, the really charming woman's greatest secret is that she makes a man think of her as a wife, a homemaker, a lifetime companion.

There are two women on the screen to-day who are ideal illustrations of what I mean. They are actresses, of course. They may be said to have fifty-fifty arrangements with their audiences and their husbands. But they are wise enough and feminine enough to make one unconscious of this fifty-fifty arrangement.

One is Joan Blondell. The other is Ruby Keeler. I do not know either one of them personally. I have never met them. We do not move in the same circles. But I have read about them, I have heard about them. I know how they live at home and what their lives are in the studio. I know what they do with their lives and what they expect from life. . . .

Both of them are beautiful women to look at. They could have anything they might want; they could surely have any man they might want. They could go crazy and have romances and frivolities and excitements. They could attract anything to them, and anyone—and they choose to want their husbands and their homes and, in the case of Joan Blondell, babies.

● They symbolize for me, better than I can say it, the real secret of woman's charm. They are women who could, by reason of attractiveness and charm, have all of the revelry of life, and they reject the revelry for the good *reality*. Such women cannot grow stale with time nor can they wear

Please turn to page sixty-one

WHY NOT BE *Colorful?*

by

Miriam Hopkins

Thus asks the star of a color picture that will make movie history. And she tells what colors can do for you—in appearance, in charm, in personality!

I DISCOVERED SOMETHING RECENTLY. I discovered that when people learn to use colors properly, they get about ninety per cent more joy out of life! Colors can make or unmake a person—not only in appearance, but in *personality*.

And what I have discovered, all Hollywood is finding out. For tomorrow every actress and every actor will be seen on the screen in life-like colors. Motion pictures are on the verge of making the third greatest step in their history—natural-color photography.

Perhaps you have heard the old saying: "If a writer keeps an orange on his desk, he will never lack inspiration." There is more truth than fiction in it. Something about a gold-reddish glow fairly speaks of success. Unquestionably, every hue of the rainbow has a certain psychological effect on us. And the more sensitive a person is, the greater that effect.

● I heard of a remarkable case a short time ago. It goes to prove that sometimes if a couple is unhappy, it may not be a change of husband that the wife needs; it may be a change of wallpaint!

This particular woman felt herself growing more and more irritable without knowing why. The days dragged by, dull as slate. Evenings found her worn out and peevish, anything but a fit companion for her family. Then, one

day, she read an article on kitchens in the newspaper—about how a kitchen ought to be made the jolliest room in the house because a housewife has to spend most of her time there. It set this woman to thinking. She went out to look at her own familiar kitchen. It had sickly grayish-brown walls, brown woodwork, a black stove—precisely the sort of dullness to drive a woman insane.

It didn't take her long to revolutionize that room! The chief item of expense was a cream-colored stove, but the rest was done for very little cost. She had the walls tinted a soft gray and bordered with pink—since she was the type of brunette to whom pink does justice. All the woodwork and chairs were cream-enameled. As the final thrill, she hung pink net curtains in the windows and made herself cute little pink aprons. And—to her husband's delight—she became again the girl she had been when he had brought her there as a bride.

● It doesn't take much to spell the difference between happiness and failure! It's the five-letter word, color!

Her kitchen was sun-filled most of the day; consequently, the combination that she chose was especially good. It made the room seem infinitely cooler, even with the oven going full force. But for a kitchen with a northern exposure

Please turn to page seventy

Here, you see Miriam Hopkins in the title rôle of the all-color *Becky Sharp*. She tells how colors are used to paint the colorful Becky's character



NEW SENSATION No. 1

—MERLE OBERON

She is exotic, exciting, exceptional. Things happen when she is around. For one thing, she is one of the frankest girls who ever became a movie star!

THERE IS SOMETHING about Merle Oberon that creates excitement, arouses interest, whether she, herself, desires it or not. There are some people like that, you know! And whenever and wherever such a person happens to be, it seems natural for the unusual to occur. The cosmic forces appear to rush together and burst with a sort of spontaneous combustion, and the first thing you know, shells are flying, bells are ringing, something extraordinary is taking place.

When Alexander Korda released that celluloid classic, *The Private Life of Henry the VIIIth*, no one was more amazed at its success than Korda himself. The idea of an historical movie acted by a practically unknown cast—that is, unknown to America—turning into the greatest film event that two sides of the Atlantic had known in years... why, it was just too, too fabulous! But the proof of the pudding lay in the extraordinary acclaim with which the picture was received, and further peculiar occurrences in connection with this event were noted by all interested parties.

A young girl played the rôle of one of Henry's many wives. When the picture was finished, she was offered a leading part opposite Douglas Fairbanks in his opus, *The Private Life of Don Juan*. The girl's name was Merle Oberon, and since the eventful release of *The Private Life of Henry the VIIIth*, her career has borne a strong resemblance to the flight of a skyrocket.

It landed her in Paris to play opposite Charles Boyer in a picture that will shortly be released under the title of *Thunder in the East*. It carried her back to London and Korda to provide the leading feminine rôle opposite Leslie Howard in *The Scarlet Pimpernel*.

by

B. F. WILSON

The day this job was done, she packed her bags and made her first voyage across the Atlantic, where the skyrocket landed her in Hollywood to furnish the heart interest for Maurice Chevalier in *Folies Bergere*—and now it seems that the American producer has decided that she is absolutely essential for the success

of at least two more native-made cinema epics before she will be allowed to return to Merrie England—and her contract with Alexander Korda.

● Her voice is low, cultivated and charming. Her slim body, of one hundred pound weight, is topped by a lovely head. She has reddish hair, green eyes, olive skin, small features and naturally long lashes. Her pale make-up adds to the Oriental cast of her face, which is strangely un-English in character. Her eyes slant upward slightly at the corners, and her high forehead and cheek-bones are almost Slavic in nature. The odd combinations form a striking and fascinating face, and her beauty is the kind that you can't forget in a hurry. And she is almost as famous for her wardrobe. What I saw of that wardrobe in close-up was a pale blue satin negligée and gold boudoir slippers—slippers through the open straps of which gleamed red-lacquered toenails.

"I suppose it was because I had just come from the foggy climate of England that I found Hollywood almost unbelievable when I stepped off the train," she said, when I asked her to give me her frank first impressions of Hollywood. (She is noted for her frankness.) "Everything about the place seemed exaggerated. The sun was too big and too hot. The flowers were too vivid, too colorful, to be real. The buildings and homes too ornate to work and live in, the sea too blue to be natural. Everything had that look to it. Even the people.

"I never saw so many lovely girls in one place before. Or so many hands—

Please turn to page seventy-four



Now in Hollywood, she was born in Tasmania, educated in India, entered films in England, and played a Japanese in the French picture, *Thunder in the East*!

The WILL Nobody

As revealed by
GUINN (Big Boy) WILLIAMS,
his close friend for sixteen years,
to
EDWARD CHURCHILL

"A lot of people wonder why Bill quit pictures twelve or fourteen years ago. He's the most popular man in pictures today"

"A LOT OF PEOPLE," Guinn (Big Boy) Williams, Western star, comedian and closest friend of Will Rogers, said to me, "wonder why Bill quit pictures twelve or fourteen years ago and went back to the stage. The reason for this was that he was a lot brighter than the movie folks."

"Bill does plenty of thinking. He knows his own limits. And he knew his bosses were all wrong when they made him neck pretty girls. Bill didn't feel right in that kind of clinches, and in a romantic close-up he was very uncomfortable."

"His judgment has been vindicated. He's the most popular man in pictures today, and he looks most at home when he is photographed in a two-shot with some farm animal."

"Big Boy," best qualified for the job, was revealing to me the real lowdown on Rogers, Public Favorite No. 1, who so far has refused to talk about himself, in spite of countless efforts to get him down on paper. The good-natured, easy-going ex-cowboy, six feet two inches tall, was disclosing his devotion to Bill with all the candor of a ten-year-old boy.

● "The first time I ever saw Will Rogers," said "Big," in answer to my question, "he was sitting on Dope,

his favorite pony. It was between scenes of *Almost a Husband*, in which he was starred in 1919. Bill was slouched easily in the saddle of the little black nag. Paying no attention to those around him, he was twirling a rope and tossing it at a nearby fence post.

"I was an 'extra' at seven-fifty a day—just a cowboy. Filled with a lot of funny ideas about motion pictures, I had come West from my home in Decatur, Texas, to make millions as an actor. I had been going to pictures for years, and my idea of a leading man at that time was a cross between a collar-ad type and an Olympic swimming champion. My heroes had to have firm chins, pearly teeth and barrel chests.

"I took one look at Rogers. I decided that if that guy could be a star, I would be one myself inside of six months. I had, up to this time, been discouraged about myself because I was un-handsome. But I knew I was no worse-looking than Bill. This gave me a renewed confidence—this one look.

"Six months later, I knew I was all wrong. By that time, Will Rogers to me was the handsomest and finest fellow—inside and out—that I ever have known.

"Today I have the same opinion of him. I always will have. I know that no matter what happens, he'll never change from the guy he was when I first saw him sixteen years ago. So far, he hasn't changed any except that his hair has become a little grayer."

Guinn, known to his pals as "Big," paused. "Y'know," he said, "I got this tag of mine—'Big Boy'—from the old maestro. He took one look at me and said, 'You're kinda oversize, big boy.' That started it."

● Having found out just how devoted "Big" was to Rogers, I wanted to find out why he felt the way he did. So I asked him.

In 1919, "Big" was only nineteen—an undeveloped kid who wanted to be famous. To have a man like Rogers take an interest in him was something of which he hadn't dreamed.

"Bill took to me and I took to him right away," he elaborated. "I was a sort of 'stooge' for him. In private—when we were alone—we'd get along very seriously and philosophically. But when anybody was around, I'd play straight for him. I'd be the dummy. I'd look like a question mark and he'd have all the answers. It was fun.

"Our friendship just happened. We started kidding around and wrestling together and wise-cracking. The first thing we knew, we started to go places. Bill is a restless man. He can't stay still. He started out wandering Oklahoma ranges—and the world is his range today."

"Big" grinned at the memory of that earlier Will Rogers.

"Bill was never any shakes at talking sentiment. But, one day after we had been clowning around together for several months, he came to me and shoved my hand full of money. He said, "'Big,' you've been away from home long enough. You take time off between this picture and the next. Go

HOLLYWOOD

ROGERS Knows!

The whole world knows him as a movie star, a newspaper columnist, a witty speaker. But it doesn't know what he is like in private life. Because what is told in this great story has never been told before!

to Decatur and see your maw. Even if you and your pa ain't getting along so good, you ought to see her.'

"I'm telling you, that floored me. I went. And, after that, I sorta worshipped Bill.

● "But that's only one of the million kind things I've seen him do. For instance, there was the time when we were on location at Randsburg—that's a mining town on the desert in California—making *Water, Water, Everywhere* in 1920. There was a pretty sad-looking cur dog hanging around the sets.

"Everybody cottons to Bill. The cur was no exception. Everywhere Bill went, the dog followed. Bill and the dog got to be pretty close friends. Bill nosed around in his quiet sort of way and found out that he belonged to a very poor man, his wife and their kids.

"He saw the fellow and his wife. They knew who he was right away. He asked them to sell him the pooch. They refused, saying he should take him as a gift. They argued quite a while. Bill finally backed down and accepted him. But just before he left town he slipped a bill into one of the kids' hands. It was a large one. Then he burned out of town before papa and mama could protest.

"But that isn't all there is to the story. Bill brought the mutt home with him. And the animal got in the habit of sleeping in a chair on Bill's front porch at his home out near Santa Monica. Bill isn't great shakes for clothes. In fact, he hasn't many. At that time he owned just one tweed topcoat. The nights were plenty cold. He'd come home from work bundled up in that coat. On reaching the front porch, he'd take it off, wrap it around the dog and go inside to bed. The next morning he'd have breakfast, go out on the porch, grab the coat off the chair, shake it, put it on and go to work.

Right: how Will Rogers looked when Guinn Williams first knew him. "So far, he hasn't changed any, except that his hair has become a little grayer"

"Who wouldn't be nuts about a guy like that?"

I had never heard this story before. I doubt if you have. And yet it is completely characteristic of Will Rogers—who has never become too famous to be human.

● I urged "Big" to tell me something about Bill's countless and constant charities—but he hesitated. It was easy to see that he didn't want to go into the matter. Bill hates to have the stories of his little kindnesses publicized. He would rather go to jail than have anybody know he has given money away. But he has given away so much to so many people that everybody knows it, anyway. I told "Big" that.

"Yeah," he admitted. "Many's the time I've seen him call a property man to his side when he thought nobody was looking, slip him some money and tell him to go buy some ice cream or candy or toys for a bunch of raggedy-looking kids who hung around location looking for a thrill. . . . What's more, more motion picture and stage people have touched him than any other player—and he has always come through. There are too many stories to tell you. I'd never get finished. And Bill is no dummy about it. He knows when people are putting the gyp to him."

"Big" pointed a heavy finger at me. "That guy," he said, solemnly, "has sent more broke, unhappy and heart-broken cowboys back to the ranges of Arizona, New Mexico, Oklahoma and Texas than any other man alive. It's

Please turn to page sixty-eight



THE BIOGRAPHER:



GUINN WILLIAMS,

retitled "Big Boy" by Will Rogers, is quite a hero to American youth, himself, as the result of his rating as a Western star, as a comedian and as one of America's best polo players . . . Born in Decatur, Texas, April 26, 1900, the son of Guinn Williams, Sr., Congressman-rancher, he stands six feet, two inches . . . He started in films in 1919 as a cowboy "extra"—which led to his meeting with Rogers. They have been close friends ever since . . . Recently, he has starred in *Thunder Over Texas*, *A Cowboy's Holiday* and *Mystery Ranch*, and featured in *Private Worlds* and *A Village Tale*.



ON TO *Television* for MARY PICKFORD!

FOR THE FIRST TIME ANYWHERE, the most famous star of them all reveals her future plans—and those plans concern the entertainment of the future!

by J. EUGENE CHRISMAN

MARY PICKFORD MAY, or may not, agree with Carl Sandburg, the poet, who wrote: "The past is a bucket of ashes." But it is certain that Mary Pickford—the actress who made motion pictures the most popular entertainment in history, who became "America's Sweetheart"—is not living in the past. She is excited about the present, more excited about the future.

I can tell you this because I have just talked with her, because I have just obtained for HOLLYWOOD Magazine the first interview she has given about her new life, her new plans.

She has not the most remote idea of relinquishing her position as "America's Sweetheart," of ceasing to be, in her achievements, an inspiration to women and girls the world over. In fact, she plans even greater triumphs, in a new medium, than ever she achieved in the days when her golden curls were the screen's most famous adornment.

Mary intends to keep faith with herself, with the public. She intends to

win more from the future than she has from the past. Just how she intends to do this, so far as the immediate future is concerned, not even she knows. She has too many nebulous plans, too many irons in the fire, to decide definitely yet. She may return to the screen within the next few months. She may accept some of the many opportunities that are waiting for her on the stage and on the radio. She may become a producer, with three of the most powerful figures of filmdom as her associates.

● But foremost among Mary's ambitions is her intention to be a Television pioneer and star. She is completely sold on this new medium of entertainment—the entertainment of the future. With the same uncanny intuition with which she built her screen career, Mary is working toward becoming the first and the foremost star of Television.

"Television is the great international entertainment medium of the very

Please turn to page sixty-two

TELEVISION READY! But Public Must Demand It

Television is almost as close as this Los Angeles Examiner clipping about it—and Mary Pickford is preparing for it

'RADIO TO INFLUENCE FILMS
IN THE FUTURE'

Predictions by A. Lesworth

HOLLYWOOD

What I've Been SEEING and HEARING

Columnists can tell you some things about Hollywood, but it takes a person who is a star, herself, to give you as intimate a close-up of the starry life as this!

by

Marian Marsh

I'M GOING TO YOSEMITE. That's my story, but I seem to be stuck with it. The trouble all started back in Europe, when I spent a month in Switzerland on a vacation after making two pictures in England. I met Luis Trenker, famous German actor and champion skier, with whom I later made a picture in Germany for Universal. He taught me how to ski. When I left, he presented me with a pair of skis, so when I arrived back in Hollywood last summer I could hardly wait for winter and some snow. Banish the thought of trying to find snow in summer—in California! You may hear about "June in January" here, but not vice versa. . . .

I went to work immediately in *The Girl of the Limberlost* and when that was finished, I promised myself, "Now I'm going to Yosemite!" That's what I thought—but what happened? Well, first Columbia Pictures signed me to a contract and then I began working with Wallace Ford in a picture. To make up a little for the postponement of the skiing vacation, Howard Hughes took me to the opening of the Club Continental.

We were with Colleen Moore and her husband, Al Scott, and I felt that I had to be on my very best behavior because all of my Columbia bosses and their wives were there—Mr. and Mrs. Harry Cohn, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Briskin, Mr. and Mrs. William Perlberg. Marlene Dietrich came in with Felix Rollo and everyone had a surprise. Hollywood had fondly thought Marlene was going feminine again, under the Spanish influence of her latest picture, and yet there she was with a manish suit on—and all the other girls dressed to kill in soft, feminine numbers!

Bill Robinson, the colored dancer,



—Photo
by
Fraker

Even Marian Marsh's portrait above tells a bit of news—there's a new, Chinese influence in Hollywood evening dress!

brought down the house with his stories and his routine. He had to repeat and repeat. You will be seeing him with Shirley Temple in *The Little Colonel*. Mrs. Harry Cohn and I planned a marvelous cocktail party. We set the date then and there and I dashed around to all the tables inviting people and naming the date and the place. But, alas for our labor of love! Mrs. Cohn fell ill, and on the big day I had to 'phone all the people and announce, "No cocktail party."

● Another rendezvous where you meet everyone is the Trocadero. I recently ran into Mary Pickford there with Sonny and Verna Chaliff and a party of friends. Mary looked sweet in shell-pink lace. I called over to her that I hadn't forgotten her cowbell.

I must tell you about the cowbell. It's from the barroom at *Pickfair* and Gwen Pickford, Mary's niece, loaned it. Please turn to page seventy-eight



Here, hand in hand, are the Two Inseparables—Anita Louise and Tom Brown. As Marian reveals, Anita wears a bracelet that tells a Hollywood love story

WHAT THE CAN DO



by
Orry Kelly
Famous Warner Brothers Designer

ORRY-KELLY, who designs dresses for stars, makes a forecast of Spring fashions that will make any woman more glamorous!

THE DRESS DESIGNER of today attempts to analyze the current mood of the American woman before he publishes his edicts of fashion. The day is past when a woman will follow blindly the commands of style. Rather, she chooses, she appraises, and then adapts the new phases of fashion to her own individual needs. Don't you?

Women are not so concerned with fashion as such, as they were a few years ago, before the movies made them style-conscious. To be smart is no longer the modern woman's only fashion credo. She also wants to be attractive. And perhaps I can give you a forecast of what the new spring styles can do for you, both in smartness and attractiveness. If you are a typical modern woman, you are far too intelligent to accept any new style merely

because it is new; or because it is sponsored by a famous designer. You dictate your own fashion destiny!

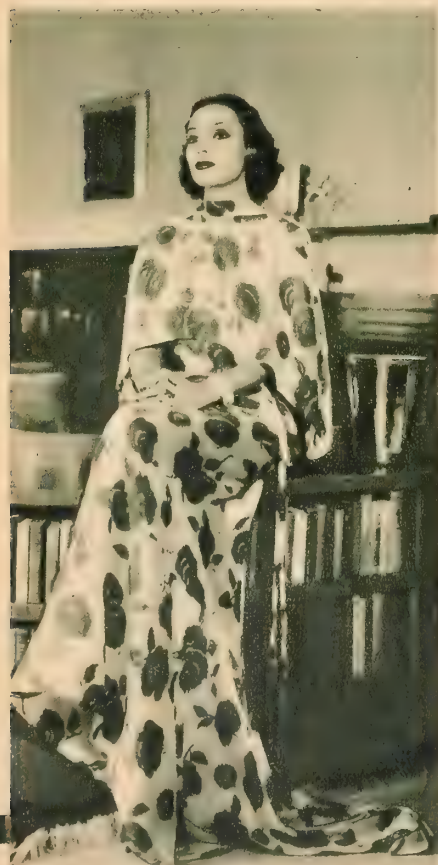
You take kindly to styles that make you look younger, that add to your attractions, that minimize any possible flaws. And you will hang on to a sleeve, to a skirt line, to a hip effect, or to a certain waistline, that compliments your figure — irrespective of what a new season brings.

Women are not easily awed today by either names or fame. Many of them go to Paris, and return to this country without a single addition to their wardrobe, if they feel that the new things are not so becoming to them as those that they already possess—or can purchase right here in America. Marion Davies was a recent personification of this healthy attitude.

● Thus, when a designer says, "This will be worn by women the coming season," he does so with reservations. If his designs follow the basic principle of enhancing a woman's individuality and personality, he stands a good chance of having you receive them favorably. If not — then, it doesn't matter who he is; his new contrivances are doomed to failure.

In the Spring fashions I have designed for Warner stars, I have followed this principle of enhancing personality very closely. And let me say here that fashions designed for the screen today can be worn suitably by every woman, for every occasion. We have modulated and moderated the styles designed for stars, to the point

Bette Davis' dance frock carries out the Spring fashion motif—"flowing, Grecian lines to accentuate the streamlined silhouette"



"Prints are startlingly beautiful this season and come in a variety of designs," points out Orry-Kelly. How do you like Dolores Del Rio's?



Jean Muir's dinner gown bears out an Orry-Kelly contention: "Necklines are continuing high. The high collar-lines do things for any figure"



NEW STYLES FOR YOU!

where they require little or no adaptation by the average woman. Women have discovered this—the real secret of Hollywood's rise as the style capital.

In the things I am designing for Marion Davies, Kay Francis, Dolores Del Rio, Ann Dvorak, Joan Blondell, Glenda Farrell, Jean Muir and the other stars on our lot, I am following the Grecian silhouette very closely—utilizing all the simplicity of that period. You will find, as I have, that the long, flowing line is feminine, soft, flattering. It brings out the lovely hip-line that women have achieved through exercise and diet. It gives to the figure a tempo, and a grace, which, in my estimation, will find instant favor.

However, I have retained the peplum effect, because it does much to slenderize the hips. While this is not new, a designer is forced to acknowledge that any effect that helps a woman's figure is good—for every season!

The waistlines are moulded in, and there is a looseness around the bust-line that is essentially soft and feminine.

I am using the surplice effect extensively, even in evening things. And wider shoulder bands, even small cap sleeves, will be smart.

● Sleeves, as a whole, will continue full. The leg-of-mutton and puff effects are firmly entrenched, as are the big peasant sleeves. And this is why: because they have a tendency to slenderize both the hip-line and the arm-line through contrast. On a woman with no figure flaws, they are devastating.

I introduced them on Kay Francis, and I am continuing to use them, in adapted form, in her Spring wardrobe. Here is an example of a fashion that *must* continue because it has found universal favor with women. There would be no use in attempting to give women a tight sleeve this season—they simply would refuse it. We can, however, modify last year's style. Please turn to page fifty-nine



"Women demand lingerie touches, and rightly so. I am using them on many of the frocks I am designing for Marion Davies for Page Miss Glory"



Ann Dvorak illustrates a point that Orry-Kelly makes: "The square neckline has piquant charm, and yet is sophisticated." Note her starched bow



Also note the full sleeves of Kay Francis' hostess print, which she wears in Living on Velvet. Large sleeves are here to stay, says Orry-Kelly

WHAT THE

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What's New



A poem in grace and harmony—that is the Smoke Gets in Your Eyes dance of Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire in Roberta—and the final fillip to a memorable and merry musical

Roberta

Astaire, Rogers, Dunne—and a Great Show

• • • • Roberta is one of the most lavish musical comedies ever made—and it doesn't have a single chorus number. It gives both Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers more to do than they have ever done before, and offers the additional star-attraction of Irene Dunne, singing, among other things, the unforgettable *Smoke Gets in Your Eyes*. Their work, plus clever dialogue, amusing situations, and a spectacular, eye-filling ending, make a built-to-pattern story exhilarating.

Puckish Fred, of the flying feet, is leader of an American jazz band stranded in Paris; the gorgeous Ginger is a girl from his old home-town who has gone glamorous as "Countess" Scharwenka (her accent is devastating) and who promises to get his band a berth if he won't give away her secret; Irene is a former Russian princess, now head designer in the gown shop of Roberta (Helen Westley), who, in private, is the Aunt Minnie of Randolph Scott (one of Fred's gang) and wills him the shop on her sudden death. He and Irene become partners, then have a lovers' misunderstanding, and it takes Fred and Ginger, with a style-show that is real entertainment, to put over the shop.

It rates • • • • because of the team-work of Fred and Ginger, who dance not only to the strains of *Smoke Gets in Your Eyes*, but stage a sparkling "rehearsal" number in which they "talk" to each other with their feet; because Irene's voice—while more of parlor, than concert hall quality—is silvery-clear; because Irene has never been more glamorous, Ginger never more entertainingly exotic, Fred never more clever. He even plays the piano in this one!—*RKO-Radio*.



Carl Brisson—Mary Ellis

All the King's Horses

Carl and Mary Race to Stardom

• • • • • Much in the manner of *One Night of Love*, this musical picture steals upon the public quietly as a surprise hit and introduces another glamorous singer—Mary Ellis—to the screen. Not only that; it proves that Carl Brisson is here to stay—as a brightly shining star. Light, whimsical, gaily romantic, the story is about a king and an actor who doubles for him while he takes a secret vacation—a vacation that is a secret even from his loving queen. Besides the stars, you'll like the music—especially, *A Little White Gardenia*.

It rates • • • • • because it has sparkle, verve; and because it gives the screen two new and unusual stars.—*Paramount*.



Sterling Holloway—Will Rogers

Life Begins at 40

Will Rogers Delivers—Again

• • • • • Even though the plot of *Life Begins at Forty* isn't so different from that of *The County Chairman* that the difference counts, Will Rogers rings the bell again. Not only is his part tailored to his measure, but he has such new and comical cohorts as Sterling Holloway and Slim Summerville, with Rochelle Hudson and Richard Cromwell as the young love team. This time he is a small-town newspaper publisher, forced out of business, who never gives up and makes a clever comeback—in which Slim Summerville is his particular partner.

It rates • • • • • because it maintains the high standard of Rogers entertainment; and because his supporting cast is his best yet.—*Fox*.



Ann Sothorn—Maurice Chevalier

Folies Bergère

Meet a New Chevalier!

• • • • • What can be said of Shirley Temple's latest picture can also be said of Maurice Chevalier's: it may not be his best, but in this elaborate extravaganza he is his most versatile self. He plays two rôles. In one, he is an entertainer, with curvacious Ann Sothorn, at Paris' famous *Folies Bergère*; in the other, wearing a mustache and a romantic streak of gray in his hair, he impersonates a baron, the husband of exotic Merle Oberon, and is a new and unexpected Chevalier. The song-and-dance numbers are of the dazzling variety.

It rates • • • • • because of his skillful fun-making—not to mention love-making; and because of the glamorous, de luxe setting.—*United Artists*.

on the Screen

HOLLYWOOD'S Review Ratings:

●●●● Excellent
●●● Good
●● Fair
● Mediocre

(More reviews on page 54)



J. Burke—C. Laughton—C. Ruggles

Ruggles of Red Gap

They Don't Come Any Funnier

●●●● This is the funniest comedy since Chaplin's *Gold Rush*—and Charles Laughton, in the title rôle, turns in one of the greatest character sketches of all time, subtly satirical, uproariously comic, tinged with pathos. He is an English butler—lost by elfish Roland Young to a rough Westerner, Charlie Ruggles—who discovers, after many a misadventure and after falling in love with ZaSu Pitts, that he has a soul of his own.

It rates ●●●● because of Laughton, whose work inspires a fine supporting cast; because the picture hasn't a single letdown.—*Paramount*.



Ann Dvorak—Rudy Vallée

Sweet Music

Mark Up a Hit for Rudy

●●●● Rudy Vallée is a movie hit, and a versatile one, in *Sweet Music*—a vivid personality, a singer, a musician, and a lad with a sense of humor. It is a comedy, with music, about a radio crooner with manager-trouble and girl-trouble, in which he is assisted by Ann Dvorak (the gal dances!), Helen Morgan, Alice White, Ned Sparks, Allen Jenkins and Frank and Milt Brittons' Musical Maniacs.

It rates ●●●● because it is packed with a variety of entertainment, and because Rudy thrives on its possibilities.—*Warners*.



Lionel Barrymore—Shirley Temple

The Little Colonel

Shirley Outdoes Her Small Self

●●●● Shirley Temple is young for the title rôle of *The Little Colonel*, and the plot has whiskers almost as gray as those that Lionel Barrymore wears, but Shirley is the best she has ever been. Not only does she live her rôle; not only does she sing; she does two amazing dance duets with famed Bill Robinson—while hunting ways to bring her mother (Evelyn Venable) and her crotchety grandfather (Barrymore) together again.

It rates ●●●● because "the wonder child" lives up to her title in the most varied tests yet of her talent.—*Fox*.



Bellamy—Sten—Cooper

The Wedding Night

Sten Tills American Soil

●●●● With the beauty and sincerity of Anna Sten as the Russian peasant-girl of *We Live Again* still a vivid memory, Samuel Goldwyn again presents his million-dollar star as a peasant—this time in an American setting, and with Gary Cooper as her co-star. The story may be slighter, but her performance isn't. A girl of simple emotions, she suddenly finds life complicated by being affianced to farmer Ralph Bellamy and also loved by author Cooper. Her problem is solved dramatically, against a background of a Polish settlement in Connecticut.

It rates ●●●● because of its earthy realism; because of Sten's artistry; and because of the work of both Cooper and Bellamy.—*United Artists*.



R. Montgomery—Helen Hayes

Vanessa: Her Love Story

Kruger Steals Another Picture

●●●● *Vanessa*, co-starring Helen Hayes and Robert Montgomery, tells the beginning of Hugh Walpole's colorful saga of "the wild Herries clan." It is romantic costume drama with Montgomery, restlessly adventurous, and Helen, fierily independent, parting as young lovers—then meeting again in later years and finding that they still are in love. But Helen now is married to insanely jealous Otto Kruger, which complicates matters. She has to sacrifice either her dreams or her self-respect. An unusual story, it is also talkative.

It rates ●●●● because, while the story drags, the acting is superb—with Kruger, in a difficult role, walking off with top honors.—*M-G-M*.



Jan Kiepura—Marta Eggerth

My Heart Is Calling

Kiepura Clicks—Singing Opera

●●●● Like *One Night of Love*, *My Heart Is Calling* sells grand opera to the masses—this time with a man (Jan Kiepura) doing the singing. If it isn't such a hit as its predecessor, it won't be his fault, the fault of the music or the fault of pretty Marta Eggerth. It will be the fault of a thin, artificial story and some thin, artificial "comedy relief." As a tenor who rescues a girl stowaway and a starving operatic troupe, Kiepura, himself, clicks all the way. He's en route to Hollywood! And Marta Eggerth's trunks are also packed.

It rates ●●●● because of Kiepura's singing, plus the music. You'll hear more from him.—*Gaumont-British*.

MAX REINHARDT
Presents

A MIDSUMMER

When Max Reinhardt (left), famed producer, was exiled from Germany, Hollywood welcomed him. Now he is making movie history—presenting Shakespeare

SHAKESPEARE wrote the story—MENDELSSOHN penned the music—MAX REINHARDT is screening the famous fantasy—and an ALL-STAR CAST is enacting it



In the magic woodland, Lysander, a Spartan soldier (played by Dick Powell), meets Hermia, also of legendary fame (played by newcomer Olivia de Havilland), and they live a magical romance, with Mendelssohn's music in the background

One of the chief characters of A Midsummer Night's Dream is Bottom, a weaver—played by James Cagney (circle). In a wood, he acquires an ass's head, whereupon—under the influence of a love-potion—Titania, queen of the fairies (played by Anita Louise), falls in love with him

NIGHT'S DREAM



As in Reinhardt's stage version of the fantasy, the ballets will be highlighted. Above, you see the children's ballet—surrounding Titania and the Hindu Prince

Flute, a slow-witted, comic fellow, who drives a donkey-cart, happens into the woodland—and Joe E. Brown happens into a new, unusual and coveted rôle



When casting for the picture began, Reinhardt made only one absolute demand—Mickey Rooney must play Puck, a mischievous fairy, who plays pranks on humans



In the magic woodland, Demetrius, a second handsome young soldier (played by Ross Alexander), seeks Hermia, the girl he loves—while Helena (played by Jean Muir), who loves him, suffers the sweet sorrow of one whose heart is not her own

W. C. FIELDS

and the Bad Penny

by

Tammany Young



"Bill likes to have me in all his films. He brings me luck, and I do the same for him"

There's only one Bill Fields, and there's only one man who can tell you all about him. That's Tammany Young—who has known him from 'way back, and proves it in this story. (P. S. It's exclusive!)

I'M HOLDING UP one wall of the old Palace Theatre at the crossroads of the world, good old Broadway and 47th Street, New York, and wondering what will turn up next, when a long blue car noses up to the stage entrance.

Inside I can see a round face with genial, squinty eyes, illuminated by a beak I'd know any place in the world, with a fat cigar tilted at a cocky angle. I jumped and opened the door.

Out comes a pair of white spats, followed by their owner. I'm looking into a pair of blue eyes that always have the innocent look of a chick just coming out of a shell.

"Hello, hello, hello," he says. "And how are you, Tammany? What can I do for you on this mellifluous morn?"

I never expected him to remember me. 'Way back in 1911, I'd dropped into the old Hammerstein Theatre to pick up some stuff I'd left in my dressing-room, when I saw W. C. Fields in a big elevator with his arms full of props. He was dropping them all over

the place, so I followed and picked things up. We palavered awhile and the upshot was that I was hired as his assistant in his billiard-game act. But that had been some years ago.

"Truth is, Bill, I'm looking for a job," I said.

Bill shifted the cigar. "Always glad to reciprocate a favor, young man," he says. "Seek no more, you are now working."

● I follows him into the theatre, off comes his coat, out come some balls, and he starts juggling. One of the balls gets too far out of reach, and I make a grab to keep it from falling. But Bill grabs it just in time, and a stage hand snickers.

"Not bad, not bad, Tam," says he. "That goes into the act."

Bill had been touring Europe with his billiard-table act. The only guy to cross the Seven Seas on a billiard table, as he used to say. But it was that fool golf pantomime that got him

into Ziegfeld's Follies, and I went with him. That burlesque golf game always brought down the house. I'd play the part of a dumb caddy.

In those years Bill was tops on Broadway. He knew everybody. We'd walk into a café and they'd all give Bill the high-sign. Well, it had always been a hobby with me to make friends, too, and that gave us a lot in common. If they didn't know Bill, they'd know me. He often commented on that.

Then he goes into Poppy, George White's Scandals, and is riding high, wide and handsome. What's more, his prosperity is my prosperity. When Bill likes a fella, he's all for him. If he doesn't like you, nothing can square you with him. For a friend, he'll give his last shirt; and if he hasn't got a shirt, he'll go out and get one for you. We'd walk into a tailor shop, and Bill would order a suit for me and one for himself. My own money was counterfeited wherever we went together—it

Please turn to page sixty-four

ONE BOY in 10,000!

by HARRY T. BRUNDIDGE

HE SAT THERE, on the arm of a chair, playing with a magnet and a bit of steel, absolutely unmindful of the fact that his performance in *David Copperfield* had marked him as the greatest child star discovery of all time! The fact that little Freddie Bartholomew will be remembered, and cried over, long after the name of every other person in a star-studded cast has been forgotten, meant nothing to him.

For Freddie, with the blue eyes that are sometimes hazel and the brown, curly hair that women say should never have been wasted upon a boy, was concerned with his first great problem: Should he return to England one day, and buy up scores of acres adjoining the beloved Carlton Villa, Portway, in Warminster, and become a gentleman farmer, or should he forsake England, purchase countless arid acres in old Arizona and become a rancher—a cow-puncher?

At this moment, "England's sun was slowly setting," for in Freddie's mind were visions of dappled horses, a big sombrero, and a pair of chaps—woolly ones!

"Being an Arizona rancher," began Freddie, with slow deliberation, and as his magnet chased the rolling piece of steel over the office desk, "would be a lovely life. I'd be in the saddle from dawn to dusk, and I'd ride at night, sometimes, chasing cattle thieves, and such. Do you know I never rode a horse until I came to Hollywood? That's unusual, because we English are a horsey people. But I've ridden in Hollywood! In the mountains, and on the desert. I almost got a horse for Christmas. I'll tell you about it.

● "Mr. David O. Selznick, the producer, asked me what I wanted for Christmas.

"Are you serious?" I asked.

"Absolutely," said Mr. Selznick.

"Anything I want?"

"Anything," he said.

"I want a horse—or a typewriter," I told him. . . . I got a typewriter."

"Were you disappointed?" I asked.

"A wee bit," admitted Freddie. "But I did have the laugh on Mr. Selznick. He sent a note along with his gift in which he informed me that, after all, I could carry the portable typewriter about with me. He thought my British sense of humor would fail to penetrate

his innuendo that I could not carry a horse about."

Freddie, all boy, was chasing the bit of steel with his magnet as he talked. I had an idea.

"Speaking of your sense of humor," I suggested, "if I were you, I wouldn't get that magnet any too close to a green-grocer." (Grand old English word—"green-grocer"!)

Freddie considered that one.

"Magnet? Green-grocer?" he pondered. Then—"I got it," he yelled. "I got it! A magnet attracts steel! Steel is made of iron! There's iron in spinach! You mean that I may have to

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Here he is in real life—the ten-year-old youngster who lived the rôle of *David Copperfield*. Guess who his own private movie hero is!

FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW fits the description. He isn't just the greatest child actor in screen history; he is all-boy. You'll know him after you read this story-interview!



HARRY
CARR'S

Shooting

HARRY CARR is close enough to the stars to know them by their first names — and courageous enough to tell just how he sees them. That's why he is famous!

Garbo's Greatest Need

GARBO HAS BEEN going around to the cafés of late, smiling upon the public—but she needs more than this to cement her public relations.

The gal is up against the supreme test. Her next picture will have to show something or Sweden will be calling to her.

The Painted Veil was a weakie—more paint than veil. The truth is that Garbo has been great—and is great—but has never had what could honestly be called a great picture. She has always been better than the picture. This time there will have to be a story of Garbo calibre.

Back To Brown

GARBO WALKED IN high dudgeon from the direction of Clarence Brown; now she is walking meekly back. Brown directed her in *Anna Christie*, *Flesh and the Devil*, *Romance*, *Inspiration* and other successes. And she is to do *Anna Karenina* under his direction. If they decide that Tolstoy may have known what to do with his own story, it may put her up on the summit again. It is a lugubrious tragedy, but one of the most powerful novels ever written.

Josef Goes Genial

THE NEW DEAL at Paramount carries a "This Way Out" sign for Josef von Sternberg . . . a fact that I do not think he resents.

He realizes that *Scarlet Empress* was a missed shot. He was trying for a great effect that failed to register. From his new mood of geniality, I take it that Herr von Sternberg begins to realize he cannot get along without the public. This lonely, isolated genius gesture is well enough in novels—but



—Wide World Photo

Constance Bennett looks at a race program, while **Robert Montgomery** looks at **Mrs. Clark Gable**, who, in turn, is looking at **Clark's horse**, **Beverly Hills**—or, perhaps, **Connie's new horse**, **Rattlebrain**

doesn't bring the right echo from the box office. He now handles his company with sweet reasonableness and even beams upon newspaper writers.

I don't know what to call this final picture with Dietrich; it has carried just about every name there is—the latest being *The Devil Is a Woman*. At any rate, von Sternberg has made it the most nearly a one-man picture ever made in a Hollywood studio. He has practically photographed it himself; and has even manipulated the sound control.

Ernst's New Job

DIRECTOR ERNST LUBITSCH has bitten off a mouthful in taking over the job as general manager of the Paramount Studio. That isn't his stuff. I look to see him tearing his hair before he is very far out on the voyage.

Ernst is a great artist and a brilliant man; no other director will ever be able to get his peculiar slant on pictures or follow the peregrinations of his subtle mind. That is the reason,

—Russell Ball Photo

Jean Harlow may have just finished a picture called *Reckless*, but a handwriting expert says she has the most "real character" of any star in Hollywood



Script



—Bachrach Photo

"Francis Lederer has one of those high-powered artistic consciences." And it isn't limited to acting, either. He has recently taken up sculpturing as a hobby

It looks as if Dolores Del Rio has beaten all the other stars into a bathing suit this season. And note the novelty of this one — which she donned for her new picture In Caliente!



why he will be a 100-to-1 shot as a producer.

Also, he is almost abnormally sensitive and will suffer by finding himself in the position of stepping into the foot tracks of Emanuel Cohen, who was adored by his people. Paramount narrowly avoided a walk-out by a lot of big stars when the New York bankers handed Cohen his homeward-bound ticket.

She Done Us Wrong

THE MYSTERY ABOUT Mae West's racing stable has been cleared up. She has four or five horses, but they are trotters. I am disappointed. A trotter isn't a horse; it is a phenomenon of Nature. More was expected of Mae.

Glutton for Punishment

MY IDEA OF a game guy is a director who would take on Francis Lederer and Katharine Hepburn in the same picture. *Break of Hearts* was a good name for it.

Wholesale murder was avoided when Lederer stepped out in favor of Charles Boyer.

Lederer is a charming fellow, but he has one of those high-powered artistic consciences—like von Stroheim. It is utterly impossible for him to do anything to which he is not sold from the heart out.

The Harlow Handwriting

ONE OF THESE handwriting experts (they are all famous since the Hauptmann case) tells me that the girl with the most real character in Hollywood is Jean Harlow. She has the courage and adaptability to tackle anything and make a success of it. The expert has it that Jean should have been the most successful of any of them in married life, as she has sympathy and tolerance.

Big Dan and Little Lionel

TO SEE LIONEL BARRYMORE as the rough, bluff *Dan Peggotty* on the screen, and then see him on the street fills one with amazement.

In the rôle, he looks big enough and strong enough to bite lamp posts off with his teeth. In real life, he is a slight man, a man of delicate health.

Two on Their Way Up

THERE ARE TWO players who seem to have won tickets to any heights to which they want to go.

One is Margo, who gave such an astonishing performance in *Crime Without Passion*; and the other is Freddie Bartholomew, the little boy who was *David Copperfield* in the first part of the picture.

Margo's latest assignment in pictures was as a dancer in *Rumba*, which was

not so hot . . . but not her fault. You will be hearing from her again. The man-child will be in as much demand as any actor in Hollywood for the rest of this year. If he lasts beyond that, he can pin a miracle medal on himself. Little girls occasionally grow up to be stars; but little boy-stars seem to grow down. I can't think of a half-dozen who ever grew up and got anywhere.

Schnozzle Is Recluseful

SCHNOZZLE DURANTE has forsaken the ways of men and society. He is seen out at parties about as little as any actor in Hollywood. He says he gets tired of being expected to "act up" all the time. The truth is he has never been the hit in pictures that he and everyone else expected. And I don't know why. Perhaps because he is essentially a lone wolf. His best stuff is impromptu and alone.

Napoleon on the Way?

SOONER OR LATER, Edward G. Robinson, Charlie Chaplin or Ernst Lubitsch will get Napoleon on the screen and we shall get it over with. They have all had the itch for years. Now Lubitsch, as boss of the works at Paramount, can have his own way. It is pretty sure that his first picture with Marlene Dietrich will be about the Empress Josephine—to be called

Please turn to page seventy-three



HOW TO BREAK INTO MOVIES TODAY

TO-DAY THERE IS no short cut to fame on the screen! . . . The history of Hollywood is illumined by tales of lucky breaks, of girls and boys who were "extras" one day, and within a breathless moment, became featured players, even stars. But that could happen only in the Era of the Silents, when how you looked was important; when *what you knew* was not!

The Talkies not only revolutionized the mechanical part of the industry, but brought into fashion new faces, a different type of personality to conform to the needs of sound, and an entirely new catalogue of abilities.

Before the screen found a voice there was one wide-open door into the movies. Any newcomer to Hollywood could register with the Central Casting Bureau, where all "extras" were registered. You waited for a call, eventually received it, and then, if you had any ability at all, it was only a question of time before that talent was discovered.

That is changed to-day. There used to be fourteen thousand "extras"; to-day the number is limited to a few thousand who can, theoretically, make a living, where hopeful thousands starved before. And on top of that, studios no longer search the "extra"

by

Frances Dee

ranks for star material. They want players with experience, and they go away from Hollywood to find them.

I know of only one or two persons in the last five years who have attained stardom via the "extra" route.

Now, definitely, there is only one way to enter the movies. That is through the proving ground of the theatre.

- What happened to me when I began couldn't possibly have happened to me under the new set-up.

Frances entered films through a door that is closed today. But she tells you about another door that is wide open—and will stay open!

Here I was in California on a vacation, and got a notion to apply to Fox for a job because they were making a college picture. I talked to the casting director, told him that I went to the University of Chicago, and that I wanted to work for his studio.

Possibly it was my method of approach — possibly it was because I looked like a college girl — in any event, I was given a chance.

I was still an "extra," this time at Paramount, when Maurice Chevalier happened to notice me, and I was told the next day that he had asked for me to be his leading lady. A real chance was, of course, what I had been praying for—but this came before I was really ready for such an opportunity. Only after I saw myself in an important rôle did I fully realize how much I had to learn, and how patient Mr. Chevalier and all the others connected with that picture had been with my inexperience.

I had to learn after I was in pictures what girls to-day must learn before if they wish to enter them.

The step from the "extra" ranks to leading parts was too big, and I realized it. I allied myself with several Little Theatre groups, appeared in any

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HOLLYWOOD

DEAR EDDIE:

One night, nine years ago, a Hollywood preview audience sat alternately enthralled and in hysterics, while a big, tough Captain, played by Victor McLaglen, glared at a smartly uniformed young Sergeant, played by Edmund Lowe, and snarled, "Sez you?"

And the debonair young Sergeant, cocky and self-assured, smiled cynically out of the side of his mouth and retorted, "Sez me!"

The picture was the immortal *What Price Glory*? I was in that preview audience and laughed with the rest. I was seeing a new screen team in the making. That was the beginning of the combination of McLaglen and Lowe — the beginning of a famous chapter in screen history, and a famous partnership.

The other night I saw another preview. It was that of *The Great Hotel Murder*. This time the big, tough guy was a dumb house detective and the cocky young Sergeant had become an amateur detective and writer of fiction. The same old "Sez you?"—"Sez me!" line was battled around and the same laughs resounded. But when the final fade-out came, I knew that I might be saying farewell to that team. The eight pictures you have made with Vic in nine years have all been hits, but all things—even such a happy association as yours—must end sometime. And it looks like good-bye to Captain Flagg and Sergeant Quirt.

An Open Letter to Edmund Lowe

from
J. EUGENE
CHRISMAN

—Photo
by
Fraker

What star has known greater happiness and greater sorrow than Edmund Lowe, above?



For I know that you, Eddie, are embarked on a new career. You have gone back home to the Fox Studio, where so many happy years were spent and where so many new opportunities await you. Millions of moviegoers wish you every success.

Please turn to page eighty-four

Fay Wray Answers

J. EUGENE CHRISMAN'S APRIL OPEN LETTER

MY DEAR GENE:

Did it ever occur to you that the dignified old gentleman in the top hat, whom your gang found too awe-full to pelt with snowballs, might have been envying you your fun . . . and remembering the days when a snow fight was a simple, natural matter in his own life? Maybe I am like that, myself.

And, perhaps, I am also the sort of person who simply can't help being quiet about personal things. My upbringing was the sort that eliminated the importance of the personal pro-

noun from all conversation, and thought of self from one's rules for living. I want to thank you for the generous understanding of your Open Letter. Somehow, I feel far from being scolded; I feel, instead, that you quietly understand me.

To me, what I am trying to do is very simple. I want to follow through to the conclusion of a dream that I have always felt should make a worthwhile reality. You see, I never was a movie fan—I never even thought about the movies particularly. But how STAGE-STRUCK I was—from the age of two! The traditions of the theatre became a matter of knowledge to me . . . I can't quite remember how. However, it was admiration for them, not the overbearing impression that I was divinely talented in that line, that made me want to be an actress.

It seemed to me that to be a part

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Fay Wray writes from England—to explain herself as no interview ever has





A smart appearance breeds self-confidence. And where will you find a smarter dress than Gail Patrick's? . . .

HERE'S Style FOR YOU!

In dresses like Joan Bennett's and Gail Patrick's, how could you help going places and doing glamorous things this Spring?

JOAN BENNETT and Gail Patrick—two glamorous girls who play the rôles of sisters in *Mississippi*—model two Spring dresses that could do a glamorous sister act in any girl's wardrobe.

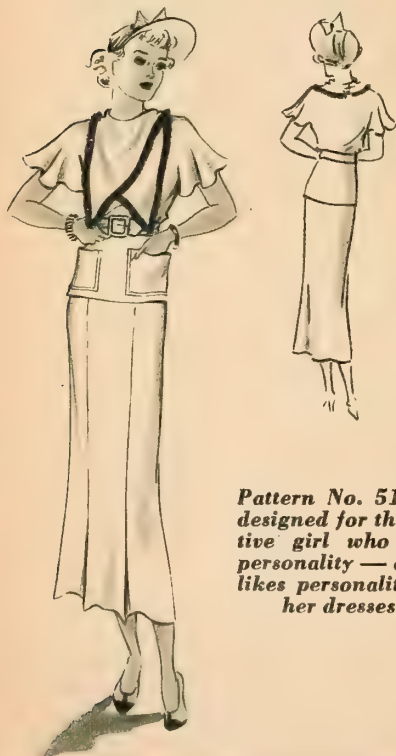
Isn't Joan's dress, at the right, a smart little two-piece sports frock—with its contrast in white and nautical blue crêpe silk? The huge, novel, blue bone buttons are centered in white. Another delightful way to make up this pattern (No. 521) is in striped cotton print, with the stripes running diagonally for sleeves, pockets and collar. It is designed for sizes 14, 16 and 18 years; 36, 38 and 40-inches bust.

And can't you picture yourself this spring in a dress like Gail's at the left? It is dusty-pink crinkly crêpe silk—with powder-blue fringe accenting the attractive deep bib-collar. The pleated skirt permits freedom for walking. In yellow linen, this model is stunning, too. This pattern (No. 517) is designed for sizes 14, 16 and 18 years; 36, 38 and 40 inches bust.

The patterns are fifteen cents each. In ordering, use the coupon below:



. . . Unless it is Joan Bennett's frock, which is just as smart as it is novel—and just as easy to make!



Pattern No. 517 is designed for the active girl who has personality—and likes personality in her dresses

HOLLYWOOD'S Pattern Service

529 South 7th St., Minneapolis, Minn.

For the enclosed . . . please send me Joan Bennett Pattern No. 521—Gail Patrick Pattern No. 517 (circle style desired).

Size Bust

Check if you wish the HOLLYWOOD Spring Fashion Magazine.

Name

Street

City

Patterns, 15c each
Fashion Magazine, 15c

(With one or more patterns, Fashion Magazine will be sent for only 10c)



Pattern No. 521 illustrates that the back of Joan Bennett's two-piece sports frock is also novel, attractive

Only in HOLLYWOOD Will You Find These Patterns!



These lively suds make dishwashing easier...Kind to hands, too

FOR every household cleaning task that calls for creamy, lively suds—*use Rinso!* Even in hardest water you need only a little Rinso for the thickest suds you ever saw. It's glorious to see how those suds *soak* clothes whiter without scrubbing or boiling.

Marvelous for dishwashing

You'll say it's magic the way Rinso speeds up dishwashing. Grease goes in a twinkle; dishes come sparkling clean. And your hands are safe with Rinso. They never get that red, rough look. Rinso is recommended by the makers of 34 famous washers. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.

Rinso

The biggest-selling package soap in America

WHAT YOUNG WIVES OFTEN FORGET



WHAT MAKES YOUR SKIN SO SOFT AND SMOOTH AND KISSABLE?

WHY, LEN, SURELY YOU KNOW MY COMPLEXION SECRET IS LIFEBOUY

"LIFEBOUY agrees with my skin," say millions. And here's the reason. Lifebuoy is actually more than 20 per cent milder than many so-called "beauty soaps," as scientific tests on the skins of hundreds of women show. Its rich deep-cleansing lather removes impurities—clears complexions.

Regardless of weather, we perspire a quart daily. Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. It gives abundant lather in hardest water, *purifies* pores, stops "B. O." (*body odor*). Its own fresh, clean scent vanishes as you rinse

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

LIFEBOUY

YOU CAN MAKE *Beauty* A HABIT

by MAX FACTOR
Famous Studio Make-Up Expert

Blonde Ann Sothern and
brunette Marian Nixon are
not beautiful by accident—
but by habit. They do the
right things at the right time.
And so can you!



Ann Sothern has one habit that always refreshes her, that makes her feel—and look—“like a brand-new person.” She describes it

ON A BRIGHT MAY morning a few years ago, a little brunette walked into my Hollywood studio. Now, I don't know how many small, dark girls there are in the world. Probably a hundred million. Brown hair, brown eyes, varying complexions. . . . But this girl stood out. It wasn't that she was so wonderfully gowned. She wasn't. Nor was her beauty of the startling order. But she had something, this little Marian Nixon.

And then I saw what it was. She had what we used to call in Russia “the inner flame”—the glow that can light even a plain face to beauty and which is so much more important than mere physical perfection. It radiated from her. I sensed her aliveness, the young, fresh glow that was so in tune

To begin with, Marian Nixon had what it takes to be beautiful—an eagerness for life. And her dressing-table habits—described in this article—have added to her beauty

with that magnificent morning. But, most of all, I felt the dauntless spirit of her. Here was a girl who would rise and win. She couldn't do otherwise!

“How do I go about getting beautiful?” she asked, smiling.

“You already have the finest start in the world,” I assured her. And she had. It is not only the start, it is the basis of all beauty—that inner flame. And it is the heritage of every girl alive. Keep it bright with high purpose and self-confidence—that is the first beauty habit to acquire.

● You see, the bone structure of the face is usually all right. It is the way the flesh is molded that makes or mars your attractiveness. And you are responsible for that. As Mary Pickford once phrased it, “No plastic surgeon on earth can do for you what lifting up your thoughts will do! Make a daily practice of it, and you've found the key to beauty!”

The whole tendency should be to lift. Do it to your shoulders and see how much better you carry your clothes. Do it to your smile and see how people respond. Every time you apply cream to your face, do it with a lifting motion. Even in taking it off with your cleansing tissues, rub up. Your rouge should go up. And the corners of your lips.

There is a feeling about the month of May which makes such an effort easy—easy enough to make it a habit for the rest of the year!

The trouble is that people get accustomed to bad facial tricks so quickly. When you frown or deliberately give way to a “blues” spell, you pull down all your facial muscles into a sagging expression that soon becomes habitual. Think of your brows as wide apart, spread like eagle wings. Make a habit of gaiety.

● One of the girls in Hollywood who has a perfect contour of face is Ann Sothern, as dainty a blonde as Marian is a brunette.

Ann's hair is that soft, spun-gold variety, her eyes a deep blue. Everything about her type should be kept delicate, toned down. I can't think of anything that would throw her personality more out of key than heavy
Please turn to page fifty-eight



HOLLYWOOD'S Beauty Tips Have Been Tested By Stars

When you get a Permanent Wave

**Protect the natural beauty
of your hair as
the movie stars do**

With millions of admiring, yet critical fans to please, you know that a movie star just doesn't dare take chances with the natural beauty of her hair. Because of the protection Duart offers, Duart permanent waves have become the choice of the Hollywood Stars. In fact DUART WAVES ARE FEATURED IN 89 HOLLYWOOD BEAUTY SALONS.

Now, you too may be assured of this same protection. Genuine Duart Pads for permanent waving come SEALED in individual packages. When you buy a Duart Wave, you see the operator break the seal before your eyes. Then you KNOW your wave is being done with genuine Duart materials. You know the pads are clean, fresh, NEVER BEFORE USED on another person's hair. You have the pleasing assurance that you will be the proud wearer of the wave that all Hollywood has acclaimed for its natural beauty. Remember Duart, and only Duart offers you this *certain* protection.



No other permanent waving pads except Duart come SEALED in packages for individual waves. Look for the beauty shop in your community that features Duart Waves and offers you this vital protection. Prices may vary according to the style of coiffure and artistic reputation of the operator.



**ANN
DVORAK**

starring in Warner Bros.
grand musical show
"SWEET MUSIC"

PERC WESTMORE

nationally famous authority on make-up and coiffure design at Warner Bros.' studios, shows Ann Dvorak the new SEALED package of Duart Pads, and says: "I cannot endorse too highly the protection offered by this new package. Every woman who values the natural beauty of her hair should demand it."



Hollywood's famous hair stylists—Perc and Ern Westmore—have designed exclusively for Duart a series of smart new stars' coiffures. You may wear them, too. This 24 page booklet of instruction photos will enable your hairdresser to copy them for you. Booklet sent FREE with one 10 cent package of Duart Hair Rinse. See coupon below. NOT a dye—NOT a bleach—just a beautiful tint.



**FREE
BOOKLET**
shows how to
wear a movie
star's coiffure

DUART ★

Choice of the Hollywood Stars



Duart, 984 Folsom St., San Francisco, Calif.
I enclose 10 cents for one package of Duart Hair Rinse and the FREE Booklet of Smart new Coiffure Styles.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

12 shades—mark your choice.

- | | | | |
|----------------------------------|-----------------------------------|-------------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Black | <input type="checkbox"/> Golden | <input type="checkbox"/> Light | <input type="checkbox"/> Ash |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Dark | <input type="checkbox"/> Brown | <input type="checkbox"/> Golden | <input type="checkbox"/> Blonde |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Brown | <input type="checkbox"/> Chestnut | <input type="checkbox"/> Blonde | <input type="checkbox"/> Medium |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Titian | <input type="checkbox"/> Brown | <input type="checkbox"/> Henna | <input type="checkbox"/> Brown |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Reddish | <input type="checkbox"/> Titian | <input type="checkbox"/> White | <input type="checkbox"/> Golden |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Brown | <input type="checkbox"/> or Gray | <input type="checkbox"/> (Platinum) | <input type="checkbox"/> Blonde |

YOU WILL FIND DUART WAVES WHERE YOU SEE THIS SIGN

MAY, 1935

SALLY EILERS Tells How To Serve A TASTY CAKE



—Photo by Rhodes, Staff Photographer

"How about some yummy chocolate cake?" asks Sally Eilers. But she doesn't add, "Cut yourself a piece." The hostess does most of the cutting these days!

EVERY HOSTESS HAS some specialty that always make a hit with her guests. In Sally Eilers' case, it is cake—cake that has melted in many a famous mouth and has been given a five-star rating by the Coast's severest cake critics—cake that has earned Sally a reputation for knowing the secrets of a vanishing art, secrets denied to less talented mortals.

But Sally—despite the fact that she is one of Hollywood's most popular party-givers — claims that she does nothing that any other hostess (you, for instance) could not do. She expresses it this way:

"What better authority could any hostess be guided by in the planning of desserts to-day — or tomorrow—than a knowledge of what most of us liked when we were youngsters! Why, even the most hardened of business and professional men soften at the mere mention of 'the kind of desserts Mother used to make.' And at just such times we are all given to an irresistible urge to confess that most carefully concealed sin of our childhood—the time we spent 'Mom's' nine

It's so easy to bake a cake these days that every hostess can make a hit with one—if she presents it attractively!

by

Grace Ellis

HOLLYWOOD'S Food Consultant

cents change on half of a chocolate cake, and devoured it on the curb-step of Mrs. O'Reilly's Bakery.

"Chocolate Cake" has a sound that rings harmoniously for almost everyone. The modern hostess never fails to place it in a conspicuous spot, no matter how many other delicacies she may care to feature. There is something about this favorite that smacks of the days when we stood, mouths watering, waiting for 'Mom' to hand us the 'frosting cup.'

● "With the exception of birthday cakes, it is no longer proper to serve a masterpiece uncut. There are still the diet-conscious with us, and where most of them hesitate at the 'cut-yourself-a-piece-of-cake' custom, there are few who will yield to snatching the smallest piece on the plate if it has been cut to expose the creamy, all chocolate filling.

"Again, for the sake of the diet-conscious, the clever hostess will resort to an age-old bag of tricks—the combining of fruit juices in both batter and frosting, and more particularly in the name of the cake. For who will deny the healthy sound of Prune, Orange, or Cocoanut in the names of cakes? And I understand that Hollywood is presenting several grand recipes for

these little 'conscience-saviors,' as well as the chocolate cake I've been extolling.

"There are a few good rules that I think every hostess may well keep in mind, for the serving of this most popular of desserts.

"First, when treating tea-time guests with individual servings, never take a chance on almost-hard icing. Even your heart-felt prayers won't save you from the inward wrath of your feminine invites, who, through the most ingenious maneuverings, cannot prevent



How can you serve cake as luscious-looking as this? Let Sally Eilers and Grace Ellis, famous Food Consultant, tell you!

CLARK GABLE'S FAVORITE CAKE!

It is a delicate white cake with an old-fashioned "seafoam" icing, full of cocoanut—this cake that a "he-man" can't resist!

Grace Ellis has had the recipe printed for you on a handy little filing card. It's FREE for the asking. Merely enclose a stamped envelope.

You will want a set of her famous prize-winning cake leaflets:

- How to Make Perfect Angel Cake 5 cents
- Prize-Winning Cake Frostings 5 cents
- Cakes Which Have Won Prizes 5 cents
- Cakes and Frostings Made with a Mixer..... Free

Write Grace Ellis, HOLLYWOOD'S Food Editor, 529 South 7th St., Minneapolis, Minnesota. And don't forget to enclose a stamped, addressed return envelope!

Star As A Hostess! Take HOLLYWOOD'S Hostess Hints!

its dripping down carefully powdered chins.

"In preparing cake for buffet affairs, curb your own inherent generosity in the size of the slices. Your guests would much prefer a 'slip' of each variety, of which there should be at least two.

"Arrange the pieces, spaced a little apart, on several large plates, but never pile one piece upon another. It is most embarrassing to help yourself to a piece of cake, and find you are balancing the top layer of the next person's as well.

"When cake is served with evening refreshments, home-style, or at informal afternoon teas, remember to pass the 'favorite' around as often as the men-folks have that satisfied, just-like-mother-used-to-make look.

"This is all the reassurance you need to know that you are a success!"

● Sally's remarks prove—if you need any proving—that though fashions and habits of thought change, people remain pretty much the same. People—and the things they like best.

Countless modern meal-endings have been devised. But there still isn't one that could not be eclipsed at any time by a luscious piece of cake—accompanied by a piping hot cup of coffee.

In our mother's day, such a cake was the climax of years of effort—and the woman who could make one was apt to have gray hair and grandchildren. Today she may have a job, a driver's license and Anne Shirley bangs—but she can toss her hat on a hook at 6:00 o'clock and have cake fit for a food show on the table at 6:30 or 6:45.

It isn't that she is smarter than her grandmother was. It is just that she doesn't have to start from scratch. For one thing the flour that she uses is not bread flour in the "wrong pew." It is *Cake Flour*, especially blended for cake-making purposes. Its gluten is tender and delicate. And it is identical from box to box. Her shortenings are more uniform, too, and creamier than were her grandmother's. So she doesn't have to take the morning off to get fat and sugar creamed to foamy lightness. Her electric beater, or her light, long-handled wooden spoon does that for her. She has some good dependable measuring cups and spoons. She reads and follows recipe directions.

Her cakes may not look like Ginger Rogers in a wedding scene, but they look far handsomer than any cake need look. And they taste to match.

● Lest you think I am painting too bright a picture, let me introduce the baker of the prize-winning Coconut Cake at a recent nationally famous food show. She is an ex-office wife. She had never made a cake in her life until four years ago. And not only was her Coconut Cake "Queen" of the show, but her Devil's Food and Lady Baltimore were both first in their class. (Recipes for these last two cakes are

Please turn to page seventy-two
MAY, 1935

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Johnston

announce the marriage

of their daughter

Doris

*And there almost was
no wedding to announce*



NOT so long ago it seemed as if the happy plans were going awry. Jack seemed uneasy, unwilling to go on. Doris was crushed by his coolness.

Then a true friend told Doris, "The thing which is troubling Jack is one of those big little things which you can easily correct."

Happy ending!

It takes a true friend indeed to tell a girl that it is not pleasant to be near her on account of the ugly odor of underarm perspiration.

It's so unnecessary to offend in this way. For you can be safe *all day, every day*, in just half a minute. With Mum!

You can use this dainty deodorant

cream any time, you know — *after* dressing, just as well as before. For it's perfectly harmless to clothing.

It's soothing to the skin, too. You can shave your underarms and use Mum at once.

Remember, too, Mum doesn't prevent perspiration itself — just that unpleasant odor of perspiration which has stood between many a girl and happiness. Make Mum a daily habit. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.



LET MUM HELP IN THIS WAY, TOO.

Use Mum on sanitary napkins and enjoy complete freedom from worry about this source of unpleasantness.



**MUM TAKES THE ODOR
OUT OF PERSPIRATION**



New! AN EMOLLIENT MASCARA

that gives lashes new glamour

If you don't agree on these three superiorities, your money back without question.

Louise Ross

THIS introduces my final achievement in cake mascara, my new emollient Winx. I bring women everywhere the finest lash beautifier my experience can produce—one with a new, soothing effect that solves old-time problems.

It has three virtues, this new emollient Winx.

- (1) It has a greater spreading capacity, hence it hasn't the artificial look of an ordinary mascara.
- (2) Its soothing, emollient oils keep lashes soft and silky with no danger of brittleness.
- (3) It cannot smart or sting or cause discomfort. It is tear-proof, smudge proof, absolutely harmless.

I'm so confident that I've won leadership in eye make-up that I can afford this offer.

Give your lashes a long, silky effect with Winx Mascara. Shape your brows with a

Winx pencil. Shadow your lids with Winx Eye Shadow. The result will delight you, giving your face new charm.

Buy any or all of my Winx eye beautifiers. Make a trial. If you are not pleased, for any reason, return the box to me and I'll refund your full price, no questions asked.

Mail coupon for my free book—"Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them"



FREE

Mail to LOUISE ROSS,
243 W. 17th St., New York City F-5-35

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

If you also want a generous trial package of Winx Mascara, enclose 10c, checking whether you wish ☐ Black or ☐ Brown.



Mrs. William's dressing-room was "very small in its original form"—so Warren simply lined it with mirrors "to give an effect of unlimited space"

A MAN'S PLACE ISN'T in the home—that's taken for granted! But the average man holds secret masculine thoughts on what he could do with a house—any house—if given an opportunity. . . .

Mrs. William has a sense of humor. When we bought a sad-looking farmhouse because it offered vast possibilities, she looked at me quizzically and said: "Well, young man, here's your chance—here's a chance for that masculine vanity to prove itself!"

And so, while Mrs. William concerned herself with drapes and wall-hangings and furniture, I assumed the responsibility for all those unorthodox gadgets that have certainly simplified our existence since!

It was my job to figure out what could be done with the dozens of little corners, with oddly-shaped and pocket-handkerchief-size spaces tucked away under the eaves.

● In common with the rest of my unfortunate sex, I have always cried to the winds about the lack of closet space apportioned to me—being

IT'S THE Gadgets THAT COUNT!

by
WARREN WILLIAM
as told to
SONIA LEE

What can you do to make your house more unusual, more comfortable? What the inventive Warren has done. Let him tell you!

merely the man of the house. So closets were my first concern.

There weren't many of them—not nearly enough to suit me. So the carpenter built us a batch of wardrobes, according to my design. Instead of making them just large enough to hold suits and coats, they were tall enough for drawer space underneath. These we fitted out with shelves—sliding drawers similar to those you see in haberdashery shops (from which I stole the idea) and here I keep my shirts and socks and shoes and a dozen other things. But every single item has its own tray or its own compartment.

I designed a tie holder that could be pulled up and instantly display every tie I possess. And, suddenly, mornings were not at all complicated. I had only to open a wardrobe and there were my suits, and right below was everything else I needed, and hanging on the door were all my ties—including those I received for Christmas!

A Dalite light automatically comes on when I open the wardrobe doors—but if I am dressing for evening, I pull a switch and there is a regular light. My wife swiped the idea for her dressing-table. It gives her a chance to see exactly how she will look either for daytime or for evenings!

HOLLYWOOD Is First With These Home-

HOLLYWOOD



At the head of Warren's bed are a set of steps, with a drawer in each, leading to an attic. In the head-board of the bed, a radio is concealed. Note the novel bed-lamp

● Wardrobe is important in an actor's life—and so I conceived the idea of having a hat closet. Women should thank me for this thought! Instead of shelves, however, I had a series of circular counters built, which would revolve, and at a glance, and with no effort, there was my entire stock of head-gear. . . .

By the way, these wardrobes are fairly easy to build. Any man, if cajoled enough by the head of the house, could—and very likely would—slap a couple together on a rainy Sunday afternoon.

I've never been completely satisfied with the lighting arrangements at my bedside. I like to read before I go to sleep, but, inevitably, the ordinary lamp gets knocked over. And here

Please turn to page seventy-five

Making Hints!

MAY, 1935



Sally is a little gossip...and I'm glad she is!



"I'm glad you came over to visit me while you wash your dolly's clothes, Sally. Let me lend you some soap."

"No, thanks—I brought my own kind along—'cause I don't want Arabella's clothes to do any tattling on me."



"Why, clothes can't tattle, Sally."

"'Deed they can! My mommy says the little bride across the street works real hard—but her clothes are full of tattle-tale gray—'cause she uses a soap that doesn't unstick *all* the dirt."



"But my mommy's clothes are white as anything—'cause she's smart. She uses this Fels-Naptha Soap! Smell? That's naptha, mommy says—heaps of it."

"M-m-m! So that's why Fels-Naptha gets *all* the dirt. I wonder if . . ."



Few weeks later: "Goody! Goody!—strawberry ice cream!"

"That's a treat for you, Sally. You're a little gossip—but I've got to thank you for making me change to Fels-Naptha. My washes look lots whiter now!"

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray"

with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP

LITTLE gossips are cute—but you would not want any grown-up gossips to see "tattle-tale gray" in your clothes.

So change to Fels-Naptha Soap—it gets clothes gorgeously *white*!

Fels-Naptha, you see, is richer soap—good golden soap! And there's lots of naptha in it. When these two cleaners get busy,

dirt simply has to let go—ALL OF IT!

Fels-Naptha is so gentle, too—you can trust your daintiest silk undies to it! It's kind to hands—there's soothing glycerine in every golden bar.

Try Fels-Naptha in tub, basin, or machine. Get a supply at your grocer's! Fels & Co., Phila., Pa. © 1935, FELS & CO. NRA CODE



Do You have Trouble Making Your MAKE-UP STAY ON ?

NO DOUBT about it . . . it's a perfect nuisance having to apply fresh make-up a half-dozen times a day. And yet, what are you going to do when your powder *won't* stay on and your rouge and lipstick fade away?

You'll never have to put up with that sort of thing when you use **OUTDOOR GIRL Beauty Aids**. For each of these preparations is made with a base of *pure olive oil* . . . an ingredient which not only enables your make-up to go on more smoothly, but to *stay on* longer.

OUTDOOR GIRL Olive Oil Beauty Aids do more than merely beautify your complexion. They *protect* it, too! **OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder** guards the skin from the drying effects of wind and weather—keeps it soft, smooth and supple. Yet this powder is light and airy in texture. It never "cakes" or clogs the pores.

OUTDOOR GIRL Rouge and Lipstick protect cheeks and lips from cracking and chapping. Make your complexion come *alive* with youthful coloring and beauty.

Whether you are a blonde, brunette or titian-haired, you can be sure that regardless of the shade of **OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder** you choose, you will find an **OUTDOOR GIRL Rouge and Lipstick** of the *same tonal quality* . . . to blend with your own complexion and to provide a perfect Make-up Color Ensemble.

At leading drug and department stores for only 55c. Also in handy trial sizes at your favorite ten-cent store. Mail the coupon for liberal samples.

TUNE IN—SATURDAYS, 7:30 P. M., E. D. S.T.
"The Outdoor Girl Beauty Parade"
Over the Columbia Broadcasting System

OUTDOOR GIRL OLIVE OIL BEAUTY AIDS

CRYSTAL CORPORATION, DEPT. 5-E
Willis Avenue, New York City

I enclose 10c. Please send me liberal trial packages of Outdoor Girl Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick. My complexion is Light ☐ Medium ☐ Dark ☐.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

THEY'RE GOING PLACES, TOO!



June Knight, seen bidding a fond farewell to Old Man Winter, went up to Lake Arrowhead to do her bidding. It's a favorite spot of the stars—winter or summer

THEY SAY THAT Garbo is planning that next Swedish vacation in June—right after she finishes *Anna Karenina*. But who really knows? . . . Charlie Chaplin has been doing some week-ending at Lake Arrowhead with his two sons—who, by the way, like Paulette Goddard Chaplin . . . Arrowhead, up in the mountains, is popular with the movie crowd, winter, spring, summer or autumn . . . A snowy place that is going to be popular with tourists this summer is Mt. Baker, Washington, where Clark Gable, Loretta Young and Co. filmed *The Call of the Wild*.

Gable, all set for a long vacation, is planning another hunting trek up over the Great Divide—unless he and Robert Montgomery go down to the South Seas with the camera crew to make scenes for *Mutiny on the Bounty* . . . Lee Tracy, turned yachtsman, is exploring Mexican waters . . . Richard Barthelmess, after finishing *Four Hours to Kill*, is planning to explore inland Mexico by car. That highway from the border to Mexico City has been practically completed . . . And Evelyn Venable and her cameraman-husband, Hal Mohr, who just acquired a new 'plane, are planning to explore Mexico from the air.

Robert Ritchie, Jeanette MacDonald's manager-fiance, has gone abroad again—which may mean another foreign concert tour for Jeanette . . . When Claudette Colbert went East to buy furniture for her new house, she took a boat . . . Will Rogers, having seen the rest of the world, would like to look over Africa after finishing *Steamboat 'Round the Bend* . . . Marian Marsh, hankering to get to Yosemite (see page 31), had to hear what a good time the Frank (Director) Borzages had there. It's one of the most beautiful, restful spots on earth, as the wiser film folk have discovered. And Garbo fits that category . . . Guy Kibbee does his fishing along the Eel River.

Bette Davis, with six weeks of vacation, has been spending it with her orchestra-

leading hubby, Harmon O. Nelson, Jr., in San Francisco . . . Lilian Harvey has gone to England to make three pictures and stay a year . . . Clive Brook is back, but has another British date for this summer . . . Charles Laughton has shuttled across the Atlantic to make that picture for Alexander Korda between American engagements . . . London is expecting Mae West for some personal appearances.

Helen Hayes is touring the well-known provinces, but the end of summer will find her at the MacArthur manor in Nyack-on-the-Hudson . . . The Gary

Coopers have been seeing the sights in New York . . . So has Patricia Ellis, East for the first time in three years . . . Douglas Fairbanks and Lady Ashley, off on a yachting and film-making tour of the world, invited the Fred Astaires along for part of the voyage. Benita Hume also got an invitation . . . Henry Fonda, Margaret Sullavan's first husband, who gets his own big movie chance opposite Janet Gaynor in *The Farmer Takes a Wife*, stopped off in the old home-town, Council Bluffs, on his way West.

Wonder what would happen if Garbo, Dietrich and Sten all arrived in the same European city at the same time? Marlene and Anna both have European vacation plans that don't involve returns to their native countries—Germany and Russia, respectively . . . One of Anna's favorite American treks is to the site of the rapidly rising Boulder Dam—bound to be a new tourist Mecca . . . That cullud chap in the bright clothes, touring the South, is Stepin Fetchit . . . Jack Holt has been personal-appearancing in the Middle West. So has Kitty Carlisle. And so has Nelson Eddy.

Warren William hopes to coast along the coastline plenty this summer in that ketch of his . . . Robert Donat has sailed back from England—at last . . . Buck Jones found a good place to recuperate from the flu—the Mohave Desert, scene of many a Western . . . Margaret Sullavan and William Wyler are honeymooning abroad—as incognito as possible . . . John Barrymore, back from India and England, is taking his family over to Blighty while he makes that picture. But they won't use the yacht . . . Speaking of going places, John's wife, Dolores Costello, and Lionel's wife, Irene Fenwick, both recently went to the same hospital—flu victims.

But the one place where EVERYBODY is going this summer is to the San Diego Exposition, which opens in May. Even President Roosevelt, three thousand miles away, is thinking of getting out to see it! And how about you?—J. E. R.



Wera Engels, seen with Ivan Lebedeff at a premiere, has gone to Mexico to get a quota number. She's German, but wants to become American

MAY, 1935



"I knew if I kept my eye on this thing Aunt Patty would leave it around some time where I could get it! Let's see—what does she do to this dingleberry on top to make it come open? Ah... that's the trick!"

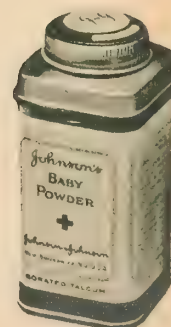
"Look what I found! Contraption with a looking-glass! (I'm looking very well today.) . . . And what's this? Powder! Oh, I know what to do with that! . . . Put it under my chin and arms and where I sit down!"



"Hi, Aunt Pat! I tried your powder . . . but honest, it doesn't feel near as soft and fine and snuggly as mine. You ought to use Johnson's Baby Powder, Auntie...and then I'll bet you'd be a smoothie just like me!"

"I'm Johnson's Baby Powder... a real protection against chafing and rashes. Your thumb and finger will tell you why... I'm made of fine satiny Italian talc—no gritty particles as in some powders. No zinc stearate or orris-root either... Be sure to try Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream, too!"

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY





CHESTER MORRIS and JEAN PARKER as they appear in a scene from the Universal picture, "PRINCESS O'HARA"

Keep it Lovely with Mar-o-Oil

Mar-o-Oil is the *All Purpose* shampoo, tonic and dandruff corrective. This amazing new soapless oil cleanser rids hair and scalp of dandruff, dryness or excessive oiliness, yet it *rinses out in clear warm water*. Leaves your hair clean and sweet—more manageable—waves stay longer—glowing with natural color and the lustre of youth. No messy lather—no special rinses—no film of soap or alkali. Start using Mar-o-Oil at once! If you cannot see and feel a difference, we will refund your money. Get your Mar-o-Oil at all leading drug or department stores. All leading beauty shops recommend and give Mar-o-Oil Soapless Olive Oil Shampoos.

Don't WASH your hair with suds
... CLEANSE with Mar-o-Oil!

THIS IS WHY!



LEFT—Hair washed with ordinary soap suds—note scaly particles of foreign matter remaining.

RIGHT—After cleansing with Mar-o-Oil. Notice clean smooth appearance—showing all accumulation of dandruff, grime and caustic film removed. *The hair is clean!*



GENEROUS TRIAL OFFER

J. W. Marrow Mfg. Company
Dept. F-55, 3037 N. Clark St., Chicago, Illinois

Please send me your liberal 2-trial bottle of Mar-o-Oil. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin) to cover cost of handling and mailing.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

THE Guide TO NEW pictures

Do you know what the new pictures are—what they are about, and how good they are? HOLLYWOOD's preview staff can tell you; they have already seen them. Moreover, they tell you—briefly and frankly—in these reviews, as well as in those on pages 34 and 35.—Editor.

Thunder In The East

A Picture For People Who Think

• • • This picture, made in France with English dialogue, has a gripping intensity that all too few films have. Moreover, it does something that all too few films have ever tried to do—it interprets the psychology of the taciturn, baffling Japanese. It is, to put it briefly, a saga of patriotism—the kind of patriotism that puts country before self, before family, before love. It should make thoughtful Americans more thoughtful.

The talented Charles Boyer proves himself a master of restrained acting as the Japanese commander who has to know an enemy secret, and who sacrifices his honor to gain it, using his beautiful wife (Merle Oberon) to learn the secret from an English officer (John Loder). And the climax of the picture—a battle at sea—is one of the classic battles of film history.

It rates • • • because of its power, its depth, its understanding of a little-understood people, its clear-cut, poignant characterizations.—*United Artists*.

Let's Live Tonight

Carminati Snares More Hearts

• • • With a title that faintly suggests both *One Night of Love* and *It Happened One Night*, this picture co-starring Tullio Carminati and Lilian Harvey falls a few inches short of expectations. The stars aren't to blame; both are in top form. The director, Victor Schertzinger, isn't to blame; he knows his scene-weaving. So it must be the fault of the story, which, upon close inspection, is made of well-worn threads—even though those threads are colorful and romantic. It is the story of a suave, but world-weary gentleman who meets one more romance on the romantic Riviera, only to discover that his younger brother (well played by Hugh Williams) also loves the lissom lady.

It rates • • • because Carminati demonstrates (again) that he is heading for the heights as an emotion-swayer; and because Lilian, beautifully photographed, acts with a new-found and refreshing ease.—*Columbia*.

Shadow Of Doubt

Watch Constance Collier!

• • • Strictly a run-of-the-mill mystery melodrama, *Shadow of Doubt* rings the gong because it is smoothly, suspensefully told; because the performances are

IF YOU TOOK A MOVIE TEST—



WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE TO DO?

Here you see a screen test in the making—with Dixie Howell, of Alabama football fame, on the receiving end. Study the photograph for a few moments, then turn to page 71 and see if you can answer the questions there—which might concern yourself some day. Dixie romped away with the Alabama-Stanford game on New Year's Day, and Universal decided that he was the stuff of which movie heroes are made—like Johnny Mack Brown, also of Alabama

HOLLYWOOD

of Grade A calibre; and because it starts the drums rolling for Constance Collier, who has something of the sublime humanity and talent of the late Marie Dressler. There isn't a shadow of doubt that she has a great screen future, after her performance here as a crotchety old aunt who doesn't like the idea of her nephew's marrying an actress. Ricardo Cortez and the wistfully beautiful Virginia Bruce carry the romantic leads, with Isabel Jewell outstanding in the background in a neat impersonation of a nightclub songbird.

It rates • • • because it tells its story swiftly, and because of its acting—particularly that of the stage-famous Miss Collier.—*M-G-M.*

The March of Time

Something New In Newsreels

• • • • Here is news-reporting done with imagination, as well as a camera—varied news-reporting, with a dramatic human-interest punch. It doesn't attempt to tell the newest news (for the present, at least, *The March of Time* will be released only once a month); but it does attempt to tell the stories behind recent news. Moreover, it succeeds—with the same formula used in the famous radio program of the same name. It isn't provincial; it doesn't concern itself only with things American; it girdles the globe.

It rates • • • • because it is the most dramatic fact-telling that the screen has yet presented; because it assuages that age-old urge of humanity — to know the inside story.—*First Division.*

The Great Hotel Murder

Lowe And McLaglen Click Again

• • • The *Grand Hotel* formula works again—this time telling a mystery tale, with suspicion shifting from one hotel guest to another, and with Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe teamed as a slow-witted house detective and an amateur sleuth, respectively, whose theories constantly and amusingly clash. The *corpus delicti* is a poison victim, and the threat of more poisonings is always lurking in the offing. With a hotel as a setting, a huge cast surround the sez-you-sez-me duo. Outstanding are Rosemary Ames, John Wray (who comes close to stealing the picture), Mary Carlisle, William Janney, C. Henry Gordon and Madge Bellamy, who makes a great bid for a comeback in a small rôle.

It rates • • • because McLaglen and Lowe, familiar though their vocal dueling is, still pack their old punch; and because the suspense, which starts early, doesn't relax until the fade-out.—*Fox.*

After Office Hours

Clark Outshines Connie This Time

• • • An ear-catching title, plus an eye-catching production, almost — but not quite—disguise the weaknesses of the story of this picture co-starring Clark Gable and Constance Bennett. The first time they ever played together Gable was

Please turn to page eighty-three

MAY, 1935

HURDLE COMPETITION!

Men love that
come-and-get-me
challenge from
merry eyes and
tempting lips...To win
them — daily stimulate
facial circulation with
DOUBLE MINT gum.



VOICE

**NOW! you can have
The VOICE you want!**



100% Improvement Guaranteed

We build, strengthen the vocal organ—not with singing lessons—but by fundamentally sound and scientifically correct silent exercises . . . and absolutely guarantee to improve any singing or speaking voice at least 100% . . . Write for wonderful voice book—sent free, but enclose 3c for part postage. Learn WHY you can now have the voice you want. No literature sent to anyone under 17 years unless signed by parent.

*No matter how hopeless
your case may seem—send
at once for free Voice Book.*

**Perfect Voice Institute, Studio 15-85
64 E. Lake St., Chicago**

Mail Coupon for Free Voice Book

**Perfect Voice Institute, Studio 15-85
64 E. Lake St., Chicago**

Please send me FREE and without obligation, Prof. Feuchtinger's new book, "Physical Voice Culture." I have checked subject in which I am most interested. Enclosed is 3c for part postage.

☐ Weak Voice ☐ Singing ☐ Stammering ☐ Speaking

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Age _____

Drop me a line

**HOLLYWOOD offers dollars
for your movie thoughts!
Money for letters to stars!
Read the rules on page 57**

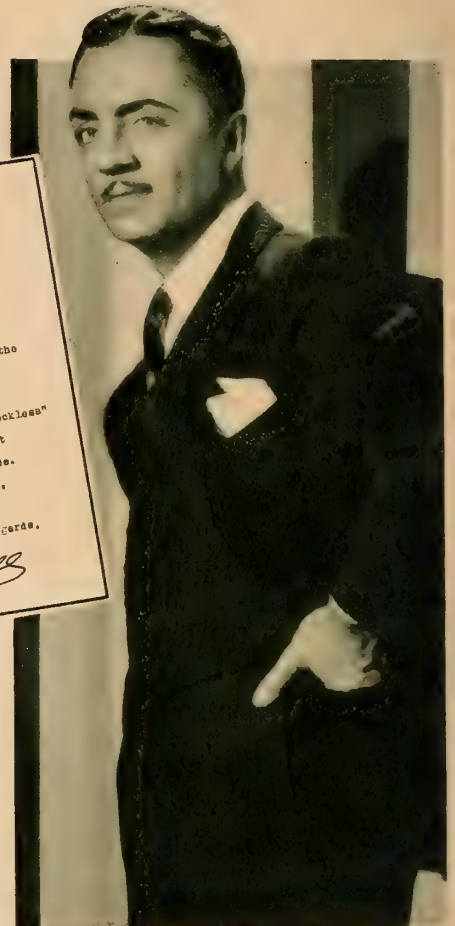
Dear Mrs. St. Fleure:

Believe me I am very happy to learn that you like my pictures and have seen all of them. Personally, I think you have a great amount of courage to have seen them all—certainly a lot more than I have.

So you liked the "Thin Man"? That being the case I'll tell you that the studio is having Dashiell Hammett write a sequel to the story, and Miss Loy and myself are to appear in it. Right now I'm working in a picture called "Reckless" with Jean Harlow and Franchot Tone. In fact, at this moment they are calling me back on the set, so I will have to close. Please accept my sincerest thanks for all your good wishes.

With kindest regards,

William Powell



A Tribute to Be Treasured \$10.00 Letter

DEAR MR. WILLIAM POWELL:
I am no movie fan, being an old lady, seventy-one years of age; but I have great pleasure in expressing my sincere admiration of your fine acting. You are so natural, and well poised in any part. And this was true of you even when you made the silent pictures.

Of course, *The Thin Man* gave you a fine opportunity of showing how very well you can act.

I never miss any of your pictures, and hope that you will long continue your splendid career.

Sincerely yours,
MRS. MARION STE. FLEURE,
P. O. Box 268,
Santa Barbara, Calif.

To "A Lady of Charm" \$10.00 Letter

DEAR MISS DUNNE:
A few years ago Conrad Nagel introduced you on a broadcast as "A Lady of Charm, Miss Irene Dunne." The heavenly song you rendered at that time remains with me as a treasured memory.

Since then, you have always been, my "Lady of Charm." It is not idle flattery, when I say that beauty, charm and intelligence such as yours are a rare combination.

I would not take anything in the world,

The "confession" in William Powell's answer to Mrs. Ste. Fleure's letter qualifies as a Strange Movie Fact. He hasn't seen all of his own pictures!

for my memory of you, in *Cimarron*, *Back Street*, *Stingaree* and many other lovely pictures. All the romance in me lives again, and I am oblivious to all around me. I love you for just that, and the soul in your song.

Sincerely,
GERTRUDE CROWTHER,
1925 N. E. 25th Avenue,
Portland, Oregon.

(Editorial aside to Reader Crowther and all other admirers of the Dunne charm: We hope you didn't miss "What I Have Learned About Glamour" by Irene Dunne in April HOLLYWOOD!)

On Page 34 of this issue, you will find a review of *Roberta*, in which Irene's charm, glamour and singing all have full play.)

HOLLYWOOD

Prizes!

Ten dollars will be paid for each letter published with a star's reply; \$5 for each of the two next best and \$1 for each of the next five. Duplicate prizes awarded in case of a tie. The editors of HOLLYWOOD will be the sole judges and right is reserved to publish all or any part of any letter received. Address: Drop Me a Line, HOLLYWOOD, 7046 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, Calif.

Articulate About Ann \$5.00 Letter

DEAR MISS HARDING:

It is difficult, particularly in this open-to-the-public fashion, to write warm words of praise to a lady one has never met. So suppose we make believe that you have a twin sister, also named Ann Harding, and that we are discussing her work on the screen. I'll feel more comfortable that way.

Ready? Let's begin, then, with me discouraging somewhat after this fashion:

"In a day when everything is hot-cha and boop-a-doop, she is restrained, serene, steadfastly upholding the best traditions of the American stage. She plays each rôle with the poise, sincerity and

Please turn to page sixty-seven



Dear Miss Crowther,

It would be too trite to say merely "Thank you for your lovely letter". However, maybe you will understand my sincere appreciation of your friendship when I say that letters like yours offer the greatest encouragement in a screen player's career. Your letter --- and others like it --- give me the feeling that someone else is with me, helping, me in the attempt to better myself in each picture.

I hope you will understand my appreciation. And I hope I will prove worthy of your praises in my next picture, "Roberta".

Sincerely,

Irene Dunne

Do stars appreciate letters from you and you and you? Irene Dunne's answer to Miss Crowther's letter answers the question with quiet emphasis!

THE TEST THAT SHOCKED A MILLION WOMEN!



Sensational "Bite-Test" Exposes GRITTY FACE POWDERS!

*"I Dropped the Box, I was so
Horried", Writes One Woman!*

BEHIND many a case of sore and irritated skin, behind many a case of dry and coarse skin, lies gritty face powder!

That face powder that looks so smooth to your eye and feels so smooth to your skin, it may be full of grit—tiny, sharp particles that are invisible to the eye but instantly detectable to the teeth.

You can't go on rubbing a gritty face powder into your skin without paying for it in some way. Maybe some of the blemishes with which you are wrestling now are due to nothing less than a gritty face powder. Find out! Ascertain whether the powder you are now using is grit-free or not.

Make This Telling Test!

Take a pinch of your powder and place it between your front teeth. Bring your teeth down on it and grind firmly. If there is any trace of grit in the powder it will be as instantly detectable as sand in spinach.

More than a million women have made this test in the past year as advised by Lady Esther. And thousands of them have written in in righteous indignation over their findings. One woman was so horrified she dropped the powder, box and all, on the floor!

There is one face powder you can be sure contains no grit. That is Lady Esther Face Powder. But satisfy yourself as to that—and at Lady Esther's expense! Your name and address will bring you a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Put it to the "bite-test". Let your teeth convince you that it is absolutely grit-free, the smoothest powder ever touched to cheek.

Make Shade Test, Too!

When you receive the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder try them all for shade, too. Did you know that the wrong shade of face powder can make you look five to ten years older?

Ask any stage director. He will tell you that one type of woman has to have one light while another has to have another or else each will look years older. The same holds for face powder shades. One of five shades is the perfect shade for every woman. Lady Esther offers you the five shades for you to find out which is the one for you!

Mail the coupon now for the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Lady Esther, Evanston, Ill.

(You Can Paste This on Penny Postcard)

LADY ESTHER (12)
2030 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

I want to make the "bite-test" and the shade test. Please send me all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder postpaid and free.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.

FREE



“I wonder!”



“I wonder if it would end all regular pain for me, and end it for all time?”

To the woman who is asking herself that question, the makers of Midol make an emphatic answer: It will *not*.

But they make another statement just as emphatic, and just as true: Midol always relieves periodic pain to some degree, and will for *you*.

Understand, this extraordinary medicine *may* bring you complete relief. It has done this for many. And some of these women had always had the severest pain. But others report only an easier time. Even so, isn't the measure of relief you are sure to receive well worth while? Midol means great comfort in any case—compared with unchecked suffering at this time of the month!

Any sufferer who experiences no relief from Midol should consult a physician.

“Yes, but won't it form some habit?” Only the habit of avoiding suffering which is needless! There is no “habit forming” drug in Midol. It is not a narcotic.

So, don't let the speed with which this remarkable medicine takes hold cause you any apprehension. Don't keep it for “emergencies” or wait for the pain to reach its height before you take it. Let it keep you comfortable throughout the period. Learn to rely on it completely. Just follow the simple directions found inside the box.

And speaking of boxes, you'll appreciate the slim aluminum case in which you get Midol. It's so thin and light—and dainty—you can give it a permanent place in your purse and always be prepared. It is a tremendous relief, mental and physical, to be able to approach this time without any misgivings, and to pass serenely through it.

Your druggist has these tablets. You'll probably see them on the counter. If not, just ask for Midol. Fifty cents is the most you'll pay—for comfort that is worth almost anything.

When it has given you back those days once given over to suffering, will you do this? If you know someone who still suffers, tell her of your discovery—that Midol does bring definite and decided relief from “regular” pain.

You Can Make Beauty a Habit

Continued from page forty-six

blue-red cheek rouge or the exact opposite—that dead-white make-up that so many girls affect. The latter is bad for *any* type. If you want to be completely negligible, go in for pasty-white cheeks! Clowns do. And they add a scarlet slash for a mouth—and get a laugh. Women get only pity!

No, the right cosmetic chart for Ann's type is this: Blondeen rouge, used high on the cheeks and skillfully shaded; gray eye-shadow; brown eyelash make-up; brown eyebrow pencil, applied very carefully so as not to give a harsh line; a rachele powder, dusted lightly over, to soften the whole make-up; vermilion lipstick; and a rachele make-up blender for her arms and neck.

For an evening under artificial lights, she changes her powder to the flesh color, and her eye-shadow to blue—a special blue that gives blue eyes a gleaming-sapphire look.

THERE IS So much sparkle about Ann, such a wide-awake air! I heard another girl asking her about it once and Ann said, “Well, the answer is that you've got to keep your skin alive! One of the best ways is to pat skin-freshener all over it. I do that every morning after I've cleaned my face and let me tell you that it wakes me up in a hurry. . . . Pat it in with little upward strokes and, after a minute or two, your face will look all freshly pink and clear—and it will be slightly moist, too, so that it is in just the right condition for your foundation cream.

“I don't know what I'd do without that cream. Why girls ever go without a good make-up foundation is beyond me! I've seen them absolutely miserable because their skin was too red or too sallow. And there's never any need to be unhappy about that. Find a foundation cream carefully toned to your skin and a powder that makes your complexion seem radiantly healthy and fine—and there you are! All set up and ready to go places!

“Before dinner—you know, during the ‘drag’ hour when you're tired and the family's coming in and you wish-to-Heaven you had some way of perking up for the evening, here's what I do. I take off every scrap of make-up and throw myself on the couch for five minutes. Ten, if I have time. Then I use that skin-freshener in nice, big, liberal doses. I pat it on my neck, too. Necks are so often neglected, poor things! Who said that the neck, hands and feet were the tell-tale points about a woman? I think he was right! I put a gay evening polish on my nails, rub cream into my feet—and if there is anything more restful after a difficult day, I've yet to find it!—and apply a brand-new make-up. And it makes me feel like a brand-new person!”

OF COURSE, It would. And Marian Nixon has something to add to this subject. Her particular “remedy,” when she is tired, is to massage her forehead with toilet water.

“Toilet water and colognes,” she says, “are coming back into high fashion. They feel glorious as a body rub and leave your skin delicately fragrant in a nice, fresh way.” (This is something to remember when the weather turns hot.)

For Marian's type, I would suggest carmine rouge because of its vivid, warm

quality; brown eye-shadow; black eyelash make-up and eyebrow pencil; and a carmine lipstick.

At night a vermilion lipstick is a wise choice for all types, since it makes the mouth look natural and young and brilliant under electric lights. Marian uses a brunette powder for day and a natural powder for the evening. A lighter, more colorful make-up can always be used at night.

IT'S JUST As simple, you see, to get used to the *right* habits as the *wrong* ones! And do you know what they accomplish for you? They increase your loveliness just about one hundred per cent! Let's sum them up and then *stick to them*:

1. Keep alive the “inner flame”—that wonderful enthusiasm for living—no matter what happens.

2. Take the time, morning and night, to do right by your skin. I mean by thorough cleansing, by waking it up as Ann does with skin-freshener, and by insuring the success of your make-up with foundation cream.

3. Find out what colors in cosmetics are best suited to you and *don't change them for any fad-of-the-moment shade*, which may not be for your type at all.

4. Keep dainty. Daintiness is a woman's greatest charm.

AND THERE Is something further I would like to say about this habit of daintiness. It should be extended to the care of your toilet articles. I don't believe girls understand how all-important that particular habit is.

The make-up departments in every studio are as sanitary and immaculate as any hospital. They use the same kind of cabinets for sterilizing combs and powder puffs that hospitals use for sterilizing delicate surgical instruments. If they go to that trouble to protect the complexions of their players, it ought to prove how very essential it is for all toilet accessories to be kept immaculately clean—if you want them to be of help in creating beauty.

An oily brush will do far more damage to your hair than good. A soiled powder puff is ample reason why complexions are marred with pimples and blackheads. I have seen women, whose gloves and handkerchiefs were spotless, use powder puffs that were a disgrace. And they wondered why their powder didn't go on properly and their pores were enlarged!

The best way of taking care of toilet articles is to set a time each week for cleaning them. Otherwise, since we are all creatures of habit, you are apt to forget about it. A hairbrush or nail-brush can be used to wash the comb in a good heavy lather and warm water. Then air both the brush and the comb in the sun on a window ledge.

Powder and rouge puffs should be soaped and rubbed gently between the hands. These, too, should air in the sun.

Fingernail files ought to be scrubbed with a stiff brush, orange sticks ought to be boiled in soapy water and manicure scissors ought to be boiled in plain water for five minutes. That is one of the easiest methods of preventing an infected finger!

HOLLYWOOD

What the New Styles Can Do for You!

Continued from page thirty-three

to this year's silhouette, and do it effectively.

Necklines are continuing high. There isn't one woman in a thousand who has a well-rounded, well-padded neck. The high collarline not only camouflages deficiencies, but does other things, as well—for the figure. For instance: It gives height to the short figure, slenderness to the too-full figure, and imports a youthfulness that is smiled upon by all women.

The square neckline is extremely effective, if worn by a woman with a beautiful neck. It has piquant charm, and yet is sophisticated. I have always included this effect in Miss Francis' wardrobe, no matter what the season.

We are continuing lingerie touches. Women demand them, and rightly so, because there is nothing that will snap-up a dress so promptly. I am using lingerie touches on many of the frocks I am creating for Miss Davies for her first Warner picture—*Page Miss Glory*.

HOWEVER, ALL COLLARS and cuffs and bows will be starched. I am using starched laces, nets, organdies and chiffons. Starched bows will be unusually smart. There is a certain alertness to them, a challenge to the world, that is typical of the modern woman. They are feminine without being frilly, and direct without being severe.

We will never go back to the extremely short skirt because it is ungraceful; it does not balance the figure.

For evening, particularly, the long skirt is firmly entrenched. It lends dignity, grace, to every figure. For the short person, and the too-full figure, it is a godsend.

For daytime wear, I am making skirts eight to ten inches from the floor. A too-long dress for street wear makes a woman look old and dowdy.

Topcoats will follow the lines of the dresses very closely—and very smartly. For evening wear, I am using a broad scarf, designed in ensemble with the gown, to be worn toga effect. It is easy to drape, and extremely effective.

THE FABRICS FOR Spring will be supple and soft—to accentuate the flowing Grecian silhouette. Prints will be much in vogue. They are startlingly beautiful this season, and come in a variety of designs. All colors are in them, and while as the season progresses, one shade will be favored, at the moment no one can say with authority what that shade will be. I should say, however, that the lighter shades of blue will be good. And the warmer tones of gray. Black, of course, is always smart.

We will have fantastic hat styles at the beginning of the Spring season. But women will revert to the brimmed hat, cocked over one eye, because it is universally flattering.

On the whole, I can assure you, this Spring will be a glamorous fashion season, completely feminine, completely logical in that women will wear the things best suited to them, and completely in accord with the modern demand for simplicity and beauty!

MAY, 1935

TOOTH DECAY
Film is judged one of the chief contributing causes of tooth decay. It glues "decay" germs to the tooth enamel.

BLEEDING GUMS
Film combines with minerals in the saliva...to form hard, sharp deposits, which may cause soreness and bleeding of the gums.

STUBBORN STAINS
Film absorbs stains from food and smoking. To remove these stains you must remove the film.

Before FILM does this to you—

Remove it daily as only Pepsodent—the Special Film-Removing Tooth Paste—does

MANY dentifrices claim to remove film from teeth. . . but for that duty Pepsodent stands unique.

Film is a gelatin-like mass that forms on teeth. It absorbs stains from food and smoking. . . makes teeth unattractive. Worse still, it shelters germs which break down these food particles to form acids. These acids attack tooth enamel and cause decay. Therefore, removing film should be rule number one in protecting lovely teeth.

Film may combine with minerals in saliva to harden into tartar. The jagged edges of these tartar deposits can make gums sore and even cause them to bleed.

How to remove film

In removing film the Pepsodent laboratories have made a great discovery. A new cleansing and polishing material has been developed. As a film-removing agent it stands unsurpassed.

Yet in spite of its high cleansing powers, this new material is far softer than the one most commonly used in dentifrices. Being softer, it cannot harm precious tooth enamel.

And so, in judging a dentifrice, ask yourself: Does it remove film? Is it safe? These are your dentist's standards. Judged by them Pepsodent stands unique. No other can give you Pepsodent results. Remember that when tempted to save pennies on bargain dentifrices.

SAVE MONEY!

Buy Pepsodent in the new and larger tube. Druggists are selling it at a new low price. Now you can't afford to take chances on cheap "bargain" brands. It costs no more to insist on the special film-removing tooth paste.

PEPSODENT *the Special Film-Removing Dentifrice*

PAIN STOPPED AT ONCE!
CORNS
 CALLOUSES, BUNIONS, SORE TOES

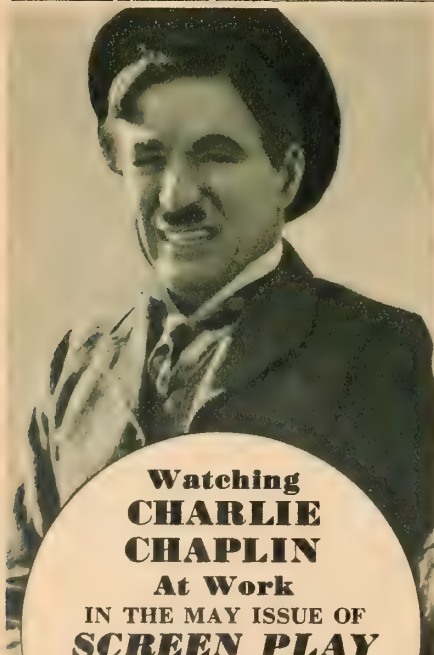


New De Luxe Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads!


EASE YOUR FEET!
 You get relief *one minute* after you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads to aching corns, throbbing bunions, painful callouses, or sore toes! They stop shoe friction and pressure; prevent corns, sore toes or blisters caused by new or tight shoes. Use them with the separate *Medicated Disks*, included in every box, to quickly loosen and remove corns or callouses.

NEW FEATURES
 De Luxe Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are flesh color, velvety-soft and waterproof. Invisible under sheer hose. Don't soil, stick to the stocking or come off in the bath. Try this wonderful treatment. Sold at all drug, dept. and shoe stores.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads
 Put one on—the pain is gone!

Watching CHARLIE CHAPLIN
At Work
 IN THE MAY ISSUE OF **SCREEN PLAY**
 now on sale at all newsstands
Only 10c



I Don't Want to Be a Star!

Continued from page twenty-three

so busy at the studios. I have worked all of my life—ever since the days when I was a child actress—and would be completely lost without having work to do.

When I am not working, I would rather go around in slacks than any other kind of costume—and, moreover, I do go around in slacks. I don't need—or want—more than a few gowns in my wardrobe at any one time. I never have wanted to possess a yacht; I wouldn't know what to do with it, if I had one. I wouldn't want a specially-designed car, even if I were earning a salary that would warrant it, because a standard car will get me where I want to go.

BEING A LEADING lady has far more compensations than being a star, to my mind, for other reasons than these. For example: from the very first time that you are ballyhooed as a star, you become "typed." You might yearn with all your heart to play varied characters of feminine interest—but you haven't the ghost of a chance. A manuscript comes into the office. The studio heads take a look at it. Immediately, "This tragedy will be swell for So-and-So. The public likes her sad!" Or, "This rural romance is no good for Thus-and-So—send it back! She can't play the part of a country girl—all her fans would walk out of the theatre!" They *have* to listen to the box-office—and that is why, after she has made a hit as one particular kind of character, every woman star has to go on playing that kind of character until she grows old or the public grows tired of it. The featured player is luckier; she can escape being "typed."

Every unmarried girl has romantic dreams of her ideal man. And, as a featured player, I get the opportunity to meet most of the idols that millions of girls dream about. I have worked with almost all of the male movie stars. And, like any other girl, I am thrilled when I play opposite Clark Gable, or Robert Montgomery, or Ramón Novarro, or any of the others. I have just had my first real vacation in three years, so you can figure out for yourself how many different screen heroes I have played opposite during that period. More than I ever would have, if I had been a star.

I enjoy working with Spencer Tracy more than with any other male star, because I think he is the most natural actor of them all. Most of us become burdened with a definite set of mannerisms after a while, and the public gets into the habit of expecting them to appear when they go to see their favorite players. "He's going to shrug his shoulder now, or she is going to register despair next and she'll droop her eyelashes, and make her mouth tremble—wait and see if she doesn't!"—that's the way the movie fan thinks as he sits in the theatre and, in nine cases out of ten, he's right. I feel that this viewpoint is a dangerous hurdle that very few movie stars can take. I find myself continuously watching my gestures, my facial control, so that I may not form the same habit. And my diversity of rôles—as a featured player—helps me.

Did you see *David Copperfield*? If so, you will understand exactly what I am trying to say. Agnes is as far different as possible from the girl in, let's say, *The Show-Off*. I tried to be the wistful, good—oh, so

good—little housekeeper that Dickens created in *Agnes*, and certainly the same mannerisms that would convince an audience that she was real would never do for any other rôle I have ever played.

I'M GLAD I AM not a star for another I reason. One of the biggest thrills I have ever had came to me when I was working in *David Copperfield*. I used to stand around on the set with my mouth open, probably, and just absorb through every pore the technique, the artistry of such players as Lionel Barrymore, Edna May Oliver, Violet Kemble Cooper, Frank Lawton, Basil Rathbone and W. C. Fields.

You can easily realize how much one could learn of the art of acting from a group like that. They are the real troupers, and they make me humble when I find out just how much I have to learn before I could ever be placed in the same class. It takes a lot more than a blonde head of hair, a set of regular features, a slim figure, and no particular glamour, to put a gal in the first rank, and yours truly knows it! It takes years and years of hard work; a system made of rubber so that you can bounce back every one of the million times you're knocked down; and, above all, a touch of genius that is given to few, to keep you there in that first rank after you have made the grade.

I am still young enough to have ambition. I am old enough to know my limitations. And I have sense enough to keep my feet on the ground even in the dangerously heady air of Hollywood. Fortunately, or unfortunately, depending on your viewpoint, I am one of the few unsensational people in the movie colony. I am not beautiful, or brilliant, or exotic, or exciting. I have never learned how to dance or sing or sculp or paint. I am just a girl whose job happens to be acting on the screen. But off the screen, I can forget that I am an actress. I can be myself.



So Madge can go places without attracting attention, eh? She went down to San Diego to get a preview of the new Exposition—and was asked to put up this plaque, for the world to see!

The Secrets of Charming Women

Continued from page twenty-five

thin with familiarity. No, the physical charm of a woman is not enough. A pretty face is not enough. It is a mask she may take off at any moment, revealing something not charming underneath.

Nor is one charm enough. I have heard men say that they fell in love with a woman's hair or with her eyes or with some trick of her hands. One grows tired of tricks after a time, however pretty they may be. I could not be charmed that way and I can, of course, speak only for myself. I am not setting myself up as an authority on what is charming in all women to all men.

I am merely trying to describe what is charming to me. And, to me, a woman's charm must pervade all of her living, all of her activities, all that she does. Because only the sum of all that she does adds up to what she is. I cannot say that a woman is charming until I have seen her at work and at play, under all circumstances and conditions.

It is like this: Charm can be a trick or a set of tricks or it can be an authentic quality as inseparable from a woman as the scent of a flower is inseparable from that flower.

Most women are charming at first meeting. But this does not always mean that their charm is real.

I THINK A MAN'S early life determines his reactions to women. They tell us that the woman who first makes a deep impression upon a man is the type he falls in love with all of his life. The women who first made an impression on me were hard-working women first of all and frivolous women only as playtime or perhaps their jobs dictated.

I began to earn my own living when I was ten. I knew poverty and privation and hunger and I saw my mother endure these things. There was no time for anything but keeping the roof over our heads and supplying the food that went into us. I worked at painting dolls when I was ten. I worked as an electrical helper and as a carpenter in a nail factory. I learned a good many things, both good and bad. And, most of all, I learned that a woman, to be charming, must be able to take adversity as sweetly and gallantly as she is always able to take prosperity.

To me, a charming woman must wear her charm in her heart—and if she does it always reaches to her face.

WHEN I THINK to myself, "Who is the most charming woman I have ever met?" I always answer myself immediately, "Mistinguette." There has never been anyone like her—unless it might be Clara Bow when she was most famous. There was that same—something. Her great quality was, I think—*suniness*. She was what a charming woman should be—making people and situations and emotions happy.

She had what I have been trying to describe—a firm practicality, a strong, sure grasp on life, as well as the magnetism of her stage personality.

I think that these examples go to prove what is the secret of a woman's charm to me . . . the woman who may wear lace and silk and fine jewels, but who must wear them over a warm and steady heart—a woman's heart.

MAY, 1935

LONESOME LAURA

Gets a Beauty Tip from HOLLYWOOD!



Yeast
Foam Tablets Stay
Fresh For Months

WHAT Yeast Foam Tablets did for Laura's skin, they should do for yours. These pleasant little tablets of pasteurized yeast are rich in precious nutritive elements which strengthen the digestive and eliminatory organs, give them tone and quicken their action. Thus they aid in ridding the system of the poisons that produce so many a case of bad skin and dull, muddy complexion.

With the true cause of your trouble corrected, you enjoy new health and new beauty. Eruptions and blemishes vanish. Your skin becomes clear and smooth, the envy

of men and women everywhere.

Don't confuse Yeast Foam Tablets with ordinary yeast. These tablets cannot cause fermentation in the body. Pasteurization makes Yeast Foam Tablets utterly safe for everyone to eat. This yeast is used by various laboratories of the United States government and by leading American universities in their vitamin research.

You can get Yeast Foam Tablets at any druggist's. The ten-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today. Refuse substitutes. You should see your skin and complexion improve in almost no time!

YEAST FOAM TABLETS

LOSE FAT



Lost 63 lbs. "I Feel Fine!" WRITES RENO LADY Why not do as she did?

● If you have tried other methods to lose fat and failed, read this letter and take heart! "I tried a lot of methods to reduce yet nothing worked... I was desperate. Then I tried RE-DUCE-OLDS. My weight was 175 lbs., now it is 112! I lost 63 lbs., feel better and look better!"—Mrs. Aldina Wood, 101 Burns St., Reno, Nev. Others write of weight reductions in varying amounts, as much as 80 lbs., and report feeling better while and after taking RE-DUCE-OLDS.

A California Graduate Nurse writes: "My own experience with RE-DUCE-OLDS has been so satisfactory that I recommend them to others." (Name and address on request.) As a Graduate Nurse she knows how important this fact is to you: RE-DUCE-OLDS absolutely DO NOT contain the dangerous drug, Dinitrophenol. Expert chemists test every ingredient.

RE-DUCE-OLDS are so easy to use. Just a small, tasteless capsule, according to directions.

FAT GOES...or no cost to you!

● If you are not entirely satisfied with the results you obtain from RE-DUCE-OLDS, you get your money back! You risk no money! Start today before fat gets another day's headway. Sold by drug or department stores everywhere. If your dealer is out, send \$2.00 for 1 package or \$5.00 for 3 packages direct to us. (Currency, Money Order, Stamps, or sent C.O.D.). In plain wrapper.

FREE! valuable book

Tells "HOW TO REDUCE." Not necessary to order RE-DUCE-OLDS to get this book. Sent free.



GOODBYE, FAT!

Scientific Laboratories of America, Inc. Dept. F355
746 Sansome Street, San Francisco, Calif.

Send me the FREE Book "HOW TO REDUCE."
If you wish RE-DUCE-OLDS check number of packages here:

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

On to Television for Mary Pickford!

Continued from page thirty

near future," she told me, eagerly, as we sat in a cozy corner at *Pickfair*. "It will combine the better elements of the two great entertainment mediums of today—the screen and radio—and all within the next few years."

It was Marconi, the Italian genius and inventor of radio, who convinced Mary of the future of television when he was a guest at *Pickfair*.

"It will come first as a sort of news-reel," she told me, "but soon it will develop into a coverage of the entire amusement field. I predict that it will be operated by the government and that, instead of the programs being sponsored by advertisers, each television set will be taxed and the income applied toward the operation of the television stations. There will probably be seven or eight big stations. One will broadcast news events. Another will send out drama; still another, comedies. There will be one devoted entirely to sports, championship prize fights, World Series baseball games, and so forth. The figures will live and talk on the Television screen with unbelievable naturalness."

But while the world is keenly interested in what Mary plans to do with her life, it is also anxious to know what effect her divorce from Douglas Fairbanks has had on her. My answer is that today Mary Pickford is more ambitious, more happy, more contented than at any time in years.

The woman who shook my hand in that sunny room at *Pickfair* is no swooning child, weeping over a lost love. She is an alert, ambitious, intelligent woman, planning a new career in which Fairbanks has no part. Even *Pickfair* has been made over until not a trace remains of the fact that Douglas Fairbanks once reigned as its lord and master. Mary's eyes are brighter, her wit more pointed, her mind more active than ever before. She looks forward to doing things that she has always wanted to do.

"I have been laughing over a note from a newspaper friend of mine in Chicago, who is always making crazy inventions," she told me as she found a big chair and curled up, her tiny feet under her. "He is trying to invent a thirty-six-hour day for me."

"My career? I wish I knew. I hope to return to the screen within less than a year. But I'm like a bird that can't find a lighting place in a forest. There are so many things clamoring for my attention, so many things I would like to do. The days are not long enough—and they fly past so quickly! I would like to do more stage plays, but it is so difficult for me to find suitable rôles. I dare play only good women. Radio work interests me, too, and I have signed another thirteen-week contract. But I'm looking forward to Television, and nothing else will do."

Mary has had three big picture offers recently, but she has refused them all, because she told me, two featured characters that were not her type and the third was "too trite."

Never again will she attempt to produce a picture and also be its star, Mary smiled wistfully.

"That mistake, thinking I could act as producer and star, cost me several fortunes. I am now working on a deal whereby I am considering going into a producing organization with three of Hollywood's biggest picture names as as-

sociates. In that case, I doubt that I will return to the screen as a star. The deal has not yet been completed, but I just left a meeting with Chaplin and Sam Goldwyn and anything can happen."

Mary has also turned authoress. One of her books, "Why Not Try God?" has already been published and is on nationwide best-seller lists. Contrary to reports, Mary's religion is not of a radical nature. In it, as in everything else, she is practical. Much of her time, these years, is spent with thoughts of God or, as she believes, the great Guiding Spirit or Force that rules this complex universe. Of late, she has spent much time at the bedside of Edwina Booth, the actress of *Trader Horn* fame, who has lain ill for several years with a strange tropical fever and whose condition has only recently shown improvement.

Another book from Mary's pen is nearly finished. It is tentatively called "The Demi-Widow"—but, as Mary laughingly observes, that may be too personal a title. The story was written as a possible stage or screen vehicle for Mary's good friend, Grace Moore. However, if things turn out right, Mary may play the star rôle herself.

"I should like to put it on the stage first," she said, "and then, if it is successful there, on the screen."

The name of Douglas Fairbanks came up twice during our conversation, but there was no sign of emotion on Mary's part. Since they jointly own various properties, including the land on which United Artists Studio stands, their business deals are still involved. However, it is certain that she has an independent fortune sufficient to keep her in luxury for as long as she may live. And it is equally certain that the possible monetary returns of her prospective ventures do not count half so heavily with her as the possible personal satisfaction.

"I do not know which of the many propositions I have under consideration I shall accept," she continued, "for I do not know just how much responsibility I want to take on. I began work at the age of five and, as you know, I have never found much time to play. I want to play, to have fun and to relax; and that desire will influence my decision to some extent. My mother's death added greatly to my responsibilities. She had a man's mind and she was able to relieve me of so much. Now that she is gone, I must do all that for myself."

There is a new atmosphere about *Pickfair*. Gone are the stiffness and the rigidity that used to subdue the caller. There is something more homey about the vast rooms, furnished with priceless antiques, something exciting and yet quietly livable. *Pickfair* no longer carries touches of a masculine hand. It is now entirely a woman's home, a woman of exquisite taste and unlimited means to satisfy it. To cite just one proof: the big drawing-room is all white, even to the huge grand piano.

"I have changed my mind about selling *Pickfair*," Mary told me, "although at one time, I did consider the idea. I love a home, and where could I ever find another like it? Yes, it has been withdrawn from the market."

The sun was setting at the rim of the Pacific as we stood by the swimming pool, and the outlines of Catalina Island

HOLLYWOOD

were clearly to be seen. *Pickfair* is one of the places on the mainland from which one can see the island on a clear day. The roof-tops of Beverly Hills and Bel-Air spread out below us. Just below, the outlines of the Chaplin house were discernible through the big trees.

"Do you know," said Mary, with the first hint of sadness she had displayed all afternoon, "that there is one rôle in a recent picture that I would have given my very soul to play? . . . the part that Claudette Colbert played in *Imitation Of Life*. Now why can't I find something like that?"

But the mood passed and again Mary was the charming little mistress of *Pickfair*. I drove down the hill, knowing that I could take to the millions who love her the statement that Mary Pickford will not leave them—that she has greater plans than ever, plans that encompass the screen, the stage, the radio, literature and, most promising of all, television.

I knew, also, that I could take them the message that she is not suffering with a breaking heart. She is too busy making plans for her new, greater career.

Since Mary Pickford gave this interview, J. C. Baird, famous English developer of Television apparatus, has given a demonstration of its practicality at the Crystal Palace, and the Postmaster-General of England has announced that London will have a Television station before the end of the year.

These two news flashes support Mary Pickford in two of her prophecies: namely, that Television is in the immediate offing and that Television stations are likely to be government-operated.



—Photo by Rhodes, HOLLYWOOD Staff Photographer
If Mary Pickford isn't reading movie scripts, she is reading plays or rehearsing radio dramas. Already an actress in three mediums, she will soon be a star in a fourth—Television!

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Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Pink <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEAD <input type="checkbox"/>
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CLOPAY CORPORATION
1408 York Street Cincinnati, Ohio

W. C. Fields and the Bad Penny

Continued from page thirty-eight

wouldn't buy anything. If I'd reach for a check, he'd almost break my arm getting there first.

About this time D. W. Griffith decided to put Poppy into a movie called *Sally of the Sawdust*, and he signed Bill.

I'M LOAFING around somewhere at this time, looking for something to do. It's pretty quiet along the Rialto, and like other actors, I'm "at liberty." Once in a while I'll crash a gate into some big function, just as a gag.

Crashing gates is good fun and good publicity. And it's easy, if you figure the thing out right.

But crashing gates doesn't pay the beanery. As I say, Fields had signed with Griffith to do this picture, and he starts looking all over New York for me. He sends scouts to all my old hangouts, but no Tammany. Then he walks into his dressing-room, and finds me sitting there with my feet on the table.

The bad penny had turned up again.

I WORKED all through the picture, and it was a honey. Bill was creating a rôle that has made him world-famous—the part of *Eustace McCargle*.

I've never found out if Fields was acting *McCargle*, or *McCargle* was acting Fields. I guess they are one and the same man. He has been *McCargle* all his life—a robust rascal with love in his heart for all mankind, touring the world in a high-powered car and tossing away his money, always getting into some scheme or another and living by his wits.

But good times don't last forever. I didn't see Bill for a long time after that. Bill made some seven pictures in Hollywood, some good and some so-so, and then went back to the stage. Maybe he got tired of Hollywood. Maybe Hollywood got tired of him. I don't know.

Anyway, things didn't break any too well.

He still had a good-sized roll when he went into a show called *Ballyhoo*. I had a small job at the time in *The New Yorkers*, so I looked him up.

"We have a marvelous show—a marvelous show, my lad," he declares. "But nobody else seems to know it. Tam, go out and talk up this show. Spread it all over town. Get folks in here if you have to hit 'em on the head!"

So I did. I talked a rival show all over town. But *Ballyhoo* went right on quietly folding up. Bill could have been making good money in vaudeville, but he stuck. He sank his own roll in the show. He worked without salary. But it was no go.

In 1931 he came back out to Hollywood to make a picture called *Her Majesty, Love*. Paramount then made *If I Had a Million*, followed by *International House*, in which Bill was featured. And that one wowed 'em. Bill was tops again.

And, as usual, when Claude Dukinfield was tops, Tammany Young was on his uppers. It always seemed to be that way, since the first time I met him back in 1911. Maybe five years pass, and just when my luck has run out I meet up with him again. Then more years will roll on, and the same thing happens. I bump into him in Europe, in England, in New York, in Hollywood—always just when I'm needing a rabbit's foot.

AND last year I needed one pretty bad. I'm down to my last dollar and a half one day when I pass the Brown Derby.

"What you need, Tam, is a good meal," I says. "You're getting discouraged and lowdown. Snap out of it, fella, and walk in there like you was the tops."

So I breezed in—and there sits Bill Fields. I hadn't seen him for years.

"Hello, hello, hello!" he says. "How are you?"



—Photo by Rhodes, HOLLYWOOD Staff Photographer

In private life, W. C. Fields is just as amusing as on the screen. Tammany Young says so, and this picture offers more evidence. You see him working some new gag, with an audience of Gene Fowler (left), author of *Mack Sennett's* biography, "Father Goose," Capt. Roscoe Fawcett, executive head of HOLLYWOOD and other well-known screen magazines, and writer Jim Tully

HOLLYWOOD

"Not so good," I admit.

"What—a versatile actor like Tammany Young? Preposterous! Young man, you have just joined the cast of *Six of a Kind*, perhaps the most colossal picture ever conceived by human mind!"

And sure enough, it was all of that. Or am I prejudiced?

Anyway, that picture sure looked good to me. We put on the pool-room act and trouble rolled away. Bill always wanted me on the set with him—told everybody who'd listen how "versatile" I was.

I'll tell you about Bill. Aside from the fact that he has the greatest memory for friends of any man I know, he is the most amiable and most generous gentleman who ever strolled God's green footstool. Did you ever read Mark Twain's "This Gilded Age"? Bill is *Colonel Sellers* to the life. In fact, Mark Twain must have known there was a man like W. C. Fields somewhere, or he couldn't have written that book.

He is a brilliant talker, with a flair for the grandiloquent. Out at his Encino "estate," he'll sit up all hours, reading the classics. He likes to sit alone in a big chair, with a highball beside him and a book in his lap, reading till all hours.

Bill has always liked seltzer water, since the day he discovered that putting a little whiskey in it makes it taste better.

His favorite cocktail is one he invented himself. It's this: One part grapefruit juice, one part lemon juice, one part gin, and a dash of syrup of orget. This syrup is an almond juice made in France, and costs about sixty cents a bottle. It's the most delicious concoction you ever wrapped your tongue around.

He has two hobbies—motor cars and golf. Bill always wants the fastest, sportiest car on the market. And he takes his golf seriously. I've never got him to play the ponies.

WHEN he plays golf, it's usually on the Toluca course with Gregory LaCava, the director. They are bitter enemies the minute they step up to the first tee. They hand up fantastic wagers like \$100 a hole and \$1,000 a match, and glare at each other all the way around. I've seen Bill land in a trap, and get his nerve back by pulling out three or four golf balls and juggling 'em till he feels relaxed enough to make his shot. But the minute the game is over and the bets settled, they are as chummy as two peanuts in a pod.

He loves to putter around his ranch, growing things. Bill wants to be a gentleman farmer, and right now he has been investigating the commercial possibilities in raising cumquats. (They're a fruit.) I'm fast learning the secret life and aspirations of the cumquat as found on its native heath (China), but I'm darned if I've ever seen one in the flesh. However, it keeps me busy between pictures.

Bill likes to have me in all his films. He brings me luck, and I do the same for him. You'll see me as a dumb grocery clerk, or a fool caddy, or a pool hall hanger-on in his pictures. I don't care how small the part. After more than a quarter of a century on the stage, it's comfortable to play "bits" and take it easy.

And I figure that if I ever get down on my luck, I know what will cure it. Like the bad penny that always comes back, sooner or later I'd bump into Bill Fields again, and my troubles would be over.

MAY, 1935

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Another side of the secret of blonde beauty is that charming, fresh clean look so natural in the fair smoothness of their arms and legs. Brunettes may easily acquire this by using Marchand's Golden Hair Wash on arms and legs.

Keep the "superfluous" hair Nature intended you (and all of us) to have. Certainly. But make it *unnoticeable* with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. See for yourself how bright and silky smooth your arms and legs become—how soft and alluring to the touch!

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We pay the world's highest prices for old coins, encased postage stamps and paper money. Large Copper Cents up to \$2000.00 each, Half Cents \$250.00, Indian Head Cents \$50.00, 1899 Cent \$10.00, Half Dimes \$150.00, 25c before 1873 \$300.00, 50c before 1873 \$750.00, Silver Dollars before 1873 \$2500.00, Gold dollars \$1000.00, Trade dollars \$250.00, 1822 \$5.00, Gold Piece \$5000.00, Old Paper Money \$25.00, Encased postage stamps \$12.00, Certain Foreign Coins \$150.00 etc. Don't wait! Send Dime Today for our large illustrated list.

ROMANO'S COIN SHOP
Dept. 495, Springfield, Mass.

One Boy in 10,000!

Continued from page thirty-nine

eat spinach! I dislike spinach! So I'd better keep the magnet away from the green-grocer! That's a lovely tip. Thanks a lot."

"Tell me, who is your favorite actor?"

"Tom Mix!"

"And your favorite author?"

"Zane Grey—next to Mr. Dickens!"

BUT BEFORE We go any farther, let me introduce "Sis"—Miss Myllicent Bartholomew, the sweet little spinster-aunt who has developed this amazing child. Freddie was three when her brother's marriage went splash, and "Sis" took him into her arms and claimed him as her own.

Miss Myllicent decided to undertake Freddie's education as her own job. "I made that decision after I discovered that Freddie possessed propensities far in advance of his age," she told me. "I recognized him as a real prodigy. He had an uncanny gift for mimicry, for elocution, and I found that he also possessed an amazing retentive memory. He had an ear not only for music, but for poetry and prose. He could read at four, and when I say read, I mean read anything. By the time he was six, he was quoting Shakespeare and Dickens."

I asked Freddie about his early career, and his blue eyes danced.

"I had one experience," he began, "which, as I look back upon it, makes me blush with shame. I must have been four, wasn't I 'Sis'? Well, I was standing before a big audience, doing a recitation, when my nose began to run. I paused, looked out upon the crowd, and said: 'Will you please pardon me while I wipe my nose?'"

"I believe my biggest thrill, prior to the day I signed the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer contract, was in London. I was the master of ceremonies one night at the Blackfriars Theatre, and I introduced all the distinguished ladies and gentlemen.

"My biggest disappointment had to do with *Oliver Twist*, who, like *David Copperfield*, is one of my very favorite characters. *Oliver Twist* was to be produced in London, and the producers were seeking an *Oliver*. I applied for the rôle. Now, as a matter of fact, I really knew the character. I used to enact much of *Oliver* for my own amusement. The producer decided to cast me for the rôle—but I couldn't get a working permit. I was too young. A girl got the part."

This from a boy who plays a swell game of badminton, loves horses, and dives from a fifteen-feet-high springboard!

"Will you tell me a secret?" I asked.

"Perhaps."

"Who is your hero?"

"Tom Mix."

"Why?"

"I want to be like him because he is always mounted on a horse."

AND HOW DID Freddie win the title rôle in *David Copperfield*? In February, 1934, he read in the newspapers how talent-scouts for M-G-M had interviewed some ten thousand boys in the United States, Canada, England and Australia, in the search for a boy to play *David*.

"I teased 'Sis' for permission to apply for the rôle," Freddie told me. "I pointed out to her that I knew *David*, and that I already had had some experience before



A bit in the background of young Freddie's life, but always there, is "Sis"—Miss Myllicent Bartholomew, his aunt—who let him persuade her to make "the great gamble" and come to America

the camera, having had small rôles in the English films, *Fascination*, *Lily Christine* and *Sugar and Spice*. I pointed out to her, too, that the studio was seeking a boy with a decidedly British manner of speech. But 'Sis' only laughed at me.

"I kept on teasing her. At last she consented to make application, but by this time there was no place to apply except at the studio, here in Hollywood. I kept on teasing; I kept on pointing out that I was the logical boy for the rôle, and at last 'Sis' consented to take what she called 'the great gamble.' We came to Hollywood, and I won the rôle!"

"Freddie was the final choice because of his unaffected personality, his wholesome boyishness and his decidedly British manner of speech," says Selznick.

And now that Freddie has been given a long-term contract at M-G-M (he will next play Greta Garbo's son in *Anna Karenina*), the studio does not intend to run the risk of this little Warminster boy becoming Americanized. He has been provided with an English tutor with a view of his retaining his British accent.

"I didn't really need the tutor," he told me. "'Sis' will see to my accent."

Freddie followed me down the corridor. Then came the surprise.

"Listen, big guy," said Freddie. "Don't let anybody in on this, but, on the level, I know as much slang as the next guy—and that goes double for Jackie Cooper."

HOLLYWOOD

Drop Me a Line

Continued from page fifty-seven

sympathy of a true and sensitive artist. "She looks and acts the person of refinement that she must be in real life. She is beautiful as a lady is beautiful, naturally, unobtrusively.

"Each time I see her on the screen, I feel a warm, comforting glow within me. I reflect, 'There is a fine actress, a sincere, worthwhile person. My evening has been well spent.'"

ALEXANDER WALLACE,
2253 Broderick Street.
San Francisco, Calif.

Anna Lived the Story

\$5.00 Letter

MY DEAR ANNA STEN:

Years have passed since the writer, a school girl, read Tolstoy's novel, *Resurrection*, which reading led her, at the time, into some study of the author's life—his concern for the peasantry of Russia, his vision for its redemption.

The other evening, in a picture house in this little Kentucky town, I saw you with Fredric March in *We Live Again*. Vividly, the picture recalled the book read in other years. As I viewed your presentation of the theme, I could not but wonder what Tolstoy would say if he could see thus his lovely peasant girl and her Count, especially as they marched together, while the "glory shone 'round about them," into the Siberian land of exile.

I shall not forget *We Live Again*. If it was left to my humble decision, I should rate the play four-star-plus, and rank you a great actress. I shall be looking forward to seeing you again.

MARY B. BONDS,
1001 Jackson Street,
Paducah, Kentucky.

Why She Admires Joan

\$1.00 Letter

DEAR JOAN CRAWFORD:

I am not going to rave about your grand figure, or how beautiful you are, or even your screen work. I want to tell you what I admire most in you.

It is your ability to conquer the things you set out to do, such as dancing, screen work and stage work.

Now I read where you are taking up singing. There seems to be no end to your ambition and you are not content with one achievement, so you go on trying others and being successful. You make sacrifices in order to satisfy your ambitions and this increases my admiration for you.

DOROTHY FENDER,
Box 350,
Colusa, Calif.

Are They Blind About Mae?

\$1.00 Letter

DEAR EDITOR:

Mae West is in a class all by herself. There is not another movie star of her type.

Unthinking people call her "obvious"—but they are only judging her by themselves. I call them obvious because they

Please turn to page seventy-six

MAY, 1935

SKINNY? ADD 5 TO 15 LBS. QUICK—THIS NEW EASY WAY!

NOW there's no need to be "skinny" and lose your chances of making friends. Here's a new easy treatment that is giving thousands solid flesh, alluring curves—in just a few weeks!

As you know, doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and also put on pounds of firm attractive flesh—and in a far shorter time.

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear radiant skin, glorious new pep.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured brewers' ale yeast imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful.

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast is then ironized with 3 kinds of strengthening iron.

Day after day, as you take pleasant little Ironized Yeast tablets, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively, skin clear to beauty—you're an entirely new person.

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No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money back instantly.

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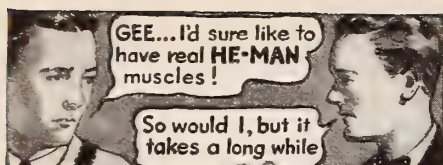
To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body," by an authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with very first package—or money refunded. Sold by all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 285, Atlanta, Ga.



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Posed by professional models



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So would I, but it takes a long while

—says Charles Atlas



"I'll Prove in the first 7 days YOU can have a Body like Mine!"

Not a Physical Instructor in the World has ever DARED to make such an Offer!

DON'T get the idea that it takes a lot of time and hard work for you to get smashing strength and powerful muscles! Don't think you need dumbbells, springs or any other contraptions! Both these ideas are all bunk—and I have PROVED it. All I need is 7 days to prove what I can do for you! And I don't need any apparatus either. In fact, I don't believe in artificial methods that may strain your vital organs!

NATURAL Methods Are All I Need

Above you see an actual photo of how I look today. No muscles have been "painted on". This is the camera's honest proof of what I did for MY body. Now I'm ready to prove what my secret of Dynamic Tension can do for YOURS!

A few years ago, I was a physical wreck, a 97-pound weakling—flat-chested, arms and legs like pipestems. I was worried. I studied myself. Then I found a new way to build myself up. A way that was simple, natural, quick and sure! "Dynamic Tension" is what I called it. In a short time I had the body that has twice won the title of "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

This Secret Has Helped Thousands

Thousands of others now know from their own personal experience what Dynamic Tension has done for them. They were just as frail and puny as I once was. Now they are life-sized examples of what a man can and ought to be. My booklet, filled with pictures, tells my story—and theirs.

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The Will Rogers Nobody Knows!

Continued from page twenty-nine

a hobby of his. First, a range man who has come out here to be a Ken Maynard or a Tom Mix goes broke. Next he sees Rogers. Next he has got a ticket and soon he's home on the range, happily punching cows."

Bill's strongest admirer let that one sink in, before going on to tell me this new, exclusive Rogers story:

"ONE TIME WE went to Jackson, California, to make *Doubling for Romeo*. We worked up there for quite a while. Bill got to know everybody in town. There were a lot of mines up there, and the miners used to come in to watch us work. They jawed a lot with Bill.

"We came back to Hollywood. Several months passed. One morning Bill picked up a paper and read that there had been an explosion in a mine there. Nineteen miners were entombed by a cave-in. Money was needed for their destitute families. . . . A few hours later, several hundred dollars arrived by wire. The town didn't know—and won't know, until somebody reads this—that the money came from Bill; that he felt that those boys were his friends and he wanted to do something for them—pronto.

"As long as I have known him, Bill has always been quick on the draw, as far as his pocketbook is concerned. I haven't been able to beat him yet. Nobody else has, either.

"I used to be embarrassed, because Bill wouldn't let me pay for anything—even though I didn't very often have any money in those early days. I remember one day in particular. We had lunch together, and afterwards went to the cashier's desk. We both shoved our hands into our pockets.

"You might as well keep your hand right there," Bill said, giving me a wise look. 'I know you ain't got a dime.' Somehow, he had found out that I had been taken to the cleaners by my dice-rolling pals—that I'd got too many sevens at the wrong time."

"Big" paused. "Speaking of eating," he continued, "Bill has the wildest habits of anybody I know. For years I lived down beside a polo field near Santa Monica. I never knew when he'd pop in, so I always kept my kitchen well stocked with beans. I might not see him for weeks at a time, but sooner or later he'd show up. 'Hey, "Big!"' he'd holler when he came in the door. 'Drag out them Mexican beans and some corn bread!'

"He has always been crazy about that sort of stuff—range food. How he has stood all these banquets with their rich, civilized food is something I can't figure out."

"BIG" HAS ALWAYS got a kick out of clowning with Bill. In addition to being a foil for Bill's jokes, "Big" has wrestled, roped and ridden with his idol for hours at a time. Bill—and this will be news to you—is strong for tests of strength and skill.

"Big" said, "I'm no prairie flower, and I look like more than a match for Bill. However, he always held his own in wrestling. Right now he could give just about any man his own size a darned good lacing. Physically, in the sixteen years I've known him, the only change

I've seen in him is that his hair has gone a bit grayer.

"Another thing about Bill is that he's not only pretty good at ribbing people; he can take a joke on himself. And that's the acid test for any humorist.

"But one time we had a little horse-play that darned near came to a tragic ending. It happened on location in the desert for *Cupid, the Cowpuncher*. We were three miles from town and the nearest hotel, and had ridden to the spot on our horses. The property man had made a big mud puddle, and Bill was supposed to fall into it. I was standing at the edge, thinking of the beauty and the vastness of the country thereabouts, when Bill came up behind me. The next minute I was up to my neck in mud and Bill and the whole company were getting a laugh.

"I knew that the property man had brought along a change of clothes for Bill after his scheduled ducking. So I sneaked around some trucks, found the clothes and put them on. That joke was on Bill, and he thought it was good, too. Even after he did a nose dive into the mud. That was the last scene, so we headed for the hotel, Bill in his muddy clothes. Bill started galloping his horse and we got into a race. I jumped from my horse to his pony and climbed on. With both of us on the mount, we started wrestling. Suddenly, the saddle slipped and went completely under the horse—right under his belly.

"We'd probably have had our brains kicked out if just at the time the saddle turned the horse hadn't been jumping a small, sandy gully, no bigger than a ditch. We both let go and fell into the sand, clear of the hooves, but with the fun pretty much gone out of us."

MILLIONS HAVE wondered, after seeing Will Rogers' naturalness on the screen, if he is so democratic off the screen—with all the friends he has in high places. This is the answer of the man who knows him best:

"On location trips, I've never known Bill to care about riding with the big-shot players and directors," "Big" recalled. "He'll climb into any car with the mob, and if a bunch of guys are in a comfortable rear seat, he'll pull down the dickey seat and sit on that. If you know anything about Hollywood, you know how unusual it is for a star to be so democratic. Also, he will never let anybody print his name on a studio chair, used on a set. Most players and directors have these. But Bill—the biggest star of them all—just sits anywhere, any time."

I ASKED "BIG" about Bill's newspaper writing. Does Rogers do it, himself? If so, how and where and when?

"Lots of people have been mighty curious about that," he replied. "Hundreds have deliberately asked me if Bill writes his own stuff or whether some guy does it for him. It's silly to think anybody else could write that. Bill has his own slant on things, and every line he writes has got his personality in it as strong as if it was stamped with a trade-mark.

"Bill has got about the biggest dressing-room on the Fox lot. A family of five could live comfortably in it. The only time Bill ever goes near it is to write his copy. He'll duck off the set when

HOLLYWOOD

he gets a chance. In the dressing-room are all the newspapers. He comes in, tosses his hat on anything handy, including the floor, slumps into a chair, grabs the paper and starts reading. He sort of mumbles to himself as he goes through them, maybe once, maybe twice. All of a sudden, his eyes light up. Then he chuckles.

"He gets up, goes to a portable typewriter, sticks a telegraph blank into it, and pecks out his ideas with two fingers. The next day, millions of people either chuckle like he did or laugh out loud.

"I can remember, on trips I took with him in those early days, how he'd always dive for the newspapers. Pretty soon I'd hear him chuckling away at some item and I'd know he had thought up a gag about it. He was able to do this—and is able to do it today—because he sees everything from a different slant from the average person. That's why he's so daw-goned funny."

WHEN WILL ROGERS first went on the stage, he didn't think of himself as an actor so much as a performer. He made a lariat do fancy tricks, while he did a drawling, absolutely spontaneous monologue. And something that few people know about him is that he is still in practice. "Big" told me:

"He is always twirling a rope. When I first saw him on *Dope*, his pony, he was at it. Since then I've seen him rope everything from saddle horns to humans and from goats to fence posts. Undoubtedly, he is the greatest trick roper in the world.

"One day I asked Bill if he didn't get tired of fooling with his lariat.

"Nope," he replied. "A feller's got to keep in shape. You never can tell when Ziegfeld'll put in a call for my services—and I've gotta be ready."

"By this, he meant that he didn't know when he'd leave pictures or when he'd get another job. He knew there was no cinch on security in show business.

"Bill doesn't put any excess valuation on physical things, like automobiles and fine houses and good clothes. He has built his success around understanding human nature, and human nature is what still interests him. He has got his information by reading books, talking to people, studying them. It's what people are that interests him—not what they have.

"Speaking of clothes, I remember one time we got away from work late. Bill had on a brand-new double-breasted blue serge suit which Mrs. Rogers had made him buy to look respectable. It was made by the finest tailor in Southern California.

"Bill and I got some goats and started roping 'em. In a few minutes, the suit was covered with dust, dirt and goat hair.

"Bill remembered the suit, suddenly looked down at it, and grinned sheepishly, just like a kid caught raiding a pantry.

"Gosh, 'Big!'" he exclaimed. "I reckon I'll catch holy Ned from Maw for this!"

Will Rogers and his wife have been married longer than some stars, several times divorced, have been alive. Moreover, all through the years, they have been inseparable. If they had not been such companionable partners, would Will have had the inspiration for the success that is his today?

Watch for more about Will Rogers and his private life, as told by his pal, "Big Boy" Williams, in a future issue.

MAY, 1935

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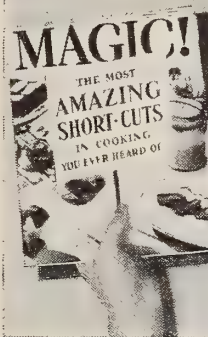


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Why Not Be Colorful?

Continued from page twenty-six

or for one that is not well-lighted, there is nothing like yellow. A warm, radiating yellow, with perhaps a touch of bud-green and with brightly checked curtains.

PERSONALLY, I LOVE yellow. It's so gay and alive and vibrant. Do you know that, if you have a touch of it in every room, it will make your home a great deal more cheerful? And if you are a city apartment-house dweller, hemmed in by tall buildings, try using warm greens and yellows in your rooms. Those are what your eye misses most among the confusion of gray streets and sidewalks and walls.

I don't think there is a question but what we take on the color of our surroundings—in our reactions, at least.

For example, if you are nervous and high-strung, moonlight blue will prove more soothing than a sedative. Golden brown, turquoise, rose madder, fawn, orange, royal blue and emerald green are known as the "tonic" shades. They will positively pep you up!

TO ME, The principal thing in decorating a home is to have things about you that you love, that have some association with memories. That is what a house lacks when it is left entirely to interior decorators. It isn't a real part of you. But when you have this feeling of nearness and dearness in a place, with a background of colors that do things for you, then you have a real home!

It was the Emperor Jones who crystallized my thoughts on color, really. He is apt to do that to anyone! Because, you see, he is Robert Edmond Jones, the King of Color! If you saw *La Cucaracha*, you know why he is called that. For years he has been an outstanding genius of the theatre and now he is about to sweep all Hollywood into a complete color cycle.

"We don't live in a black and white world," he told me. "Everything around us is colored. We expect it. Why shouldn't we expect it of the screen?"

Why shouldn't we, indeed? But I didn't realize the full significance of what he said until that night in the projection room when we went to look at the first day's rushes of *Becky Sharp*. The colored film was run off first. Then the usual black and white one. It gave me the most terrific "let-down" feeling—as if we had been living in a real scene, only to have it turn into just a print, after all! This new color process has been developed to that extent. It is as different from the old one as today's talking pictures are from the early attempts.

AND IT IS DOING an astounding thing to the personalities of the screen characters. They are being suggested by colors, as well as by words and actions.

For instance, in *Becky Sharp*, Frances Dee plays *Amelia*. The rôle is that of an innocent, charming and rather neutral person. So Mr. Jones has designed all her costumes in soft, pale shades—with pink predominating.

Becky, of course, is exactly opposite in type. She is daring, adventurous, high-spirited... And Mr. Jones tells you what she is before she speaks a word. He has given her gowns of dashing greens that suggest the hunt, gowns of ivory gauze spangled with gold stars and worn with

sparkling jet. When she wears white, it is with bold pipings of brilliant red. And it is fun portraying her, seeing how these colors bring her out.

For colors can work magic in any woman. Used correctly, they can make her twice as interesting. Yes, and twice as lovely!

Take the Junoesque type—tall, stately, fascinating. If she carries herself like a Juno, with pride in her height, and wears the regal, dark shades that are her special forte—why, she's supreme! But when she slumps in an effort to appear shorter and dresses in pale, frivolous colors, she goes zoom! And nine-tenths of her attractiveness disappears...

BRIGHTLY CONTRASTING and cheerful colors are for the vivacious types. As someone put it: "They're a riot in red, they glow in yellow, they shine in orange—and they flame up in black and white!" But naturally, there are a number of things to be considered in each individual case. You might find a small, vivacious brunette who read Proust. You certainly couldn't dress her as you would a lively blonde with a flair for the circus! Mr. Jones sums it up neatly. He says, "If a color becomes your face, it's good; if it high-lights your personality, it's better!"

But it should never dominate your personality... You see a shy, sensitive little person parading around in brazen scarlet. She is merely the background for her outfit, when it should be the background for her. This unassuming type has a charm all her own. In medium or orchid-blues, in sunny tans and creams and rose, she radiates friendliness. Dark colors are not advisable. And navies and deep magenta are too unresponsive for her.

Nothing in the world brings out the true emotional type like Oriental effects abounding in warm reds and yellows and rich blacks. Flat, one-toned dresses should be avoided.

Of course, if you are the strong, capable sort of person, you need not be afraid to wear strong, bright colors. They won't subdue you. They will do just the opposite and emphasize your individuality.

I DON'T SUPPOSE that a more glorious redhead than Billie Burke ever existed. And, strangely enough, one of the colors that seem to do most for her is raspberry red. It was the Emperor Jones who pointed that out. "I never have understood why red-headed women neglect such shades as a rule," he remarked. "I've always wanted to see them in orange and yellow, too. But no, they wear pink!"

I have often wondered why blondes use it so much, too. Oh, I admit I am always buying those dusty-pink evening dresses—and never wearing them! To be frank, I think blondes have to be very careful not to go "blah" in light colors. A bit of dark color near the face, either at the neck or trimming a hat, supplies just the right note of contrast—and interest...

One of the most exciting things a brunette can do is to stress the color in her cheeks, simply by wearing a touch of the same color or a neighboring color. It not only makes her more vivid; it adds fire to her eyes!

To enjoy life thoroughly, to get the most out of your surroundings and wardrobe, know your colors...

HOLLYWOOD

Now I Can Tell

Continued from page seventeen

David Harum. The first day on the set, I noticed a man behind the camera who strongly appealed to me. I asked who he was, to discover his name was Hal Mohr, one of the ace cameramen of Hollywood.

Next day I looked for him as soon as I came on the set. And I told myself, then and there, that I had found the man I wanted to marry!

You will think this a trifle school-girlish. Well, I thought the same thing.

To decide that you have found the one man in the world, after so brief an acquaintance, doesn't seem believable—until you experience it, yourself. Yet I was as sure then as I am now.

Strangely enough, Hal felt the same way. Afterwards he told me that he had looked through the lens and had seen me framed there, and had declared that it was a picture he wanted to keep always.

And one week later we were engaged!

IT ALL HAPPENED to us so quickly that nobody knew. I made up my mind that no one would find out. Something might happen to take this away from us.

But, more important, I was not yet ready to trust my own emotions. I said that we must wait a year. That wasn't very easy to do, but marriage is important, very important, when you first come face to face with it. Suppose that, after all, we were not meant to be husband and wife? A year would tell us more about each other, and if by the end of that time we still were sure, then the future would be more secure.

And so for a year we scurried about, dodging Hollywood's curiosity. When we lunched together, it was all very casual. Reporters may have speculated at times, but they couldn't be sure. When our secret appeared to be in danger, we would throw them off the scent.

But when the time was up, and we flew away to be married, what a happy moment that was! Now we could hold hands in the open! We took a home up in the hills, where we could look far across to the sea, and life held everything we both had hoped to find in it.

Do You Know the Answers?

This is an observation test. Back on Page 54, you looked at a picture. You saw certain things. What can you remember without looking back? Can you score 100 per cent on these questions?

1. Would you go through your test lines with a member of your own sex—or of the opposite sex?

2. Would the player helping you to make the test register boredom or try to make you feel more at ease?

3. Would there be studio players present, watching you go through your paces?

4. Might there be a star at your elbow—a star like Buck Jones, for example—coaching you?

5. Would there be anyone to tell you whether to raise your voice, lower it, talk more slowly?

6. Would you be permitted to wear the clothes in which you would be most comfortable—sports attire, for example?

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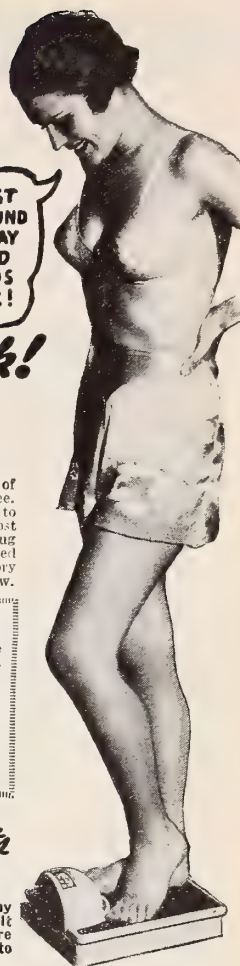
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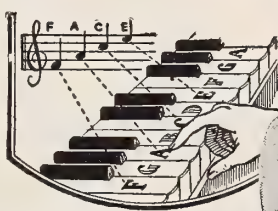
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How to Serve a Tasty Cake

Continued from page forty-nine

included in the "Cakes Which Have Won Prizes" leaflets, mentioned in the box on page 48.

I want to tell you her recipe for Premium Cocoanut Cake. But first let me give you a recipe which, in twenty minutes, will turn out a cake that will get "Bravo's."

SWEET MUFFIN SPEEDCAKES

(Preparation time—20 minutes)

- 2 cups flour
- 3 teaspoons baking powder
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 4 tablespoons soft shortening
- ½ cup sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup milk
- 1 teaspoon flavoring

Cream sugar and shortening. Sift dry ingredients. Blend well-beaten eggs and milk. Add milk and flour to sugar mixture alternately, blending gently. Add flavoring. Spoon into 12 well-greased muffin tins, making each two-thirds full. Slip into a moderate oven—375 degrees F.—and bake for 15 minutes.

Split open. Insert a spoonful of jelly, or 3 seeded prunes, or some fresh chopped berries or other fruit. Top with whipped cream and serve.

In regard to cake cautions, almost every young cake baker whom I know swears allegiance to the following practices:

1. She uses STANDARD measuring cups and spoons.
2. She makes LEVEL measurements.
3. She buys a NATIONALLY KNOWN BRAND of cake flour.*

And sifts the flour before measuring.

4. She avoids CHILLED eggs, milk and shortening, since those at room temperature make a lighter cake.

5. She beats the cake mixture VIGOROUSLY before flour and baking powder are added; GENTLY afterward.

6. She uses a CONTROLLED OVEN and a definite baking temperature.

7. She has an ELECTRIC MIXER or is "saving up" for one.

Now for that Cocoanut "Queen":

PREMIUM COCOANUT CAKE

(Prize-Winner at Famous Food Show)

- ½ cup shortening
- 1½ cups sifted sugar
- 1 teaspoon grated orange rind
- 1 large whole egg
- 2 extra egg whites
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 3 teaspoons baking powder
- 2 cups pastry flour
- ½ cup orange juice
- ½ cup cold water
- ½ cup shredded cocoanut mixed with 2 tablespoons flour

Set your oven at 350 degrees F. Grease and flour tins. Sift together sifted flour, salt and baking powder onto a folded square of paper. Cream shortening with wooden spoon or electric mixer until light and fluffy. Add sugar by table-

spoons and beat until very light. Drop in that nice big egg, and the grated rind and beat until mixture is as light and fluffy as whipped cream.

Sprinkle a little of the flour over mixture and blend. Add orange juice and water alternately with sifted flour in small quantities, beating gently after each addition, until all has been added. Fold in cocoanut sprinkled with flour, and then stiffly-beaten whites of eggs. (If you use the mixer for beating the eggs, stop as soon as they barely hold a peak.)

Pour into greased, floured layer cake or loaf pans. Spread dough slightly toward outside edge of pans so that layers may be flat on top when baked. Bake at 335-350 degrees F. for 35-45 minutes. Remove from pans. Cool. Cut an oblong cake into halves to form layers. Join layers with Gold Coast Orange Filling and ice with California Cocoanut Icing. (Recipes for both are in the leaflet, "Prize-Winning Cake Frostings," mentioned in the box on page 48.) Or frost between layers and on top with:

PREMIUM PRUNE ICING

Make a boiled or four-minute frosting —(See leaflet, "Cakes and Frostings Made With a Mixer")—using 2 egg whites. Fold in 1½ cups of cooked and seeded prunes, which have been well drained and cut into quarters, 1 cup of sliced bananas and ¼ teaspoon lemon extract. Blend lightly. Spread between white cake layers, and cover top and sides. Decorate cake top with prune sections, slices of banana and marachino cherries.

No cake has more masculine fans than good old Chocolate Cake. You'll like the Million-Dollar Devil's Food Recipe in the "Cakes Which Have Won Prizes" leaflet. And you will like this favorite of my own.

YEAR-AROUND CHOCOLATE CAKE

(This cake is red, and it's good.)

- ½ cup shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 egg well beaten
- 1½ squares chocolate dissolved in ¼ cup boiling water and milk to fill the cup
- 1 teaspoon vinegar
- 1½ cups flour
- 1 teaspoon soda dissolved in 2 teaspoons vanilla

Cream the shortening until it is light and fluffy. (Use your electric beater here, by all means, if you have one.) Add the sugar and cream some more. Add the remaining ingredients in the order given—letting the chocolate mixture cool before adding it. Blend well and bake in a moderate oven (350-375 degrees F.) for 35-45 minutes, the time depending upon whether it is baked in loaf or layer pans.

And do write for your copy of the recipe of Clark Gable's favorite cake. It is easy to make. Serve it and you will find it as popular at your table as Clark Gable is on the screen.

Don't forget that I am always happy to get letters inclosing cake queries. Let me send you a special cake recipe for any particular occasion at which you want to serve a surprise cake.

You will want a set of the Prize-Winning Cake leaflets, too. Don't forget to enclose a stamped, addressed return envelope with any query.

HOLLYWOOD

Harry Carr's Shooting Script

Continued from page forty-one

Napoleon's Wife—and the milestone will have been passed. At that, it might be an ideal rôle for Dietrich — although by the time Herr Lubitsch can get that decidedly frisky royal lady on the screen, she may not be left dangerous enough to be fingerprinted in a police station.

Back Again

VAGABOND LADY will look like Old Home Week with Vera Steadman, Alice Lake and Pat Somerset of the old Mack Sennett lot back on the screen again, supporting Evelyn Venable, Reginald Denny and Robert Young.

East Is East, West Is West

IT WAS JUST one of those things that happen sometime. I imagine that Fannie Brice during her whole career has never come in for so much vicious paning as during the recent Los Angeles engagement of *Ziegfeld's Follies*. The show was packed to the doors at every engagement; but the critics nearly all fell upon Fannie with dog whips and bed slats. In some subtle way, her stuff does not belong anywhere outside of New York. The beautiful girls and the dancers got over better in our pueblo than any of the famous stars. Personally, I find to a greater degree every year that pictures become more interesting than stage plays.

Dead Dogs

IT SOUNDED A little press-agency; but these stories are true about the dog that was brought back from death by Dr. Robert Cornish on the set at Universal for the picture, *Life Returns*.

Other dogs fled howling from the resurrected canine. Home pets fled in dismay from anyone who had touched him.

Animals seem to have a strange pre-science about death. I have seen cattle stampede half an hour before the arrival of an earthquake. When death is hovering around a house, dogs seem to know.


Latins Mean L-o-v-e

WITH CAESAR ROMERO and Tullio Carminati coming up, it looks as though we were headed for another Latin era. And I suppose that means dramas of pash. Oh, well—let us suffer and be strong.

Songbirds Have Futures


MARY ELLIS, who insists she is a dramatic actress and not a grand opera singer is doing *Paris in Spring* and Grace Moore is ready to start *On the Wings of Song*. It looks like a singing year in the talkies. The truth is the singies have the greatest possible future in spite of an inglorious past. Pictures in which actors sing will always be—and would always have been—popular. The trouble has been with the stories. The public will not stand for songs that are dragged in by the heels—where the actor on a Pullman train picks up the sugar bowl and begins to warble "Be My Little Sugar Plum."

MAY, 1935



Dick Powell's
Amazing Life Story is
vividly told by Jim Tully in May's
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New Sensation No. 1—Merle Oberon

Continued from page twenty-seven

some men. You know what I mean. I felt that it could not possibly be real. I felt that the buildings would vanish at a moment's notice. That the flowers would disappear. That the sun would drop swiftly, and the whole thing would turn into a dream. It was all so strange, so entirely unlike anything I had ever seen before, that I couldn't grasp it at first—couldn't seem to get used to it.

"To the stranger at the gates, there seems to be a sort of impermanent air about the whole place. I felt as Alice must have felt when she first looked through the Looking-Glass."

"YOU SEE, I'm not accustomed to so much luxury—so much opulence," she added with a shy smile. "Even at the studios, everything was different from what I had known in England. The deference with which a movie star is treated in Hollywood made me open my eyes in wonder. Out at Elstree, we all work and chat and mingle and eat and laugh and cry together. The director treats the star and the other players with the same courtesy, the same attitude as he does everyone. The work of the stars may be more important, but we feel that we're just a member of a group working towards a common objective."

"In Hollywood, in contrast, each star has his or her own chair, marked in great letters across the back, just like the director's chair. I had been accustomed to standing around in England, waiting to be called for a scene, and, if I got tired, finding a chair for myself. When we were making *The Scarlet Pimpernel*, Leslie Howard had one of the two private dressing-rooms, and I had the other. Just ordinary, plain little rooms with typical English bathrooms attached."

"I wish you could see the magnificent suite I was given when I arrived in Hollywood to make *Folies Bergere*! Darryl Zanuck had the place all fixed up with more flowers than I had ever seen in my life. I couldn't believe my eyes! I was the first woman to use the new dressing-room suite, which had just been finished—with a drawing-room, a dining-room, a bedroom, a bathroom and a complete kitchen. And all decorated in the most luxurious style."

"Am I supposed to live here while I am in Hollywood?" I asked Darryl.

"Oh, no," he answered. "This is where you dress."

"Isn't that amazing?" she demanded.

"I FELT SO STRANGE when I first arrived in Hollywood, so homesick, that I had made up my mind I wanted to go home on the first boat. I rented a house in Beverly Hills and lived there with my friend and secretary. I didn't meet many people, but Norma Shearer and Mrs. Sam Goldwyn and a few other producers' wives entertained me. One of the girls I liked best was Jean Harlow. She went out of her way to be cordial to me, and I thought she was lovely."

"I like the climate, and I feel that the working conditions are the most ideal in the world. Isn't it funny that I have really fallen in love with a place that I almost disliked when I first saw it?" she asked. "But, then, I can remember how much I disliked olives when I first tasted them," she added, smiling.

"Before I came to America, I used to wonder just what it was that made the Hollywood screen star so glamorous. After I arrived on the Coast and saw the settings I discovered the reason."

"I'VE GOT A CONFESSION to make," she went on with a half-grin. "They're trying to make me the first 'Glamour Girl' of England. I suppose it is because my face is odd, and my eyes slant. I don't look like any of the other movie stars over there, and they feel that if they worked on me hard enough, perhaps I would be the type. Maybe so! Somehow, I think personally that California with its sunshine and flowers, and all the tremendously expensive atmosphere of the place, is the proper setting for the wonder-women of the screen. I'm afraid that any 'glamour girl' would soon wilt away beneath the stern reality of a typical London fog!"

Now, isn't that a surprising sentiment to come from the mouth of a movie star? I tried to figure the whole thing out later on. Finally, I decided that some of the biographical details of her life may have had something to do with it.

She was born Estelle Merle O'Brien Thompson. Korda decided that Estelle Thompson would scarcely suit the customary Mazda setting, so he changed the name to Merle Oberon. Her father was an English army officer, and her mother an English woman with half-French and half-Dutch ancestry on the maternal side. Tasmania was the birthplace of Miss Oberon, and her father died three months before she arrived in the world. She lived with an aunt and uncle in Bombay for several of her early years, and then moved to Calcutta.

They have an amateur theatrical society in Calcutta which is known as the "Cats," and Estelle, as she was called then, danced in some of the pantomime choruses. Then and there she decided she wanted to become an actress.

When she was seventeen, her uncle got his long-looked-for "leave," and took his niece to Europe. And, once there, she remained—first as a hostess in the Café de Paris, then as an "extra" for Gaumont-British. For two years she played small "bits," or was just one of "the mob," until one day, while working at the British and Dominion Studios, she happened to be sitting next to the table where Alexander Korda and his wife were lunching.

Korda's wife noticed Estelle and said something to her husband. He nodded. Here was a discovery!

"My contract with Korda has been the greatest and best thing that ever happened to me," said Miss Oberon in telling of the event. "He is, to my mind, the most wonderful genius in the whole film industry. Besides, I have never known a man more universally beloved than Korda—unless it would be Joseph Schenck."

"I know that if I have any talent, Korda will develop it to the farthest point it can go. At the same time, if Mr. Schenck feels that I must remain in America to make more pictures, I am quite sure he is right, and that Korda will allow it."

She is remaining—to be in *The Flame Within* with Ann Harding and Robert Montgomery.

HOLLYWOOD

It's the Gadgets That Count

Continued from page fifty-one

was a chance to devise something to remedy that situation.

I made the head of my bed serve a double purpose. If you will notice in the photograph, I put in a set of steps (with drawer space in each one), leading to the renovated attic. Those adjoining my bed hide reading lights, which can be closed out of view. The headboard, itself, houses a radio, a little compartment for books, cigarettes, and all the other things usually found on a night-stand.

END TABLES and coffee tables, I've always found a nuisance. To replace them, now that the opportunity offered itself, I had a lot of little niches built throughout the house. Here cigarettes, a book or two, are always at hand.

I also designed a combination magazine holder and stepladder, and now whenever I want a book on the top shelf (and a fellow always wants that book on the top shelf) I don't have to go dashing to the kitchen for a chair on which Mrs. William will let me stand. This ladder-rack is quite simple. It's a glorified stepladder really — only the steps are much wider, and the sides are curved for beauty. It's finished like the rest of the furniture in the room.

We had a small, narrow porch off the living room. We turned it into a serving room by having kidney-shaped tables made for it, which may be let down against the wall when not in use.

It was Mrs. William's idea not to have a couch in front of the fireplace, as is customary. Our fireplace is below floor-level, and so we had a very long floor cushion made, with individual bulky cushions for the ends. We've found this innovation far more comfortable than the average couch. A very low coffee table, quite long, was our next idea.

IN EVERY small corner we have built-in mirrors to give it an air of spaciousness—and Mrs. William's dressing-room is entirely lined with mirrors. It was very small in its original form, but the mirrors give it an effect of unlimited space. And, by the way, she adopted my idea of the wardrobes, and had several, of various sizes, installed in her dressing-room. And she can't imagine today how she ever got along without them.

My especial pride and joy is the telephone at our gate. Our house is quite a distance from the road, and we find it necessary to keep the entrance gates locked. However, we have hung a lantern affair on one of the posts, and by pulling a chain it is lowered. Right inside is a house phone over which guests announce themselves. We then open the electrically-controlled gates from the house. That's my invention—and I'm as pleased as a peacock about it! Give a man half an inch in the kitchen—and he'll insist on cooking the pot-roast!

There isn't a hall-seat, a box, a window seat in our house that isn't made to do double duty. Everything has drawers in it for storage—from shoe-shining apparatus, to things we might some day want.

It isn't every day a man is given a chance to prove his master mind. I'm grateful for my blessings.

However, I am having a little difficulty in making my household use the fruits of my mental labors!

MAY, 1935

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Drop Me a Line

Continued from page sixty-seven

take her at face value, and judge her by those standards.

To me, Mae West is one of the most subtle people before the public. She impresses me as having a grand time gently poking fun at life and its inhibitions, our stupid conventions and foolish vanities. I think one reason for her appeal is that she acts with an abandon with which most of us would like to if we but dared.

Also, I admire Mae West because she has the ability to wear old-fashioned clothes in a century vastly different from the one in which those clothes were created, and make them look appealingly beautiful.

I say, "More power to Mae West!" I think she is very clever, and grand entertainment.

MISS VERNON COX,
1956 W. 80th Street,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Another Open Letter to Dick

\$1.00 Letter

DEAR DICK POWELL:

In the March issue of HOLLYWOOD I read that you are fearful of the loss of public favor if you continue in "singing rôles." Please don't think this way—we like you just as you are.

Eugene Chrisman, in his letter to you, said that you have changed—that you're growing up! Your fans have noticed this, too, and they all would rather see you in the jolly way in which you have so far appeared before them.

Please, please stay "Just As Sweet As You Are!"

This may seem like a reproduction of Eugene Chrisman's letter to you, but I write to prove that your fans do want you to stay young and cheerful and keep that grand voice of yours ringing all over the country!

Do give us some more rôles like those in *42nd Street* and *Footlight Parade*!

FRANCES M. FEATHER
1362 Mineral Spring Road,
Reading, Pennsylvania.

Will's Popularity Secret

\$1.00 Letter

DEAR WILL ROGERS:

Your pictures hold your public with their human interest. How true to life

the characters you play! I, like many others, have remarked, "What good acting Will Rogers does!" However, I have come to the conclusion that you are not acting at all, but just being natural.

When a man travels across the country, paying all his expenses, to address a crowd of over four thousand people for two hours for a benefit fund, charging nothing for his address, and then slips away, leaving behind his check for \$250 donated to the fund—well, he is what I call a real man. It is that spark of human interest in Will Rogers' pictures that endears him in the hearts of his public.

The only fault to find with your pictures is that they are not produced fast enough for your public. So, in closing, let me suggest a slogan: "More pictures for us and more power to you!"

MRS. BARTON CALDWELL,
63 E. Broadway St.,
Greenwood, Ind.

(Pardon our pointing, but HOLLYWOOD is proud to present this month, on page 28, an exclusive and vivid pen picture of Will Rogers, Box Office Star Number One—by his close friend, Guinn Williams. He tells what Will, himself, might tell—if Will ever had the talking urge when reporters are around.—Editor.)

Chic, the Masquerader

\$1.00 Letter

DEAR CHIC SALE:

Will you please tell where you have been keeping your "real" self, letting everyone believe you were just another "old man" playing an "old man's" part? For now HOLLYWOOD Magazine comes out with your picture, revealing to us a young man, under the caption, "The Magic of Make-Up."

No "magic of make-up" alone could ever have made the bent old man of trembling voice, who has had us first in laughter and then in tears. Why did you hide your real self, causing us to overlook so much talent and such wonderful characterization?

Now that we know, we are expecting "reel" big things of you.

Sincerely,
SARA DAVENPORT,
900 Gordon Street, S. W.,
Atlanta, Ga.

The Favorites This Month

These are the ten women stars and ten men stars to whom the most letters have been addressed in HOLLYWOOD's "Drop Me a Line" Contest during the past thirty days. Is your own personal favorite among them? If not, why not? Did you write—try for a prize and a star's answer?

The twenty toppers:

1. Shirley Temple
2. Joan Crawford
3. Ginger Rogers
4. Greta Garbo
5. Mae West
6. Myrna Loy
7. Norma Shearer
8. Loretta Young
9. Claudette Colbert
10. Janet Gaynor

1. Clark Gable
2. Dick Powell
3. Bing Crosby
4. John Boles
5. Will Rogers
6. Gene Raymond
7. Robert Montgomery
8. Fred Astaire
9. James Cagney
10. Robert Donat

Hollywood Flashes

Continued from page six

paratory to her initial appearance before the lens, which will take place in RKO-Radio's *Love Song* . . .

Romance

ROCHELLE HUDSON is going places with Royer, the gown specialist . . . Junior Laemmle is showering orchids on Ida Lupino again . . . Metro's Louise Henry is sporting a new ring with two heart-shaped diamonds, but she refuses to name its contributor . . . Sally O'Neil shed so many tears when Tommy Guinan told her he was returning to New York that he has decided to linger in Hollywood for another month or so . . . Marian Marsh, who used to devote all of her time to Howard Hughes, now steps out with Edmund Lowe . . . But Margaret Lindsay is managing to keep the wealthy Howard entertained . . . Ted Stewart is Toby Wing's latest beau . . . Sue Carol no longer divides her attentions between Howard Wilson and James Crofton. Jim has been eliminated, all of which meets with Howard's approval . . . Doris Dawson continues to be head lady in the life of Tony Moreno . . . Believe it or not, but the Harold Lloyds have been wed for twelve years. And they have lived right here in Hollywood all that time.

Marriages

HELEN CHANDLER is the bride of Bramwell Fletcher . . . Lois Moran, who was a big-money star in the silents, is honeymooning with Colonel Clarence Young, the aviation expert . . . Lilian Harvey's friends say she will ankle it with Willy Frisch before she returns to America. They're together in Switzerland at the moment . . . Irene Bentley and Richard Hemingway, the stage actor, eloped to San Bernardino t'other day, and now they are motoring through Southern California . . . Henry Chapellet, a Los Angeles chemist, has claimed Mary Margaret Fairbanks, niece of Doug, Sr., as his wife.

Births

THE ANDY CLYDES actually staged a preview of their nursery, which will soon have an occupant . . . The Harry Greens are expectant once more . . . Virginia Lee Corbin is rejoicing over the arrival of a second son. She's the wife of Theodore Krol, a New York broker.

Divorces

FILM CAREERS, which followed their coronation as the most beautiful girl and the handsomest man on the Illinois University campus in 1933, sent the marriage of the rich Winifred Flint and Gilbert I. Berry, grid star, crashing on the rocks . . . Winifred took time off from her Paramount contract to return to her native Chicago and pick off the decree . . . Ronald Colman's divorce from Thelma Raye has been made final by the London courts . . . Gwili Andre is in Reno to sever the ties that bind her to Stasch Mlotkowski of Philly . . . William Van R. Smith, rich Beverly attorney so frequently mentioned as Nancy Carroll's next mate, has been sued for divorce by Mrs. Beatrice Smith.

MAY, 1935

"I'm Taking Her Husband"



Two women in love with the same man—one the wife, the other the younger woman—that's the problem and it's as old as life itself. But read what this young writer discovered when she frankly studied the cases of her two friends from a modern viewpoint—in the May



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City _____ State _____ Age _____

What I've Been Seeing and Hearing

Continued from page thirty-one

to me. "But what does the girl want with a cowbell?" you ask. It happened this way. When the British ship, *H. M. S. Norfolk*, was in San Pedro harbor, I had met Admiral Drax at a luncheon with Ronald Colman, Ralph Forbes, Tom Brown and Anita Louise, Lois Wilson and Ann Harding. I promised him that, when he moved up to Santa Barbara, I would meet him in a motor boat, ringing a cowbell in welcome.

THEN THE *Ballet Russe* arrived in town, and I couldn't think of going skiing—and missing that. You see, I've always been mad about dancing. When I was eight, I used to teach a class of twenty infants—ranging from the toddling age to six years. (In that way, I got my own dancing lessons free.) So to the *Ballet Russe* I had to go!

Practically the whole film colony had the same idea. It was Hollywood on parade. Elissa Landi and her mother, Fredric March and Florence Eldridge, Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone, Mr. and Mrs. John Boles were almost as constant in their attendance as I was. Even when I sneaked away for one matinee, John Boles was there.

Then I decided that since I couldn't go to Yosemite right away, I would buy a Spring hat.

That started me off on a glorified window-shopping tour—object, evening gowns.

LITTLE MARY CARLISLE was all thrilled at the cocktail party the Eddie Hillmans gave to celebrate her twenty-first birthday. Anita Louise was there with Tom Brown, and I saw her much-discussed bracelet. Every time Anita makes a picture that Tom likes, she gets a link with the name of the picture engraved on it. But her favorite link is still the one with two hearts and an arrow on it!

I ASKED ANITA and Tom to aid me in being guests of honor at the Assistance League for luncheon. Randy Scott was with us, and Ruth Roland was our waitress. The League is a grand place, with lots of stars and lots of tourists, and the receipts all go to relief. One day while Wally Ford and I were working together, we ran over, and Martha Ford

(Mrs. Wally) was our waitress. And a very indifferent one she made! We couldn't get any service out of her. She just sat and chatted with us and left us to starve. Met King Vidor there. He's going to Europe to do a picture for Alexander Korda and asked my advice because I had made two pictures in England. I recommended the trip highly.

THE PICTURE WITH Wally—*Devil's Cargo*—was finished. There were no retakes. The *Ballet Russe* had left town. "Now for the snow trip!" thought I. My brother, Tony, and I were all ready to pull up stakes for Yosemite—at last!—when I turned to the morning paper to discover that the San Carlo Opera Company was in Los Angeles.

So back to the garage went the skis, and Edmund Lowe and I went to the opera. Eddie loves good music and never misses an occasion to hear it. *Aida* was the opening performance and we saw everybody—including Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone, Elissa Landi and her mother, John Boles and his wife and a large group of friends.

Colleen Moore had a grand cocktail party the other afternoon. Norman Foster—he's awfully busy writing these days—was there, and Marian Nixon and Bill Seiter, Lois Wilson, Maureen O'Sullivan and John Farrow. Maureen showed me her "instalment" bracelet—to have links representing all the patron saints. Mine is more plebeian—metal mementoes of Mickey Mouse and Pluto, the Pup, and Horse-Collar. (I haven't got Claribell Cow yet.) Lois insisted that she must have one like Maureen's, and I promised to get her the link for St. Christopher—patron saint of travel.

The Santa Anita races are all the thing now, but I haven't gone since the horse, *Head Play*, bit me. I told a friend that I had a hunch to play on him. She took me up on it and won!

And speaking of taking up things, I'm still determined to get to Yosemite and take up skiing. Of course, there is Colleen Moore's party tonight, and the opera is still here, and I have to dash off to a fashion show (I'm a judge)—but this chatter-column is written, and if I can get there before the snows melt, I'M STILL GOING TO YOSEMITE!



May, according to astrologers and poets, is a merry month. Anyway, **HOLLYWOOD** wishes "Happy Birthday" to these stars—and to you, too, if your birthday is a May day:

Richard Arlen	1	Estelle Taylor	20
Leila Hyams	1	Robert Montgomery	21
Kent Taylor	1	Lola Lane	21
Josephine Dunn	1	Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.	23
Bing Crosby	2	James Gleason	23
William Bakewell	2	Frank McHugh	23
Mary Astor	3	Dorothy Lee	23
Aline MacMahon	3	George E. Stone	25
Gary Cooper	7	Al Jolson	26
Richard Barthelmess	9	John Wayne	26
Constance Cummings	15	Paul Lukas	26
Maureen O'Sullivan	17	Minna Gombell	28
Conway Tearle	17	Stepin Fetchit	30
Lyda Roberti	20	Jack Holt	31



Hollywood Chatter

When film folks foregather, what do they talk about? According to a last-minute flash from *Operative 7046*, these are Talkie Town Topics:

Josef von Sternberg telling **Marlene Dietrich** about the dancing contest he once won in Flatbush.

Lee Tracy off for his new, hundred-acre ranch, where he raises melons and alfalfa.

Director Frank Borzage fighting old man "flu," and receiving many, many flowers from his numerous star admirers.

Nancy Carroll and **Van Smith**, who have been rumored quarreling, lunching together at the *Brown Derby*.

Dolores Del Rio and **Lili Damita** selecting frocks.

James Cagney kicking about the stubble he wears in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

Henry Armetta ordering three malted milks and downing them in quick order.

Connie Bennett and **Stu Erwin** at the preview of their latest picture, *After Office Hours*, and giving the small-town fans a good look at them.

Shirley Temple and her stand-in cutting out paper dolls on the set of *Heaven's Gate*.

Pinky Tomlin, who wrote *The Object of My Affections* and left the old Oklahoma homestead for Hollywood, trying to dash off a few bars of music in between shots of his first picture, *Times Square Lady*.

Will Rogers and director **David Butler** discussing the Hauptmann case—as who isn't?

Jean Harlow working late at night on her dance routines for *Reckless*.

Ruby Keeler playing her own hunches at the races and winning while hubby **Al Jolson** sits by and marvels at woman's intuition.

Tom Mix driving down Hollywood Boulevard in his new car and seeming to enjoy life in general.

Hearing about the number of prominent actors and actresses who turned down jobs after looking at the tiger in *Man-Eating Tiger* . . . **Lew Ayres** and **Claire Trevor** finally accepted the leading parts.

Fred Astaire with his hands in his pockets, whistling and strolling down the Boulevard.

Franchot Tone designing a new-style dinner jacket, in a crusade for comfort.

Spencer Tracy playing the fillies at *Santa Anita* and losing consistently.

Ginger Rogers' mother entertaining about a hundred guests in honor of her niece, **Phyllis Fraser**.

Jean Muir hunting for a house in the Toluca Lake district—one that she can remodel herself.

Kay Francis throwing a gigantic "nautical costume" cocktail party at the *Vendome* and redecorating the place to look like the deck of a ship. And then having a relapse of the "flu."

May Robson receiving two proposals of marriage in two weeks—one from a boy nineteen years old.

Fred Keating still fighting a bad cold and talking through his nose, to the delight of his friends.

Rouben Mamoulian—the only man who has directed **Garbo**, **Dietrich** and **Sten**—taking **Gertrude Michael** to the *Brown Derby*.

George McManus, the creator of *Jiggs*, the cartoon character, sketching a mighty fine picture of **Tommy Lyman** singing *You're the Top* at the Marcell Inn.

Hal Mohr and **Evelyn Venable** leaving for an air holiday in their brand-new plane. Reported heading for Montezuma's old hunting-ground in Mexico.

Ann Dvorak and **Leslie Fenton** befriending a dog that had been run over.

Henry Hull in the most grotesque make-up anybody ever witnessed.

Samuel Goldwyn still talking about making *Barbary Coast*—with **Miriam Hopkins** starred.

Rosalind Russell, the newcomer who has made six pictures in six months, getting away for a week-end at Palm Springs.

An anonymous admirer of **Glenda Farrell**'s leaving a potted plant at her doorstep each morning.

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losing weight? pale?

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3	MONA BARRIE		
4	NORMAN FOSTER		
5	DIXIE LEE		
6	LESLIE HOWARD		
7	MERLE OBERON		
8	DAVID MANNERS		
9	JEAN MUIR		
10	JOE PENNER		

Real names listed on page 82

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Let's Talk About Stars

Continued from page ten

a year's contract as a result of her work in *Devil Dogs of the Air*, one of the year's first big hits.

Powell took Martha under his wing after picking her from among one hundred and fifty Busby Berkeley beauties to emote opposite him in a short advertising film.

It's In The Blood

WHEN MARY MACARTHUR arrived to brighten the Helen Hayes—Charles MacArthur union, Mama Helen definitely announced that she would not rear her daughter to be an actress. In fact, Helen went further, and declared that she would do everything possible to keep the child off the stage—on which she, herself, first stepped at the age of eight.

But so overwhelming is little Mary's interest in things theatrical that Helen is beginning to relent.

"Through Mary's attempts at staging and emoting in children's plays, I've discovered that she actually has some talent," said Helen.

"If this continues to develop, I will naturally help her and start her training as early as possible."

Mary now is five years old.

She Can Smile Now

ANNA STEN, who survived the Russian revolution and remained in the land of the Soviets to see neighbors die of cold and hunger, to witness executions in the streets, to know the meaning of an empty stomach, herself, now looks back over her past and calls her first year in Hollywood "The bitterest of her life."

"I have never known anything to compare with the utter dreariness of being in a strange land, doing nothing, knowing nothing really about the future, waiting, waiting, always waiting!"

She was here almost two years before she made her first picture, *Nana*.

Think of the Cost

JEANETTE MACDONALD felt the need of assistance the night she stamped her footprints in the concrete of time in the forecourt of the Chinese Theatre.

She appealed to Sid Grauman, who was watching the ceremony.

"Would you support me, please, Mr. Grauman?" asked Jeanette.

"Gladly," shot back Sid, "if I thought I could afford it!"

Marriage Is Out

FREQUENT RUMORS that Jeanette MacDonald is the secret wife of her manager, Robert Ritchie, have caused the star to air her views on love and fame.

"If you wish to attain the heights as a picture actress, don't get married," advises Jeanette. "And if you want a happy marriage, don't be a picture actress. The two just don't go together!"

She and Bob, although engaged, never discuss wedding dates.

"I will marry when I am through with my career, and not before," she adds. "I am most fortunate and happy in that Bob is entirely understanding and tolerant."

How Ruby Does It

RUBY KEELER, Al Jolson's frau, has some ideas of her own on how to be happy though married.

"I know I'm not a good housekeeper," she told me, "but I do try to hire competent servants to handle things at home, and about all I do is to tell them what we want for dinner. It's usually what I want, for Al is very easy to please in the matter of food."

"When Al is working and I'm not, I don't get up to eat breakfast with him. If he happens to awaken me when he gets up, I just go back to sleep. And he's awfully nice about it."

"But should I awaken Al when I'm working and he's not, he always insists on eating with me, and I do appreciate that."

Carole Fit Again

CHEATED OUT of her long-planned European jaunt by an attack of "flu" that laid her low in New York and then sent her off to Cuba to recuperate, Carole Lombard is back in town, completely recovered and thoroughly rested.

Yes, the boy-friend, Robert Riskin, was at the airport to greet her with a kiss when she flew in from Havana.

All for Mary

OVER ON THE Paramount lot, where she just made a hit in her first picture, *All The King's Horses*, they'll tell you that Mary Ellis, erstwhile stage star, is one grand gal.

When the word spread that Mary was about to record her first song number for *Paris in Spring* (with Tullio Carminati), Gary Cooper, Marlene Dietrich, George Raft, Sylvia Sydney and Cary Grant dashed onto the stage to listen.

After warbling two numbers into the mike, La Ellis thanked her personal audience for their interest, and just to prove that she meant it, she sang "Indian Love Call" from *Rose-Marie* for the crowd.

If you want to arouse her ire, by the way, all you have to do is refer to her as an opera star, rather than as a dramatic actress. This despite the fact that Mary won fame with the Metropolitan.

Gloria Lifted the Mortgage

THEY'VE FINALLY burned the mortgage on the Bide-A-Wee Home, Los Angeles' shelter for destitute mothers and their babies, thanks to Gloria Swanson.

For years, Gloria has contributed a hundred dollars a month toward clearing up the indebtedness on the institution, continuing to give even after her own finances had hit a low ebb.

That's why the patrons of the project invited Gloria to preside at the celebration that marked the final pay-off.

But Did They Mean It?

ATTENDING THE Monte Carlo Ballet Russe's presentation in a Los Angeles theatre, Marlene Dietrich arrived on the arm of Travis Banton, the fashion authority, while her director discoverer, Please turn to page eighty-seven

HOLLYWOOD

"I Could Be Happy on \$25 a Week!"

Continued from page fourteen

I was happy? Of course not. I suffered. Suffered because I was not going forward in the profession that I had chosen for myself.

"YOU SEE," said Muni. "I am an idealist, and an idealist does not ask very much of life, except that he be allowed to carry out his ideals.

"I'll admit I like to live well, and I like nice things. I enjoy being able to buy fine books, to go to good concerts, to own beautiful paintings. *But things like that may be enjoyed without money.* I would go back to borrowing books at libraries, to visiting museums on the free days. There is good music in the summer in the public parks in most big cities. There is fine, free music on the radio. So you see that on twenty-five dollars a week I would still be enjoying many of the things that I enjoy now. . . .

"All this may sound paradoxical since I have often said that I entered the movies only because of the money they offered. That is true. But the acquisition of money means more to me than the mere acquisition of luxuries and comforts. It means two things to me. First, it means security for those I love. My mother and father knew what hunger was, and humiliation. They lived much of their lives in fear—in fear of landlords, in fear of cold, hard winters, in fear of miserable suffering. It did not affect me as it did them, for I was young and I had my ambitious dreams. But their deprivations left an indelible mark on me.

"If I were alone and without dependents, I would not have set out to seek security as I have. But it means much to me to be able to provide security for my wife and others who count on me. She has never demanded it, as so many women do. She has always been ready to go with me anywhere, under any circumstances, at the drop of a hat. If I wanted to give up everything and become a hobo, she would go with me. But it pleases me to think that she will never have to want for anything.

"She was never upset when I turned down a part in a sure-fire hit because a more interesting rôle, in a play that seemed to have a lesser chance for success, appealed to me more. And that has happened on several occasions. You *want* to do things for a woman like that!

"MY SECOND REASON for wanting to make a considerable amount of money is that I would like some day to be able to establish my own little theatre—or perhaps to produce pictures myself. Not necessarily my own pictures . . . rather, pictures that would not be made to make money necessarily . . . pictures that would provide good theatre. My plans for the future are not definite, so I cannot tell you much . . . except that I want to do something fine in the realm of acting that money may help me to do.

"In my opinion, Russia has the finest actors in the world; but even in Russia their names are unknown. These actors and actresses play their parts in the theatres—but they are not expected to play a part in the social life of the community, in the creation of headlines for the newspapers. The theatre, and the theatre alone, is their work and their life. That is as it should be, I think.

MAY, 1935

"IN A WAY, I HAVE patterned my own life like that. Acting is my chief interest and I have made it fill my life. I *have had to*, because I am not one of those actors who depends on his personality to get him across. I haven't the little tricks of personality that would find favor with an audience. I must be somebody else, wholly and completely. When I play the part of a miner, as I do in *Black Fury*, I try to be that miner. I go down into the mines first and try to learn what a miner is like. I try to think like him, and if I am thinking like him, I find myself walking and talking like him. This preparation for a part occupies many weeks before the picture starts.

"Then, too, I must experiment with make-up. I do not like to have to use it . . . I have often envied Eleanora Duse her ability to play the part of a young girl, even when she was old, and to look like a young girl, without the aid of make-up. *That is real art.* I have not yet been able to achieve it. But so long as I must use make-up to play the type of characters that I do, I want that make-up to be as realistic as possible. I have a make-up 'laboratory' in my home. I spend many of my evenings there, trying new effects . . . (I resent it when people call them 'disguises'.)

"I also make frequent use of a dictaphone, both at home and on the set. I speak my lines into the dictaphone, play the recording back, and try to judge it honestly. Sometimes I will spend an hour on just one line—trying to find the most realistic way of saying it. Yet when I have finished with a rôle, I force myself to shed that rôle as a duck sheds water off his back. I do not like actors who go around always playing their latest rôle.

"I SHED THE ROLE also for my own protection, for a part can prey on my mind until I lose all sense of Paul Muni the person, and become only the person I am playing. This is not healthy. It is not normal. For this reason I never go to see my own pictures after they are finished. I immediately start reading plays and stories, looking for a new vehicle. Sometimes, after a picture has been released, people asked me how I liked making it . . . and I very often have difficulty in remembering what it was all about. I have forced myself to forget—a psychological reaction of some kind, I suppose.

"I love acting, yet sometimes I hate it, too." He began kneading his sensitive, artistic hands into one another—a typical gesture when he is especially moved by some thought. "I love it for the thrill there is in it, the thrill of artistic expression. I hate it for the insincerity and cheapness so often identified with it. I have nothing but respect for the actor who knows his business and is sincere about it. For the others, who regard acting as just a racket, and a road to vain-glorious fame, I—well, that is something with which I have no sympathy."

I, for one, cannot help but be impressed by such sincerity, and such utter lack of pose. Muni is a man with a spirit . . . a spirit for work, the fine artistic acting work that he loves. And I think you, too, can understand now how such a man might be happy on twenty-five dollars a week!

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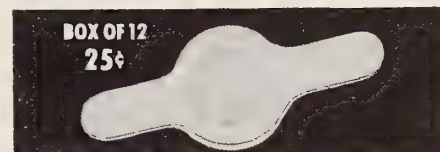
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28x4-76-19	2.45	.95	32x4 2.95 .85
29x4-76-20	2.45	.95	32x4 2.95 .85
29x5-00-19	2.85	1.06	34x4 3.25 .85
30x5-00-20	2.85	1.05	32x4 1/2 3.35 1.15
28x5-25-18	2.95	1.15	33x4 3.45 1.15
29x5-25-19	2.95	1.15	34x4 1/2 3.45 1.15
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31x5-25-21	3.25	1.15	33x5 3.75 1.45
28x5-50-18	3.35	1.16	36x5 3.95 1.56
29x5-50-19	3.35	1.16	
30x5-50-20	3.40	1.16	
31x5-50-21	3.40	1.16	
32x6-00-20	3.45	1.25	
32x6-00-21	3.65	1.25	
31x6-50-19	3.60	1.35	
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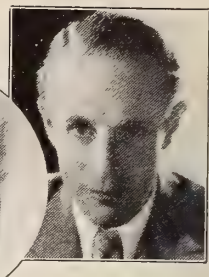
Here are their Real names

Here are the stars' real names . . . Do you know their reel names? . . . Turn to page 79 and score yourself on your knowledge of the stars

- CARL PETERSEN
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- NORMAN HOFFER
- WILMA WYATT
- MERLE O'BRIEN THOMPSON
- RAUFF ACKLON
- JEAN FULLARTON
- JOSEPH PINTER



1. Alva White



6. Leslie Stainer

How to Break Into Movies Today

Continued from page forty-two

number of amateur stage productions. For three years, I worked constantly to build a solid foundation for an acting career.

I never worked so hard in my life as I did during that period. I studied pantomime and dancing. No one can teach you to ACT, any more than anyone can teach you to paint. But you can learn technique. You can gain experience. I went to Samuel Kayzer and he taught me, and is continuing to teach me diction and voice placement, play construction and character analysis.

THERE ARE Two types of actors: those who are born with a divine talent, and those who acquire this talent of self-expression through experience and through a constant effort to develop. But we don't know whether we really have talent or not until we test it.

There is only one measure by which to judge whether or not you have the spark, and that is by that surging desire, by that terrific urge to become a part of the profession. There must be a spiritual discontent with all other possible endeavors before it is even worth while to begin that long process of training through which an actor or actress evolves.

So I would say to a girl who has ambitions to be an actress: First, test the intensity of your desire to be an actress then be sure that you have enough will power to work ceaselessly. Naturally, you should have an appreciation of the arts, a basic sense of rhythm, a sympathy with every medium of expression."

I would add: If you have been fortunate enough to have had some training in dancing or in diction or in the arts as a youngster, so that you aren't starting blind, your next step is to participate in local theatricals. Then it is only a step to a stock company, where you can develop poise and understanding of dramatic technique and acquire some knowledge of how to read lines. If you have genuine ability, you will eventually reach Broadway, from which the studios are now recruiting their players.

This is a much longer road than the one I traveled, but it is a surer road—the road I would want to take if I began to-day.

Whether you start on the stage or decide to come to Hollywood looking for miracles, there is one definite thing you must remember: bring your own face, your own personality and your own individuality to acting. They are your most precious possessions.

MANY GIRLS MAY not be fortunate enough to have distinctive personalities—or arresting ones! This was my problem.

I am learning that "difference" can be developed. Individuality can be acquired. It is a matter of constant study, of pitiless self-analysis. But there is danger, of course, in becoming too analytical, too introspective. When I first started, I was so nervous that I drew within myself. With experience, I acquired ease. I was no longer so mentally harassed that I wasn't natural.

Naturalness is essential. When it is coupled with charm, it is so stimulating that it becomes far more vital than any number of talents.

It is imperative for a girl who has screen ambitions to watch good actors, to analyze intelligently the tricks by which they obtain effects, and the basic abilities that make them great.

ACTING ISN'T EASY. I know of other professions that are far easier. But there is glamour, there is satisfaction, there is an opportunity for self-expression in it that cannot be found in other fields. So if you have honestly decided that acting is the only thing in the world, then start practising the trade—no matter how humbly—and climb by your own merits.

Then if—or when—you achieve some small success, don't rest on your laurels. If you have acquired ease, don't make it routine. Keep on growing, keep on being dissatisfied, for dissatisfaction promotes progress.

Experience demands more experience. I know that the more I study, the surer I am that I have more and more and then still more to learn. I feel that I have only started. But it is great to have a goal and work earnestly to achieve it. And hope for one thing, pray for it if you will—and don't neglect thanking it: LUCK!

The Guide to New Pictures

Continued from page fifty-five

an "extra;" this time he carries most of the load of the entertainment, with Connie more decorative than animated. He is a hard-boiled newspaper editor (why are the boys always pictured as ten-minute eggs?); she is a society girl who thinks she wants to be a reporter. Through her, he uncovers an upper-crust scandal before he decides that he loves the gal.

It rates ••• because, in spite of the triteness of its plot, it has smart conversation (almost too much of it), smart settings, smart clothes, and a smart performance by the unfailing Gable.—*M-G-M.*

The Right To Live

The Flicker Of A Flame

••• With the two possible exceptions of *Sadie Thompson* and *Of Human Bondage*, no tale of W. Somerset Maugham's has ever filmed as well as it reads—which leads to the suspicion that the man must have a style all his own. *The Right to Live*, the film version of his *Sacred Flame*, is no exception. It is interesting, yes; but it is not powerfully absorbing, and its plot seems thin and told-before, despite three excellent performances by Colin Clive, Josephine Hutchinson and George Brent. Clive is an invalid, married to Josephine, who falls in love with his brother, Brent—with the two lovers deciding to solve their problem by sacrifice of their love, only to have Clive provide another solution.

It rates ••• because of its acting and the quality of its presentation.—*Warners.*

Car 99

The State Police Get Glorified

••• Frankly melodramatic, *Car 99* is one of the best thrill-raisers of early 1935—a fast-moving, exciting tale of a rookie of the Michigan State Police who has a battle of wits with a criminal mastermind. Fred MacMurray, who scored such a hit opposite Claudette Colbert in *The Gilded Lily*, is the rookie—and acquires himself well in a routine rôle. A bigger surprise is Sir Guy Standing, the *Colonel of Lives of a Bengal Lancer* fame, going in for a new kind of histrionics as the master mind.

It rates ••• because it builds interest fast and hold it; because it gives MacMurray a chance to do a different characterization, releasing him from all danger of being typed.—*Paramount.*

Women Must Dress

Minna Gombell Shows Them

••• Unpretentious and independently made, *Women Must Dress* looks like a quiet, surprise hit. And in it Minna Gombell proves that the movies have been wasting her talents, casting her all these years as the heroine's wisecracking pal; this time she, herself, is the heroine and a poignantly affecting one—a woman in her forties, once beautiful, who becomes dowdy and loses her husband (Gavin Gordon) to a more attractive woman.

It rates ••• because, in it, Minna Gombell rises to the heights of character-acting.—*Monogram.*

MAY, 1935

Hollywood's Check-Up

The following pictures, previewed in detail in HOLLYWOOD last month, are now making the rounds of the nation's theatres. As a service to readers we repeat the ratings they received.—Editor.

If you are looking for DRAMA, you will find it in:

••••• *David Copperfield*, the rich, sensitive movie masterpiece made from Charles Dickens' greatest story, with an all-star cast.

••••• *Lives of a Bengal Lancer*, the powerful, dramatic, all-male story of British army life in an Indian outpost, starring Gary Cooper and featuring Franchot Tone, Richard Cromwell, Sir Guy Standing.

••••• *Clive of India*, Ronald Colman's greatest bid for screen immortality—the crowded life-story of the clerk who became the conqueror of a vast empire.

••••• *The Whole Town's Talking*, exciting comedy-drama, with Edward G. Robinson in a dual rôle—as an escaped killer and as the harmless clerk who looks like him.

••••• *Rumba*, torrid drama with dancing, against a Cuban and Manhattan background, with George Raft, Carole Lombard and Margo in the foreground.

••••• *The Scarlet Pimpernel*—Leslie Howard in his most adventurous rôle, playing a rescuer of royalty during the French Revolution.

••••• *The Iron Duke*, George Arliss' dramatic and eloquent screen biography of the Duke of Wellington, conqueror of Napoleon.

••••• *Wings in the Dark*, a poignant, unusual story of a blind flier and the girl who made his life worth living, co-starring Cary Grant and Myrna Loy.

••••• *Devil Dogs of the Air*, a detailed pictorial description of life among the Marines who fly, with James Cagney and Pat O'Brien the chief participants.

••••• *Society Doctor*, a triangle tale against a hospital background, featuring Dr. Chester Morris, Nurse Virginia Bruce and Dr. Robert Taylor.

••••• *The Enchanted April*, a study of romantic repressions, which four women release by renting an old castle. Starring Ann Harding.

••••• *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*—The movie-makers provide an ending to Charles Dickens' unfinished horror tale, with Claude Rains and Douglass Montgomery maintaining the suspense.

If you are looking for COMEDY, you will find it in:

••••• *One More Spring*, the sparkling, engaging tale of three of the unemployed—Janet Gaynor, Warner Baxter and Walter King—weathering a depression winter together.

••••• *The Good Fairy*, the clever, sprightly, gay story of the adventures of an orphanage exile (Margaret Sullavan), who isn't exactly sure what life is all about, but finds it like a fairy-tale.

••••• *Jack Ahoy*, introducing the British comic, Jack Hulbert, to American audiences, in a bit of whimsical slapstick about a tar in pursuit of an Admiral's daughter.

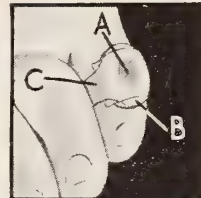
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On the left, you have the writer—J. Eugene Chrisman, who knows his stars. On the right, you have the recipient—Edmund Lowe. Meanwhile, they have lunch

An Open Letter to Edmund Lowe

Continued from page forty-three

THE YEARS SINCE you made *What Price Glory?* have been full for you, Eddie, full of happiness and full of sorrow. You have met both with the same smile, taken them like the officer and gentleman you are.

No man ever lost a wife more beloved than Lilyan Tashman, Eddie. I know how happy you were, through the sixteen years you were together. I know what agony of spirit you must have gone through, what mental travail, when you held her in your arms and watched that gay and vibrant life leave her body.

I know why you still live in that house in Beverly Hills, the house where you and Lilyan spent so many happy years. A lesser soul than yours would be haunted by the spectre of the loved one you have lost; but, to you, each window holds her picture in its frame, each chair and piece of furniture bring back tender memories. There you can shut out the world; there, of all the places this side of eternity, you can come closest to being with her again. Isn't this true, Eddie?

Sixteen years of happiness are sweet, especially when two people who were as destined for each other as you and Lilyan are mated. I know something of the complete understanding that existed between you two. I know that, had she lived, you would have gone on down the years together, arm in arm, hand in hand.

WHEN YOU write the answer to this letter, Eddie, won't you tell your own story of your life with Lilyan—and the part that the memory of her plays in your life? The world knows so little of the story!

Perhaps no man has ever received two such letters as you received in the same mail. One of them, from Lilyan, told of how happy she was in a new rôle, and

the other was from the doctor who had just examined her. He told you of the illness that might be fatal. And you went on, through those long months from August to March, with that dread secret concealed from the woman you loved. That wasn't easy, Eddie, was it?

Won't you tell your fans what you have told me—why her death is even harder to take now than it was then?

Your greatest solace is now in your work. We are all glad for the grand rôles you have ahead of you. What performances you should give in *Grand Exit* and *Champagne Charley*!

HOLLYWOOD LOVES YOU, Eddie, just as it loved Lilyan. The flood of letters you received, after her death, told you what Hollywood felt and thought about you both. Hollywood still loves you and admires your spirit. Contrary to legend, Hollywood does *not* forget.

Other women have meant nothing to you so far, Eddie. You do not know, of course, what the coming years will bring. But no matter what other woman may enter your life, Lilyan will always be invisibly at your side.

There are many years before you, Eddie—years in which you will reach greater heights on the screen than before. Sorrow has mellowed you.

Sit down, Eddie, in the house where Lilyan still is, and answer this letter. Tell your fans the things they want to know. They are for you, Eddie, one hundred per cent and will be waiting.

The best of everything, always, to you. Your friend,

J. Eugene Chrisman

HOLLYWOOD

Fay Wray Answers

Continued from page forty-three

of the tradition of "the show must go on" and "the play's the thing" was the only answer for an overly shy sort of youngster such as I was. I could lose myself in thinking of the show—in working for the play. Do you understand, Gene? I knew that shyness would defeat me in living, if left to have its way with me.

I STUDIED ALL THE things about the theatre that came in meager quantities to our household—a household far from the theatre. I dreamed dreams of being able some day, by dint of hard work and earnest effort, to read a little line in a manner that might entitle me to believe that I belonged in a profession that had harbored the simple greatness of Duse and Shakespeare, the Booths, the Barrymores, and so many others.

I found myself in Hollywood, with the theatre, as I thought of it, three thousand miles away. The opportunity to do pictures came to me as it has come to so many girls at the Hollywood High School. It seemed logical that the preparation for a good rôle and a good performance could be the same in pictures as in the theatre. I knew that the stage has scant reward for anything except ability and experience. Behind each performance are years of building for that opening on Broadway. Stock and parts—parts—parts. But playing, playing all the time. I was sure that the only way to learn to act was to act. To take every rôle possible—to learn from it—to build from it. And to be ready when THE rôle comes!

THAT, GENE, is what I have tried to do in Hollywood. I do not want the screen to be just a medium through which I will make a little money and spend my youth. I want to be an actress—not a popular favorite. Not a clever mimic. Not a person whom chance has lifted to the dizzy heights of stardom. I want to be a seasoned-by-experience, trained actress. There is no age limit in that!

My gratitude to Mr. Von Stroheim is boundless. His generosity gave me a rôle that I desperately longed for—and one that, deep in my heart, I knew my experience did not deserve. But youngsters always want to jump a few grades in school! And Mr. Von Stroheim's genius made it impossible for me to fail.

I can't help the big criticism of your letter, Gene—that no one knows me. The habit of years is hard to break. My habit has been keeping my thoughts to myself. Friendship is important to me. I do not regard it casually. I'd die a little, were I to lose a friend. Therefore, I must be so very sure that I shall never disappoint a friend before I make one.

I am very grateful to Hollywood and to the motion picture public for their friendliness to me. But honestly—cross-my-heart, Gene, this is true—from the moment I lock my dressing-room door behind me at night, until I arrive at the studio in the morning, I am not a motion picture actress at all. I am very simply and sincerely Mrs. John Monk Saunders.

I AM INHERENTLY A really shy person, Gene. The only time that I am not is when the cameras are grinding. Please believe me when I say that. I cannot imagine that the friends who write me do so because of Fay Wray as a person. I would like, more than anything else in the world,

MAY, 1935

to feel that they did. But, when one works in pictures and realizes how many are responsible for the characterization that gives a movie goer enough pleasure that he or she expresses it in writing, it is hard to believe it is personal.

I really feel that every fan letter I get should be shared with the director, the cameraman, the writer—and the many others who work hand in hand with the player for the pleasure of the audience. The player contributes, of course—and it is a glorious feeling to be a part of a successful presentation—but not to take all the bows.

This is a great business—one generous in its rewards. So many millions regard it as authority for everything—manners, taste, behavior, even ideals. I should like to feel that, in remembering that, Fay Wray, the actress, and Mrs. John Monk Saunders are one, and forever conscious of a real responsibility—to live sincerely and honestly, both professionally and personally!

As I SAID at the beginning of my letter, experience has been my greatest objective from the first. I realize that I have done far more pictures than is considered wise in the past two years. I wanted that experience. Can't you see how it would be for me the only school of progress and development?

I have probably devoted more hours to my career than many of the stars much greater than I. I wanted to do each part to the best of my ability—even through that awful cycle of horror pictures. One day, of course, I knew I had done enough of them. I had to take a stand on that. I had to quit suddenly and simply do no more. It was then that I entered the cycle of many pictures. And, again, I had to realize that I couldn't keep on doing so many rôles indefinitely.

The offer from Gaumont-British came at a time when I knew I had to make the same sort of decision that faced me after so many horror rôles. I realized this offer could help me make my decision. And it did. In a few hours I secured my release from Twentieth Century, to whom I was under contract, packed my bags, managed the arrangements to leave the country whose citizen I had so very newly become, and was on my way before I could, in real feminine fashion, change my mind.

I am so very glad that I did it. So very glad that I have been able to see England, to be a part of its rapidly developing picture industry for a brief time. To travel, as my husband and I have, on the Continent, has done so much for me. I'm doing two more pictures besides *Alias Bulldog Drummond* for Gaumont-British and then I'm coming home. I shall not be able to forget the closing paragraphs of your letter as I sight the Statue of Liberty—and near the shore of what is now MY country. And if I cannot change as much as you would like, this letter, I hope, has made you understand a little better why . . .

Blessings on you, Gene

Fay Wray

Constipated Since Her Marriage



Finds Relief At Last—In Safe

ALL-VEGETABLE METHOD

IT DATED from about the time she was married—her trouble with intestinal sluggishness, chronic tiredness, nervousness and headaches. Nothing gave more than partial relief until she tried a product containing a balanced combination of natural plant and vegetable laxatives, Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets). The first dose showed her the difference. She felt so much better immediately—more like living.

Your own common sense tells you an all-vegetable laxative is best. You've probably heard your doctor say so. Try NR's today. Note how refreshed you feel. Note the natural action, but the thorough cleansing effect. NR's are so kind to your system—so quickly effective in clearing up colds, biliousness, headaches. And they're non-habit forming. The handy 25 tablet box only 25c at any drug store.

FREE 1935 Calendar-Thermometer, beautifully designed in colors and gold. Also samples TUMS and NR. Send stamp for postage and packing to A. H. LEWIS CO., Desk 108-EZ, St. Louis, Mo.

Nature's Remedy GET A 25c BOX NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

"TUMS" Quick relief for acid indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn. Only 10c.

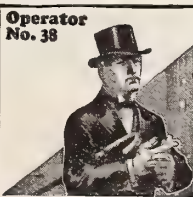


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Now, without any risk, you can tint those streaks or patches of gray or faded hair to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and Brownatone does it. Prove it—by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of your own hair.

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J. A. writes, "I was 37 inches (across the chest). Here is the miracle your Slimcream has worked for me. I have actually taken 5 inches off. I am overjoyed."

The Slimcream treatment is so entirely effective, so easy to use, and so beneficial that I unhesitatingly offer to return your money if you have not reduced your figure both in pounds and inches in 14 days. What could be fairer than that!

Decide NOW to achieve the figure of your heart's desire. Send \$1.00 today for the full 30-day treatment.



Photo of myself after losing 28 lbs. and reducing 4½ inches.

FREE Send \$1.00 for my Slimcream treatment NOW, and I will send you entirely free, my world-famous, regular \$1.00 beauty treatment, with a gold mine of priceless beauty secrets. This offer is limited, so **SEND TODAY**. Add 25c for foreign countries.

DAISY STEBBING, Dept. F-4, Forest Hills, New York.

I enclose \$1. Please send immediately postpaid in plain package your Guaranteed Slimcream treatment. I understand that if I have not reduced both in pounds and inches in 14 days, you will cheerfully refund my money. Send also the special free Beauty Treatment.

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City _____

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BUNIONS Reduced Quickly

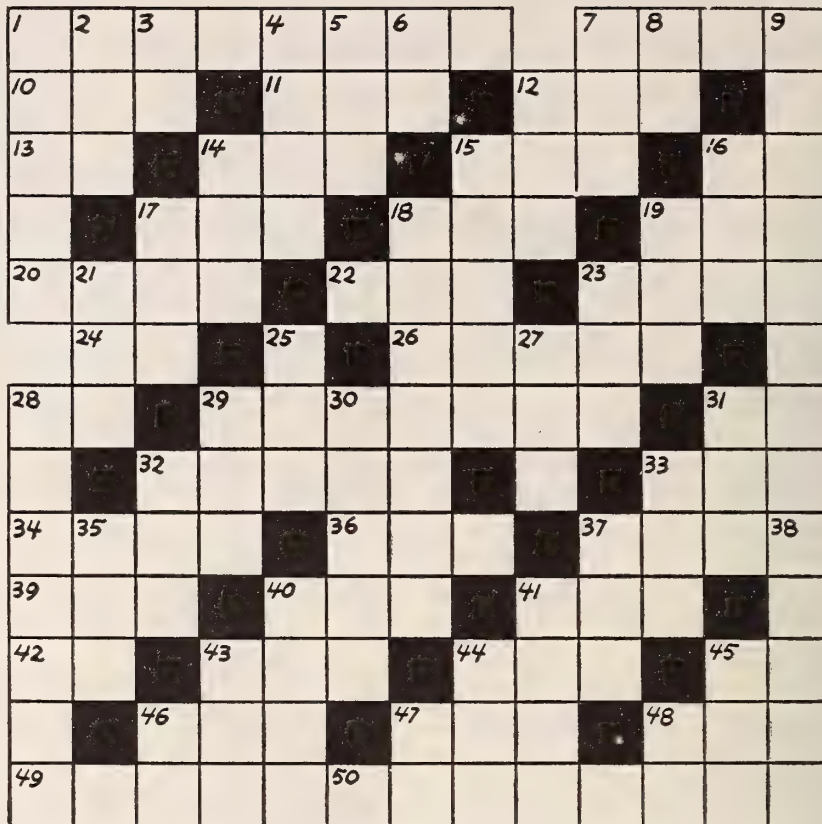
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There is an unknown condition about Hay-Fever which causes many people to believe that nothing can be done for it. Mr. R. O. Murphy, Box 494, Stillwater, Minn., who freed himself from the suffering of Hay-Fever, will explain this condition without charge to anyone who writes him. Just send your name and address at once, because strange as it may seem this is the time of the year to treat and prevent Hay-Fever suffering. Adv.

STAR CROSSWORD PUZZLE



ACROSS

1. Star of this puzzle.
7. John Boles was her first leading man and Douglass Montgomery her _____ the movies.
10. Director John Stahl persuaded her to _____ her a starring role.
11. She works on the Universal _____.
12. Her first screen appearance _____ her a starring role.
13. Article.
14. She starred in "Little _____, What Now?"
15. She has made but _____ films.
16. Pronoun.
17. Keith's first name.
18. Army Ordnance Department (abbr.).
19. Meadow.
20. Helen Jerome _____.
22. Lubitsch's nickname.
23. _____ of her acting has been on stage.
24. Adrienne's initials.
26. She has very definite ones about how scenes should be played.
28. She has appeared on stage in this state (abbr.).
29. Director of her second film.
31. Country in which her husband was born (abbr.).
32. Her recent elopement was announced on this by Walter Winchell.
33. This parent followed the brokerage business.
34. She likes to do this between scenes.
36. Number of previous marriages.
37. Short for her leading man in "The Good Fairy."
39. She receives many _____ letters.
40. Greek letter.
41. When reporters appear, she has been known to _____.
42. She plays comic _____ serious roles equally well.
43. Her first husband _____ actor Henry Fonda.
44. She was doomed to do this in "Only Yesterday."
45. State in which she was born (abbr.).
46. Encountered.
47. She was mother of a _____ in "Only Yesterday."
48. Pronoun.
49. Orphanage inmates with her in "The Good Fairy" (slang).
50. First name of this star.

DOWN

1. She was recruited from this for screen.
2. Vase.
3. Miss Young's initials.
4. First name of either of two actors who played in her second film.
5. Josef _____ Sternberg.
6. She was in stage production of "Dinner _____ Eight."
7. She is _____ Mrs. William Wyler.
8. Half an em.
9. Where her fans see her.
12. What she and her director recently did.
14. Month in which she was born.
15. Her ex-husband.
16. Are her films praised by critics?
17. First name of Miss Lupino.

18. State to which this star eloped.
19. She and her husband returned to _____ Angeles after ceremony.
21. Her birthday is on sixteenth _____ of month.
23. First name of Miss West.
25. Make a slight bow.
27. Self.
28. City in which this star was born.
29. She has never given this sort of screen performance.
30. Tumults.
31. Distant.
32. Hastened.
33. "The Good Fairy" is from that of Ferenc Molnar.
35. Her voice is pleasing to this.
37. Her eyes are of a grayish _____.
38. She does not _____ of her achievements.
40. Devour.
41. Her husband gave her one of rubies and diamonds which belonged to his mother.
43. Short for Director Ruggles.
44. Kind of beetle.
45. Contend.
46. She has played in stock in this state (abbr.).
47. Barry Norton of "Only Yesterday" was born on this continent (abbr.).
48. Hour (abbr.).

(Answer in June HOLLYWOOD)



The Key to the Puzzle

Let's Talk About Stars!

Continued from page eighty

Josef von Sternberg, was accompanied by a male companion. Separated by an aisle, Marlene and Josef hurled frequent glances at each other. Maybe they *did*, as rumored, disagree again during *The Devil is a Woman*.

Nuptials Nearing?

AFTER WEEKS of strenuous rehearsal to perfect a dance routine for use on an extended personal appearance tour, Mary Brian has called off the trans-U. S. jaunt. The rumored reason: Mary and Dick Powell have advanced the date for their forthcoming nuptials!

Astaire an Author

IF THE ACADEMY OF Arts and Sciences took note of modesty, Fred Astaire would walk away with a gold statuette.

The dancing star has penned a description of all his screen steps, plus some autobiographical data, and he has asked his publishers to title the book "What I Know and Don't Know About Dancing."

Page the Parson!

THAT GERTRUDE MICHAEL-Rouben Mamoulion romance is a lot closer to the license bureau than you think.

Rudy Returning

NOW THAT Rudy Vallée is beginning to see daylight through that maze of legal entanglements resulting from his wrecked union with Fay Webb, he is preparing for a permanent residence in Hollywood, where he will intersperse his radio broadcasting with talkie acting. *Sweet Music* cinched it.

Rudy is sold on the California climate, as well as the financial possibilities of the movies. He has commissioned a real estate firm to purchase a Beverly Hills residence for him.

Loyal to Rudy

ALICE FAYE, so they tell, is so devoted to the crooner-who-discovered-her that she refuses to drive her car through the city of Santa Monica, home port of Fay Webb Vallée!

The Answer to Last Month's Puzzle

J	O	A	N		C	R	A	W	F	O	R	D
T	T		H	O	T		O	U	R		A	
S	H		C	A	L		U	R	N		R	N
O	E	R		S	O	U	N	D		F	A	C
F	R	O	M		U	S	A		E	R	I	E
A	S	T	A	I	R	E		G	R	A	N	D
			Y	R	S		T	O	N			
M	C	K	E	E		C	H	A	I	N	E	D
A	U	E	R		M	O	E		E	A	S	E
S	P	Y		W	O	M	A	N		A	C	E
S	S		W	I	T		T	O	P		O	P
E		B	I	T		L	E	W		G	R	
D	A	U	G	H	T	E	R		A	C	T	S

A Bachelor's Paradise?

ONE MERELY has to total up Bill Powell's heavy outlays in that new Beverly Hills estate to become convinced of its owner's broad faith in the future of California real estate. Shrewd business man that he is, Bill has expended a comparative fortune in this multi-roomed shelter for his parents and himself.

The mansion, which was to have been completed last Summer, has just received its finishing touches, and Bill has finally moved in. The place contains more modern and trick gadgets than any other American manor in existence—that is, this side of the House of Magic in Schenectady.

The Jean Harlow-William Powell Mutual Admiration Society is still holding meetings, despite Bill's pronouncements that his new residence was designed as a bachelor's paradise.

Jimmy Goes Social

CAN IT BE THAT Jimmy Cagney has been reading one of those "How to be the life of the party" tomes?

Jimmy, who used to live a more or less hermit-like existence in the film colony, has blossomed out as a social light.

No Hollywood function is complete without Jimmy, the mustache and the Mrs. these evenings.

So This Is Shakespeare!

JIMMY CAGNEY has lost a lot of the enthusiasm that was his the day the great Max Reinhardt tapped him on the shoulder, and said, "I want you for *A Midsummer Night's Dream*!"

You see, Max forgot to mention the fact that the rôle required Jimmy to have curls hot-ironed into his locks!

Dad's Sight Restored

WHAT ISABEL JEWELL calls a "Heaven-sent miracle" has temporarily wiped from her thoughts the crash of her romance with Lee Tracy. Her father, Dr. Lee Jewell, blind for eighteen months, can see again.

Dr. Jewell, whose home is in Shoshone, Wyoming, was visiting his daughter when the latter heard him frantically calling:

"Isabel... Isabel... quick! I can see! I can see!"

The cure is as much a mystery to Dr. Jewell as was the cause of his loss of sight. Eye specialists had given up his case as hopeless.

Dr. Jewell won international fame years ago as discoverer of a serum for use in combating tick fever.

Joan Steps Out

WHEN JOAN CRAWFORD decides to visit one of the dine-and-dance places nowanights, it becomes an event worthy of newspaper space, for La Crawford continues to find her own home, with its backyard theatre, the most intriguing spot in town.

But Joan gave the stay-up-laters at the Coconut Grove a thrill the other evening when she strolled in on the arm of Franchot Tone for a midnight sandwich and a few whirls to Guy Lombardo's music.



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29x4.50-20	2.35	0.85	30x3 1/2	2.35	0.75	33x4 1/2	3.45
30x4.50-21	2.45	0.85	31x4	2.55	0.85	34x4 1/2	3.55
30x4.75-20	2.55	0.95	32x4	2.95	0.85	35x4 1/2	3.65
29x4.75-20	2.55	0.95	33x4	2.95	0.85	36x4 1/2	3.75
29x5.00-19	2.65	1.05	34x4	3.25	0.85	38x4 1/2	3.95
30x5.00-20	2.65	1.05	35x4	3.25	0.85	40x4 1/2	4.05
28x5.25-18	2.65	1.15	36x4	3.45	0.95	42x4 1/2	4.15
29x5.25-19	2.65	1.15	37x4	3.65	1.05	44x4 1/2	4.25
29x5.25-20	2.65	1.15	38x4	3.85	1.15	46x4 1/2	4.35
31x5.25-21	2.65	1.15	39x4	4.05	1.25	48x4 1/2	4.45
28x5.50-18	2.65	1.25	40x4	4.25	1.35		
29x5.50-19	2.65	1.25					
30x5.50-20	2.65	1.25					
30x6.00-18	2.65	1.25					
31x6.00-19	2.65	1.25					
32x6.00-20	2.65	1.25					
33x6.00-21	2.65	1.25					
32x6.50-20	2.65	1.35					

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TUBES BRAND NEW—GUARANTEED. Tires failing to give 12 months' service replaced at half price. ORDER NOW!

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Women, girls, men with faded, gray, streaked hair, shampoo and color your hair at the same time with my new French discovery—"SHAMPO-KOLOR". No fuss or muss. Takes only a few minutes to merely shampoo into your hair any natural shade with "SHAMPO-KOLOR". No "dyed" look, but a lovely, natural, most lasting color; unaffected by washing, or permanent waving. Free Booklet, Monsieur L. P. Vailligny, Dept. 19, 254 W. 31st St., New York City.

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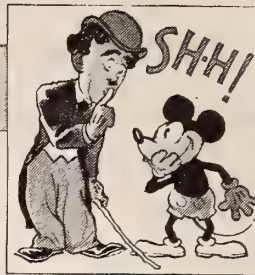
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VOICE, Dept. P 505 Fifth Ave., New York City, N. Y.

STRANGE movie FACTS



CHARLIE CHAPLIN is hoping that Walt Disney can be persuaded to make a silent cartoon—silent, that is, except for sound effects—to appear on the same program with the picture that Chaplin is now making.

When they throw furniture in films, it is non-injurious "breakaway" stuff. But dishes are different. Wendy Barrie, directed to toss a piece of crockery at Spencer Tracy for a scene in *It's a Small World*, tossed with such unerring aim that when Spencer stopped hearing the birdies, they took some stitches in his scalp and gave him a week's vacation.

Edna May Oliver, scheduled to be on the receiving end of a fake "haymaker" in *Murder on a Honeymoon*, literally took it on the chin. The punch-giver forgot to pull his punch. Edna May was out for the count of one hundred.

Clark Gable, Loretta Young, Jack Oakie and company, filming snow scenes for *Call of the Wild* on the slopes of Mount Baker, were marooned by a blizzard—and met some unexpected drama. An airplane had to appear over the horizon and drop them rations, if they were to have any.

When Clark Gable had to give a horse-neighbor in a scene for *After Office Hours* with Constance Bennett, he took lessons from his own racing nag, *Beverly Hills*.

Wire-haired terriers are hard to train as movie performers. But Hollywood has one, yclept *Skippy*. You saw him first in

The Thin Man, you saw him a second time in *Lottery Lover*, and you will see him again in *It's a Small World*.

Eddie Cantor, for the first time, will have no big chorus numbers in his next picture (as yet untitled).

All the newspaper hullabaloo about Garbo's going to night-clubs is naive. It isn't the first time she has gone night-clubbing. On her last trip to New York, she was to be found at a certain one evening after evening.

Joan Crawford, taking no chances with possible earthquakes at inconvenient moments, has had her shower bath surrounded with shatter-proof glass.

Noel Coward, who wrote *Cavalcade* and *Design for Living* and made himself wealthy, wouldn't write even one additional line of dialogue for *Miracle in 49th Street*, in which he makes his movie debut. He said he was an actor, not a writer!

Fredric March recently played lifesaver, extemporaneously, to his small adopted daughter, Penelope. She rode her tricycle off the edge of the March swimming pool.

Television stocks are soaring in London—Marconi, J. C. Baird and Gaumont-British shares all hitting new highs. The British are coming, as the song says—with Television.

The Magic of Make-up




You have often seen the face above. You have never seen the one at the right. Yet each is the face of Fredric March as Jean Valjean in Victor Hugo's Les Miserables!

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a surprise
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MAY, 1935

Three B's to Put in Your Bonnet

Continued from page twelve

have worked with him for years that he was especially severe with them about their behavior and that the girls all worshiped him for it. His influence over them was very great and when the occasion arose for him to call them down for one reason or another, they usually took it in good humor, for they knew that he meant it for their own good.

Scarcely without exception, the girls who appeared in Flo's revues were accepted in the highest of social circles—not just because they were beautiful "Follies" girls, but because they were intelligent, well-groomed girls, with poise equal to that of anyone with whom they might come in contact.

Mr. Ziegfeld usually sought the girl who was glamorously different, rather than one with just a beautiful face. It didn't matter whether she was a blonde, brunette or redhead, so long as her features were fairly regular and her carriage was good. He always contended that women made the clothes and not clothes the women! He didn't like his Follies girls to be either too thin or too plump. He felt that an extreme in either direction was not attractive to the audience.

FLO WAS ABLE to discern, from long years of experience in the show business, the girls whose beauty would become outstanding in stage make-up. Because a girl was a raving beauty did not mean that she would appear attractive behind the footlights. That was why he was careful to choose the "different" type of girl. And the reason why he nearly always had a new crop of chorines each year was to insure his audiences against the monotony of looking at the same faces too often.

I have learned that, aside from all these requirements, chorus girls for the screen must be chosen by even more rigid rules than for the stage. They must really be more glamorous and beautiful than the star, for only the true beauty is outstanding as she flashes before the camera for a few fleeting seconds. The star of the production has careful lighting, special costumes and make-up applied to enhance all her good qualities and do away with those not so attractive. Not so the chorus girl. Her costume is identical to a number of other girls. Not much attention is paid to lighting and make-up for her. She appears in close-up for a flash and if she is to be noticed and admired, she must be more than the usual beauty.

Whoever said that there is no "Royal Road to Success" was speaking of the chorus girl, as well as the star! Anyone who thinks the life of either a screen or stage chorine is an easy one is mistaken. It is one of the most difficult and often discouraging of all professions.

Let no girl start out on a screen career, either as a chorine or as a straight actress, with the illusion that good looks are enough to put her across! It takes a combination of three things to put her on the right road to fame and fortune:

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Beauty

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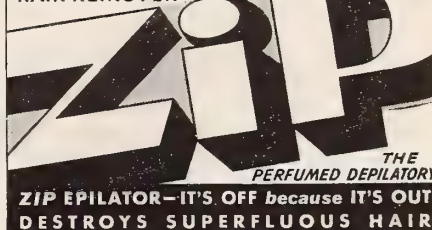
"I have put 3 inches on my chest measurement and increased 10 lbs. in weight." G.

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The Publisher's Page

W. H. FAWCETT presents JACK DEMPSEY as guest editor—and Jack's copy packs a punch!

WHEN CAPTAIN W. H. FAWCETT, publisher of HOLLYWOOD Magazine, asked me to write this editorial page, I thought he was joking. (He has a famous sense of humor). I asked him why he was picking on me. I'm no Brisbane, I'm not even a sports writer—except on special occasions. And, on top of that, my present address isn't Hollywood.

But that, he said, was just why he was "picking" on me. He went on to add that I *have* lived there, that I may live there again, and that meanwhile I am far enough away to get a perspective of the place and what it is doing—and that maybe I can put into words what some of you have been thinking. Anyway, I don't see any way out of writing this page—if I want to go trap-shooting again with Captain Bill. (And can he trap-shoot! He misses only about eight out of a possible two hundred). So—are you listening?

● First, I want to settle two questions that people are apparently worrying about.

Am I going back in the ring? Yes—as a referee, à la that rôle I played in *The Prizefighter and the Lady*. And for wrestling, as well as boxing bouts.

Am I going back to Hollywood? maybe — if Mrs. Dempsey finally breaks down and signs one of those movie contracts for our baby, Joan. And she probably *will* be a typical American girl and want to be a movie actress when she grows up.

I'm willing to let her do all the acting in the Dempsey family. (I'm not counting newsreels.) I'll be able to keep busy promoting sports events, refereeing, seeing that Max Baer hangs onto that championship a while, and running this new restaurant across from Madison Square Garden, New York. Right now, I'm too busy making up menus to think about any other kind of making up.

● I have been asked to tell the folks, confidentially, what screen heroes I would rate as the most two-fisted, the best able to take care of themselves in any company, male or female. Now, that's an embarrassing thing to be asked. I'm absent-minded sometimes. I might leave out somebody who is the he-man of the hour, so far as the girls are concerned. So I am talking strictly for myself in this paragraph.

From where I sit in the movie



—Wide World

Hannah Williams, of Broadway fame, gave up her career when she married Jack Dempsey. And Jack, now a restaurateur, isn't planning any acting. But their baby daughter, Joan, may have some Hollywood ideas!

theatres, it looks as if Clark Gable can hand aces and kings to the opposition and still beat them hands down.

Wallace Beery packs a punch that connects with any audience. He's real; he's human.

For a two-fisted smoothie, in a top-hat, Edmund Lowe has no competition. And when you are talking about movie he-men, you can't leave out Victor McLaglen, George Bancroft, or James Cagney. Or Gary Cooper—after *Lives of a Bengal Lancer*.

● If the depression didn't do anything else for America, it gave the folks more time to themselves, more time to get outdoors, more time to exercise. They have learned to appreciate the value of feeling fit. And they go, in a big way, for actors who show the effects of athletics—who look as if they didn't get their exercise stretching their legs in limousines.

And I think that goes for the women stars, too—only double. If you have noticed, there has been a falling off in the popularity of the languorous ladies who looked as if they would collapse on a fifty-yard stroll. It's the girls with sparkle, vitality, pep—and you can't have those without exercise—who are hearing the hand-claps today.

I am no beauty expert; I am a mere

man, I hope. But I think I can speak for men generally when I say that no girl rates with them as a beauty until she looks healthy. How about it, boys? You know what I mean.

● This new restaurant of mine ("that old home atmosphere, plus the best of everything") has 125 employees—waiters, cooks, etcetera. And when I started hiring my help, I learned all about unions—about what they can do for their members. Every worker in my place belongs to a union.

So I can appreciate why the Screen Actors' Guild, whose membership numbers practically every actor and actress in Hollywood, asked for a charter from the American Federation of Labor and became unionized. The big shots—who didn't *have* to bother—are out to see that the little shots get the same kind of breaks in working hours, in overtime pay, and all that. When stars go out of their way to do things like that, it makes a fellow proud to know them!

Jack Dempsey

This is the time of year -



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HERE COMES SPRING, with its fine brilliant days, urging travel in the open, on the highways! But early Spring has rain mingled with its sunshine—wind and cold with its warmth and fragrance.

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The living-room of Mrs. Munds' New York home with its valuable portrait of Joseph Black by Sir Henry Raeburn.

(Below) The Louis XVI girandoles with their bases of burnished gold and their trappings of 18th century Irish glass.



Mrs. Munds' Queen Anne highboy, a priceless possession with unusual patine markings.



(Right) Unusual ruby and diamond spray brooch, a valuable family heirloom in Mrs. Munds' jewel collection.

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JACK GRANT,
Executive Editor

Hollywood

Edited in Hollywood

JACK SMALLEY,
Managing Editor

JUNE, 1935

W. H. FAWCETT, Publisher

Vol. 24 No. 6

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Cover Painting of Janet Gaynor
by Marland Stone

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Today in Hollywood

● MEXICO HAS asked Hollywood to release a number of pictures to theatres south of the border for "educational purposes." Included on the request list are such films as *All Quiet on the Western Front* and *Red Dust*. . . May Robson celebrated her seventieth birthday and her fifty-second year on the stage.

News Notes

M-G-M gave her a new "long-term" contract. . . Prosperity note: A Hollywood theatre manager was arrested upon complaint of the fire department for having too many people in the house. . . By executive order girls under contract to Fox Films are prohibited to wear slacks or trousers of any kind at the studio. Slacks are deemed not glamorous and directors casting new pictures are inclined to overlook girls so clad, say Fox executives. . . A headline announced "Famous Foreign Star Retiring." "Not very, I'm afraid," cracked Preston Foster. . . John Boles receives more fan mail than any other star at Fox. For one solid year, Boles worked every single day. He took a seven-weeks vacation, and since that time, has begun his second year of working six days a week. . . What studio department do you guess receives the most applications for employment? You're wrong. It is the wardrobe department. Self-styled "expert" seamstresses apply from all over the world. . . Which brings to mind the story of the old-clothes man who called at Ralph Bellamy's house. Mrs. Bellamy sold him a four-year-old suit of Ralph's and the

dress she bought last week. . . Mervyn LeRoy spent as much time as he could steal away from production to be with his wife at the maternity hospital.

● CONJECTURE ABOUT what Garbo does on her mysterious trips has been futile until now. Our own detective agency was ordered on the job one day last month. Here is the detailed report:

"Wednesday, 8:30 a. m. Your operative (No. 7) went on duty, trailing subject (Miss Greta Garbo) from her Santa Monica home to corner Hollywood Boulevard and Whitley, driven in black Lincoln limousine by negro chauffeur. At

Garbo Trailed!

9:20, subject entered Watson's tailor shop. Chauffeur followed with pasteboard suitcase. Operative saw suitcase in car and suspecting trip to begin, telephoned headquarters, 9:35.

"10:11 a. m. Subject returned to car, which then went to Pasadena, thence along Foothill Boulevard to small town, Azusa, arriving 1:20 p. m. Subject entered Hardy's Restaurant, ordered soup, mountain trout, coffee, baked apple; left waitress a twenty-five cent tip. Waitress refused to believe operative when told she had waited on a movie star; remarked subject looked nothing like Greta Garbo.

"2:05 p. m. Subject returning to car traveled to Redlands via Foothill Boulevard. Arriving 4:10 p. m., loitered in drug store, as though killing time; frequently glanced at clock. Bought carton cigarettes, two packages chewing gum. Laughing at some comic post cards, subject bought six of them with envelopes and stamps. Male drug-store cashier told operative he thought subject was wealthy tourist.

"4:35 p. m. Subject drove on to Palm Springs, where driver avoided scrutiny of resort's movie people by traveling down back-streets. Driver stopped at gas station in desert between Palm Springs and La Quinta to refuel. Lost trail in La Quinta but picked up again when operative observed chauffeur purchasing food at hotel, carried on tray to nearby bungalow. Chauffeur was then dismissed until 7:00 next morning. Subject did not thereafter emerge from bungalow, nor did she have any visitors. At 11:15, light was put out. Operative 13 relieved Operative 7 at midnight.

"Thursday, 6:15 a. m. Subject took short hike up hillside behind hotel, returning at 7:05 a. m. Changed costume, re-entered car, 7:30 a. m., proceeding to Palm Springs. Here chauffeur mailed six letters distinguishable as the comic post cards purchased. 8:45 left Palm Springs for Los Angeles, arriving there 12:35. Report ends."

There you have it—what Garbo does on her mystery trips. Exactly nothing!



—Charles Rhodes Photo

Billy Haines, Kay Francis and Andy Lawler—Her beads broke

THEY GAVE a party for "Uncle Carl" Laemmle.

Some twenty-two hundred people crowded the ancient Phantom stage (*Phantom of the Opera*) to do him honor. All studio employees from the highest to the most humble turned out. Mingling with them were a score of present-day stars and several scores of old-timers. The occasion was the commemoration of the founding of Universal City.

Twenty years ago, Universal City opened its doors. Special trains ran from all sections of the United States, bringing internationally famous personages to the celebration. It was one of the most widely-advertised events in motion picture history, having an even greater significance than was then realized. It marked the beginning of Hollywood's reign as the world's film capitol.

The studio was a daring experiment in its day. Universal, organized seven years previously—its name was suggested by an ice truck passing the conference room where "Uncle Carl" and his business partners debated the choice of a corporation title that would "mean something big"—gambled all in building a city.

Today, in Hollywood, the whole town came to do "Uncle Carl" honor. Forty-four employees attended who have been at Universal City its entire twenty years. *Ivanhoe*, the first film made at the studio, was shown.

The festivities were at their height when "Uncle Carl" was discovered missing. Two hours later, he was found in a nearby dressing-room with some old cronies—playing poker.

TOURISTS who come to Hollywood to see stars must be keen-eyed, prepared for the unexpected. On the beach of Santa Monica, a group of motorists from Iowa were so busy staring at the lovely home of Norma Shearer that they hardly bothered to return the polite smile of a young woman, in old slacks and a sweater, who passed by, taking her daily constitutional. But they admired her nerve when she went right up to Norma's door and knocked. No reply. The patio is out of earshot of the house. They gaped again when the young woman chinned herself on the stone wall, jumped



—Charles Rhodes Photo

Glenda Farrell—Her cat wears glasses, and it is not a gag

over. They hung around, waiting to see her forcibly ejected. Nothing happened. The young woman? Norma Shearer often forgets her keys.

EVERYBODY COMPLIMENTS Tullio Carminati on his charming accent, but few know what a struggle it was for him to learn English at all. Not because of the difficulty—he already spoke four languages. He just didn't believe he would like English. Then he fulfilled a lifelong

ambition by meeting Charlie Chaplin, only to find that he couldn't understand a word Charlie said. The next day he went out looking for an English teacher.

WHEN THE Reverend Samuel J. Williams of Hopedale, Ohio, publicly denounced actor Clark Gable from the pulpit, he caused a wave of controversy to sweep the nation. First inkling came only recently that the Reverend might not have been entirely averse to the publicity resulting from the attack. A prominent magazine received a letter from the Reverend Williams offering (for \$500.00) to write a thousand word story entitled "Why I Attacked Clark Gable." The unusually high rate (50 cents a word), might indicate the Reverend really anxious to keep his name out of print.

REMEMBER GWEN LEE? She was once the champion blond siren at M-G-M. At the height of her career, Gwen retired. Feeling the call for work again and not wanting to go through the heart-breaking struggle of trying to get back, Gwen, still a lovely vision, has started a Hollywood dress service.

INVITED TO ONE of Joan Crawford's very swanky formal dinners, Jean Muir had to hustle out and borrow an evening gown from one of her mother's friends. The cleaner had failed to return in time her lone dress-up creation.

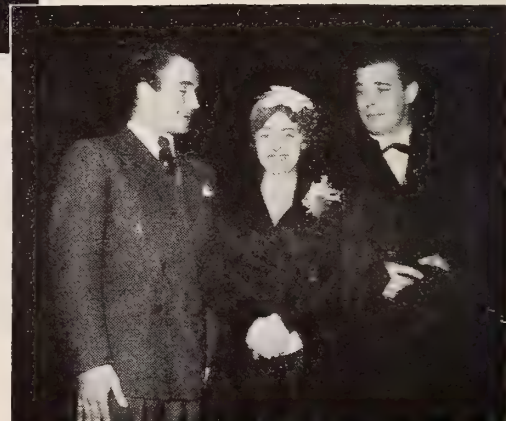
And was Jean's face red? It was not. She told the story herself when another of la Crawford's guests admired the frock.

SOMEWHERE in the Pacific are two lost islands, never explored, never claimed. They've been sighted twice, once in 1840 and again in 1860. But they appear on no chart nor list of Colonial possessions, although reported verdant and teeming with game.

It is in search of these vaguely known, almost legendary islands that Henry Wilcoxon plans to put to sea in his fifty-foot schooner. He may not find the isles, this Richard, *The Lion Heart of The Crusades*, but he has sworn to keep on trying until he does make the discovery.



Universal has a Twentieth Birthday party. (Above) "Uncle Carl" Laemmle receives congrats from Henry Armetta. (Left) A group of "old-timers"—Iva Shepard, Florence Turner—first Universal star—Pat O'Malley, Priscilla Dean. (Right) Two juniors—Noah Beery, Jr., and Lon Chaney, Jr.—with Mrs. Wallace Reid



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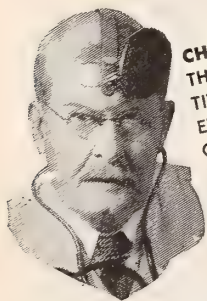
I was sallow and sort of logy



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NEWS The amazing change in Hepburn—Fred Astaire threatens to shoot—Who is the busiest actor?

HOLLYWOOD is wondering about the change in Hepburn. The Hepburn of today and the Hepburn of yesterday are as far apart as the wild gypsy and the gentle prophet.

News of the change has been coming to us all month as *Break of Hearts* neared completion at RKO-Radio. Throughout the picture, the new, more subdued Hepburn wore an old horse-

Hepburn Changes

shoe ring like you used to make as a kid, on the fourth finger of her hand. Back of this ring lies a pretty story.

While rummaging about the Scotch village set, where he was appearing with Hepburn in *The Little Minister*, young Billy Watson found the horseshoe nail and made the ring for the star, telling her it would bring her good luck. And it did. Hepburn has carried out her promise to Billy to wear it. She had the wardrobe department fashion a shield to cover the ring in close-ups, so that it can't be seen in the scenes.

Anecdote number two: Hepburn had a loud speaker installed in her dressing room so a blind woman could listen to her work. By this action, the rule of no visitors to Hepburn sets was not broken. Often during the day of the blind lady's visit, Hepburn would lean over the mike to inform the unseeing listener of the visual aspects of the scene being taken.

Anecdote number three: Hepburn wired congratulations to Academy award winner Claudette Colbert while the latter was on the train, New York vacation bound. Not only was this an unusual gesture from Hepburn, but completely unexpected as her lack of interest in the Academy Award she won last year caused much comment. Moreover Hepburn and Colbert are reported unacquainted.

Anecdote number four: Hepburn has taken up tap dancing. Instead of rehears-

ing in private, she joins a group of chorus girls to practice her routines. This snatch of conversation was caught on the set:

"Do I seem to have two left feet?" Hepburn asked her instructor.

"Nonsense, you're doing fine," answered Fred Astaire.

Hollywood is wondering about the change in Hepburn.

• • •

FRED ASTAIRE is threatening to shoot the next fellow who steps up to him and inquires, "Well, how does it feel to be a star?" He can't quite fathom all the furore in Hollywood about his success.

When he was only eight years old, Fred and his sister Adele, now Lady Cavenish, were drawing top billing and \$200 a week on the Orpheum Circuit. At seventeen, they were occupying a featured spot in a Broadway musical hit.

Named by a committee of London tailors as one of the world's twelve best-dressed males, Fred's favorite off-stage garb is a pair of ancient and soiled gray trousers and polo shirt.

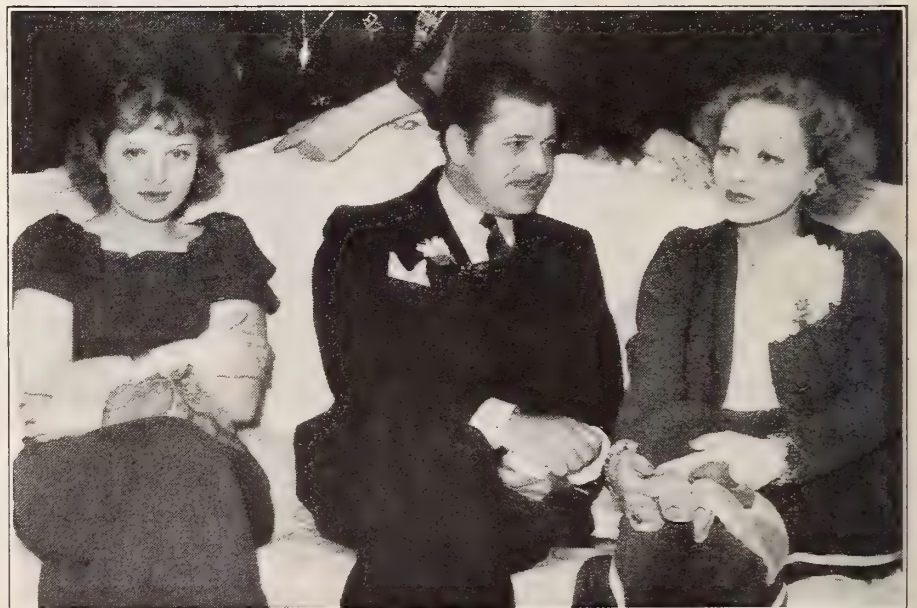
• • •

PLAYING MORE ROLES than any other screen player in 1934, character actor Berton Churchill retained for the third successive year his title of "busiest actor in Hollywood." The white-haired, veteran player appeared in twenty-nine fea-

Busiest Actor

tures in 1934, an average of one production every 12.6 days.

Second honors for 1934, went to Hobart Cavanaugh, receiving credit in twenty-four features. Seldom-mentioned Henry O'Neil was third with twenty. Amongst the ladies, ingenue Shirley Grey and character-actress Sarah Padden topped the list with thirteen features each. Minna Gombell ran third with twelve.



—Rhodes Photo

HOLLYWOOD'S ace cameraman gets a scoop. Never before have Anna Sten, Warner Baxter and Marlene Dietrich been photographed together

HOLLYWOOD

"EVERY DAY I LOVE YOU MORE"



Thrilling Words — but nobody says them to the girl who has COSMETIC SKIN . . .

IT'S WONDERFUL to *win* love —even more wonderful to *hold* it! So don't let unattractive Cosmetic Skin steal away your good looks. It is when stale make-up is left to *choke the pores* that the warning signals of this modern complexion trouble appear—tiny blemishes, dullness, blackheads, perhaps.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Lux Toilet Soap is especially made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its ACTIVE lather sinks deep into the pores, removes every trace of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

Use all the cosmetics you wish! But to *protect* your skin—keep it lovely—follow this simple rule:

Use this gentle soap before you put on fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night. Remember, 9 out of 10 lovely Hollywood stars use Lux Toilet Soap!



RUBY KEELER

STAR OF WARNER BROTHERS'
"GO INTO YOUR DANCE"



LIKE SO MANY
GIRLS I USE ROUGE
AND POWDER, BUT
THANKS TO **LUX
TOILET SOAP** I'LL
NEVER HAVE
COSMETIC SKIN

NAME YOUR OWN Vacation Trip!



- NEW ENGLAND ☐
- 4 GREAT CITIES ☐
(New York, Washington, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Atlantic Beaches)
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- GREAT LAKES REGION ☐
(Michigan Lake Resorts Ohio and Indiana)
- EASTERN CANADA ☐
- GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAINS ☐
- NORTHLAND LAKES ☐
(Wisconsin and Minnesota)
- GREAT NORTHWEST ☐
(Yellowstone Route)
- CALIFORNIA ☐
- SAN DIEGO, CAL. ☐
(1935 World's Fair)
- PACIFIC NORTHWEST ☐
- ROCKY MOUNTAINS ☐
- GREAT SOUTHWEST ☐
(Indian Country and Grand Canyon)
- SHENANDOAH VALLEY ☐
(Blue Ridge and Shenandoah Mountains)
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- FLORIDA ☐
- HISTORIC CENTRAL SOUTH ☐
- NEW ORLEANS and Gulf Coast ☐
- MISSISSIPPI VALLEY ☐
- MIDWEST and Ozark Mountains ☐
- TEXAS ☐

Greyhound will bring it to you at a big saving . . .

so check it here, and mail the coupon

Take a pen or pencil and glance down this list of vacation areas. You are almost sure to find your long-planned summer trip included. Now to discover how you can make that trip at far less than you thought it would cost—with far more fun and scenic interest. Place a check mark after the chosen area—tear out the whole ad and mail it today. You will receive pictorial folder, fares, schedules, all necessary information. Learn for yourself how millions are getting more pleasure out of life without straining travel budgets!

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GREYHOUND Lines

Mail This for Folder, Information

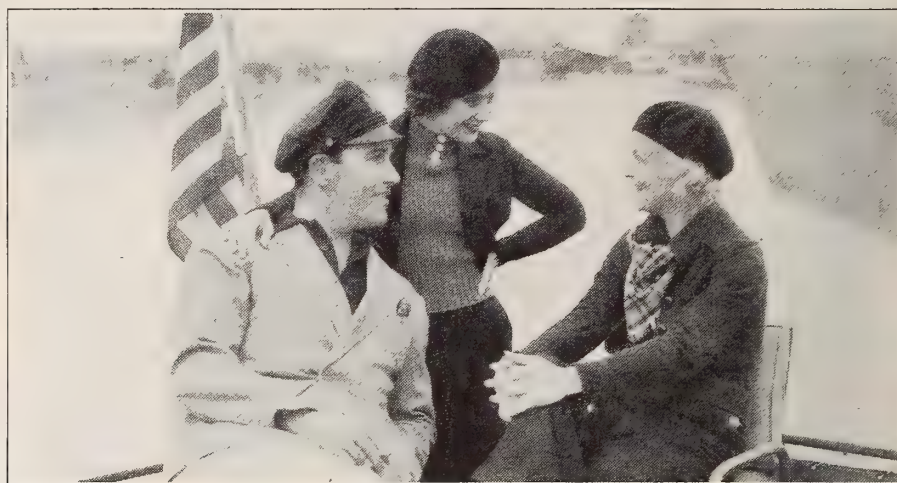
Check desired trip, fill out return address, and mail this ad to Greyhound office (nearest your home) listed above. Or jot down the place you want to visit, on the margin below, paste the coupon on a penny post card, and mail it.

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NEWS

Wallace Beery buys ironing board—A scream not in the script—Stardom at five dollars



Preston Foster owns a boat. He calls it a yacht. Aboard are the skipper himself, June Martel, and Mrs. Preston Foster (seated) the real skipper

HEFTY, GRUFF Wallace Beery trans-continentalized it via the sky paths to New Jersey, where he picked up his new specially-designed, de luxe, six-passenger

Her Ironing Board

cabin plane, equipped with automatic pilot, a radio compass, and all the other latest flying gadgets. Housed in its hangar near Hollywood, the craft is the swankiest airboat in the film circle.

Wally should have taken possession of the ship two weeks earlier, when he traveled to New York to broadcast.

After completing his radio bit, Beery dashed to the nearest telephone to call little foster daughter, Carol Ann, at the Beery manor in Beverly Hills.

"How'd you like my broadcast, Darling?" asked the proud papa.

"You were grand, Daddy," answered the youngster, "but I want you to hurry home, and bring me an ironing board." Then she launched into a \$38.69 phone toll description of the sort of doll's laundry utensil she desired.

Seizing his hat, Wally rushed out on a round of the department stores, eventually locating the ironing board (price 39 cents), and, in the excitement, forgot all about his date with his airplane builders. That is why he had to go back again.

GAIL PATRICK played her greatest emotional scene in *The Big Broadcast of 1935*. Dressed as a nurse, she was supposed to administer an anesthetic to little David Holt. Just as they "turned 'em over," Gail glanced down at Davy, stretched out on the operating table. His face seemed to vanish before her eyes. In place, came the face of her younger brother, seemingly trying to speak. She screamed.

A few minutes later, some one tapped Gail on the shoulder. She was wanted on the phone. The voice on the other end came from San Francisco. It was a doctor informing her that he had just removed her brother's ruptured appendix, in time to save his life!

"I'M GOING OVER to spend a couple of days at the hospital like I planned—just for observation—drop over and see me when you finish work."

The Valiant

That was a phone message Fredric March received one day at the studio from his wife, Florence Elridge. Not until he arrived at the hospital did he know the splendid gesture she had made.

Hospital attaches told him, "Mrs. March is doing splendidly. She didn't want to disturb your work today—but she underwent a serious operation a few hours ago!"

ANNE SHIRLEY may be just around the corner from stardom. But that fact won't upset her sense of values—not if her mother can help it. At the present time, Anne's weekly allowance is exactly five dollars which is a hundred per cent boost over her allowance up to a few months ago. Back of her present success are a dozen hard years of struggle on the part of Mrs. Paris, Anne's mother, to make her daughter a star. Anne, since the age of two, has been the breadwinner of the family.

GUY RENNIE'S KING'S CLUB on Sunset Boulevard, opened in a blaze of glory. Bruce Knox, Hollywood's favorite interior decorator, had outdone himself in a color scheme of powder-blue and white.

The music was playing. People were laughing. Dancers swayed in rhythm. To everyone else, it was a night of fun. To a little girl, sitting wide-eyed in a far corner, it was a night of breathless wonderment. Believe it or not, she was a movie star and seeing a night club for the first time, off the screen.

Her name is Jean Parker. She was escorted by Robert Taylor, getting a great kick out of being a fairy godfather.

[Continued on page 61]

"Only in Kotex can you find
these 3 satisfying comforts!"

CAN'T CHAFE .. CAN'T FAIL .. CAN'T SHOW

"Three exclusive features solve three important problems every woman faces. I explain them to you here because there is no other place for you to learn about them."

Mary Pauline Callender
Author of
"Marjorie May's 12th Birthday"



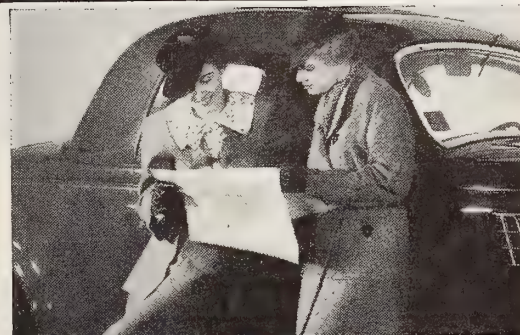
CAN'T CHAFE ..

To prevent all chafing and all irritation, the sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton. That means lasting comfort and freedom every minute Kotex is worn. But, mind you, sides *only* are cushioned. . . the center surface is left free to absorb.



CAN'T FAIL . . .

There is a special center layer in the heart of the pad. It has channels that guide moisture evenly the whole length of the pad—thus avoids accidents. And this special center gives "body" but not bulk to the pad in use . . . makes Kotex keep adjusting itself to every natural movement. No twisting. The filler of Kotex is actually 5 times more absorbent than cotton.



CAN'T SHOW ..

Now you can wear what you will without lines ever showing. Why? Kotex ends are not merely rounded as in ordinary pads, but flattened and tapered besides. Absolute invisibility always. No "give away" lines or wrinkles . . . and that makes for added assurance that results in peace of mind and poise.



I'VE always felt that the real facts on this intimate subject were withheld from women. So here I present information every woman should know.

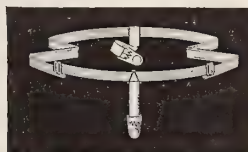
I realize that most sanitary napkins look pretty much alike. Yet they aren't alike either in the way they're made or in the results they give. For only genuine Kotex offers the 3 exclusive advantages I explain on this page—the 3 features that

bring you women the comfort and safety you seek. And with Kotex now costing so little and giving so much, there's really no economy in buying any other kind.

5 times as absorbent

The Kotex absorbent, cellucotton (not cotton), is 5 times as absorbent as cotton. It is the identical absorbent used in the majority of our leading hospitals.

NEW ADJUSTABLE BELT REQUIRES NO PINS!



No wonder thousands are buying this truly remarkable Kotex sanitary belt! It's conveniently narrow . . . easily adjustable to fit the figure. And the patented clasp does away with pins entirely. You'll be pleased with the comfort . . . and the low price.

Women who require extra protection find Super Kotex ideal. It costs no more than Regular. For emergency, Kotex is in West Cabinets in ladies' rest rooms.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX

Try the New Deodorant Powder Discovery . . . QUEST, for Personal Daintiness. Available wherever Kotex is sold. Sponsored by the makers of Kotex

News of the New Pictures

As Reviewed by
JACK GRANT

Pictures rated AAAA are exceptional:
AAA very good: AA average: A mediocre

"LES MISERABLES"—(20th Century) is an experience in the theatre you dare not miss. True to the letter and spirit of the Victor Hugo classic, it is a relentless and powerful indictment of the mis-justices of justice. Its brutal cruelties are not tempered, nor does it make concessions in the name of entertainment. Richard Boleslavski's powerful direction and the magnificent artistry of the camera work highlight three of the year's finest performances. Fredric March's Jean Valjean is literally a triumph for this versatile artist who further proves his versatility by a surprising dual bit that will leave you wondering if both characters are played by March. They are. Charles Laughton portrays the sinister Inspector Javert to dominate the action by the sheer force of his ability. Sir Cedric Hardwick plays the Bishop with a quiet, sincere authority that is superb. Others too numerous for individual mention are uniformly splendid. An occasional picture like this makes us regret that we have no rating higher than —AAAA



March and Laughton star in "Les Miserables," a screen classic



Karen Morley and Paul Muni in the dramatic hit, "Black Fury"

"BLACK FURY"—(Warners) is another liberal helping of red-blooded drama. The story is right out of the headlines, as true as the news itself. Dealing with labor conditions in coal mines, it is a fresh exposé of a racket—union strike agitation. The central character, realized with keen insight by Paul Muni, is a roistering, blustering miner, content with the small joys of his own world. When his girl runs away from the poverty of Coaltown, that world crashes and Muni is easy prey for the strike makers. Realization of his error comes to him slowly but when he does realize it, he stages a single-handed strike to keep his fellows from further wrong. Karen Morley, John T. Qualen, Barton MacLane and J. Carroll Naish head the fine supporting cast. —AAAA

"STAR OF MIDNIGHT"—(RKO-Radio) is another of those murders that William Powell solves while gazing into a highball glass. It is gay, light and completely charming, with the lovely Ginger Rogers as the modern deb who decides to marry Powell and gets her man as he is getting his. Paul Kelly plays a gang leader with humor and J. Farrell MacDonald and Robert Emmett O'Connor are a swell pair of cops. The story contains a murder, a disappearance and frequent bits of gun play, but as it doesn't take itself seriously, why should you? —AAA½



Ginger Rogers and William Powell team in "Star at Midnight"

"THE MARK OF THE VAMPIRE"—(M-G-M) is an ingenious excursion into the supernatural—a mystery-horror yarn designed to thrill and chill all of you, and succeeding admirably. Obviously, a tip-off to the plot would destroy your enjoyment. But if you are fond of having your nightmares while awake, see it and scream. Lionel Barrymore, Elizabeth Allan, Bela Lugosi, Lionel Atwill, Jean Hersholt and Henry Wadsworth head the



"Mark of the Vampire" is upon Elizabeth Allan, Lionel Barrymore

cast of unusually capable actors concerned and Tod Browning, master of horror, directed. —AAA

"RECKLESS"—(M-G-M) is a deft blend of comedy and drama that affords Jean Harlow one of her best acting opportunities to date. And how she makes each moment count—singing, dancing and playing expertly. William Powell contributes a gay breezy performance as only he can. Franchot Tone, slightly more limited, likewise scores. The story is of a show girl who marries into society and is made to suffer unjustly. Basically familiar, it nonetheless abounds with new situations. May Robson, Nat Pendleton, Ted Healy and Rosalind Russell are outstanding in support of the three stars. Several smart dance numbers background the action and the climax with Jean singing is a honey. —AAA½

"CARDINAL RICHELIEU"—(20th Century) is something of a disappointment. George Arliss is not as happily cast as he has been previously in his distinguished series of historical portraits. The story falters a bit in the telling, mainly because, in attempting to confuse the intrigues of its characters, it also confuses the audience. You follow the plot only with the most intense concentration. Yet because of Arliss, the handsome mountings, and several excellent performances by Edward Arnold, Douglas Dumbrille, Francis Lister and Maureen O'Sullivan, we rate it —AAA

"GO INTO YOUR DANCE"—(Warners) is the long-awaited co-starring venture of Ruby Keeler and Al Jolson. It is a better-than-average back-stage story with catchy tunes and elaborate dance routines. Jolson plays an unreliable and drunken musical star, helped by his sister, Glenda Farrell, on the road back to Broadway. She persuades Ruby Keeler to team with him and backed by a gangster, they are about to open in New York when the gangster's flirtatious wife, Helen Morgan, and the sister's arrest on suspicion of murder, complicates things. All the principals are excellent, with Ruby Keeler especially good. —AAA

"FOUR HOURS TO KILL"—(Paramount) is an even better picture than it was a stage play under its original title "Small Miracle." Top-notch performances feature the usual action which is staged in the lounge of theatre during a performance. There we meet Richard Barthelmess, an escaped convict with his captor, Charles G. Wilson; Joe Morrison, the check room boy; Helen Mack, his sweetheart; Roscoe Karns, a prospective father; Gertrude Michael and Ray Milland, a pair of illicit lovers; Dorothy Tree, a blackmailing usherette; Noel Madison, her gangster husband; and Henry Travers, the doorman. It is a tense melodrama they enact. —AAA½

[Continued on page 52]

ENCHANTING

Radiant Charm
for YOU!

For all women who would retain the thrill of youth and grow attractive looking.

Blondes use Marchand's Golden Hair Wash as a rinse to restore the sunny golden hues and natural lustre of real blonde hair. Brunettes impart fascinating highlights, a glorious sheen to your dark hair or lighten it any golden tint of "blondeness" you desire. You can get exactly the effect you want as soon as you want it of course. But, best of all, Marchand's Golden Hair Wash is so simple to use that you can apply it secretly in your own home and watch your hair slowly assume its new lustrous beauty over a period of weeks or months. Even your most intimate friends will admire your charming brightness—and never suspect the cause!

SMOOTH ARMS AND LEGS ADD TO THE CHARM OF YOUR APPEARANCE

Brunettes especially, and blondes, too, are you risking making your arms and legs coarse and *unnatural* looking, by shaving or using depilatories? Don't remove the "superfluous" hair nature intended you should have. Make your arms and legs smooth and alluring with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

Your druggist has Marchand's Golden Hair Wash in the new gold and brown package. Start using it some time today.

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

TRY A BOTTLE— FREE!

(See coupon
below)

A trial bottle of Marchand's Castile Shampoo—FREE—to those who send for Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. The finest health treatment you can give your hair. Marchand's Castile Shampoo makes your hair fresher and more charmingly alive. Send for bottle today

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH WILL NOT INTERFERE WITH PERMANENT WAVING

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR MARCHAND'S TODAY, OR USE COUPON BELOW
CHARLES MARCHAND CO. · 251 West 19th Street · NEW YORK CITY

Please let me try for myself the sunny, golden effect of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Enclosed 50 cents (use stamps, coin, or money order as convenient) for a full sized bottle. Also send me, FREE, trial sample of Marchand's Castile Shampoo.

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Address.....

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**Do You SHUN
A Close up
WHENEVER YOU CAN-
CONSCIOUS OF
THOSE LITTLE SKIN BLEMISHES
YOU COULD NOT CONCEAL?**

YOU can avoid much of this embarrassment, if you will help nature heal these surface defects instead of trying to cover them up.

Your skin is sick when it is broken out and irritated from clogged, sluggish pores or blackheads or perhaps some temporary internal disturbance. It needs external medication—not beautifiers—to aid in relieving the disorder and promoting the return of natural loveliness.

The special medication in Resinol Ointment makes it particularly effective for such cases. It is so gentle, so soothing, so beneficial in its action that doctors and nurses have been using and recommending it for nearly forty years in the treatment of sick skins. Almost as soon as Resinol is applied, the soreness is relieved, and in a short time the irritated spots begin to improve. It does not smart or sting and is kind to the tenderest skin.

Resinol Soap as an Aid

Bathing the skin first with the lightly medicated, non-irritating lather of Resinol Soap, quickens the pleasing effect of the Resinol treatment. All druggists sell Resinol Ointment and Soap. Get them today—use them when you have sick skin—then see the improvement. For a convincing free sample of each write to

Resinol, Dept. 8-D
Baltimore, Md.



Our Readers Write

But write or wrong, our readers

PRIZES are awarded every month to the contributors to this department. There are two first prizes of ten dollars each to the writers of the two best letters which, if addressed to a player, will also bring you a personal answer from the individual star. These ten dollar letters are indicated on this page by four • • • •

The two next best letters win five dollars each and are marked • • • • Five more letters will bring our check for a dollar each and are indicated by • • Duplicate prizes are awarded in case of a tie and the editor of HOLLYWOOD will be the sole judge. The right is reserved to print all or any part of the letters received.

Have we heard from you? Address: Editor, Hollywood Magazine, 7046 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Jean Muir Aids True Love

• • • • My Dear Miss Muir:

May I be one of the many to compliment you sincerely—even at this late date—upon your beautiful performance in *As the Earth Turns*? It was a perfectly exquisite portrayal of a fine character.

I had a personal reaction to it also which I feel may gratify you. My younger sister, on my father's ranch in Oregon, had rebelled against the life and comparative hardships. I took her, by good chance, to your picture. She sat, quiet and tense, drinking in the beauty of your acting, oblivious to us all. At last she said, "Sis, thank you. You've done Jim and me a wonderful service."

A young rancher had long loved her and begged her to marry him. Fearing the life and work she hesitated, although she knew she loved him. Your sincere work on the screen gave her new courage and in a month, they were married. Boy or girl, their first baby is to be named Jean. Their happiness is very precious to me and you can understand, I know, how grateful we all are to you. Very best wishes for a happy, successful life!

Evelyn Powell,
1243 Coast Boulevard,
La Jolla, California.

Fred Astaire Should Tip His "Top Hat"

• • • • Dear Fred Astaire:

Both my husband and I work, and we rarely find an opportunity to attend a show except on Sunday afternoons. We find, however, that our local theatre always runs the pictures-you-must-not-miss on Sundays, so we always get to see the very best ones. We saw you and Miss Rogers in *The Gay Divorcée* and *Roberta*, and enjoyed them both to the utmost.

When we see a picture, we expect complete enjoyment and relaxation. Your pictures fulfill this expectation to the letter.

You say your ability to dance is acquired through hard work. Well, aren't most worthwhile things in this world ac-



—Charles Rhodes Photo

Again little Shirley Temple drew more letters from readers than any other star. Here she is being hand printed in concrete for Filmdom's Hall of Fame—the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theatre

complished through hard work? You are certainly doing your bit by sending a host of people back to their work with a song and dance, just as you are doing for us.

Mrs. Carl Dail,
735 W. Matthews,
Jonesboro, Arkansas.

Congratulations to Claudette

• • • • Dear Miss Colbert:

Congratulations on deservedly placing first in the 1934 roster of stars. Your magnificent portrayal of the girl in *It Happened One Night* was a joy to behold—a memory to be cherished. Happily, too, your sympathetic interpretation of successful working girls in *Imitation of Life* and *The Gilded Lily* amply justify the title "best actress."

These rôles, in which you exemplify splendid types of modern young American womanhood, have carved for your own bright self a permanent niche in Moviedom; and have made you the admiration and inspiration of countless plain folk in the vast outer audience.

Long may you charm a grateful public with those inimitable qualities which characterize your screen work; rare intelligence, acting ability, well-groomed femininity, kindly humor, and a vibrant personality that faces life with head up and courage high. And in bringing this happiness to others, may you thus find your own greatest happiness.

Mary Manning,
23 Hendry Street,
Dorchester, Mass.

HOLLYWOOD

And One Who Disagrees

• • • The Editor:

As for me, I was a bit disappointed when the awards for the best acting went to any one other than William Powell and Myrna Loy, because of their outstanding performances in *The Thin Man*. May I suggest that HOLLYWOOD conduct a department, allowing the fans to vote on the best performances according to their own viewpoint? I think this would be an interesting experiment and would of course not conflict with other judge's opinions. We would all get a big kick out of it, and give us a say, too. After all, we are the ticket buyers.

Hugh Dunton,
741 Ratcliff Ave.,
Shreveport, La.

(Editor's note: If we have any number of seconds to your nomination, we will be pleased to start such a contest.)

Stay as Young as You Are, Shirley . .

• • Dear Shirley Temple:

I have seen every one of your pictures to date. I have loved you in each film. But, my dear "wee lassie," why do they use you only in grown-up films?

Please ask for "Fairy" or Child rôles! —How we'd all love to see you in these: *The Goose Girl*, *The Three Bears*, *The Sleeping Beauty*, *The Seven Dwarfs* and oh—*Cinderella*!

I don't want you in grown up films! I want you in Fairyland where you belong! Please, Shirley!

Mollie M. Smith,
Wetaskiwin, Alberta,
Canada.

And Smart Too, Shirley . .

• • Dear Shirley Temple:

How is the world's famous little girl today? I know you are very fine and happy. I have never had the pleasure to see you in person, but have seen every motion picture of you that has been to Montgomery. I am twelve years old, but would still love to play dolls with you. We all love you down here, and save as many pictures as we can get of you. But we cannot understand why you are so smart, to be just five years old. I know your mother and daddy are proud of you. Who wouldn't be?

Mary Ellen Bayne,
509 St. Charles St.,
Montgomery, Ala.

. . And Sweet, Myrna

• • Dear Myrna Loy:

Every "movie goer," I think, unconsciously picks out an actor or actress they admire and secretly wish they were like.

I am only a "small town" school teacher with very few advantages to see what poise, graciousness and charm there are in our old world.

I have long admired your work and recently saw *Broadway Bill* and *Evelyn Prentice*. Your charming gayety and your naturalness leaves me without necessary words to express myself, so, if you will pardon the presumption on my part, I will say, "Please, Miss Loy, stay as natural and sweet in all of your productions."

Miss H. Colen Cowell,
L. Box 373,
Pennsboro, W. Va.

[Continued on page 49]

French Magic!



Left to Right

POLKADOT Banda-WIKIES make a beauty of every wearer! Glamorous bow-like collar...skirt-front trunks...back, brief as a wink! Black, Bermuda blue, turquoise, red, spray green, yellow . . \$6.50

ESTHER RALSTON,
Hollywood favorite.

Banda-WIKIES with smart sash... serpentine stripe bandana and braided drawstring...a grand success! White, black, cruiser blue, Diablo red, seal brown, with multi-color stripe . . . \$6.50

GRACE BRADLEY,
Paramount featured player.

A TRICKY little maillot in Batik stitch, as lovely as lace! White, black, Bermuda blue, turquoise, spray green, tile, tangerine, \$5.95. (If skirt front desired . . \$7.50)

TOBY WING,
Paramount sensation.

"LOOK YOUNG, lovely... dangerous in a Gantner," say the Stars! Gantner swim fashions are light as sea-froth...with French secrets of contour control knit in! They wear and wear...look smart, always!

Gantner swim suits are sold at better stores everywhere...or write us, giving weight, bust measure, & preferred color. (Style book upon request)

GANTNER & MATTERN CO., Dept. F
SAN FRANCISCO OR 1410 BROADWAY, NEW YORK
Makers of America's Finest Swim Suits

GANTNER swim SUITS and
Banda-WIKIES

(Garment Pat. Trade Mark Reg.)



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The Difficulty of Being NORMAL

by John Beal

As told to JERRY ASHER



John Beal, as Gene Stratton Porter's "Laddie," an RKO-Radio picture

● It's A FUNNY thing, acting. You hunt around for a job, get kicked out of office after office (everybody is always getting kicked out of offices in interviews) and finally, if you're lucky, you get one. You're happy then, terrifically happy and you resolve to put your all into the part, pretend *completely* that you are the character. Well, that's all swell. But woe be unto you if you make people believe it is yourself. Then the fun begins.

Everybody expects *you* to be just that character. Not only on the stage or on the screen, but also in your own life. This was just recently brought home to me by reading the other morning a phrase that a reviewer used about me. The article said such and such a rôle was played by "the melancholy Mr. Beal." Melancholy! Just when I had decided that there ought to be a law against anybody being as lucky as I am or feeling so disgustingly joyful.

I've read a great many articles and interviews about the movie people. It's always been much better "copy" to have some terrific tragedy or some great sorrow gnawing at your vitals! Every once in a while, an interviewer will ask me what mine is, and in an effort to be obliging, I'll try and dig one up. But it just can't be done. I guess I'll have to be content to remain normal and continue to have a grand time.

My professional "melancholia" started with *Wild Waves*, a radio comedy on the stage that Bing Crosby later made as a picture called *The Big Broadcast*. This was my first important rôle in New York after a year of struggling along, with an occasional small part. There was a lot of fun in the show but no vestige of humor in me. I was the earnest, sincere, befuddled, complicated youth.

Then came *Another Language*—on the stage with Dorothy Stickney and on the screen with Helen Hayes. I was again perplexed, tragically and youthfully in love. I'll never cease to be grateful for those two rôles because they gave me my first real opportunity in the theatre. Without them, I'd still be pounding pavements, going home to a weary hall bedroom, or maybe back home again in Joplin, Missouri.

But they did start the impression that I was Old Joe Tragic, and the

general theme of this conversation is to tell the fans that I can laugh once in a while. At least on Tuesdays and Thursdays.

Things were not always thus. As a member of the *Mask and Wig Club* at the University of Pennsylvania, I used to be in all the class plays. I used to do comedy, and I like to think that I was rather funny. Later on, as the drunken Swichel in *Ten Nights In a Bar-Room*, I was a low comic if ever there was one. Sometimes now if I look at my tear-stained map on the screen, I feel a wistful nostalgia thinking about the peals of laughter and raucous guffaws that I like to imagine once greeted my antics. Ah well, such is life. Most clowns have a great yearning to play *Hamlet*, but here's one "earnest, sincere youth" who only asks for a chance to play his own foolish and normal self in one rôle.

● I THOUGHT THE chance had come when I went back to New York after the filming of *Another Language* and played Paul Lawton in *She Loves Me Not*. That was the most cockeyed, delirious farce of last season and a lot of fun. But Paul Lawton was the one serious, earnest character in the midst of all the bedlam. Then came a chance to return to Hollywood and devote half my time to the screen. My first picture this time was *Hat, Coat and Glove*. And I was an innocent man on trial for murder!

The *Little Minister* was certainly another serious, earnest fellow who darn near died from a stabbing, and in *Les Misérables*, after being in a battle with the *gendarmes*, I almost die again—besides being dragged through the famous sewers of Paris. Speaking of

HOLLYWOOD

They called him "melancholy Mr. Beal," but he wants you to know he laughs on Tuesdays and Thursdays

Les Miserables, that excellent actor, Fredric March, who so obligingly carried me over his shoulder these last several days through the aforementioned sewers of Paris, also went through the period of playing very serious, intense characters. It wasn't until he appeared in *The Royal Family* that it was realized he was equally proficient when asked to be gay.

I wouldn't want to be typed exclusively in any one kind of part because certainly the serious dramatic rôles offer a great opportunity to the actor. It just becomes a little incongruous when I discover that people really expect me to be perpetually gloomy. In reality, I know of no one who is more genuinely full of what Mr. Ibsen describes as "The Joy of Life."

By that, I do not mean the obnoxious and unintelligent philosophy of the Pollyannas, because any person who has his eyes open can't help but realize that there is great tragedy all around us wherever we turn. But I do mean that in any case if I were to go around in life with a long face all the time (as I have been required to do so many times in acting rôles) considering the almost impossible good fortune which has come my way the last two or three years, then I would deserve to get a good swift kick. I really feel quite guilty sometimes when I consider how fortunate I am. I have a good contract, work which I enjoy hugely, good health, enough money—and the "one woman in the world for me," recently became my wife. It happened just before I started *Little Minister*. On the spur of the moment, I hopped a plane for New York. We were hungry for the sight of each other and then, before we knew it, were married and on our way back to Hollywood again.

Things were not always so rosy and I didn't always have this normal outlook on life. And I don't expect it to last forever. There were many times when I wondered whether there was any point in going on living. I couldn't find a job and there didn't seem to be any place where I fitted in. The thought of the sacrifice my parents had made to give me every opportunity didn't help any.

People must be tired of articles about the great sorrows by this time. I will say, however, if it will be of any help to anyone, that the secret for enjoying life to the full, at least according to my own findings, is a terrific interest in work. No matter what kind of work it is, I think if you can find something about it that you can love and you feel that you are growing, improving and accomplishing in it, then work will be the quickest and surest road to real happiness.

JUNE, 1935

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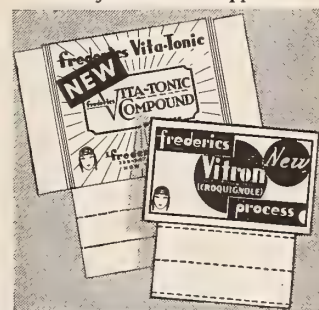
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There have been scenes such as this ever since there has been a show business. The theatre has drawn amateurs by thousands—the films, tens of thousands

The News Story of the Month

Why Hollywood Doomed the Extras

● NO ROMANTIC story of Hollywood is this, for it deals with the haunting desire for jobs, with hunger, and with the cold glint of statistics.

It is a saga of long dimmed hopes, and it resounds with the rhythm of a tremendous axe hewing out thousands of people from the uncounted legions of extras.

Fifty thousand persons available as extras yesterday, only one thousand today! Forty-nine thousand names have been dropped, eliminated with one fell swoop! Yet the ultimate result of this frightful cataclysm should be more peace, more happiness, and more contentment for filmland. Out of a myriad of shattered dreams will come some realizations, and for those who are left as extras, assurance at least of a decent living.

The extent of this movieland "liquidation" can be told in precise terms. For years the Central Casting Bureau has been accepting registrations of potential extras, has courteously enrolled all comers who applied for movie work. The lists fairly bulged with ambitious people. Estimates run the totals as high as fifty thousand, the accumulations of time.

To the NRA goes responsibility for delving into these vast lists and tearing them asunder, but had not the NRA plunged into the task, some other way would have developed. The Recovery Administration, its tail feathers dragging in some quarters but an alert bird in Hollywood, questioned five thousand of the best extras, threw four thousand of them into a secondary "atmosphere" classification, listed the other thousand as first call extras, and junked all other names.

It may seem ruthless business, but

Many call it unfair—this new closed shop. Yet when you have read this story, you will understand why the job had to be done—right now!

by TED MAGEE

the New Deal was battling with starvation and the job had to be done. Other methods had failed. Neither gentle persuasion nor the spectre of hunger would change the minds of the thousands. Hadn't Gary Cooper risen from the ranks? Wasn't Joan Crawford once an extra? Hadn't dozens of others climbed the long road to success?

The spark of hope burns strong in the hearts of most extras. They forsake their homes for Hollywood, and bet their meager funds on a wager for fame—with the odds a thousand to one against them. They won't risk a cent at roulette, but they turn the wildest sort of gamblers in a grab at movie stardom.

● YET THEY, in their distant homes, couldn't see the realities for dreaming. They heard of the romantic boulevards, of the brilliant studio lights, or of the mansions surrounded by palms. But they didn't know the other side of the story—broken hearts, futile flaring of hope, stark tragedy of defeat.

Take the case of Joan Redell, "America's most beautiful dumb-bell." A few years ago, this pretty blond girl won a "Dumbest Dora" contest in New York. She came to California with the belief that she could crash the gates

to stardom. She found, by her own statement, that "dumb-bells were no novelty in Hollywood."

Joan went the rounds of the casting bureaus. She did her level best to attain her ambition, but Hollywood wouldn't give her a tumble. So, humbled by poverty, she turned to housework. Eventually she ended up at odds with the law over accusations of taking clothing from the home of her employer.

● JOAN'S STORY is just one of hundreds—thousands. Every good restaurant in Hollywood is mute evidence of thwarted ambition. Girls, whose beauty should have carried them far, found there wasn't enough money in extra work to make a modest living. Some of them wouldn't go home, and some of them couldn't go home... They call them Lois and Ruth and Pinky at the restaurants now.

So months ago, Campbell MacCulloch, new chief of the Central Casting offices, which handle ninety-two per cent of the extra calls, announced no further registrations would be taken. That was action number one in Hollywood's New Deal. The rumblings of discontent could still be heard when the orders came to slash the list of extras to a mere thousand.

There was no ulterior motives. Hunger and charity, twin horrors of the depression, decreed the change. Studio officials, relief directors and NRA executives alike recognized the hopelessness of cluttered extra lists. They decided the better course would be to stamp out meaningless names, "repatriate" the hopeless extras, and retain only the best.

Blasted from [Continued on page 53]

HOLLYWOOD



Marion Davies

Page Miss Glory and the girl who answers should be Marion Davies. Well-deserved glory has been hers ever since her screen career began—glory not only as an actress but as a benefactress of those less fortunate, a charming hostess, a brilliant wit and a thoroughly good fellow. "Page Miss Glory" is a fitting title for Marion's first picture for Warners

Preview flashes from **SHIRLEY'S** greatest picture.. **"OUR LITTLE GIRL"**

by Jerry Halliday



**She plays at being happy to
rebuild a shattered dream!**

CONGRATULATIONS, FANS, here comes Shirley! How you'll thrill to this human story of a child and her parents whose happiness is suddenly threatened! And how the tense, dramatic climax will stir the heart of everyone from Granddad to Junior as Shirley's love triumphs over a family crisis. A "must-see" picture!

If there can be anything more adorable than Shirley alone, it's Shirley with Sniff, her loyal companion.

**SHIRLEY DANCES AND
SHE SINGS . . . TOO!**



Rosemary Ames and Joel McCrea give true-to-life performances as the parents who grope in the dark shadows of misunderstanding.



You'll love Shirley's lullaby, "Our Little Girl."



**"COME ON OVER AND
SEE MY STATUE!"**

Forgotten (for the moment anyway) are Shirley's dolls and pretty dishes. Shirley is still telling friends about the nice, fat man . . . (Irvin S. Cobb to you) . . . who traded a bee-you-tee-ful statue for a hug and kiss! Dear little girl, I wonder if you'll ever know the happiness you bring to millions of people. Special Academy Award? That's nothing to the good wishes the whole world sends you!

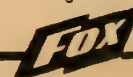
Shirley
TEMPLE

in
**'OUR
LITTLE GIRL'**

**ROSEMARY AMES
JOEL McCREA**

Lyle Talbot • Erin O'Brien-Moore

Produced by Edward Butcher • Directed by John Robertson • From the story "Heaven's Gate" by Florence Leighton Pfolzgraf



HOLLYWOOD

Every Girl

Can Have GLAMOUR

by

Carolyn Hubbard

● EVERY DAY, thousands of letters pour into the studios from girls who are madly ambitious for a screen career. Some of those letters are intelligent and appealing; some are almost unbelievably conceited; some are pathetic; others are merely stupid. And a surprising number of their authors share one common error—the mistake of confusing *beauty* and *charm*.

Almost every article written about Hollywood has stressed heavily the vital importance of personality to an actress, and has tried to explain just what Hollywood means by "personality." Yet most of the girls who read these articles evidently misconstrue them, for they continue to interpret personality as physical perfection.

The two qualities are not the same!

Few women can have real physical beauty; almost any woman can have charm—sex appeal, if you want to call it that, and I do, for I am honest enough to admit that every normal woman's instinctive impulse is to attract the admiration of men.

Beauty is given, or withheld, by Nature and beyond resorting to the artificial trickery that all women use—and most women misuse—there is nothing to be done but to submit to Nature's handiwork.

Charm, however, can be developed by the average woman in spite of physical handicaps, for it depends upon poise, vitality, individuality, intelligence and emotional force rather than upon regular features or a well-formed body.

● BEAUTY UNDENIABLY can be an asset—but only one of many, and not the most important, either. It can attract a man's attention, but, alone, it can never hold his admiration or interest.

Beauty can also be a girl's worst handicap. Too many girls become so smugly conscious of their beauty that they conclude, stupidly, that beauty is all-sufficient and neglect to develop the other, the more important, factors which make for charm. And I believe that is the reason why so very few really beautiful women ever have suc-

ceeded on the screen. Hollywood has always been crowded to overflowing with ultra-beautiful girls, but most of them continue as extras while others, far less beautiful, rise to stardom in spite of physical imperfections.

I have always been interested in trying to discover why men admire certain women. Usually the answer is, "... why, I don't know, exactly ..." there's something about her that fascinates me. She's not so terribly pretty, but ... well, there's something. ...

And if the analysis is pressed, nine times out of ten that "something" proves to be a combination of two things, *intelligence* and *aliveness*. I've never yet known a man whose interest could be held by a merely beautiful woman.

● MEN, BY INHERITANCE and by tradition, are vain. They are curious—at least where women are concerned. They ruled women for so many thousands of generations that they fell victim to an incurable faith in their own intellectual superiority. That faith is their greatest weakness.

The average man is immediately challenged by any woman who is essentially feminine and at the same time his intellectual equal. She is an affront to his pride of sex. Therefore he desires to bring her to his feet, to conquer her, to absorb her individuality in his own. And just as long as she maintains her individuality and her intellectual equality—in other words as long as she is elusive and unconquerable—he will remain fascinated. But she must be essentially feminine. Any man resents the woman who is lacking in that respect.

Men expect and demand emotional depth in women ... perhaps because feminine emotionalism is a subtle flattery to masculine strength. Every man desires to arouse emotion in the woman whom he admires. If he fails to do so, he blames her—and resents her. Novelists occasionally concoct romances in which the man is the emotional one and the woman is the calm Rock of Gibraltar. In real life, such a romance would probably end by the man [Continued on page 54]



Two of the frankest, stories we have ever

me. It was the ideal, actually a product of my own imagination. But I would not admit to myself that I was wrong.

I used to be unhappy because I did not have the kind of friends I liked. Now as I look back I doubt very much if I could have held on to them. I was miserable if I stayed home an evening or missed a party. I thought they couldn't get along without me. I thought that all the people I met at these places were necessary to my life's happiness. Actually, way down deep inside, I was not positive about this. But I did not have the courage to be honest with myself.

As time went on, I began to find out that the people I depended on most were never there when I needed them. Parties, night clubs, dances, all seemed to become more shallow as time went on. Then the light began to dawn. Finally I reached the point where I could not stand another evening of it. I shut myself up in my house and refused to see a soul. My phone rang continuously but I never took the receiver off the hook.

I was searching desperately for some way out. How, I did not know. For days I just sat and thought things out for myself. I wanted so badly to become sufficient unto myself and never have to depend on a living soul for my peace of mind. Then the complete realization came to me.

Human beings come into this world alone. They go out alone. Others touch our lives but we have no right to include them in our own scheme of things. Eventually there comes a time when we must be by ourselves

again. When the day came that I wanted to be with people again, I found myself a different person. Being by myself was a strange experience but a wonderful one. At last I had grown to know myself. Because my own understanding had deepened, it was easier for me to seek out the friends I had always wanted.

I feel that happiness does lie ahead for me, for these given reasons and many others. Of course, I do not mean that my life miraculously shall become devoid of any problems. Nor do I mean that there won't be the usual heartaches, disappointments and spells of depression that come to all sensitive people. No person in this world escapes. I never expect to, nor would I want to.

Today I believe I am more serious than I have ever been, yet I take myself less seriously. Instead of getting all upset over some unavoidable thing that goes wrong, I try to devote that same energy to creating something twice as good in the place of it. When I read things about myself that are unkind or unfair, I now laugh them off. They were only important before because I gave them importance. If friends happen to go back on me, I no longer point an accusing finger in their direction. They probably [Continued on page 54]

I've Been My Own Worst Enemy

by

Joan Crawford

EDITOR'S NOTE: Today Joan Crawford stands on the threshold of a new life . . . new happiness. What a difference there is in contrast to the frightened girl who stepped down off the train in Hollywood nine years ago! What a difference from the lonely, impulsive girl so desperately seeking a tiny corner to grow in! What vitality it has taken to overcome many obstacles and yet emerge the girl who is now capable of facing life with a smile.

The first of the year, Joan signed a new contract with her studio. It gives her the privileges accorded our greatest stars. The salary is reputed one of the highest ever paid. The finest writers and technicians are assigned to her productions. Her directors are the same ones in whose scenes she once worked extra. Joan has never been more popular, her pictures more in demand. Life has never been quite so full. When most actresses with her background might be living in the past, Joan exists in the exciting future. This story by Joan herself, tells why:

● I HAVE BEEN my own worst enemy. Now as I look back on a great many things, I realize how much I could have spared myself. If only I had known then what I have since learned! It has taken me all this time to find out why I used to be so unhappy. I have had to make mistakes and learn many bitter lessons, before reaching the state of mind that has brought me the comfort and happiness of today. It has been tough at times, but the lessons I have learned have been worth it. I alone am responsible for whatever unhappiness I may have suffered. I hate looking back, even for a moment. But to tell you this story, I have to.

I was always expecting too much from other people. No one has a right to do this. When people disappointed me, I would blame them bitterly. In reality, I was creating an ideal that did not exist. It was not the person who failed

most self-revealing published—The Editor

EDITOR'S NOTE: This story by Franchot Tone was as great a surprise to us as it will be to you. We have known Franchot for a long time and were quite aware that he was being libeled when he was called dull, colorless or uninteresting by others. As one of the leaders of the legion of Hollywood's misunderstood actors, Tone has learned to face unjust accusations with a smile. We asked him to give us a very intimate personal story, yet we hardly expected such a self-revealing document as that which follows:

● AT HEART, I'm just a show-off. I always have been one. Guess I always will be. I have always liked to attract attention. I've been flattered when I was able to make people notice me.

I can remember when I was only four years old. I was taken to a summer resort in the Canadian woods. Some boys were trying to spear fish and I was watching them. Suddenly I looked up, and there was a beautiful little girl standing a few feet away. Immediately I grabbed a spear and tried to show how good I was. Instead, I went in head first. Of course, I was too young to know how to swim and actually I was going down for the third time when my nurse came along and jumped in after me. She couldn't swim either but she managed to hold me up until help came. When they fished us out, the first thing I did was to yell, "You promised to let me go bathing this afternoon, you won't forget will you?" Which proved, if nothing else, that I could take it.

Another time I remember when some new people moved in next door to us. They had a boy just about my age and, of course, I was curious to know what he was like. He played in his yard and I played in mine. I kept watching him out of the corner of my eye, but whenever he looked over, I would assume the most innocent air of indifference.

One day a truckload of coal arrived. The boy next door completely ignored me by concentrating on the man emptying the coal into the basement. I had a new bicycle, so I ran and jumped on it. I pedaled furiously and tried to do all sorts of fancy tricks. Then something happened. The wheel gave a sudden twist and I found myself sitting in the middle of the coal-chute.

The main residential street of Niagara Falls, where I was born, runs from the Falls and passes the Shredded Wheat factory. This is one of the points of interests for visiting tourists, so this particular street carried a lot of traffic.

There was a little girl living across the way who was the object of my four-year-old affections. One day we were sitting together on the curb. I leaned over and kissed her. Some people going by saw us and started to laugh. After that, I managed to get the little girl on the curb every day. Whenever I saw someone coming, I would start my kissing act. A large crowd would gather, but instead of embar-



I've Always Been a Show-off

by

Franchot Tone

rassing me, it gave just that much more reason for my showing off.

I remember, too, how I used to imitate Charlie Chaplin. After I had seen him for the first time on the screen, I proceeded to make everyone's life miserable. I would dress up like Charlie and go waddling down the street. I carried a cane and woe unto any lady who happened to stoop to tie her shoe! I would ring door bells and when the people answered, I'd go skidding around the corner on one foot—at the same time tipping my hat.

Even after I entered Cornell, I continued to show off. There was a popular coffee house close by, where the teachers and upper classmen met for intellectual discussion. Music, art and literature were subjects of mutual interest. I wanted to show off my knowledge of these things too. I would stay up half the night reading, and spent all my spare time in libraries. Sometimes I'd visit a music store and ask to hear all their finest recordings.

● AFTER LISTENING for hours and making notes, I'd go out without spending a cent. I was determined to show off what I knew in front of these people whom I respected.

I know that every child goes through a period of thinking he knows it all and experiences exhibitionistic tendencies for a brief time. But mine was not a passing phase of childhood. I have never completely gotten over it. Today I am still a show-off. Naturally as we grow older we become more subtle. We try to develop a becoming modesty lest we become over-bearing. Instead of resorting to the many things I did as a kid, I became an actor. *What else is acting but showing off?* In my particular case, I was able to show-off to my heart's content and at the [Continued on page 55]



*Frances Dee and
Joel McCrea*

Hollywood points with pride to this pair of kids. Frances returned to the screen after the birth of her son to appear in the all-color "Becky Sharp" at RKO-Radio. Meanwhile Joel scored the hit of his career in "Private Worlds" for Walter Wanger—a performance and a picture you must not miss. Success will never change the McCreas

Solving the "Mystery" of Janet Gaynor

Janet is seldom interviewed, so it is with pride that we present this, her most revealing interview

by MARK DOWLING

● "SO FAR as the public is concerned, I live only on the screen," said Janet Gaynor. This matter-of-fact statement by the star who has been voted Public Favorite Number One started many rumors that the little Gaynor is "going Garbo"—that she has become the least-known star in the movie colony. Editorials have tried to define her appeal and writers have sought reasons for her silence.

Janet explains: "My fan mail tells me that people in all parts of the world believe the shadow self of me they see on the screen is real. Why, as far back as when we made *Street Angel*, and I wore clothes that were little better than rags, I received letters even from foreign countries such as Italy offering to send me dresses, shoes, and stockings to replace those I wore in the picture. They thought those rags were all I could afford, and through pity and kindness wanted me better clothed.

"To me, *that is romance*. It is my real self masquerading as romance. What could be more romantic than when a character one plays on the screen is so realistic that the people who pay to get into the theater come to believe her an actual living person?

"That's what every player strives for—to create a perfect illusion in each rôle—to make a living, breathing person on the screen. I have been fortunate. My parts have always been romantic. Most are of the Cinderella motif. And who can challenge the romance of the most celebrated figure of fiction and fairy tale?

"I believe in keeping illusion intact!"

Meanwhile, with a customary delight in dramatic legend, Hollywood has pictured Janet Gaynor as a princess locked in a tower—yearning to speak but forbidden by stern decrees of her studio bosses. You have read stories of her longing to break through the walls of silence and to open her heart to interviewers. They're decidedly not true!

"What do we go to the theater for?" Janet asks intelligently. "To be entertained—to lose ourselves in the story

being lived before our eyes, forget our troubles, and relax. Why should anyone take a little pleasure away from that entertainment by showing the public 'how the wheels go round'?

"If people like to think of me and believe in me as the person I portray on the screen, why should they be disillusioned by having my off-screen personality thrust upon them? I believe the curtain should be drawn on the personal lives of screen players, and the romance of their screen characters kept alive!"

And in a town where celebrities frequently bewail—sincerely or otherwise—the publicity given their "private" lives, Janet alone has achieved real privacy with quiet good taste and a complete absence of fireworks.

Not a dozen of her fellow stars even know where she lives. And where speculation about Garbo used to be Hollywood's favorite indoor sport, now you'll find the other stars discussing Janet, all the way from heated arguments as to how she has remained so securely at the top of the box-office list to her rumored romances.

● EVEN THOUGH she makes no attempt at disguise, she is seldom recognized even when she goes shopping in Hollywood. Wearing simple clothes and going about her few errands in a quite straight-forward, business-like fashion, she passes for an ordinary American girl instead of a movie star—and delights in her obscurity.

After a trip to Europe, she confided, happily to a friend, "Only one person recognized me on the whole trip—an



A hitherto unpublished picture of Janet at the age of eight when she attended school in Philadelphia, her native city



No need for her sympathetic fans to offer to send Janet clothes. Although she may wear rags on the screen, her personal wardrobe is smart and chic. Witness this new white fur negligee

American sailor who saw me hunting through bookstalls along the Quais in Paris. He cried, 'Gee, it's good to see an American girl over here!' and followed mother and me around all the rest of the afternoon."

It's hard to imagine such an incident happening to one of the flashy, glamorous stars—and this may explain why little Gaynor is the best beloved.

● "PLEASE DON'T quote me too often," she begs smilingly after an interview. "Just because people like to see me on the screen doesn't mean they're interested in my personal opinions. I feel so silly when I go into a hair-dresser's and see someone reading an interview I've given. The thought that anyone might think I'm anxious to put myself on record as believing this or that is actually embarrassing. Reporters fill column after column with quotations from movie stars on all conceivable subjects, and my reaction to it all is—who cares?"

But she makes no frantic attempt to dodge newshawks, as Garbo and Hepburn have done. When an occasional writer is admitted to her set, she receives him with a firm handshake and chats [Continued on page 51]

So I'm In Love with NELSON EDDY!

A brilliant star tells how
romantic rumors start

by

Jeanette MacDonald

● PERHAPS I SHOULD not be telling this story at all. Doubtless the people who start these absurd rumors of Hollywood romances—and somebody must be the first to gossip—will seize upon my words as new evidence of my "interest" in Nelson Eddy. But I don't mind. We both think it is very funny.

You have heard, of course, that I am "madly in love" with Nelson. That is the reason, they say, my performance in *Naughty Marietta* is "so alive, so fiery, so vibrant." (I am quoting them, you know, and I'm sure I am much obliged. But why, if I gave a good performance, must there be a romantic reason attached?)

I could go on and on for pages about the absurdity of such reports. Just because two people play love scenes on the screen is not an indication that they are in love. Why, I have been forced to kiss men on stage and screen whom

I have utterly loathed. It is much more pleasant to play with people you like (remember I said "like"). Yet if you know your business, there is no reason to allow your likes or dislikes to affect your acting.

But I started out to tell you about Nelson Eddy, didn't I? I am sure you will like him. He should become one of the screen's really great stars.

Before we started work together in *Naughty Marietta*, we had met just once or twice casually at the studio. Of course, I knew Nelson Eddy's reputation as one of America's outstanding baritones. But our paths never crossed until we found ourselves both under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

From what he has told me in chats we have had between scenes, I can piece together his life story. I know that he was born in Providence, Rhode Island, and that his father, William Darius Eddy, makes secret devices for Navy submarines. Both his father and mother sing non-professionally.

Nelson's earliest ambition was to be a doctor. Then he decided to become a

trap drummer. His first job, however, was in an iron works.

Very early in life, he discovered his voice. He was—I blush to tell you—a boy soprano.

He sings for the pure joy of singing, and his interest in music has cost him several jobs. Fired by an advertising agency, for which he worked after five years spent as a reporter on Philadelphia newspapers, he signed a radio contract twelve months later with the same agency—at more per week than he earned in a year as a copy reader!

Nelson learned his first arias from phonograph records. Before he had a teacher, he taught himself on the phonograph, playing over and over again the grand opera records by great artists. (Editor's note: Jeanette has neglected to tell you that as a child, she studied the same way.)

● EVEN TODAY, Nelson Eddy works with a phonograph. He has a home recording machine by which he studies his voice, seeking to improve it and adding to his repertoire. He sings thirty-two operatic rôles now.

I've often said that if people are not born with music in their souls, they should not try to sing. If they are born with it, nothing in the world can keep them from singing. Nelson Eddy would have sung whatever his occupation. Being an aggressive chap, he made the sacrifices necessary to carving out a career for himself in music.

This same aggressiveness must have caused his first year in Hollywood to have been literally a torture. Naturally, he was impatient to begin his film work. In a year, he appeared in only two pictures, both small parts.

"I was cast merely because they wanted someone who could sing loud and make gestures," he says now. "And I was handy." But he laughs about it now.

It wasn't that the studio was grooming him for his present stardom. M-G-M knew what he could do. The only difficulty was finding the right story in which he could start. The story finally chosen was *Naughty Marietta*, and I am happy to have been Nelson Eddy's co-star in his début.

Again I say I am sure you will like him.

Strange, I never thought I would like him, myself, judging from our first days on the set. Nelson was very polite—quite too polite. He seemed to avoid speaking to me except when absolutely necessary. I could not understand it.

Then one day, he explained everything. "I've been told that you were an extremely difficult person with whom to work," he said. "You know, prima donna and all that sort of thing. I've been told that you would stoop to anything to steal a scene, and to watch myself. I know now that you have been done an injustice, Jeanette. Will you forgive me?"

That was the beginning of our friendship. You can't help liking such a straight-forward fellow.



Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald as the romantic singing stars of Herbert's "Naughty Marietta" for M-G-M

This Happened One Night with Mlle. CLAUDETTE

Monsieur Boyer remembers
Lily Chauchoin's mud pack

by

Charles Boyer

● THEY GAVE HER a slender, gold statuette for being the most outstanding actress of the year, this little Claudette Colbert. It is the highest award Hollywood has to offer.

But there's another award I'd like to give her. So, I think, would everyone who knows her, who has ever worked with her. An award for being the most natural, regular person in the whole of Hollywood!

How she has managed it, I don't know. Perhaps that is why, to me, she is such a surprising girl. Such an amazing, brilliant woman.

Here she is—one of the most famous women on earth, a great star. Yet the hubbub of the town has never touched her. Neither its quick gossip nor its headlines. It takes strength to build up for yourself a world of peace and normalcy in abnormal surroundings. It takes courage to live in it! Claudette has done both.

I met her for the first time three years ago when I played with her and Clive Brook in *The Man from Yesterday*. She came on the set, a slim young girl who looked typically French, who spoke it with the purest of accents—the accent of Tours—and who thought in American! To a Frenchman like myself, it was bewildering. . . . Finding a girl who could meet a man on his own ground and was still so feminine. . . . Who had that subtle charm of the Parisian and the sportsmanship of the Yankee. It's a wonderful combination. And when you add to it richly developed humor—that's Claudette!

● IN THOSE DAYS, I was a stranger, struggling with a new language. She and her mother, Mrs. Chauchoin, proved a god-send in helping me to learn English. Occasionally they invited me for dinner in the home they had taken at the Outpost estates. It was there I was introduced to Claudette's real little world. The world that includes besides her mother, her aunt, her brother Charles and his wife and as many friends as she can crowd in and still do justice to them all. For friendship is something sacred to Claudette. The kind that is remarkably loyal and enduring.

Sometimes you hear her called, even by those who know her best, a "dual personality." That is not true. It's simply that like all other fascinating women she is many-sided.

I remember an incident that happened shortly before I left for France.

I had dined with the Colberts and all evening she had been speaking about the picture Cecil deMille was to make, *The Sign of the Cross*. She was eager to do Poppaea, wicked Roman empress. And as she spoke, you could feel the fire and drama in her voice, the hidden flame that is in the girl. She was Claudette, the enchantress, then.

Later, all of us went to the second show at a nearby theatre. There was the usual comedy and in this one the heroine's face was liberally splashed with mud.

"There!" chortled Claudette. "That's the way I look best—with a mud pack!" And this laughing, teasing small girl was the same person who had been the enchantress such a short while before! Oh but she is versatile, this one! And the little-girl Claudette has her own appeal, too.

I returned to Paris and it was three years before I saw her again. Much can happen in that time. It did to her.

Claudette flashed into infinitely greater brilliance. She had success such as few people dare to dream of. I had left her doing a succession of "nice girl" rôles. Suddenly she switched into parts as many-sided as herself. France went mad over her Poppaea, over the winsome comédienne of *It Happened One Night*—called *New York-Miami* over there.

Would such sensational fame change her? Could it help but change her? I wondered.

● SOMETIMES I SENT new French books to her mother since they're hard to get in the United States. I had been married in the meanwhile and when my wife, Pat Paterson, cabled me our new Hollywood address I found she had taken Claudette's old home in the Outpost Estates! Outside of that I had no contact with the Colberts. Not until that day, quite recently, when I walked onto the stage to do *Private Worlds* with the Claudette the whole world was talking about.

At least that gay smile of hers was the same! So was her simple, friendly manner with the entire crew, with the extras. And as we went on working together day after day other little personality-revealing things cropped up. For instance, Claudette learned that the script girl had been ill and that she needed specially prepared food. The next day at noontime I saw her quietly [Continued on page 59]

Claudette Colbert and Charles Boyer play together in the Walter Wanger production of "Private Worlds"





Loretta Young and Clark Gable had never faced such hardships as they endured upon this amazing journey

● As YOU MOVIE goers sit back in a comfortable seat in your favorite motion picture theatre, do you ever think of the hardships—sometimes almost incredible hardships—that a group of film workers suffered to make possible your entertainment?

When 20th Century's *Call of the Wild* company left the studio, they planned to be gone ten days or two weeks. But they reckoned without the frigid grasp of a northern winter. Held by the icy blasts of blizzard after blizzard, the weeks lengthened into more than a month of privations from cold and threatened starvation.

Without warning, the blizzards struck, isolating the little group from the base of supplies. Telephone wires were torn down by the storms, and after more than a week, short-wave radios re-established communications. With food supplies running low, restricted rations were necessary. They did not know, as they carried on, that their hazards were increased by avalanches and washed-out bridges in the floods below their mountainous location. Imprisoned and facing hunger—the photograph above shows how completely they were snowed in—aid finally reached them via relays of snow plows, trucks and dog teams.

● THOSE HELLISH, frozen weeks on location atop snowy Mount Baker in the State of Washington! Difficult to picture, in the midst of California summertime, the incredible hardships suffered by Loretta Young, Clark Gable, Jack Oakie, Director William Wellman and others among that intrepid band of the *Call of the Wild* company when snow covered the cabins ten thousand feet above the sea, when open fireplaces failed to heat summer resort hotels with the thermometer twenty below!

by JACK SMALLEY

"Nobody expects to believe that a pampered film player ever is exposed to real hardships," Loretta told me, "but if you could have seen what we went through—! It was no press agent's dream, the rigors of that location trip.

"It might not have been so difficult for me had I been accustomed to cold. Although I was born in Salt Lake City, where winter is frigid enough, I was brought to Hollywood when very young, and lived all my life in sunshine and palms. When we got to the jumping off place near Mount Baker, I was unable to adjust myself to the

cold. And it was bitterly cold, with worse to come.

"When we attempted to make the location camp on Mount Baker, our party had no sooner been bundled into cars when we met the studio trucks returning. Snowslides had blocked the roads. There was no hotel at the little settlement at Glacier. We were stumped.

● "FORTUNATELY Mr. and Mrs. Graham of Glacier made room for Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Owen, my companion, Mrs. Frances Earle, and me. Bill Wellman and Dorothy, his wife, pushed on by dog sled next morning, and then a snowplow cleared the way for the rest of us. That was our introduction to the hardships to follow.

"A flimsy sound stage had been built near the summer lodge on top of Mount Baker, in case of blizzards. We drew a blizzard immediately, and tried to work on this stage. Wind whistled through it. My nostrils frosted shut, my feet seemed like cakes of ice. In that bitter cold, we could shoot for only a half hour at a time.

"We slept in the cabin annex to the hotel which had burned down, with little heat and all sorts of discomforts, but not a soul complained. Mrs. Clark Gable stuck it out valiantly, but she and I almost lost heart when one night the power plant broke down. Without lights or electric heat, we were ready to freeze to death for dear old 20th Century. I felt so sorry for the crew sent to repair the plant that I forgot my own discomfort, and how we cheered them when they returned, successful, after battling three solid hours to reach the power plant through the snow. One of the boys passed out, and came very close to giving his life to save the rest of us from surely freezing.

"Clark and Jack Oakie and Director Wellman made life bearable with their



Director William Wellman and his wife, Dorothy Coonan, muffled to the eyes, dared snowslides to reach location

unfailing good humor—though sometimes Jack also made life almost unbearable with his gags. But you have to forgive him—he is so contrite and innocent-looking when he confesses a prank.

● "WE HAD plenty of frozen meat, but we were soon starved for fresh vegetables. I developed a tremendous hankering for a stick of celery—just one little piece of celery would have made me happy. For five days, we couldn't even leave our cramped quarters, with the snow over the tops of windows and a howling blizzard raging. The partitions that divided our chicken-coop rooms were as thin as

and another member of the party crushed a knee cap on the slippery paths, we went around with ski sticks to keep from falling. It was a thrilling experience, but I'd hate to repeat it!"

Their supplies had to be brought in over sixty miles of mountain road from Bellingham, with the constant danger of snow slides blocking the way. All the males in the cast bristled with beards, which collected icicles in that brittle cold weather. Cabin roofs groaned under the weight of 30-foot drifts, windows glowed feebly from what light filtered through the snow.

The power plant episode described by Loretta nearly ended the location

trip. A break occurred in the power line sometime after midnight, and the suffering community knew that all pipe lines would soon freeze and burst. The work of the crew was truly heroic in repairing the damaged line which was found by frantically digging through drifts. No less real was the danger of food shortage when a chinook (warm wind) melted drifts, flooded lower roads, washed out bridges, and no supplies could be brought in. Dog sleds finally got through with provisions in the nick of time.

The picture, all agree, is worth it. *Call of the Wild*, most famous of Jack London's tales, is another triumph for youthful Darryl Zanuck.

Loretta Young, delight of directors and cameramen, is Cecil B. deMille's choice for *The Crusaders*, in which she now finds herself in other difficulties. But the hazards of such a picture will be nothing compared with the incredible hardships she suffered on location in a white hell for you.

Loretta Young
needed all of those
furs and more. Yet
she smiled bravely



Imagine working in a snowstorm like this. Clark Gable and King, the St. Bernard, acted while blizzards raged

paper and afforded only visual privacy.

"Mrs. Earle had a birthday, and the chef stirred up a cake. We had speeches and celebrated grandly. Then Clark announced his birthday, and we celebrated again. I regretted that my own birthday, on January sixth, had arrived before our location trip. These little parties were a god-send to keep our minds off the privations.

"Making our way about camp required a guide to get us through the maize of deep cut snow paths. They seemed to lead everywhere. One night, we tried to find our way to the mess shack without our guide, Harvey, and became lost. Finally, we saw a light and got back to the cabins, but we were as frightened as we were frozen.

"There was real danger—avalanches, for one thing—all about us, as we all knew, but the players and crew never became discouraged nor lost heart. Wellman kept things in an uproar. There was never a dull moment if he could help it.

"After Mrs. Earle sprained her ankle



Down to the Sea to Dip

*They're actually
swimming this
year—News Item*

GRACE BRADLEY AND
TOBY WING

Here is a pair that would do credit to any beach. Grace's red hair and Toby's blonde are stunningly set off by their new Banda-Wikies. (What a smart name for a smart bathing suit!) Paramount has great plans for these two, but at the moment, they want to play

JEAN HARLOW

Jean doesn't have to go down to the sea to dip. She has a beautiful swimming pool in her own backyard. Blondes aren't supposed to sunburn, but you should see Jean after a long session with the sun

DOROTHY DARE

This Warner starlet of "Gold Diggers of 1935" really deserves being called dainty. And so is her choice of bathing suits, for she wears here a Catalina garment known as the Accordiana — very neat



Harry Carr's

Shooting Script



Harry Carr and Fredric (Jean Valjean) March—He would like to come out from behind the spinach

● TO THE IMMENSE relief of the producers, the races at Santa Anita finally came to an end . . . and once in a while Hollywood can think about the studios again.

In one regard, Hollywood was a flop; it didn't set any fashions as was expected. The fashion writers and artists who flocked here from the East, to see what the Spring fashions for women would be, complained bitterly that most of the girls came out in their old clothes. Gloria Swanson arrived one day with holes in her stockings—one hole in each stocking, thus preserving balance and equilibrium. This may have set fashions for marquises; but didn't help the style artists.

Recipe for Success

That *It Happened One Night* won practically all the Academy awards—an absolutely unprecedented record—is not so surprising when you come to analyze the elements that went into this story.

It was the story of *Taming of the Shrew* . . . the story of Sir Galahad, the "Knight of the Pure Heart" . . . with a dash of the new escapist complex which has more or less set the world on fire. You couldn't lose with that mixture.

Mary, the Social Queen

Out there alone in Pickfair, Mary Pickford has become the ruling social queen of Southern California. Her life has never been so gay and never has she appeared so little in the newspapers.

Mary has shut down on publicity with a bang. Greta Garbo is on the front pages most of the time and never mingles with the throng. Mary is out with the crowd much of her time but keeps out of the news.

I had luncheon with her the other day, and all the talk for three hours was about archeology in which Mary is intensely interested. She has be-

come a greater woman than she ever was an actress—which is saying a lot. Mary, however, has her mind on producing and intends to start out with her own company very soon.

Rancheros

The latest fad of the movies is ranches. They used to talk about bridge, but now they talk about cows, what to do for the roup in chickens and scientific irrigation.

The two latest to succumb are Bob Hopkins and Al Jolson. Al paid twenty-seven thousand cash for twenty acres in the movie end of the valley which is at Encino near the home of Edgar Rice Burroughs of *Tarzan* fame. W. C. Fields, Mae West, Paul Muni and Ann Dvorak are neighbors on farms in that district.

Mae's Cut Outs

Mae is a sad young lady on account of censorship. She told me the other day that every time she gets a swell idea, some one hurries to the set—white in the face—and says in a hoarse stage whisper, "Hey; you gotta cut that out."

I suggested to Mae that she save all her forbidden inspirations and make a film of them; call them *Mae West's Cut Outs*. "Say," she drawled, "You got an idea; come up and see me some time."

Iron Clothes

It looks as though we were headed for stories about knights and tourneys. Darryl Zanuck and two other producers have had a contest—which sounds ridiculous—over the right to produce Sir Walter Scott's *Ivanhoe* which has lain neglected for nearly a hundred years.

Big Stories

I am not so hot for these big "epics." There is more heart grip in quiet little tales like *Another Spring* which bulge with sentiment than in the screened encyclopedia articles about the lives of great men.

Janet Scores

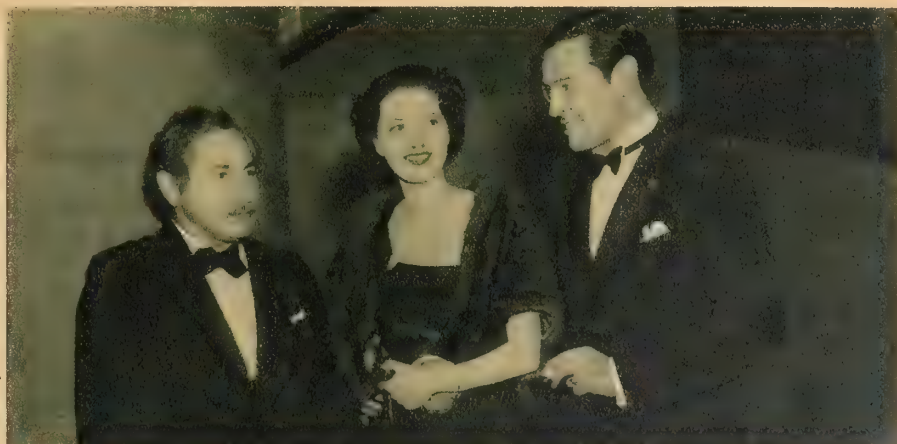
Janet Gaynor is becoming an actress. She has come to the point in her career where she tells the story at hand instead of leaving sweetness all over the place. I think she does better with Warner Baxter than she ever did with Charles Farrell. She needs a pace-maker, and she found one in the long steady experience of Baxter.

March Strikes

Hidden in whiskers as Jean Valjean, Fredric March was only rejoicing over his art in a moderate way when I saw him at Twentieth Century. He is getting nervous over playing so many character parts—too many character parts. He wants to come out from behind the spinach and see the world again.

So far as I am concerned one of these whisker parts is too many whisker parts. The proper field for pictures isn't in the misery, horror and brutality of *Les Miserables*. On the other hand, it is not in the cocktail ballrooms from which producers can't seem to tear themselves away. I never want to see one of these darned Joan Crawford-type pictures where the young lady has a misunderstanding with the feller who really never meant what she thought he thought and turns with reckless laughter to the cocktail glass.

Why do you think that *David Copperfield* was a smashing hit—in Dickens' day [Continued on page 60]



—Charles Rhodes Photo

One way NOT to congratulate an engaged couple. Josef von Sternberg, looking glum, meets Wera Engels and Ivan Lebedeff at a concert in Hollywood



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Alluring Beauty*

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- (2) Its soothing, emollient oils keep lashes soft and silky with no danger of brittleness.
- (3) It cannot smart or sting or cause discomfort. It is tear-proof, smudge-proof, absolutely harmless.

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Born With a Gag

A True Short, Short Story of Hollywood

by JACK GRANT

● "THESE RELATIVES!" remarked the young extra. "What would the movies be without relatives of the producers in every studio department. They could never get where they are if they weren't related to the higher ups."

"Listen, son," said his companion, a veteran in the extra ranks, "those days are gone forever. True, brother Tom, uncle Dick and cousin Harry get a job in the studios every now and then. But unless they make good, they don't hold their jobs very long."

"Oh yeah," sneered the youth. "I suppose you're going to tell me that you don't have to know the right people in order to get a start."

"Not if you have the goods to deliver," was the quiet reply. "And I know of no better example than the director of this picture we're working on now. He has been in show business since he was ten, a newspaper boy in San Francisco. While selling his papers outside the Alcazar Theatre, he caught the eye of Theodore Roberts who offered him a bit in *Barbara Fritchie*. He had to climb a tree and yell, 'The Yankees are coming.' Falling out of the tree one night, he got a laugh and each performance thereafter he fell again."

"You see, he was a natural-born showman. Maybe he wouldn't have gotten started so young if it hadn't been for Theodore Roberts' interest. But that's neither here nor there. The fact remains he has won his place in the movie business entirely on his own."

"When he was only fifteen, he lit out for Chicago and went to work as a singer at the World's Fair. A little later, he teamed with another boy and toured the United States in vaudeville. The act was called *Two Boys and a Piano*, and before long they were drawing four hundred dollars a week."

"But our lad had a bee in his bonnet. He wanted to get into the movies—as a director. His cousin was the head of a large studio and would have been glad to help him. He preferred to make his own way as he had always done. So what do you suppose he did?"

Quit vaudeville and sacrificed the good money he was making to become a studio wardrobe boy at twelve-fifty a week. He ran errands for the stars, among them Gloria Swanson whom he later directed.

"From the wardrobe, he worked his way up to the camera department, starting as third assistant and becoming a first inside of a year. He began experimenting with the soft focus. Then, when he was told his work was out of focus, he decided that maybe the movie industry was no place for an artistic soul after all."

"He went back to vaudeville, but when his act played Los Angeles, he again quit. The movie bug had bitten him a second time. He played extra, small rôles and occasionally a fairly important one. There were many times when the producer cousin offered to help him but the help was always refused."

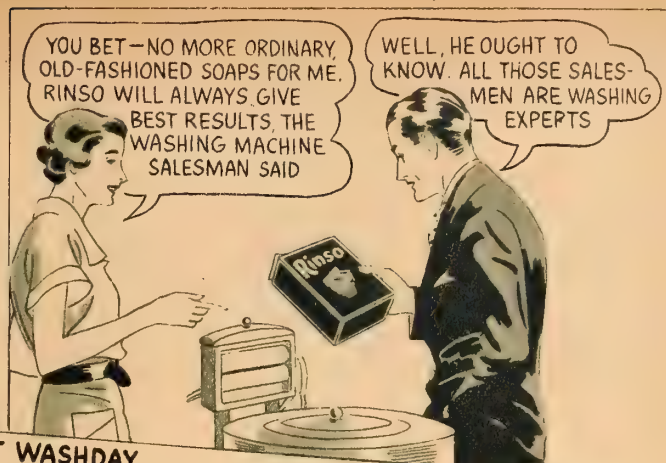
"He batched in those days with another extra, a lad named George O'Brien. Together they talked their way into playing a couple of ghosts in a picture called *The Ghost Breaker*, starring Wallace Reid. It was a comedy, and the chance for which our friend was waiting. Hardly a scene was taken but what he had a suggestion for a gag. Not all were good gags, but he suggested them just the same."

"Finally he became a gag man for Alfred E. Green, who once said to him, 'Kid, you were born with a gag, not a spoon, in your mouth.' From this vantage point, it was only a little while until he sold himself to First National as a director. Today he is the youngest, yet in length of service the oldest, director in this studio."

● "MERVYN LeROY came every step of the way entirely on his own. His cousin is Jesse Lasky, formerly head of Famous Players-Lasky, now a producer at Fox. Not so long ago Lasky and LeRoy were guests at a banquet. In the speech Lasky made, he spoke of how cousin Mervyn had always refused to make use of their relationship."

"Perhaps he was too independent," said Lasky in mock seriousness. "I never felt the way he did about it. Why, when I left my own company to join Fox Film, they asked me who I was. 'I'm Mervyn LeRoy's cousin,' I replied."





NEXT WASHDAY

DARLING—SEE! YOUR OLD SHIRTS LOOK BRAND NEW. AND THIS NEW, COLORED ONE DIDN'T FADE A BIT. THOSE RICH, CREAMY RINSO SUDS WERE THE LONGEST-LASTING I EVER SAW

IF YOU have no washer, you'll appreciate Rinso even more; for Rinso's creamy, active suds *soak* out dirt—get clothes 4 or 5 shades whiter without scrubbing or boiling. This safe "soak-and-rinse" method makes clothes last 2 or 3 times longer. You'll save money.

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AT THE HAIRLINE"

SAYS LOVELY MAE CLARK
FILM STAR

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Ordinary soap suds, because they contain caustic alkalis, dry the scalp and deposit a film on the hair shaft, thus causing dry hair to become drier and brittle and oily hair to become oilier . . . also . . . aggravates dandruff conditions.

Mar-o-Oil, the Soapless Olive Oil Shampoo, is called the All-Purpose shampoo, tonic and dandruff corrective. This amazing cleanser rids the hair and scalp of dandruff, dryness, or excessive oiliness without soap, yet it rinses out in clear warm water. Your hair becomes clean and sweet . . . more manageable . . . waves stay longer.

CONVINCE YOURSELF!

Look at these human hairs magnified 200 times . . .

TOP: Hair washed with ordinary soap suds . . . note scaly particles of foreign matter and bacteria remaining.

BOTTOM: Hair cleansed with Mar-o-Oil . . . notice clean, smooth appearance, free from dandruff, grime and caustic film. The hair is clean!



Start using Mar-o-Oil at once! If you cannot see and feel a difference ten minutes after your first shampoo, we will refund your money. Get Mar-o-Oil at your drug or department store. All leading beauty shops recommend and give Mar-o-Oil Soapless Olive Oil Shampoos.

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Rules for the Well-Dressed Woman

by Omar Kiam

Noted Designer for 20th Century Pictures

As told to SONIA LEE

● **BEING WELL-DRESSED** is a matter of balance. No matter whether a woman is tall or short, stout or slim, she can, through intelligent study of line and cut, give the appearance of smartness and beauty.

Honesty, however, is an essential factor in this clothes problem. Preferences must be tempered. Every woman must make a conscientious study impersonally—catalogue her good points and her flaws—promptly minimize the latter and highlight the former.

Every woman has a basis for beauty. The woman who is not beautiful, is the woman who doesn't know how to dress.

I have dressed Loretta Young, Merle Oberon, Anna Sten, Miriam Hopkins, Maureen O'Sullivan, Ann Sothorn, Frances Drake, Ethel Merman, Ina Claire and others. These girls are lovely. Yet, with only two or three exceptions, glamorous as these stars are, they still require care in dressing.

Merle Oberon is extremely tiny, yet on the screen she creates the illusion of height. I do that by giving her high waists. No belts. Fit her snugly. No girl below the average height, or one who wants to lengthen her figure to minimize excess fat, must ever depart from the rule of an unbroken sweep from neckline to hemline. The tiny girl is wise if she limits herself to the darker shades, and of course, it is assumed that she avoids large-patterned fabrics that are not diagonal.

I have found that short women frequently shun the tailored suit in the belief that it makes them look dumpty. The solution to that is the padded shoulder, which will add at least two inches to their height, and thus restore balance to the figure.

Ann Sothorn is tinier than average—slight—but I have used this padded effect to excellent advantage, and I have rarely seen a girl look smarter than she does in severely tailored suits. It is imperative, however, that the skirt length be watched, for frequently half an inch one way or the other will be the line of demarcation between smartness and the lack of it.

Necklines cut too low subtract from



(Above) Diagonal stripes increase height, says Omar Kiam. If you are as tiny as Ann Sothorn, this gayly picturesque informal is just right for you

(Right) The sweeping evening-length skirt balances the back décolletage for small women. The front should be quite high

the length and add to the width of the figure. It is well if the girl below average on the measure and the woman above average on the scale remembers that when buying her wardrobe.

That does not mean that a woman must deny herself the grace of décolleté evening clothes, but it is best if the neckline in front is quite high. Then it doesn't matter if her back and shoulders are completely uncovered. The sweeping evening length of modern skirts has a consummate flattery, and that will balance the back décol-

HOLLYWOOD

(Below) Ann Sothorn, the Columbia star, demonstrates the way to add height in street wear. Padded shoulders and a high collar are the secret. Ann's suit is a grey ribbed velvet with jersey underblouse



letage. So often I've heard young things complain about their scrawny necks, but the bones are not unbeautiful, and they are merely an index to youth. But the woman over twenty-five must hide them, because they add years to her face. That of course can be done by the collar line.

For the woman who has fairly large hips, it is well to wear cloche-shaped skirts—skirts which have rhythm. Even the jackets to her suits must have this bell-shaped cut. Bias things are a forbidden delight for the woman with this figure fault.

The square figure, the one which has very wide shoulders and very wide hips, presents a peculiar problem. You can do nothing to minimize the one which does not increase the other. Therefore it is wise to seek fashions which will [Continued on page 57]

JUNE, 1935

Remove corns and pain!

WITH THE NEW
toe-fitting
SHAPE



• From the famed Red Cross Laboratories comes this improved method of corn relief . . . a truly professional plaster, made to conform to the toe. A smooth, neat shield in contrast to old-style bulk and bulge! Identify this *Toe-Fitting Plaster* by these distinguishing features:

• New Shape . . . Two tabs hold the plaster in shape . . . no slipping. Center part fits over any size corn . . . no guessing. Wide enough to protect against shoe pressure . . . no crowding.

• Waterproof by Drybak Process . . . Exclusive! Gives a glazed finish that doesn't stick to stockings or cause shoe friction; nor is it affected by bathing.

• Individual Medicated Centers . . . 8 in each box of 12. Use them with full confidence. Very effective against hard corns.

• Send 10c for trial package of Corn Plasters. Address Dept 601.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J. CHICAGO, ILL.

For professional treatment, consult a chiroprapist.



Ends pain. Relieves pressure on nerves. Protects the "tender" spot.



Just slip this *Toe-Fitting Plaster* over your corn . . . and it fits!

Red Cross Drybak CORN PLASTERS

ALSO RED CROSS DRYBAK BUNION AND CALLUS PLASTERS



BOX OF
TWELVE
25¢



Rules for the Well-Dressed

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AT THE HAIRLINE"

SAYS LOVELY MAE CLARK
FILM STAR

Fascinating, smartly groomed women of society, stage and screen are using Mar-o-Oil Soapless Olive Oil Shampoo to keep their hair soft and silky, lovely and lustrous. Their waves last longer... their hair is in perfect condition to "take" the beautiful modern hairstyles. Thus... they are charming because their hair is an alluring frame which enhances the beauty of the face. You, too, can have the self-assurance of always having beautiful hair... but...

DON'T WASH YOUR HAIR

WITH SUDS.... Use

MAR-O-OIL

Ordinary soap suds, because they contain caustic alkalies, dry the scalp and deposit a film on the hair shaft, thus causing dry hair to become brittle and brittle and oily hair to become oilier... also aggravates dandruff conditions.

Mar-o-Oil, the Soapless Olive Oil Shampoo, is called the All-Purpose shampoo, tonic, and dandruff corrective. This amazing cleanser rubs the hair and scalp of dandruff, dryness, or excessive oiliness without soap, yet it rinses out in clear warm water. Your hair becomes clean and sweet... more manageable... waves stay longer.

CONVINCE YOURSELF!

Look at these human hairs magnified 200 times...

TOP: Hair washed with ordinary soap suds... note scaly particles of foreign matter and bacteria remaining.

BOTTOM: Hair cleaned with Mar-o-Oil... notice clean, smooth appearance, free from dandruff, grime and crusty film. The hair is clean.

Start using Mar-o-Oil at once! If you cannot see and feel a difference ten minutes after your first shampoo, we will refund your money. Get Mar-o-Oil at your drug or department store. All leading beauty shops recommend and give Mar-o-Oil Soapless Olive Oil Shampoo.

GENEROUS TRIAL OFFER

1/2 Mar-o-Oil Shampoo
Dept. 65, 101 N. Clark St., Chicago, Illinois

Please send me your liberal 2 oz. trial bottle of Mar-o-Oil. I enclose 6 stamps (1 cent each) cost of handling and mailing.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____



Rules for the Well-Dressed Woman

by Omar Kiam

Noted Designer for 20th Century Pictures

As told to SONIA LEE

• BEING WELL-DRESSED is a matter of balance. No matter whether a woman is tall or short, stout or slim, she can, through intelligent study of line and cut, give the appearance of smartness and beauty.

Honesty, however, is an essential factor in this clothes problem. Preferences must be tempered. Every woman must make a conscientious study impersonally—catalogue her good points and her flaws—promptly minimize the latter and highlight the former.

Every woman has a basis for beauty. The woman who is not beautiful, is the woman who doesn't know how to dress.

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toe-fitting
SHAPE



• From the famed Red Cross Laboratories comes this improved method of corn relief... a truly professional plaster, made to conform to the toe. A smooth, neat shield in contrast to old-style bulk and bulge! Identify this Toe-Fitting Plaster by these distinguishing features:

- New Shape... Two tabs hold the plaster in shape... no slipping. Center part fits over any size corn... no guessing. Wide enough to protect against shoe pressure... no crowding.
- Waterproof by Drybak Process... Exclusive! Gives a glazed finish that doesn't stick to stockings or cause shoe friction; nor is it affected by bathing.

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Red Cross Drybak CORN PLASTERS

ALSO RED CROSS DRYBAK BUNION AND CALLUS PLASTERS



BOX OF
TWELVE
25¢

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JUNE, 1935

HOLLYWOOD

I NEVER NEED
LAXATIVES
ANY MORE!



TO END THE CATHARTIC HABIT

*Try This Improved
Pasteurized Yeast
That's EASY TO EAT*

IF you take laxatives to keep "regular," you know from experience that drugs and cathartics give only temporary relief from constipation. Such remedies merely cause a drastic purging action. They do not correct the *cause* of your condition.

Doctors now know that in many cases the real cause of constipation is a shortage of the vitamin B complex. This precious factor is sadly deficient in the typical every-day diet. In many foods it is entirely lacking. When this factor is added to the diet in sufficient amounts, constipation goes. Elimination again becomes regular and complete.

Yeast Foam Tablets are pure pasteurized yeast and yeast is the richest known food source of vitamins B and G. They should stimulate your weakened intestinal nerves and muscles and quickly restore your eliminative system to normal, healthy function.

With the true cause of your constipation corrected, you will be rid of the evil cathartic habit. Your energy will revive. Headaches will go. Your skin will be clearer and fresher.

Don't confuse Yeast Foam Tablets with ordinary yeast. *These tablets cannot ferment in the body.* Pasteurization makes this yeast utterly safe for everyone to eat. It has a pleasant, nut-like taste that you will really enjoy. And it contains nothing to put on fat.

All druggists sell Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today. Refuse substitutes.

YEAST FOAM TABLETS

FREE

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

You may paste this on a penny post card

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO. FG 6-35
1750 North Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send free introductory package of Yeast Foam Tablets.

Name

Address

City State

Beauty Hints for the June Bride

by MAX FACTOR
Famed Studio Make-up Expert

● So YOU'RE GOING to be married . . . Naturally you want to look your best on the Great Day. You want to glide down the aisle looking like a June dream bride for the man waiting there so eagerly at the altar. Well, you can. But the time to prepare for it is *not* the day of the wedding! Nor the day before, for that matter.

You cannot acquire the romantic look that goes with good grooming and a beautiful skin in a moment. You can't leave it all to make-up applied an hour before the strains of the Lohengrin march float on the air. That's impossible! Under the stress of all the excitement, even the best make-up in the world has a way of looking theatrical unless it's been blended carefully into a skin that is fresh and clear.

There is only one way to keep the skin like that, of course. That's by keeping it *clean*. Let's be frank about this. A great many girls think they have done right by their faces if they give it a bit of scrubbing at night. And half the time they don't bother to do even that before retiring. It is the worst thing they could do to their complexion—to go on day after day leaving the pores filled with dirt particles. Then they wonder why their complexion is poor! It isn't a scrubbing the pores need. That's too harsh for the skin and only coarsens it. They need to be cleansed with a cream that has a pure oil base, the kind that melts the instant it is applied, seeps into the pores and literally floats out the dirt.

● TWICE A DAY is none too often for this thorough cleansing. After you've taken the cream off with tissues—*always with a firm, upward movement*—pat on your skin-freshener to wake up the pores and help the circulation.

If you've made a practice of this, you won't be afraid to look in your mirror when the wedding morn dawns!

It's completely *your* day of days. So don't let the stress and strain rob you of its charm. After your bath it's a good idea to plan things so that you



"I'll Love You Always" says George Murphy to Nancy Carroll in the Columbia picture by that title. And no wonder when the bride looks as lovely as Nancy does here

can rest. It may sound foolish to do that when you're all on tiptoe, but you'll look a thousand per cent better if you make yourself do it. After you have used the cleansing cream, apply skin and tissue cream while you are resting. Pat it on generously, particularly around the eyes and mouth where fatigue lines show first. When you remove the cream, be sure to take it off with the tissues. Then use your skin tonic. If the day is hot, put your tonic in the icebox for a few hours before using, so that it will feel wonderfully cool and refreshing.

This is known as the "pep-up" treatment for every prom trotter, tired business woman and harried housewife as well as the bride.

Now, when it comes to make-up for the bride, one of the most important things is that it should look glamorous but *not* artificial or extreme. So the answer is to play up the eyes and

HOLLYWOOD

give the cheeks and lips only a subtle flush.

Your eye-shadow will do wonders if you'll let it. Blend it on the upper lid only. Never under the eyes. Nowhere should there be a great intensity of color but the emphasis should be at the eyelash line and the color worked up delicately and gradually over the lid. How far and how much depend upon the formation, size and color of the eyes themselves. For instance, Claudette Colbert can use a great deal of brown eye-shadow with her brown eyes without making it obvious, while a light application of the gray shadow is all Ann Harding needs to make her blue eyes infinitely more blue.

For eyes inclined to be deep-set, the shadow is applied *only* from the center of the upper eyelid and shaded outward. A well-pointed eyebrow pencil and eyelash make-up do the rest of the trick for eyes of all sizes!

● **THERE'S ONE** big calamity connected with a wedding that you'll want to insure yourself against. It's this: In the frenzy of dressing and all, many a bride puts on what she believes to be the correct amount of rouge and lipstick. And then going to the church she grows more and more nervous. By the time she actually is approaching the altar, she's as white as a little ghost—with three impudent scarlet patches on her face where she made up not wisely but too well! Or—what is quite as bad—her own color rushes up in such a way as to accent her make-up beyond description!

The one thing you can do to prevent such calamities is to use the right make-up foundation. If the skin is very shiny ordinarily, use a well-blended liquid that, appropriately enough, smells like honeysuckle. It goes on smoothly and *stays* on—even in hot weather. Otherwise use a foundation cream that perfectly matches your complexion. Apply only a very small amount to the cheeks, forehead and chin—the less used, the better the make-up. *Dip your fingers in cold water to blend it.* This will give your make-up a beautiful finish and keep the complexion natural and lovely looking for hours—even through the tenseness of the "I Do's!"

For the blond bride, there is a rouge the shade of a blush rose. For the brides with hair a golden red like Nancy Carroll's, there's a glorious flame rouge matched by a flame lipstick and given the right lustre with rachele powder. And for the brunettes—an exquisite carmine shade that deepens their beauty, or, if they're an olive type, there's a shade the color of lush raspberries. But no matter what their complexion, the keynote for every bride is delicacy coupled with daintiness. All signs of sophistication should be swept away. You may look interesting—but you *must* look romantic! And for that reason, don't go in for any bizarre effects with lipstick or eyebrow pencil.

JUNE, 1935

Reduce . . . your WAIST AND HIPS THREE INCHES IN TEN DAYS

... Read how
Miss Jean Healy
reduced her hips
9 INCHES!

with the
PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE
or it won't cost
you one cent!

"Why Jean! What a gorgeous figure, how did you get so thin?"

"I read an 'ad' of the Perfolastic Co. and sent for their FREE folder!"

"They actually allowed me to wear the Perfolastic for 10 days on trial..."

"and in 10 days, by actual measurement, my hips were 3 INCHES SMALLER!"

"I really felt better, my back no longer ached, and I had a new feeling of energy!"

"The massage-like action did it... the fat seemed to have melted away!"

"In a very short time I had reduced my hips 9 inches and my weight 20 pounds!"

"Jean, that's wonderful, I'll send for my girdle today!"

You can TEST the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE and BRASSIERE For 10 DAYS at our expense!

WE WANT YOU to try the Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere. Test them for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, they will cost you nothing!

**THE MESSAGE-LIKE ACTION
REDUCES QUICKLY, EASILY,
and SAFELY**

■ The massage-like action of these famous Perfolastic Reducing Garments takes the place of months of tiring exercises. It removes surplus fat and stimulates the body once more into energetic health.

KEEPS YOUR BODY COOL AND FRESH

■ The ventilating perforations allow the skin to breathe normally. The inner surface of the Perfolastic is a delightfully soft, satinized fabric, especially designed to wear next to the body. It does away with all irritation, chafing and discomfort, keeping your body

cool and fresh at all times. A special adjustable back allows for perfect fit as inches disappear.

■ The Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere knead away the fat at only those places where you want to reduce, in order to regain your youthful slimness. Beware of reducing agents that take the weight off the entire body... for a scrawny neck and face are as unattractive as a too-fat figure.

SEND FOR 10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER

■ You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce you. You do not need to risk one penny... try them for 10 days... at our expense! Don't wait any longer... act today!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
41 EAST 42nd ST., Dept. 76, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Without obligation on my part, please send me FREE booklet describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your

10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name

Address

City State

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card

Beautiful Eyes

ARE YOURS FOR THE ASKING
WHEN YOU ASK FOR

Maybelline

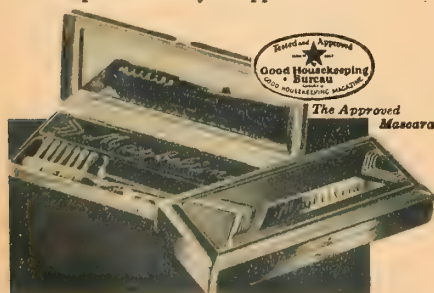


says DOROTHY HAMILTON
Noted Beauty Authority of Hollywood

● Notice how your favorite screen actress depends on the appearance of long, dark, lustrous lashes to give her eyes that necessary beauty and expression. More than any other feature her eyes express her. More than any other feature your eyes express you. You cannot be really charming unless your eyes are attractive and it is so easy to make them so, instantly, by darkening your lashes with non-smarting, tear-proof, harmless Maybelline mascara.

You cannot afford to neglect your most important beauty feature—your eyes—when just a few simple brush strokes of Maybelline will instantly transform your lashes into the appearance of long, dark, luxuriant fringe, making your eyes appear larger, brighter, and more expressive.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau and other leading authorities for its absolute harmlessness, Maybelline's famous name is your guarantee of highest quality. Encased in a beautiful red and gold vanity, it is priced at 75c at all leading toilet goods counters. Black, Brown, and the new Blue. Try it today—you'll be delighted with the marvelous improvement in your appearance.



Pie Please!

by Grace Ellis

HOLLYWOOD'S Food Consultant

● "PLEASE PASS THE PIE!" is a national idiom. Rob an American of his favorite dessert, and you might as well rob him of his motor car. Or his pocketbook. He may change his wife, his job, or his political party. But he has not as yet shifted his allegiance from two thin, crisp crusts, delicately dusted with sugar, browned to a honey gold, and wedged apart with aromatic juice-dispensing morsels of apple, pitted cherries, sun-ripened blueberries, or what-have-you?

The male stars of Hollywood are no exception. Pie is as favorite a meal-ender in the famous cafes and dining rooms of the cinema capital, as in the depot lunch counters of the middle west, or the New York dinette for two.

The only difference lies in the possibility that Hollywood pies are better.

Skilled cooks know that pastry making has no secrets. Here and there, one may find a famous culinary artist who still belongs to the old handful-of-this-and-a-pinch-of-that school of pastry makers. But few modern chefs are willing to lay so strenuous a burden upon their own genius.

Accurate measurements, dependable flours*, skillfully blended shortenings**, and controlled refrigerators, now substitute for the once heralded "luck" in pastry making. A surprising number of chefs now use a "hot-water" pastry, which may be mixed and left in the refrigerator for an instant baking. It is always crisp. Never tough. A fool-proof crust! One which may be made to perfection by the rank amateur. (Detailed recipe may be found on the "Best Ever Pies" leaflet.)

But the chief contribution of the great cooks of the nation, to the pie repertoire, during the last few years, has been the development of some totally new varieties. Ice Cream Pie and the delicious whipped gelatin combinations are lighter, more festive and

* Special pastry flour is not essential to good pie crust if one uses a balanced, all-purpose flour. Brand names will be sent upon request.

** HOLLYWOOD'S food editor believes that inexperienced cooks will have best results in pastry making if they use the hot-water method, or select a shortening which is not too soft—retains some stiffness at room temperature. For hot-water pastry, a softer shortening will suffice.—Brand names will be sent upon receipt of a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



Upon receipt of the pie recipe Grace Ellis dedicated to George Brent, the Warner studio chef prepared the pastry for him. You can judge how good it is when you know that this is George's second slice, or maybe we lost count

even better-to-eat than the fattening mince and pumpkin of grandmother's day.

To some of her own favorite male stars of 1935, HOLLYWOOD's food editor dedicates these six Star-Pies of the same era. May you enjoy them all—stars of both cinema and pastry—during the remainder of the year.

To George Brent

For a series of outstanding performances, this outstanding pastry discovery:

Chocolate Ice Cream Pecan Pie

- 1 freshly baked pie crust
- 1 quart chocolate ice cream
- 3 egg whites
- 6 tablespoons sugar
- ½ cup broken pecan nutmeats

Chill one freshly baked pie crust in the refrigerator until very cold. Beat the egg whites until stiff but not dry. Beat in the sugar gradually. Continue beating until egg whites are smooth and rather ropy.

Fill the baked pie shell with the ice cream. Sprinkle with the nutmeats. Top at once with the egg whites, spreading the latter out to the edge of

HOLLYWOOD

the crust so that the ice cream is entirely covered. Bake in a very hot oven of 500 degrees F. for 2 to 3 minutes. Remove as soon as meringue is delicately browned. (The ice cream will not melt if the pie is not left in the oven too long.) Serve at once, or let stand in refrigerator not longer than 20 minutes before serving.

To Will Rogers

For his popularization of a type long unheralded, but more ruggedly American than America, this recently popularized version of an old-time favorite:

Deep Dish Cherry Pie

Pastry for 2 large pie crusts
4 cups pitted sour cherries
3 tablespoons soft butter
1¾ to 2 cups sugar
¼ cup flour
⅛ teaspoon salt

Line a shallow oblong glass baking dish with pastry, letting crust extend slightly over the edge. Spread with half of the butter. Mix cherries, (either fresh cherries or drained canned cherries may be used), sugar, flour and salt. Spread in baking dish. Dot with rest of butter. Cover with a sheet of pastry slashed to allow steam to escape. Press outer edges together firmly. Brush top crust with thin cream and sprinkle lightly with sugar. Bake in a very hot oven of 540 degrees F. for 20 minutes, then reduce temperature to 350 and bake [Continued on page 56]

TO TOM BROWN!

An outstanding young player of '35, we dedicate this cream of the '35 pie crop—

CHOCOLATE PEPPERMINT CREAM PIE

The recipe is **FREE**. Printed for you on a handy little recipe filing card. Inclose a stamped self-addressed envelope and write Grace Ellis, **HOLLYWOOD'S** Food Editor, 529 South 7th St., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

And don't forget that Mrs. Ellis will be glad to find new pie recipes for you, consult with you concerning pastry failures, give advice as to competent brands of flour and shortening, etc.

Her leaflet, "BEST EVER PIES", includes the favorite pie recipes of 12 famous cooks. It is available for only 5 cents if a stamped self-addressed envelope is inclosed.

Other leaflets which will prove life-savers to new cooks are:

"Canned Food Dishes
Men 'Go For'" 5 cents
"Jellies and Jams Which
Have Won Prizes" 5 cents

What's the matter with Me and Men?



"**H**ERE I sit alone, evening after evening, reading or listening to the radio. What's the matter with me? Why don't men take me out? I'm not so hard to look at — and I love a good time!"

Poor girl! How surprised and chagrined she would be if she knew why she is left at home alone.

You can't blame people for avoiding the girl or woman who is careless about underarm perspiration odor. It's too unpleasant to tolerate in anyone, no matter how attractive she may otherwise be.

There's really no excuse for it when Mum makes it so easy to keep the underarms fresh, free from every trace of odor.

Just half a minute is all you need to use Mum. Then you're safe for the whole day.

Use it any time — *after* dressing, as well as before. It's harmless to clothing. It's soothing to the skin, too — so soothing you can use it right after shaving your underarms.

Depend upon Mum to prevent all unpleasant perspiration odor, without preventing perspiration itself. Then no one will ever have *this* reason to avoid you! Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.



ON SANITARY NAPKINS, TOO.
Guard against this source of unpleasantness with Mum. No more doubt and worry when you use Mum!

MUM takes the odor out of perspiration



LOSE FAT



Lost 55 lbs.

"Look ten years younger!"

WRITES MICHIGAN LADY

● Why envy other women when it is so easy to be slender! Do as Mrs. L. R. Schulze, 721 So. Pleasant St., Jackson, Mich., did. She writes: "Although I had been overweight almost all my life, I reduced 55 pounds with RE-DUCE-OIDS by following the directions. I look ten years younger and never was in such excellent health as I am since taking RE-DUCE-OIDS." Others write of losing fat in varying amounts, as much as 80 pounds, and report feeling better while and after taking RE-DUCE-OIDS.

NURSE REDUCES... Recommends Easy Way

● "As a Graduate Nurse I have met many people who have ruined their health in unsuccessful efforts to reduce," a San Francisco, Calif., Graduate Nurse writes, "my own experience in reducing with RE-DUCE-OIDS was so satisfactory that I recommend them to others." (Name on request.) She knows how important this fact is to you:

RE-DUCE-OIDS absolutely DO NOT contain the dangerous drug, Dintro-phenol. Laboratory chemists test every ingredient.

SO EASY TO USE... just a tasteless capsule according to directions.

FAT GOES... OR NO COST

● If you are not entirely satisfied with the wonderful results you obtain from RE-DUCE-OIDS, you get your money back! You risk not one cent! START TODAY, before fat gets one more day's headway. Sold by Drug and Department Stores everywhere. If your dealer is out, send \$2.00 for 1 package or \$5.00 for 3 packages, direct to us. (Currency, Money Order, or Stamps, or sent C.O.D.) In plain wrapper.

FREE! valuable book

Tells "HOW TO REDUCE." Not necessary to order RE-DUCE-OIDS to get this book. Sent free.



GOODBYE, FAT!

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Hollywood Fashions Ida Lupino's Summer Frocks

● The simple note for mornings is the choice of all smart people in Hollywood and out. And, of course, Ida Lupino is exceedingly smart. You can be, too—with the aid of HOLLYWOOD's patterns.

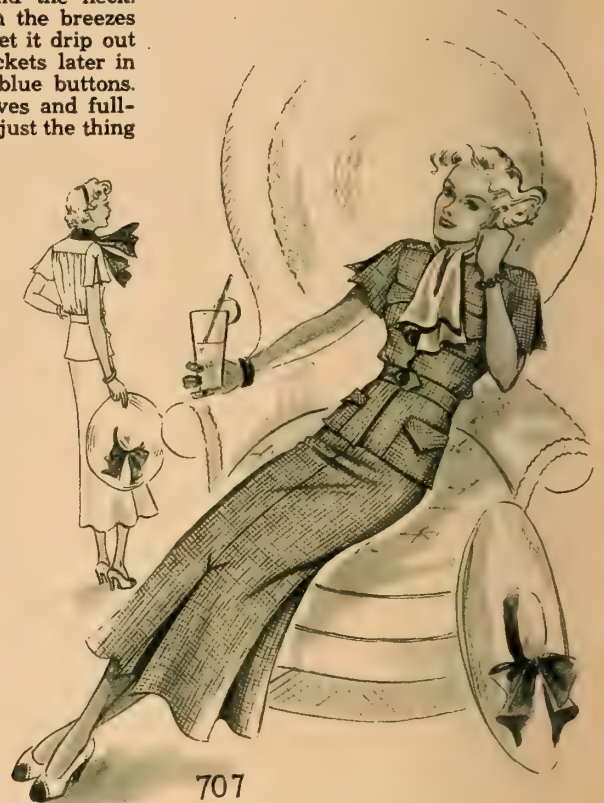
You will soon see Ida in the Paramount picture, *Paris in Spring*, with Mary Ellis and Tullio Carminati. Note her simple sports frock of blue and white checked washable cotton. Don't miss the new note in the dark blue linen scarf. You cinch it careless-like around the neck. The ends fly insouciantly in the breezes of breakfast time, and you let it drip out of one of the big patch pockets later in the day, to show off your blue buttons.

Action back, pleated sleeves and fullness in front of the skirt are just the thing

for almost anything you want to do out-of-doors—weed-pulling, window-washing or catching street cars, included.

You'll need stout material for this one, but even if thousands of cotton plants give their all to such material, twenty-five cents a yard is enough to pay. In which case, you should be able to step out in the complete costume for about a dollar and a half.

Imagine duplicating for a dollar and a half such a smartly simple little wash frock as Ida Lupino wears. It is designed in sizes 14, 16, 18 years; 36-, 38- and 40-inch busts. Just send for the Hollywood pattern, Number 707, and get out your shears



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For the enclosed..... please send me Ida Lupino Pattern No. 707—Ida Lupino Pattern No. 709 (circle style desired).

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New Coin Dots**

● No self-respecting early summer wardrobe is complete without one dark blue frock. No dark blue frock this season in Hollywood is complete without a snow-storm of coin dots. Ida Lupino's smile is one of serene triumph at having combined the two in a dress which may be worn from morning until tea-time.

Sewing details on this one are easy, but the effect is that knowing simplicity which shouts of Hollywood's younger generation at home. Little gores take care of the fullness of the bodice at the waist line, and two circular ripples make walking easy. Puff the sleeves, fasten the belt in the back for a change, make two sets

HOLLYWOOD

of organdie trimming, and imagine you are in Hollywood.

Incidentally, the organdie collar may be used as first aid to almost any dress. The hems are hand-rolled.

This one may be whipped out in light silk anywhere from three dollars up, since there is no extra charge for coin dots. Good in cotton, too.



709

Ida Lupino, Paramount player, wears this simple creation in "Paris In Spring." There is a pattern for you

JUNE, 1935

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THE BATHWAY TO A SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN

"I Couldn't Sit, Couldn't Stand, Couldn't Even Lie Down!"



The Suffering I Had to Bear In Secret"

WHAT a toll Piles take—in pain, in physical and mental incapacitation, in drain on vitality! The sad part about this affliction is that, on account of the delicacy of the subject, many hesitate to seek relief. Yet nothing is more fraught with danger than a bad case of Piles, ending, as it may, in serious trouble.

Real treatment for Piles is to be had today in Pazo Ointment. Pazo not only relieves the pain, soreness and itching, but it tends to correct the condition as well. Pazo works because it is threefold in effect. First, it is *soothing*, which relieves the soreness and inflammation. Second, it is *healing*, which repairs the torn and damaged tissue. Third, it is *absorbing*, which tends to reduce the swollen blood vessels which are Piles.

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Pazo is sold by all drug stores, but a liberal trial tube is free for the asking. Simply mail the coupon or a post card.

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Gentlemen: Please send me, in PLAIN WRAPPER, your liberal free trial size of PAZO Ointment.

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PAUL KELLY SIGNS TERM CONTRACT WITH FOX FILM

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There is a valiant story in the news behind this news

by JOHN DOUGLASS

● JUST TWO LINES of type in a morning newspaper headline! I wonder if you know the story those two lines tell. Few people outside of Hollywood would have reason to know it. But to all of Hollywood that announcement meant a great deal.

It is a story you should know, a saga of personal integrity that warms the heart, that makes you realize this isn't such a bad old world after all. It goes a long way to prove a lot of copy-book axioms that we learn in childhood and promptly forget.

Paul Kelly first came to Hollywood under contract to Universal. Fresh from his stage triumph in *Bad Girl*, in which he co-starred with Sylvia Sydney, great things were predicted for him on the screen. Paramount signed Sylvia, Fox bought the play to produce with James Dunn and Sally Eilers, both of whom became stars as a result of their performances in *Bad Girl*. Vina Delmar, its author, joined the writing staff of M-G-M and Paul Kelly went to Universal.

I well remember our first meeting and the amazing statement he made.

"I'll stand or fall upon my ability as an actor—such ability as I possess," Paul said. "This business of being a well-trained goldfish, always on display, lacking even the respite the darkness of night lends a poor fish, is not for me. I won't be an object over which sob sisters can delightedly sob. If remaining in motion pictures means the exacting of such a toll, I shan't remain. I'll go back to the stage, or, that denied me, to driving a truck. But on the screen, I'll stand or fall upon whatever abilities I have as an actor—and nothing else."

There was no defiance in his tone, no feeling that he wanted to unite thumb and nose in a gesture toward Hollywood's accepted standards. He was aware that he was embarking upon a career in a business that recognizes personality first and ability second. He didn't need me to tell him this. He had carefully thought it all out and charted his course.

Nor did he waver from his determination. Three months passed and Paul Kelly had not made a single picture for Universal. At his suggestion, his contract was cancelled by mutual consent.

He planned to return to the stage,

but before he left Hollywood, he accepted an offer from an independent studio for one picture. "Just to prove," he says, "that I could do one."

"It was terrible. And I was worse. I was a mouth actor—you know, a guy who makes the most horrible grimaces. Yet I'm glad I did that quickie. I went to see the picture afterwards in New York and it certainly taught me a lot."

"Funny, isn't it? We learn more from our failures than we do from our successes. Every hard knock we get helps to build character. We can profit by our mistakes, if we have the good sense to take the raps with that philosophy. We can't beat the game, but the game can beat us if we allow it."

● KELLY IS no quitter. He has proved it time and time again in a career of ups and downs. Adversity once dealt him a blow from which few men have the fortitude to recover. This episode he will not discuss, and we respect his wish to remain silent. We honor any man for taking the harder road. Ability pays greater dividends than sensationalism, but the reward is more slowly gained. It was a long time before Paul Kelly won another chance at film preferment.

He had just completed a tour with



Paul Kelly is just a regular guy in Hollywood—"Hurry" is his dog

HOLLYWOOD

Lenore Ulric in *Angel*, when his telephone rang late one night. It was a long-distance call from Los Angeles to New York City. The newly-organized Twentieth Century studio, his caller informed Kelly, wanted him for a rôle in *The Bowery*. Could he hop the first train for Hollywood?

Now Paul Kelly is a notoriously poor business man when it comes to handling transactions for himself. Consequently, he had made an agreement three years before, when he married Dorothy Mackaye, that she manage all of his affairs and he, in turn, would act as her advisor.

● IT HAD WORKED splendidly, for although neither could drive an advantageous personal bargain, each did valiant battle in behalf of the other. "You will have to talk to my wife," Kelly said, unabashed. "Wait a moment. I'll get her. She is downstairs in the car." And leaving a long-distance telephone to click off expensive minutes, Paul sought Dorothy, ten floors below in the street.

It was she who arranged the deal by which Kelly again came to Hollywood. But even as he was rushing across the continent by train, a change in production plans caused Darryl Zanuck to cast another actor in *The Bowery*. Kelly was all set to return to New York when he learned this discouraging news. Zanuck, however, had other plans for him.

He went into *Broadway Through a Keyhole*, becoming an overnight sensation as the sympathetic gangster. His performance brought him the immediate acclaim of the film colony and critics, and a long-term contract with 20th Century. It looked like Paul Kelly had arrived at last.

But fate wasn't through dealing to him from the bottom of the deck. When the contract was signed, Zanuck planned to produce a minimum of twenty pictures a year. Theatre releases could not be obtained for such a large number—that is, good theatre releases—so 20th Century reduced its product to eight pictures and made all of them big specials. The actors the studio had under contract were loaned out to other companies. There were no renewals when the contracts expired.

● TWO STRIKES and Kelly hadn't as yet connected with the ball. The score sheet showed one hit to his credit—and no errors. There were jobs awaiting him on the stage, but he wanted to make good in Hollywood.

Paul and Dorothy put their heads together. They reached an agreement. They would stick it out until the game was won or lost.

Many times in these intervening months, opportunities were offered whereby Paul might draw attention to himself by sensational methods. But he stuck to his original decision—the same decision he had announced to me when he first [Continued on page 60]

The Wrong Color Can Make You Look 5 to 10 Years Older!

By *Lady Esther*

If there's one thing you want to "try on", it's your face powder shades. You may not realize it, but it's a known fact among artists and make-up experts that the wrong shade of face powder can make you look older than you really are.

Many a woman's age is unjustly placed at 5 to 10 years more than it actually is simply on account of the color of face powder she uses. There is no greater error than to choose your face powder color on the basis of "type" or coloring. Matching isn't what you want at all, but flattery—enhancing of your natural gifts.

Seek to Flatter — Not to Match!

Many a brunette who uses a brunette or dark rachel powder wants another shade altogether.

The same with blondes. Many a blonde who uses a light rachel or a beige really requires a darker tint. You must remember that the color of your hair doesn't govern the color of your skin. A brunette may have a very light skin, while a blonde may have quite a dark one, and vice versa.

The only sensible and practical way to choose your face powder shade is to "try on" all the five basic shades which colorists agree are sufficient to take care of all tones of skin. And this is the opportunity I give you, at no cost to you!

My Service to the Women of America

In order to help you solve the all important question of which shade of face powder for you, I will send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder absolutely free of cost. When you try on all five shades, as you must, you will discover whether you have been right or wrong in your shade of face powder and whether you have been benefiting or suffering as a result.

Many times it's the woman who is most sure of her shade of face powder that is most astonished with the results of this test. Many times it is the shade that a woman would never suspect that proves to be most youthifying and flattering.

Mail the coupon or a postcard today and learn for yourself whether you are doing yourself justice or injustice in the shade of face powder you are using.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.) (13)

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Fat imperils your heart and health. No matter what you have tried, or how fat you are—you need waste no more money on worthless imitations. SEND NO MONEY! Just pay postman on delivery. Except for quick service, do not use C. O. D's. Your money back GUARANTEED unless unwanted fat disappears by following simple directions.

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SHOOTING Take Skeet

From Clark Gable to Dolores Del Rio, the movie colony has gone mad over this new fad!

by
DONALD P. SHELDON



No sport is Reserved For Men
Only these days. Here's Ruth
Channing shouldering arms



Robert Montgomery, like Jackie Cooper, divides his hits and misses—but still calls "Skeet"-ing fun

● WHENEVER HOLLYWOOD TAKES up anything in a big way, you may be sure of two things. It is new. And it is fun of a decidedly different order. That, in brief, is this game called "Skeet Shooting."

It is played with shotguns. The bigger the shotgun, the better. The experts add queer nozzles to their shotguns to spread the shot even wider. Very often, an expert with the nozzle removed from his gun is no longer an expert. But I anticipate my story.

This game called "Skeet Shooting" is a variation of trap shooting—the chief variation being that it has completely shattered the dignity of that venerable sport. Let me explain:

Imagine yourself upon the face of a watch, the radius of which is twenty yards. You stand first at six o'clock. From a tower behind you somebody chuck a small clay saucer (value, one cent) toward a net behind twelve

o'clock. You aim your gun at the saucer and pull the trigger, miss it, and say what you feel like while the saucer makes a graceful landing in the net.

Next, from a tower at twelve o'clock the petite tureen sails for the net behind six. Now you go to five o'clock and the process is repeated. This keeps up until you arrive at twelve. Then you try six, five, one and twelve all over, only this time the dishes are flying from both towers at once.

You ask me why it is necessary to use cheap dishes? Well, sometimes they happen to collide with each other in mid-air. Other times they are liable to mistake you for the net and shatter gently—only because they are clay—upon your skull. And, more frequently than you would think, people hit them with their guns.

STARS Up Shooting



Gary Cooper and Clark Gable are Hollywood's Skeet-Shooting champs. Ever see them in specs?

Clark Gable, for instance, has knocked down twenty-four out of a possible twenty-five. Gary Cooper, though a less frequent visitor to the "Skeet Shooting" grounds, has a twenty-three to his credit.

Hollywood does nothing better than it overdoes its fads. A visit to the Skeet Shooting field on a Saturday afternoon would reveal it crowded with stars banging away into the blue. John Barrymore, before his departure for England, had become so intrigued by the sport that he constructed a private Skeet Shooting field upon the grounds of his estate. (Wonder if he has taught it to the Britons?)

Robert Montgomery and Jackie Cooper divide their hits and misses. Ralph Forbes and Eugene Pallette, with their nozzle guns, are well into the expert class, though not up to Gable or Cooper. Pallette's pose while waiting for the bird to pop out of its coop easily sustains his comic reputation, but how it sustains his body nobody knows. His comments upon missing are partly responsible for the large audience. [Continued on page 58]

"Oh darn! Darn! Double-darn! Everytime I get him part way up, he falls down again! I'd like to break his old ladder in a trillion pieces! I will not be quiet —and I won't be good! I'm mad!"



"Bath-time? . . . Oh . . . Well, that's different. Will you let me spank the water —and poke a hole in the soap? And do I get some soft, smooth Johnson's Baby Powder all over me afterward?"



"Hurray! When I'm under that dandypowder shower I could just squeal for joy. And I never have a rash or a prickle or a chafe, do I? What do I care if things go wrong in my work!"



"I'm Johnson's Baby Powder . . . and wherever I go, babies forget their troubles! For I keep their skins smooth and soft as satin — I'm satin-soft myself! I'm made of finest Italian talc — no gritty particles as in some powders. No zinc stearate or orris-root either. Your baby will appreciate Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream, too!"

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HEARTBURN is distressing. But there's no longer any need to resort to harsh alkalies in order to relieve a sour stomach, gas, or after-eating distress. Strong, water-soluble alkalies taken in excess

may change the stomach juices completely—slowing up digestion instead of helping it.

The new, advanced, most effective and safe relief for acid stomach is TUMS. TUMS contain no soda or any other water-soluble alkali—instead this candy-like mint contains an unusual antacid soluble only in the presence of acid. When the excess acid in the stomach is neutralized, the remainder passes on undissolved and inert. No danger of alkalosis or kidney poisoning from TUMS.

Try TUMS—3 or 4 after meals, when distressed. Eat them just like candy. You'll be grateful for the wonderful relief. 10c a roll at all drug stores. 3-roll carrier package, only 25c.

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What is the Secret of Aline MacMahon?

by Miriam Gibson

● "I WANT TO BE a good actress and that is all that counts with me."

And there you have the reason, or a large part of it, for the great success that has come to Aline MacMahon—one of the quietest, most intelligent and most baffling of stars. Everyone knows Aline on the screen, but few know what she, herself, is like.

I went to the Warner Brothers-First National Studios to find out. We met in a publicity office—which, being an office, was a cold and uninteresting setting for an interview. But the charm and graciousness of Miss MacMahon warmed the atmosphere. There she sat in her brown tweed suit, wearing a brown felt sport hat with the brim turned up on one side and held in place with a wee feather. A tan and brown silk scarf was softly tied at her throat and her walking shoes were of brown alligator.

Even sans make-up, she was hardly the overshadowed-wife-who-finally-shows-fire type that I had expected after seeing her in *Big-Hearted Herbert* and *Babbitt*. She doesn't wear her rôles outside the sound stages. And she doesn't intend to be "typed" on those stages.

● "I DON'T WANT people to think of me in any one kind of rôle," she told me. "When they go to the theatre, I don't want them to say, 'Let's go to see Aline MacMahon because I want to cry, or laugh,' but, rather, 'Let's go to see what Aline MacMahon is going to do in this picture.'" She recrossed

her graceful ankles. "This is one thing I have been very particular about."

It's known to many that Miss MacMahon has refused to do certain rôles in promising pictures because she felt that they were entirely unsuited to her or because the particular part she was to play was not worthy of her. (Of course she wouldn't use the word "worthy" in such a connection for she has absolutely no conceit.) If an actress refuses to take a rôle for this reason when she is free-lancing—as Aline did—it certainly means something.

You have noticed how varied her rôles have been. She has been a nurse (she is one now in *While the Patient Slept*) a hard-boiled secretary, a Jewish matron, a lonely woman in her thirties, a countess, a pioneer, a comedienne and a tragedienne.

She tells a most enlightening incident about her first "hard-boiled" rôle.

"On the stage, I had never done anything that could be classed with the abrupt, sharp mannerisms of the business woman that I have since done on the screen." As she said this, she sat up more erectly, illustrating the type. "When the stage version of his play *Once in a Lifetime* was to be given on the coast, Moss Hart asked me to try out for the part of *May Daniels*. I was very nervous about doing it, for it was so different from anything I had ever attempted."

Smiling in all modesty, she continued, "But when both he and Mr. Kaufman, the director, urged me, I agreed to try. After I did it, I felt that

HOLLYWOOD

I had added one more type to my repertoire, that my ability as an actress had been improved just that much more."

● WHEN THIS play was adapted for the screen, Miss MacMahon was again cast as *May Daniels*. Few play the same rôles on both stage and screen; few have an opportunity to compare stage acting with screen acting. "What is the difference between them?" I asked her.

"I feel that I am doing exactly the same thing for the screen as I did for the stage. For an actress, the difference between the two is that on the stage she plays the same rôle over and over again as long as the play runs, and for the screen a portion of the rôle is enacted each day. But, to me, the fun of being an actress is the actual doing."

She leaned forward and became extremely serious. "I keep thinking to myself, 'What can I bring out that is fresh?'—whether it is a portion for screening or whether it is the same thing I have been doing for six months. And as for an audience—I never lack that!" She waved her hand as though she were pointing them out. "There are always about forty people around, including all the technicians, to say nothing of the visitors we have each day. No, I find acting the same whether I am on the stage or before the cameras."

The whole thing is that, to Aline MacMahon, the most important thing is not money, not position, not prestige, but the actual acting. She wants to be satisfied with herself. She wants to feel that she is a good actress. That is the only thing that really matters, with the exception of her marriage.

But this is no small exception. "There is no question of what is more precious to a woman—marriage or a career," she says.

● ALINE is married to a successful architect in New York whose name is Clarence Stein. As a matter of fact, her reason for signing a contract with Warner Brothers was solely prompted by that marriage.

"If you are free-lancing, you must be accessible in Hollywood," she said. "Under my contract, I have six months in New York each year. This, of course, would mean a great deal to anyone, but to me it is particularly a happy arrangement."

"If I went to New York when I was a free agent, I very often received a call to return immediately to the coast, after having been with my husband for only a few days. I never was sure just how long I could remain with him. Of course, he never objected, for we both feel the same way about my career; in fact, we always have. But you must agree that this present arrangement is ideal."

And we must all agree that the secret of Aline MacMahon is her completely unassuming naturalness.

JUNE, 1935

NOW I'M SO
MUCH HAPPIER



It's Never TOO LATE FOR A WIFE TO LEARN

The world is full of women who say to themselves, "My marriage was a mistake." No scandal. No open break. Just submission to a life without joy, without hope.

Many women give up hope too soon. These cases are sad. They are doubly sad because the woman has largely herself to blame. No wife should let herself become faint-hearted about marriage. She should go right after the real facts.

Times have changed. The days when a woman was compelled to use a poisonous antiseptic, or none at all, have fortunately passed. The trouble is that some married women have not yet learned this.

The truth about antiseptics

Of course women do not want to use poisons. Those who do take the risks of such a practice are simply living in a past age before modern improvements in antiseptics had been announced by the medical profession. Any excuse for using these poisons disappeared when Zonite was first offered in drug stores.

Doctors now, without reservation, recommend the practice of feminine hygiene. They know that the tragedies are over. They are confident that delicate tissues will not be burned or desensitized. No lives will be ruined by Zonite.

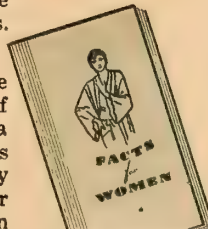
Zonite is safe, as safe as pure water. And Zonite is powerful. Taking carbolic acid as the standard for comparison,

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() Facts for Women
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Edmund Lowe Answers

Last Month's Open Letter from J. Eugene Chrisman

● DEAR GENE:

Thanks for your letter to me which appeared in May HOLLYWOOD. I appreciate fully the sympathy expressed. I am going to try and answer it, frankly and to the best of my ability.

You speak of the new career which is opening for me. My work and my religion and my memories of Lilyan are the things to which I turn for solace, so let's speak of the work first.

Yes, Gene, I remember the preview of *What Price Glory?* I also remember that

you came up and congratulated Vic McLaglen and me after the show. That was the beginning of the *Sergeant Quirt-Captain Flagg* team which, in the next nine years, turned out eight pictures, although most people will say that we made at least twenty!

You saw the birth of that team and it is quite a coincidence that you should have been present at the preview of *Grand Hotel Murder*, the last in which the old “Sez you? Sez me!” gag will ever be used by Vic and me. You have indeed followed the course of my career faithfully.

It looks as though I were set for big things, Gene. I have just finished *Mr. Dynamite* for Universal and have signed a new contract on the old home lot, Fox. My next picture will, I hope, be worth watching for. Its present title is *Champagne Charlie* and it gives me the chance of my life, if I know anything about scripts. It is one of the most dramatic stories I have ever read and the leading character, who becomes known as *Champagne Charlie*, is a great acting part. It is going to be good to be on the old home lot again and Mr. Sheehan tells me he has many other fine parts lined up for me.

I have talked but little about my life with Lilyan, since she passed on and not at all about my reactions to the tragedy of her death. I am going to do so here, for the first time. No, it isn't difficult for me because of my memories of our sixteen years together and our eight years of marriage.

I am a Catholic. I would not ordinarily believe in the theory that two souls were predestined for each other since the dawn of eternity, but I do believe that of Lilyan and myself. I do not think two people ever understood each other more thoroughly.



While Lilyan was alive, I always wanted to tell her the day's news, good or bad, first. We had that faculty of being able to sit down at the dinner table and discuss things as freely as if we were just newly-married. We did that all through the years.

I regret the long years we might have shared had she not had to die. But I am proud of the way she did go. If ever a girl died bravely, it was Lilyan.

For years, we never spent a day apart. Then, perhaps two

years before she died, personal appearance tours took us away from each other.

Two letters arrived on the day I first learned of her fatal illness. One was from her, telling me of her delight with her rôle in *Broadway Through a Keyhole*. The other was from her physician, telling me of the fatal illness he had just discovered in an examination. I sat for hours trying to think.

But Lilyan could not fight that horrible battle alone. She had to be told. She took it like the officer and the gentleman she was and when she died in my arms, she died as a soldier dies.

● No ONE WILL ever know the great influence she was for good during our years together. Neither will they ever know how her memories continue to guide my life. I said before that my Catholic religion is one of my great means of solace. I wish to repeat that and to say that I regret death for a loved one but I have no fear of it. I believe with all the strength of my religion that somewhere Lilyan waits.

I am not sorrowing or brooding. When I go home, I can shut out the world and be with her again. I have other interests, I love my work, but always I find time for her.

I do not want you or any of my fans to feel sorry for me. None of you could, if you understood my philosophy of Life and Death.

I'm going to carry on, Gene. I believe that somewhere, some day, I shall be reunited with Lilyan, and what more could a man ask?

I hope both you and my fans will be satisfied with this answer to your letter. It comes from the heart.

EDMUND LOWE.

HOLLYWOOD

Our Readers Write

(Continued from page fifteen)

Beauty Is Indeed

• • The Editor:

I think it's high time that we, and especially we fans, should realize that that old expression "Beautiful but Dumb" is all wrong and with no truth to it.

Perhaps some of us are more fortunate than others, but with a few brains anyone can make themselves quite attractive, and yes, even beautiful.

To see a beautiful actress give a splendid performance in a picture should be proof enough of her intelligence and it would be much more appropriate to supplant that other old expression "Beauty is as Beauty Does" as better proof of real beauty.

Beatrice M. Hanke,
Polar, Wisconsin.

But Doctors Must Have Patients

• • The Editor:

The patience of M. D.'s and other scientific men must be wonderful to endure the way they are misrepresented in films.

A monster of fiendish cruelty in a horror film is nearly always "a mad scientist." The cold-blooded murderer in a mystery thriller often turns out to be "a skillful but ruthless surgeon."

Probably the men who write and produce these stories are the first to send for a doctor at midnight and then keep him waiting several months for his fee!

Considering how hard and repulsive is a doctor's duty, and how nobly and conscientiously discharged in nearly every instance, it is hard that the medical profession should be associated with inhuman wickedness.

Barbara Fletcher,
250 Dickson Rd.,
Blackpool, England.

• • •



—Rhodes Photo

Eddie Lowe, trouper that he is, arrives on crutches for a recent theatre benefit, to be greeted by Will Rogers

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The Hidden Hollywood

There are a dozen Hollywoods,
and you can make of this town
whatever you wish it to be

by

Gary Cooper



• LONG AGO, I made up my mind that Hollywood is Hollywood, and nothing will ever change it. There'll always be the three-ring circus of premières, parties, and "personal appearances."

All that didn't appeal to me much. It doesn't take long to grow weary of running the gauntlet at premières, going to night clubs, and trying to keep up with the strenuous social whirl. So I packed my guns and went to Africa—as far away as I could get—to hunt.

When I came back, I discovered there was a hidden Hollywood that I had not known about. There were picture players who lived in this other Hollywood and liked it. They had interests quite aside from pictures. Their conversation was not exclusively about the picture they had just made, or the one they were about to make.

As a matter of fact, there are a dozen Hollywoods, and all of them different. The one I've chosen to live in may not be like the popular conception of Hollywood, but it suits me.

Instead of dancing at the Bowl, I'd rather go bowling. I'd rather pack into the mountains on a hunting expedition than go to the popular watering places. Good horses and fine guns have always been my delight. Ever since I was knee high to a grasshopper, in Montana, I've craved action out-of-doors. When my brother went away to War, leaving me behind, an envious kid in knee pants, I was bitterly disappointed.

Maybe that thwarted desire to be a soldier as he was, had something to do with the fact that in so many of my pictures I've worn a uniform.

Playing in war pictures, riding broncs in Westerns, I've found plenty of the sort of action that makes life exciting. If you doubt the brand of fast action you can get in pictures, look at *Lives of a Bengal Lancer*.

We were on location for months, filming that picture. Some of our hardest rides you never saw on the screen; there was plenty of excitement that wasn't in the script. But it was great sport. Off-hours I could saddle up, take my target gun, and ride through wild valleys between towering cliffs, or climb peaks where eagles soared.

It was fun, too, riding in cavalry formation with the Lancers. Those

hard riding fellows live in a Hollywood that you never read about in magazines. They live on ranches back of the Hollywood hills, work at various professions between pictures, and come from all walks of life.

• IN FACT, it was due to the desire for keeping contact with these fellows, as well as performing a service for the community that I recently founded the Hollywood Hussars, with the purpose of fostering sportsmanship and good fellowship.

Now Hollywood has a cavalry regiment of its own, unlike anything in the country. Drilled and commanded by Arthur Guy Empey, ex-cavalryman and the same hard-hitting chap who wrote *Over The Top*, the Hussars are a smart looking outfit on parade. They have a mounted medical corps, ready for emergencies. The community of Hollywood can call them out, mounted and ready for action, in case of fire, flood and disaster.

I'm just a trooper in this fine organization, but I get a kick out of it. Mighty fine fellows are on the rolls. You'll find doctors, lawyers, engineers and business men riding with the Hussars.

That's what I mean by the hidden Hollywood. You can make of this town what you wish—you can find in it whatever you are looking for.

I can understand well enough those who prefer the other Hollywood, but for me there's more zest in getting out and riding hard, or lugging a pack up into the mountains, or watching a trout rise to a fly. Hollywood is what you make it!

HOLLYWOOD

Mystery of Gaynor

(Continued from page twenty-five)

frankly over a wide range of topics. She told me, "I certainly haven't *tried* to be a hermit! There was a story that I used the name of Mary Smith on one of my vacations to avoid being recognized, but it wasn't true. My interests just don't lie along spectacular lines, and I live so simply that there isn't a great deal you can write about me."

For instance, she loves going to little book stores around Hollywood seeking rare editions and valuable firsts. Her tastes run all the way from philosophy to fairy tales.

Such contradictions make her all the more difficult to understand. Hollywood hasn't been able to rubber-stamp her. Producers have tried again and again to give the public "another" Gaynor by introducing shy little girls whose dress is quaintly old-fashioned and whose opinions are delivered with a pretty lisp.

Janet, herself, is a radiantly beautiful young woman with a rare sense of humor. Trips to Europe have made her a Cosmopolitan, and a keen interest in designing has given her a new chic. Once it was a studio maxim that simple afternoon frocks suited her best, with their frilly sweetness, but now she can look as ravishing in the latest from Paris.

But beneath this surface sophistication she has a fresh viewpoint that is as charming as her screen characters. Strongly optimistic, for instance, she believes that everything happens for the best—and refuses to let unpleasant things bother her.

Once when a rather cruel story about her was published, she worried for a day. Then, standing in the middle of her living-room, she said to a friend thoughtfully, "Why should I give that reporter the power to make me unhappy?" And she made herself stop thinking about it.

She chooses her friends and intimates from charming and interesting people who have travelled and know the byways and highways of the world. Aside from her screen creations, she does other types of creative work, sketches and paints.

Each new picture is an adventure to her, and this helps to explain her amazing hold on the public. For seven years she has been one of the most popular stars in Hollywood, despite tremendous competition and changing tastes in entertainment. And this terrific popularity can be largely credited to her own efforts and keen perception. Glamour queens, "sexy" stars, and others have come and gone, but Janet still triumphantly tops the list.

"Romance will always be the most popular theme in motion pictures," she observes shrewdly. "There are success stories, mystery stories, comedy and adventure, but a cynic might say that we like romance best because for every ten people who achieve success or who find adventure or mystery in their lives, *only one finds real romance.*"

In her own life, romance is the breath of life to her, and many of her best friends believe that it has recently come to her.

Mimicry, surprisingly enough, is one of her least-known talents, but when she does a "take-off" on someone she has seen on the screen, she can hold a roomful of friends spellbound and delighted.

But this and other details of her private life she prefers to keep private, with a matter-of-fact intelligence which Hollywood has somewhat underestimated.

JUNE, 1935

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News of the New Pictures

(Continued from page twelve)

"MISTER DYNAMITE"—(Universal) is the introduction to a new detective character. Created by Dashiell Hammett, who gave us "The Thin Man," and played lustily by Edmund Lowe, this fellow breeds excitement. He is a distinctive addition to the screen's gallery of crime solvers and with Jean Dixon, as his wise-cracking running-mate, this first adventure calls for encores. —AAA

"STRANGERS ALL"—(RKO-Radio) is a fast and furious comedy of family life. May Robson is the mother. Her three sons are Preston Foster, the wage earner; William Bakewell, an amateur actor; and James Bush, a pseudo radical. It is the latter who lands them all into court for the film's only serious note. Bakewell steals top honors in the clever little tale. —AAA

"IT'S A SMALL WORLD"—(Fox) is an ingratiating bit of nonsense, built on the slimmest of themes. Just the love story of a boy and a girl, thrown together by accident to be marooned in a small town. That it is as good as it is must be due to the performances of Spencer Tracy, Wendy Barrie and Raymond Walburn, several grand gags and the spritely direction of Irving Cummings. —AAA

"PEOPLE WILL TALK"—(Paramount) is Mary Boland and Charles Ruggles up to their usual tricks. Twenty-three years married, they attempt to patch up their daughter's quarrel with her husband by staging a mock quarrel as a horrible example. But their spat becomes real, and the fun begins. —AA½

"ONE NEW YORK NIGHT"—(M-G-M) is still another of the month's mysteries but more amusing than mysterious. It all takes place in a New York hotel and the gags become so numerous the murder is nearly forgotten. Franchot Tone, Una Merkel, Conrad Nagel and Steffi Duna, among others, make the affair pleasant enough. —A½

"BABY FACE HARRINGTON"—(M-G-M) is a dandy farce idea that somehow just misses fire. Charles Butterworth is a meek soul, thrown into association with gangsters by circumstances. They call him "Baby Face" and only after a series of wild adventures is he able to return to Una Merkel, his wife. —A

Hollywood's Reminder List

"NAUGHTY MARIETTA"—(M-G-M) is the best screen operetta of the season. Jeanette MacDonald, simply gorgeous, and Nelson Eddy, a new sensation, sing their delighted way through the Victor Herbert score. You will want to hear them again and again. —AAAA



—Wide World

It won't be long before we have Charlie Chaplin's new picture. He has been working six months

"ROBERTA"—(RKO-Radio) is fast farce set to music, and a fashion show. Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers dance. Irene Dunne sings. You sit entranced. —AAAA

"RUGGLES OF RED GAP"—(Paramount) is a high low-comedy boasting magnificent direction, playing and writing. Charles Laughton plays the English valet who becomes a free man in America. Laughton names this his favorite picture of his career. —AAAA

"DAVID COPPERFIELD"—(M-G-M) is a masterpiece that will live forever. It is not merely a motion picture but an inspired series of illustrations for Charles Dickens' novel. A superb cast pose for illustrator George Cukor. —AAAA

"LIVES OF A BENGAL LANCER"—(Paramount) is a motion picture—a motion picture at its best. Gary Cooper, Franchot Tone, Richard Cromwell and Sir Guy Standing show how much exciting action can be crammed onto one screen—when done intelligently. —AAAA

"PRIVATE WORLDS"—(Wanger-Paramount) is a sensitive, thoughtful drama of tangled lives, made even more vivid by its locale, an insane asylum. Claudette Colbert, Charles Boyer, Joan Bennett, Joel McCrea and Helen Vinson play the allegedly sane people. —AAA½

"CASINO MURDER CASE"—(M-G-M) is a dandy murder-mystery played with speed and gusto by its uniformly excellent cast. Paul Lukas is the new Philo Vance. —AAA½

HOLLYWOOD

Why Hollywood Doomed the Extras

(Continued from page eighteen)

all sides, no method could prove infallible. The industry did its best. The common story is that twenty-one separate extra lists were combined. Based upon experience and frequency of calls, five thousand extras were asked to answer a careful list of questions. From those answers, the final "cream of the crop" was selected. These will be the extras of tomorrow. Only a few of them will earn more than a modest living.

The remaining four thousand will be classed as "atmosphere" players, with a minimum pay per day of five dollars. They will be called upon only when the first thousand are otherwise engaged.

One chance in a blue moon!

And when Hollywood says it will no longer open the gates to reckless flings at filmdom, it means just that! As evidence, consider Richard Talbott.

Talbott came to Hollywood from New York where he had done some stage work. A husband and a father of needy ones, he tried for two months to get past the casting offices into the lots.

Finally Talbott grew desperate. Fastening a sign against a building, he began parading up and down in front of a film studio with the intention of "starving before I quit." The hunger strike lasted only a day, Talbott eventually capitulating to police demands. Faced with the choice of jail or abandoning his

strange protest, he accepted the inevitable and faded back into the dimness of the legions.

This was the case of an extra voicing his bewilderments. For every one of this sort, there are dozens that never come to light. The newspapers carry small items of extras being run down by autos, of obscure suicide attempts. Behind such tragedies often lies the untold story of shattered dreams and goals unreached.

If the pretty young thing from Toledo, or the handsome young gentleman from Albuquerque doesn't think the New Deal can stop him from success in Hollywood, perhaps we can offer a better persuasion. It is a matter of cold statistics, and shows graphically how little work there is for the film ambitious. The Central Casting officials quote the figures as the gospel truth! Read them:

Average Daily Employment of Extras
Total Men Women Children

1926	710	485	205	20
1927	905	603	269	33
1928	756	494	237	25
1929	840	539	275	25
1930	807	545	243	19
1931	606	382	202	22
1932	684	449	215	20
1933	705	485	287	33
1934	687	432	228	27

The above placements were strictly through the Central Casting office, yet as nearly as executives of the bureau can estimate, these represent ninety-two per cent of the total jobs offered extras in Hollywood. The figures include racial groups, who garner up just about fifty per cent of all extra jobs. So, for practical purposes, that slashes the available number of extra jobs in half.

During the nine year period, the average daily employment of extras was 750, one-half of that number being racial groups—Hindus, Chinese, etc., called from every available source.

Money, another potent symbol of Hollywood, is not for the extras. Studios paid \$20,800,000 in nine years for their salaries, yet the records show that only five persons out of this great legion managed to earn \$2,200 a year or more! These top earners were required to invest \$700 a year in wardrobes in order to maintain their positions.

As for the others in the extra ranks, thirteen hundred received forty-five dollars or more per month. Not a very fancy figure, is it?

That's why this new amazing slash in the extra lists has become a symbol of salvation.

Yes, there are happier days ahead for filmland. There will be fewer broken dreams, more happier homes. Hollywood should be safe from the invasions of countless youths who, until now, have had some reason to hope that fame beckoned from a modern dreamland.

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I've Been My Own Worst Enemy

(Continued from page twenty-two)

would not have disappointed me if I had not let them down in some way.

I try to meet all my problems with this same philosophy. I feel that the period spent in getting acquainted with myself has given me a calmness and peace of mind. I hope I have definitely passed beyond that danger point of confusing my values. Both as an actress and as a woman, I have tried to emerge from an emotional cataclysm into a new world of thinking—and being.

For years, I have wanted a home to share with my friends. Mentally I have pictured it. I dreamed of planting beautiful flower gardens. I saw myself in possession of a wonderful library with book-shelves reaching to the ceiling. I hoped for a baby grand piano where I could study my singing, a swimming pool and eventually my own little theatre.

It really is a dream come true. On Saturday nights, I invite a few close

friends to share my happiness with me. On these occasions, sometimes there are such friends as Helen Hayes, Jean Dixon, Lynn Riggs, Jean Muir, Dorothy Parker, Alan Campbell, Franchot Tone, Mr. and Mrs. John Beal. All of them are people of fine intelligence and rare sensitivity. We have such good times together. We usually run a movie, and afterwards sit around and eat hot buttered pop corn.

Now maybe you can understand why I hate to go out. I have had my taste of that, and now I have my whole world right here. I have everything I have always wanted, with dear friends to help me enjoy it. My radio brings me music. My bookstore keeps me supplied with reading. My happiness is complete. I hope I have completely worked away from the superficial things in life that once concerned me, and made me so unhappy.

Every Girl Can Have Glamour

(Continued from page twenty-one)

eloping with some other woman more flattering to his pride. Every trained actress, incidentally, will tell you that emotional depth and responsiveness can be cultivated.

All actresses will also tell you that poise—and by that, I mean self-control, not emotional frigidity—can be acquired. It is of the most vital importance to the woman who wants to be admired by men—and every woman does. Poise lends her the suggestion of glamour and mystery. It saves her from the cardinal sin of being obvious. Poise is an indication of intelligence and experience. It stimulates a man's imagination and excites his curiosity.

Outside of their working hours, the average man is anything but the case-hardened realist which he tries to appear. Men are much more imaginative than women—and their imaginations create allusions for realities. Consequently, the clever woman directs her appeal to a man's mind and imagination. And, being a man, he invariably reacts to mental stimulus by mistaking it for physical desire.

The most charming people are those who are most eagerly alive, both mentally and physically. I suppose that in every person there is some quality of weakness which is dispelled by contact with the excessive vitality of another person.

Every girl can acquire health, even if she can't acquire beauty—and health will give her the foundation for charm. If she uses her health to pursue intelligent interests, she will be charming—and she will be desirable to men.

Certainly, one of the most important factors in feminine-appeal is mental adaptability. Any woman who courts the admiration of men must be interested—or at least must succeed in appearing interested—in the things which most keenly interest the men with whom she associates. Try encouraging the average man to talk about his hobbies and his beliefs and his likes and his dislikes, and see

how quickly he expands under the stimulus of your interest. And see how obviously his liking for you increases. Everyone is flattered by a good listener.

Don't think that I don't appreciate the fact that beauty—plus poise, intelligence, vitality and all the rest—is not important. My argument is merely that beauty alone is not enough to make a woman desirable to a man, and that a woman can overcome the lack of beauty if she cultivates the other factors which enter into charm.

Naturally, every woman should try to make the most of any physical attractions she may possess. Every woman, no matter how homely, has some redeeming features which can be accentuated by proper make-up and by proper dress.

And it is just as important to make one's worst features as unnoticeable as possible. Again, wonders can be accomplished through make-up and dress.

Every woman should analyze herself without false pride and prejudice and try to determine exactly what her good points and her bad points are. And then she should do something about them.

Most women, I think detract from their appeal by over-dressing and by using too much make-up. To overdo in either respect destroys individuality.

There is no quest more important to women than the quest for charm—for the ability to win the interest and admiration of men. And if women will remember the fact that the quality called appeal is ten percent physical and ninety percent mental, they will find their quest successful.

If I had a younger sister, I would give her this advice:

"Keep your body healthy and charged with vitality, develop your mind and your ability to stimulate other intelligent minds, acquire poise and with it good manners, make the most of your physical appearance but try to appear absolutely unconscious of any beauty you may have, and, above all else, insist upon your right to be an individual."

I've Been a Showoff

(Continued from page twenty-three)

same time have a career. But underneath the surface the childhood feeling always remains.

Several writers in Hollywood have branded me as "bad copy." I believe I can be as interesting as most actors when put to the test. Inately I have the desire to show off in print just as enthusiastically as I enjoy showing off on the screen. I also have developed a certain modesty that is accompanied by a gratefulness for my good fortune. As a result, I have limited myself to showing off in my acting only, and have formed a distinct antipathy for the obvious ways of attracting attention.

I may be all wrong. Maybe I'll live to regret that I have limited my acting to the screen only. Maybe if I hadn't been so lucky in getting jobs, I might be more than eager to resort to my imagination and supply interviewers with copy of the most exciting sort. Maybe I'll wish that I had done as a great many actors have done. Maybe I should cause a lot of excitement wherever I go.

But I have a little scheme all my own and I'm going to try it my way first. I'm going to continue to do all my showing off on the screen. If you saw *Bengal Lancers*, you may remember that snake charming scene. There is an example of showing off that would thrill the heart of the most dyed-in-the-wool exhibitionist.

If I can continue to show off like this, I believe my fans will be just as loyal and save me from making a public spectacle of myself. I still will be satisfying my inner-urge to show off and yet may be able to prove that I am on the level with those who are kind enough to take an interest in me. Maybe if they know I honestly enjoy my acting, they will understand why I appear to be uninteresting in my private life.

...



—Charles Rhodes Photo

Fred Astaire and his mother before her departure for England. He is second only to Shirley Temple in our letters from readers this month

JUNE, 1935

Berry Cream Pie Filling

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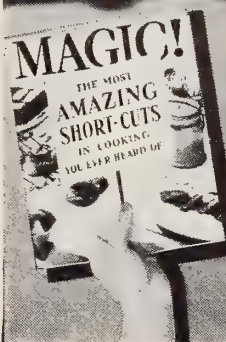
EAGLE BRAND BERRY CREAM PIE

- 1 1/3 cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
- 1/4 cup lemon juice
- 1 cup sliced, fresh strawberries or fresh raspberries
- 1/2 cup whipping cream
- 2 tablespoons confectioners' (4X) sugar
- Baked pie shell (9-inch)

Blend together Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and lemon juice. Stir until mixture thickens. Fold in berries. Pour into baked pie shell. Cover with sweetened whipped cream. Chill.

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Pie Please!

(Continued from page thirty-nine)

for 20-30 minutes in addition, depending upon whether raw or cooked cherries have been used.

Cut into squares and serve warm, topped with vanilla ice cream.

(The same cherry combination may be baked in a round pie pan to make the traditional Cherry Pie. If the pie is inclined to leak pin a strip of cloth or parchment paper about the edge of the pan, letting it extend one-half inch above the top of the crust, before the pie is placed in the oven. Discard strip before cutting pie.)

To Robert Montgomery

For that delicious and unpredictable flavor which he gives any rôle, —"Benjie" and others, this unpredictably delicious newcomer in the pastry field.

Grapefruit Meringue Pie

- 1 cup sugar
- 4 tablespoons flour
- juice of ½ grapefruit
- juice of ½ lemon
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 1 tablespoon melted butter
- 1 cup boiling water
- 4 tablespoons sugar for meringue pastry

Mix sugar, flour and salt. Add boiling water gradually, stirring constantly. Add butter and cook 15 minutes over hot water. Add fruit juice mixed with beaten egg yolks. Beat hard. Cook 3 minutes stirring constantly. Take from fire. Cool slightly, then pour into baked crust. Top with a meringue made by beating the sugar gradually into stiffly beaten egg whites and continuing to beat until smooth and rosy. Brown in a very slow oven—300 degrees F.—until top is delicate golden brown. Top each piece, before serving, with a strip of candied orange peel

To Ronald Colman

For a smooth and sincere artistry in the rôle of Clive of India, this smooth and epicurean dish:

Cream Cheese Pie

- 1 cup sugar
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 5 packages Philadelphia Cream Cheese
- 4 eggs
- 1 cup thin cream
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- Pastry to line 1 pie pan

Blend sugar and flour and mix thoroughly with cream cheese. Beat eggs slightly, add cream and vanilla, and blend thoroughly with cheese mixture. Pour into a pastry shell which has been baking in a hot oven, 450 degrees F., until delicately brown—about 10 minutes. Remove only long enough to pour in filling. Reduce oven temperature to 325 degrees F. and bake about 45 minutes. Cool. Serve alone or with fresh chilled strawberries.

To Clark Gable

For his typification of the ideal American male, this he-man's old favorite:

Lemon Cream Pie

- ¼ cup flour
- 1 cup sugar
- pinch salt
- ¾ cups boiling water
- 3 eggs
- ¾ cups evaporated milk
- 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
- ½ cup lemon juice
- Baked pie shell

Mix flour, sugar and salt in top of double boiler. Add boiling water and boil directly over fire 3 minutes stirring continuously. Beat egg yolks. Add evaporated milk and pour slowly into first mixture stirring constantly. Cook 10 minutes over boiling water stirring occasionally. Remove from fire. Add fruit juice and rind. Cool slightly. Pour into baked pastry. Cover with a meringue made of the 3 egg whites, 6 tablespoons sugar, and one-fourth teaspoon baking powder. (Beat whites until stiff but not dry. Add baking powder. Add sugar gradually and beat gently until rosy.) Brown to a delicate golden brown in a slow oven—300 degrees F.

To Lionel Barrymore

For his versatile virility, this versatile and virile:

Rhubarb Pie

Line a deep pie pan with fresh pastry. Grease on the inside with soft butter. Mix 3 cups diced fresh rhubarb with 1¼ cups sugar, 2 tablespoons of flour and 2 beaten eggs. Spread in pie pan over pastry. Sprinkle with a dash of salt. Dot with butter. Top with a slashed crust. Crimp edges. Brush crust with thin cream. Sprinkle lightly with sugar. Bake for 20 minutes in a very hot oven—450 degrees F. Lower heat to 350 degrees F. and bake for 25 minutes additional.

Cool only slightly. Cut into wedges.

For recipes for Cream Pie with Apricot Meringue, Spiced Raisin Pie, Orange Chiffon Pie, Strawberry Cream Pie, Banana Cream Pie and seven other prize-winning pastries write HOLLYWOOD'S Food Editor for "BEST EVER PIES" leaflet, and inclose 5 cents and a stamped addressed envelope.

And don't forget to ask for Tom Brown's Chocolate Peppermint Cream Pie. The recipe is free. Merely address Grace Ellis, 529 South 7th St., Minneapolis, Minnesota, and inclose a stamped self-addressed envelope.

Well-Dressed Women

(Continued from page thirty-five)

break up the figure centrally. By that I mean, wear dresses with their own separate little jackets, which have bands of fabric down the front. It centers attention on the sharp line and the figure as a whole fades away at the outline.

A frequent mistake that the amply-bosomed woman makes is to have her waists too tight. The loose blouse, rather than the form-fitting one, lacks definition and is therefore flattering. A common fallacy is that the surplice effect is thinning. It is not. Much to be preferred is the cowl line in soft fabrics. Here again we have illusion so essential in lessening obviously bad points.

In amplifying beauty, it is well to remember that lovely necks must rise out of the collar line so that they become a pedestal for the features. If the face is round, a U-shaped or a pointed line is most effective. A thin face demands a high neckline with manufactured fullness—jabots, ruffles, a stock or a bow will do the trick.

Call attention to one feature of yourself which you know is par excellence. For example, Loretta Young has the most beautiful hands and arms I have ever seen, so I give her short sleeves or, if it is a long sleeve, I make it of transparent fabric so that the beauty will not be lost. I give her cuffs which frame her hands and compel the eye to look at them.

Inversely, if the arm is bad, attention can be deflected from it by fairly full sleeves. And in the case of very full upper arms the kimono sleeve, or the gathered set-in sleeve is useful. A casual scarf may be utilized to advantage.

Here are the certain rules to be observed in dress:

For the bulky figure; break the line, make every effort to achieve height, use stripes diagonally, insist on skirts which have suppleness and rhythm. Street skirts which flare out are the part of wisdom. Watch the accessories, for they are an invaluable aid to that essential sweeping line. Wear dark tones.

For the short girl; build up your shoulders, particularly if they are sloping. And that can be done with wing and scarf effects, with clusters of flowers perched audaciously, with little bows rising pertly.

A lot can be done to remake figures. But if the trouble is too great, or if there are inherent faults which cannot be corrected, then dress to take the curse away from them. For example, many women are swaybacked. That is by no means a tragedy. Mere lifting of the belt-line will do much to make it undetectable.

All women must avoid flamboyant colors and flamboyant patterns. Stripes are rarely good. The heavy figure must without fail avoid them.

To one rule all women must hold with precision and decision, and that is that the fit of a dress or a coat is the most important factor. No matter how beautiful the fabric, no matter how smart the fashion, a badly fitted garment not only distorts the figure but destroys every element of beauty.

Every woman must have a Figure Catechism, and each time she shops or plans her wardrobe she must answer it honestly. Having done that, and giving a modicum of clothes sense, there is no reason why every woman cannot mirror perfection.

JUNE, 1935

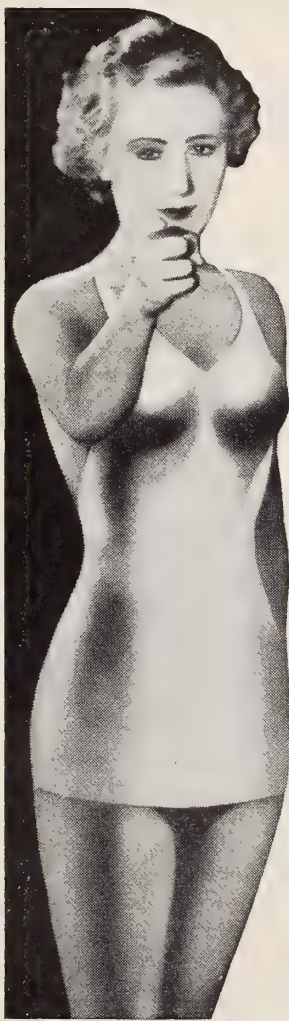


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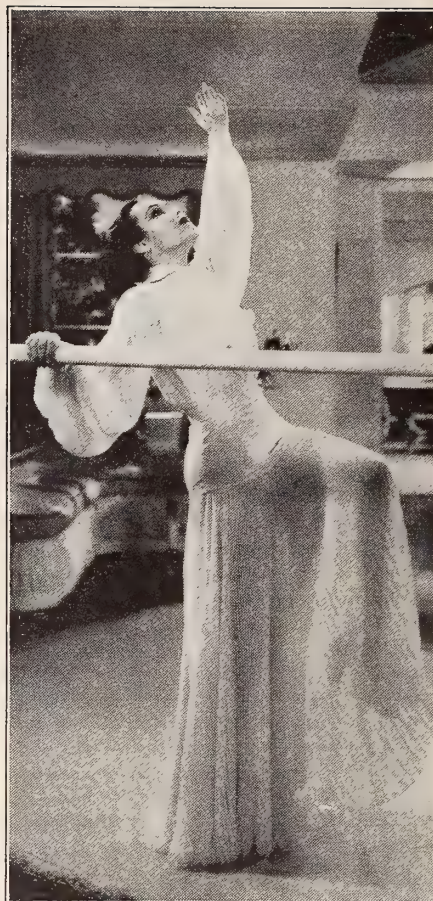
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Skeet-shooting or dancing, Dolores Del Rio is always a glamorous figure

Skeet-Shooting

(Continued from page forty-five)

Champs Gable and Cooper, disdaining the shot-spreading nozzles, shoot ordinary field guns. But there the similarity of their tastes ends.

Gable shoots Skeet, as he does everything else, with an all-absorbing intensity. He crouches for his shot, pots the bird the second it leaves the coop. Upon an infrequent miss, he is apt to blow a disgusted raspberry after it.

Cooper has the cowboy's distrust of shotguns, and he would much rather plunk at the bird with a rifle. Foregoing that, he uses a choked-up twenty-gauge which looks and shoots like one. His stance is casual, he aims long and fires late. How he gets anything, much less the high score he does, nobody knows. His best crack upon missing was: "H—I, who wants it!"

The fair sex is not totally lacking in talent. Dolores Del Rio, who so far leads in the scoring, fires a gun half again her size. She says she likes the noise it makes, albeit your snooping correspondent has caught her stuffing cotton in her ears. Sandra Shaw and Adrienne Ames shoot fair scores. Mary Carlisle, Muriel Evans, Florine McKinney and Ruth Channing shoot in a foursome—as in golf. But for the rest, they're just wimmin.

P. S. I haven't yet learned where they got the name "Skeet."



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If you suffer with attacks of Asthma so terrible you choke and gasp for breath, if Hay Fever keeps you sneezing and snuffing while your eyes water and nose discharges continuously, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a life-time and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address

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GUARD YOUR SECRET CREME D'OR

That new concealing cream covers SCARS, BIRTHMARKS, MOLES, PIMPLES, FRECKLES and all blemishes on the skin that you wish to conceal. Creme d'or makes them invisible and is ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS even to the most delicate skin. Beautiful embossed modern compact style jar only \$1.00. State shade of skin when ordering. Sent postpaid or if C. O. D. you pay postman \$1.00 plus few cents postage.

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**WHY DRUG
YOURSELF
OVERNIGHT
WITH A
MEDICINAL
LAXATIVE
?**

Doctors Say Morning Is the Best Time To End CONSTIPATION



**PLUTO WATER
GIVES SAFE RELIEF
IN AN HOUR**

Of course, morning is the best time to treat constipation. That's just common sense. Any woman knows that a laxative drug, if kept in her system all night, is liable to harm delicate tissues somehow, some way. That's why doctors say, "Wait until morning before taking a laxative. Then, if nature still refuses, you can always depend on safe, gentle Pluto Water for a natural flush within an hour."

50,000 Doctors Recommend It

50,000 doctors recommend Pluto Water, the saline mineral water that comes from French Lick Springs. And here are four important reasons why it is preferred above all other forms of laxatives: *First*, it is not a drug or a medicine and is therefore non-habit-forming. *Second*, Pluto is prompt—works in an hour. *Third*, Pluto is gentle, it simply flushes the intestines naturally. And, *fourth*, it is practically tasteless when properly used— $\frac{1}{2}$ Pluto, $\frac{1}{2}$ water.

Next time you feel dull . . . when your digestive system is sluggish . . . take this safe way to more natural relief. Take Pluto Water *before* breakfast. In less than sixty minutes you'll be your old energetic self again—happy, active, clear-headed—for Pluto will cleanse your system gently and completely of all waste poisons. No risk of doping your system overnight, either. You can get a bottle at any drug store—two sizes—25c and 50c.

When Nature Won't Pluto Will

**PLUTO
WATER**
America's Laxative Mineral Water

Mlle. Claudette Colbert

(Continued from page twenty-seven)

bring the girl a lunch that had been carefully cooked in the Colbert kitchen! And every day after that, along with her own lunch, Claudette brought the script girl's.

She hadn't changed! She was the warmly generous, charming girl I had known. And as if to verify the thought, a former classmate of hers at art school came to visit on the set. "I can't get over it," she told me, "Claudette might still be Lily Chauchoin, the girl I used to borrow paints from, for all the difference stardom has made in her! I had no intention of telephoning her when I first came out here. You see, I thought she wouldn't want to be bothered with somebody from 'the days when' . . . I thought with all the fame she's had she would *have* to act pretty much the big star. But not Lily. I might have known. We talked and giggled and curled up in our chairs there in her dressing room as if we were right back in her old apartment on Fifty-third Street. Yes, and she's getting a job for my sister, who has been out of work for so long."

I've said there was no change in Claudette. That was slightly wrong. There *has* been—she has developed wonderfully.

She attended a dinner party given not long ago by Travis Banton, noted artist and dress designer, for a prominent New York writer. It was a beautifully appointed dinner, the kind that reflects honor on a guest. But the writer, as they were having coffee in the drawing room afterwards, made a sweeping gesture. "That yellow lamp there is impossible, Travis! You ought to take it away!" It was the sheer effrontery that seems to be permitted only dowager duchesses.

On the following day, Claudette went shopping in the five and ten cent store. She bought a funny little old-fashioned yellow oil burner, had it wrapped in an elaborate, very large box and sent to Mr. Banton. "For all emergencies!" read the card. No, she hasn't lost her sense of balance, this Mlle. Colbert! I strongly suspect that, to her, all people with an exaggerated idea of their own importance are public enemies of the first order.

She herself remains unaffected, sincere, a sweet stabilizing influence in the Hollywood world of make-believe. And for that, I say, she deserves another—even greater—award!

. . .

The Answer to Last Month's Puzzle

S	U	L	L	A	V	A	N		N	E	X	T
T	R	Y		L	O	T		W	O	N		H
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L		M	E	T		S	O	N		H	I	S
K	I	D	S		M	A	R	G	A	R	E	T

**"No more 'tired,'
'let-down feeling' for me."**



**"I reasoned that
my red blood corpuscle strength
was low and I simply
took a course of S.S.S. Tonic
and built it back."**

IT is all so simple and reasonable. If your physical let-down is caused by lowered red blood corpuscles—which is all too frequent—then S.S.S. Tonic is waiting to help you . . . and will, unless you have a serious organic trouble that demands a physician or surgeon.

Remember, S.S.S. is not just a so-called "tonic." It is a tonic specially designed to stimulate gastric secretions, and also has the mineral elements so very, very necessary in rebuilding the oxygen-carrying red corpuscles in the blood.

This two-fold purpose is important. Digestion is improved . . . food is better utilized . . . and thus you are enabled to better "carry on" without exhaustion—as you should.

You may have the will-power to be "up and doing" but unless your blood is in top notch form you are not fully yourself and you may remark, "I wonder why I tire so easily."

Let S.S.S. help build back your blood tone . . . if your case is not exceptional, you should soon enjoy again the satisfaction of appetizing food . . . sound sleep . . . steady nerves . . . a good complexion . . . and renewed strength.

S.S.S. is sold by all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The \$2 economy size is twice as large as the \$1.25 regular size and is sufficient for two weeks treatment. Begin on the uproad today. © S.S.S. Co.



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AND THEY ARE GUARANTEED FOR A WHOLE YEAR!

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50% to 60% MORE SERVICE

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Size	Rim	Size	Rim
29x4.40-21	\$2.15	30x5	\$4.25
29x4.50-20	\$2.35	32x6	\$7.95
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28x4.75-19	\$2.45	36x6	\$9.95
29x4.75-20	\$2.50	34x7	\$10.95
29x5.00-19	\$2.55	38x7	\$12.45
30x5.00-20	\$2.65	40x8	\$15.95
28x5.25-18	\$2.70		
29x5.25-19	\$2.75		
30x5.25-20	\$2.85		
31x5.25-21	\$2.95		
28x5.50-18	\$3.05		
29x5.50-19	\$3.15		
30x5.50-20	\$3.25		
31x5.50-21	\$3.35		
32x5.50-22	\$3.45		
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35x5.50-25	\$3.75		
36x5.50-26	\$3.85		
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281x5.50-271	\$28.35	</	

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Today in Hollywood

(Continued from page ten)

INDIVIDUAL SELECTION of six "Protégés" by Paramount Studio, four "Debutantes" by Fox and six "Starlets" by Warner Bros. means organized opposition to the traditional Wampas (Western Association of Motion Picture Advertisers) "Baby Star" selections.

The press agents have proved themselves poor prophets in the past several years. Frequent quarrels have ensued with the studios. The result is that the public has stood by with an attitude of "Who cares?"

This year should be different. Paramount was the first in the field with the selection of its Protégés elected by a vote of two hundred and eighty executives, players, directors and writers. The winners were Gertrude Michael of Alabama (she once owned and operated a radio station), Gail Patrick, also of Alabama (1932 "Panther-Woman" contest survivor), Wendy Barrie (born in Hong-Kong, an English subject), Katherine deMille (likewise foreign-born—adopted daughter of Cecil B. deMille), Grace Bradley (former New York night-club entertainer), and Ann Sheridan (Clara Lou Sheridan of the "Search for Beauty" contest).

Fox Film choose as its Debutantes of 1935 this quartette: Rita Cansino (sixteen year old daughter of the Cansino dancing family), Frances Grant (New York stage dancer, just twenty), Rosino Laurence (eighteen, former stand-in for Sally Eilers), and Barbara Blane (nineteen and a singer).

Warner Starlets are Olivia de Havilland (protégé of Max Reinhardt) Maxine Doyle (champion mistress of ceremonies), Dorothy Dare (singer and dancer), June Martel (stage comedienne), Nan Gray (ingénue from Houston, Texas), and June Grabiner (wealthy Chicago socialite).

There they are, sixteen of Hollywood's best. Now we'll see what it means to be a Protégé—Debutante—Starlet.

"KEN MAYNARD, western star, left today for a two weeks' vacation in his plane, destination unknown." So frequently has this item been printed in Hollywood newspapers that we decided to

Destination Unknown

investigate. For two years, Maynard has been going to the same place—for two years he has been meeting a trio of the world's great scientists and archaeologists in the excavation of new and sensational ruins in the Yucatan region. They meet every month or so.

The three friends are T. A. Willard, inventor of the Willard battery, and famous for his recent excavations in this district; Dr. Sylvanus G. Morley, of the Carnegie Institute; and Franz Blom, of the Tulane Institute. When Maynard hops into his plane, he flies over three thousand miles of wastelands to the little town of Merida, where he joins the others. Then on to their excavations at Chichen-Itza, near Yucatan.

After about ten days of excavating, Ken, best informed film personage on this subject, returns to Hollywood, stars in another western picture, and makes money enough to return to his unusual hobby. Four million youngsters, who

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29x5.00-19	2.85		
30x5.00-20	2.85		
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HOLLYWOOD HEART BEATS

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Romance

The romance of Anita Louise and Tom Brown is at that off-again-on-again stage, off at this writing, probably on before the magazine reaches you. When it is off, Anita has several swains and Tom goes about with Ida Lupino and Nan Grey . . . Wera Engels and Ivan Lebedeff are said to be formally engaged after two years. Wera, now under contract to M-G-M, is going to high school preparatory to becoming an American citizen . . . Lona Andre is being seen about with newcomer Earl Blackwell, once the escort of Doris Duke, world's wealthiest girl, Rosalind Kress, of the five and ten store millions, and Judy King, just a millionairess . . . Mary Carlisle seems to have broken with James Blakeley, that other social registerite. Blakeley suspended his film work to go Reno-ward where Barbara Hutton; five and ten Princess, is becoming an ex Mdivani . . . Toby Wing used to take all the time of very rich young Alfred Vanderbilt on the latter's visits to Hollywood. But this trip it is Florence Rice . . . What has become of the giant solitaire that Australian millionaire placed on Lily Damita's finger? . . . La Damita is being seen with Irish Erroll Flynn . . . Virginia Bruce with "Pinky" Tomlin, composer of *Object of My Affections* . . . Peggy Fears with the once-called Prince, Felix Rollo



—Charles Rhodes Photo

Tom Brown goes out with Ida Lupino between his off-again, on-again romance with Anita Louise—He reads "Nobody's Man"

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This is to certify that the average circulation per issue of **HOLLYWOOD** for the six months' period July 1st to and including December 31st, 1934, was as follows: Copies sold, 144,121; Copies distributed free, 2,192; Total, 146,313.

Signed **W. H. FAWCETT**,
(Publisher)

Subscribed to and sworn before me on this 23rd day of February, 1935.
E. V. MAUSEL
(Notary Seal)

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JUNE, 1935

... the Marquis de la Falaise with Joan Marsh again ... Dick Powell with Olivia de Havilland ... Gordon Westcott with Maxine Doyle and Dorothy Davenport Reid—sorta dividing his evenings ... Frances Drake with Henry Wilcoxon ... Merle Oberon with Edmund Lowe ... Hollywood calls such as these "Luncheon Loves."

...

THE ELOPEMENTS last month were no surprise to Hollywood, news to the contrary notwithstanding. Director W. S. (Woody) Van Dyke and Ruth Mannix said their vows in New Orleans ... Paramount executive Melville A. Shauer and dancer Rosita Moreno went to Yuma ... Rex Lease and Elsa Roberts also ... Lease's marriage and the resultant publicity caused him to be hauled into court on a three-year-old traffic ticket. Police did not know his address until he married ... Joe Morrison did honors as best man when his stand-in, George McCullough, wed Jane Williams. In other words, a stand-in for a stand-in ... It has just been learned that Jan Kiepura and his "girl friend," Marta Eggerth, have long been man and wife.

Marriages

RICHARD DIX won't let anyone interfere with the nursery he is building for his expected heir. Props from *Cimarron* and other cowboy trappings are the decoration motif, so sure is Rich that it will be a boy ... The Kent Taylors have had the cocktail bar removed for their nursery ... Upon a return visit of the stork, June Collyer and Stuart Erwin hope for a girl ... Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg have expressed no choice ... Nor have Lorena Layson and Danny Danker ... All the blessed events of the month have been boys and sons now grace the homes of the Mervyn LeRoys (Doris Warner), the Hobart Henleys, the Guy Kibbees, the Frank McHughs, the Andy Clydes and the Lou Brocks. The last named four should all be comics ... That reminds of the story Dick Arlen tells of the birth of the Crosby twins. It seems that, although Dixie Lee Crosby presented Bing with the twins, Dr. Harris made the actual presentation. Bing and the doctor play golf together and one day, made a wager of double or nothing the obstetrician's fee. Bing won the golf game and with the arrival of twins, doubled his winnings.

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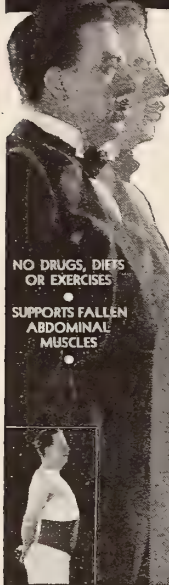
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writes

CAROLE LOMBARD

In the July Hollywood

The Magazine for which all the Stars write

would marry Chicago banker Abner J. Stillwell . . . Panther Girl Verne Hillie testified to mother-in-law arguments and was awarded a divorce from Frank Joseph Gill . . . Mrs. Ned Sparks won a decree and alimony from the sad-faced actor . . . Married since 1915, silent star Charles Ray and Clara Grant Ray indulged in a not unbitter legal battle . . . Elinor Fair filed suit for a severance of her second union to the same man, aviator Tom Daniels . . . Lila Lee, not so long married, and Jack Peine have split . . . Ditto Helen Morgan and Buddy Maschke, Jr., of Cleveland.

TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS

ONE WEEK, the press has Fredric March telling the world he is fed up on long-haired, becostumed cinema rôles, and that he is packing his wife (Florence Eldridge) and two adopted kiddies off to London, for a whirl at the stage, where art is art. The next week, the same reporters would have you believe that Freddie considers Hollywood an earthly heaven, and that the screen is the only place to develop and exhibit one's histrionic powers.

All of which leads the more or less untalkative star to express the wish that the boys and girls who write the pieces for the papers would cease misquoting him. Like all good bankers (that's what he started out to be), March prefers to stay where he can earn money.

Three years ago, when the medicos were giving him only a few weeks to live, Freddie might have listened to stage offers, in an effort to lighten the strain on his thoroughly weakened physique, but now he is again in robust health.

Unlike plenty of his colleagues, March is banking his money against a time when he can say farewell to toil forever.

THE NEWS that leaked out of the University of California Hospital in San Francisco that Myrna Loy was confined there, suffering from a mysterious and dangerous ailment, startled all Hollywood. Imagine the surprise of her intimates when Myrna appeared at a Hollywood dinner party four days later, looking pert and in the pink.

Truth is that Myrna wasn't ill at all. In fact, she visits the San Francisco health institution four times annually for a complete physical examination, just to guard against sickness.

AND NOW is as good a time as any to deny in behalf of Jean Harlow that she ever made that absurd remark following her divorce from Hal Rosson, "I'm a free woman—now I can really act." The statement was widely quoted in the press of the nation, but no reporter can be found who will admit writing it first. All copied it from other press despatches. That makes Jean Harlow the only goat for a senseless misquotation.

FLASHBACKS

● **FLASHBACK:** It was just four years ago that Joel McCrea was assigned to his first leading rôle in Will Rogers' picture, *Lightnin'*. Upon completion of the picture, Joel was invited up to the Rogers' spacious ranch overlooking Santa Monica canyon.

HOLLYWOOD

Impressed, McCrea said to Rogers, "Someday I'll have a place like this—wide-open spaces, freedom, independence from the world!"

Rogers chawed away at his chewing gum and grinned characteristically, "Aw, naw, young fella—when you have enough money for a spot like this you'll be soakin' it into Rolls Royces."

"Yeah?" was all Joel had to say.

Will Rogers was the first to be invited to the "Circle M" Ranch in Chatsworth, California, and looked over an expanse of a thousand acres of rolling valley, hundreds of head of blooded cattle, and a comfortable ten-room farm house with adjoining help-quarters.

"What, I'll be—," said Will Rogers. "If you haven't gone and done it! Shake!"

It was Joel McCrea who grinned—and shook!

FLASHBACK: Four years ago, he was just another kid trying to crash the studios. He took a cheap little apartment just across the street from Paramount so as to be able to roll out of bed and into the casting office—vainly. And now, with success at that same studio an assured thing, Joe Morrison has just concluded negotiations for the purchase of that same apartment house. He is planning to have it completely remodeled in memory of the young man who had had such difficulty in paying the rent not so long ago.

FLASHBACK: When Joan Crawford was dancing in the chorus, there was a nice young kid who was rather sweet on her. It was just one of those boy and girl friendships and nothing ever came of it. Every night, after the show, they would meet and go for long walks. They'd stop in front of furniture stores that featured beautiful rooms, complete, in the windows. Joan would stand and gaze enraptured. Then turning to her friend, she would say.

"I'm going to work very hard and be very successful. I want a home more than anything else in the world and someday—"

Today Joan has the home and Hollywood sometimes wonders why she is content to enjoy it away from the rest of the world. The boy is also in Hollywood. They are still friends, yet they do not see each other very often. He is also a star. His name is Jack Oakie.

HOLLYWOODIANA

● **MOST OFT-REPEATED** joke of the month in Hollywood. A caustic acquaintance put this query to Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. "How's the Duchess?" "What Duchess?" Doug asked. "Oh," came the blithe answer, "any old Duchess!"

AN INDEPENDENT PRODUCER, operating on the usual shoe-string, employed a rather high-priced actor as leading man for his current masterpiece. The actor lived at the beach. At nine o'clock one morning, he phoned the producer and said, apologetically, "Gosh, old man, I wouldn't have done this for anything! I overslept this morning and I can't possibly be at the studio before ten."

The producer gasped. "That's terrible!" he wailed. "Do you know we have thirty-five people on the set, and we can't crank a camera until you get here? Well . . . if you can't, you can't. But come as fast as possible."

He hung up the phone, walked onto the set, and called, "Time out for lunch!"

THIS ANECDOTE was related to a group of lunchers at the Vendome. There was a strained and distinctly un-amused silence, and then one of them said, "I called lunch at ten, myself, the other day for exactly that reason!" The lunchers were independent producers, called "indies" in Hollywood.



In this picture, Bette Davis, Wini Shaw, Al Jolson, Dick Powell, Warren William, George Brent, Lyle Talbot, Monte Blue, Harry Seymour—At birthday party for KFWB, Warner Bros. radio station in Hollywood

—Charles Rhodes Photo



SO TIRED, SO BLUE

Till This ALL-VEGETABLE Laxative Solved Her Constipation

SHE was so tired—depressed—always having colds and headaches. And she had tried so many things she almost despaired of getting relief. Then she discovered the real answer. A laxative that gave thorough, natural cleansing, not mere partial bowel action.

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31x6.00-19	3.40	1.15					
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Through Hollywood's Eyes

- Although you may not know it, you invented motion picture magazines. You, the public. No editor conceived the original idea of film publications. They were the natural outgrowth of public demand. It all happened like this:

Twenty-four years ago, a New York publisher had trouble with his illustrators. He searched about for another method of presenting fiction in a magazine without benefit of artists. He found the solution to his problem in an industry then, and for some time thereafter, in its infancy.

This industry was the motion picture. It presented upon the flickering screens of tiny, deserted stores, converted into nickelodian theatres, a form of entertainment already nicknamed "The Movies."

The Movies had plots—not very good plots, I'll grant you—but nonetheless stories that could be fictionized for magazine publication. And more important still, these stories could be illustrated with photographs. No artists necessary! So was born the first motion picture magazine.

Soon after its appearance on the newsstands of the country, came an unexpected public response. Readers began to tear out pictures from its pages, and indicating certain actors with pencil marks, asked, "Who is this? Where was he born? Is he married? How old is he? What does he eat for breakfast?"

Movie actors, in those days, you must remember, were anonymous. They had no advertised identities. Stars were unthought of, for precious few of this industry's pioneers had the slightest conception of its future. It was simply an entertainment novelty that was thought to have no future.

Came the Dawn

- The response of the public to the first movie magazines was as great a surprise to the producers as it was to the publishers. Neither knew quite how to answer the demand. Actors could be hired by the gross and what possible difference would it make which actors were hired?

You decided the issue. You elected your personal favorites. The novelty of pictures that moved was wearing thin. You demanded more than novelty. You wanted personalities you could take to heart, whose careers you could follow with friendly interest.

The producers began to give names to their actors; the magazines began to interview them. Those early interviews were extremely amusing in the light of present-day standards.

The movies and the magazines devoted to them grew up together. They passed from the swaddling clothes stage through an age of juvenile antics to a brief day of false

sophistication. And now the movies have graduated to a new intellectual era. You have only to view the really great effort of the past six months to realize this.

Now a Word About Ourselves

- If this magazine is to serve you, who created it, we must keep apace. We must have the benefit of your advice and council. You must tell us what you like and what you dislike.

With this issue, we have made several editorial changes. We have started a new department to report the news behind the news of Hollywood. It is designed to give you a complete, unbiased and truthful account of the month's activities of your favorites. We invite your criticism.

Stories written and signed by the stars are a feature we retain. Of course, only a magazine edited in its entirety in Hollywood could present such a feature. You have told us that you enjoy these personally signed stories and unless you tell us otherwise, they will continue. I believe you can help us even further. You can name specifically the players you wish to read about each month. If you will write me personally, I will have published at least one "Command Story" every issue. Now who shall it be in July? Garbo, Hepburn, Jean Harlow, Grace Moore, Fred Astaire, Shirley



The Publisher Says:

Here is the biggest movie magazine for the money that you have ever seen on the newsstands—the New HOLLYWOOD at five cents a copy. Now in its twenty-fourth year of publication, it has become the truly different magazine you have always wanted. The men and women on its staff live in Hollywood. Their best and most intimate friends are the stars. That is why the stars have

turned authors for your benefit. Mr. Grant, the editor, and Mr. Smalley, the managing editor, both veterans in the business, know Hollywood as few others do. Under their guidance, HOLLYWOOD will report upon every item of the colorful, intimate goings on about town, written brilliantly, concisely, constructively. If you want to know all that is happening in Hollywood, you will have to read HOLLYWOOD.

W. H. FAWCETT,
Publisher.

Temple, John Boles, Clark Gable, Marion Davies, James Cagney, Mae West, Bing Crosby, Margaret Sullavan. Who? You are the editors. I am only working for you.

Notes at Random: Aren't you a bit weary of announcements by actors that they will never again give an interview? Leslie Howard recently made such a statement, then promptly proceeded to give a half dozen interviews upon the subject of why he wouldn't give any more interviews. Leslie, I'm ashamed of you.

Out in the San Fernando Valley, there is a sign on a vacant property which reads, "Tread lightly—This spot belongs to Walter Winchell." Imagine the heavy-footed Mr. Winchell asking others to "tread lightly." Grammatical, too.

With all of the studios picking starlets for 1935, I'd like to make a personal nomination. Miss Constance Collier, with only one minor effort, "Shadow of Doubt," to her credit, should be a reigning screen star before the end of the year—without a shadow of doubt.

Jack Grant

Finally!



**a really bright indelible
lipstick that can't possibly
turn purplish . . .**

HERE is the first and only indelible lipstick
that *stays* gloriously red on the lips.

It positively *can't* turn purplish.

Put it on . . . let it set . . . wipe it off . . . it
stains the lips, pastelessly and transparently,
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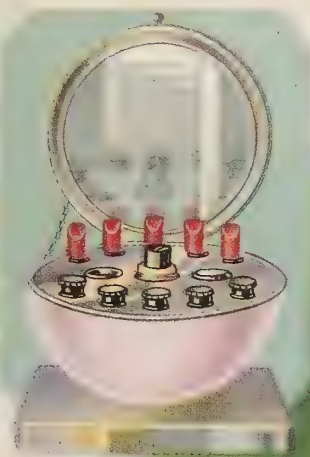
TATTOO "HAWAIIAN" is the brightest,
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It's the same stirring red with all the won-
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. . . the very shade you've searched for . . .
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Yes, it's a *startling* red . . . very startling . . .
still, easy to wear, because its intensity is
favored with a richness and sincerity that
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Joan Blondell, Warner Bros.' Star in "Traveling Saleslady"



FREE BOOKLET shows how to dress your hair like a Movie Star

Twenty-four pictures of famous stars showing how their hair is dressed. Hollywood's most noted hair stylist, Perc Westmore, has designed exclusively for Duart, a series of smart new star's coiffures. With this 24-page instruction booklet your hairdresser can copy them for you. Sent FREE with one 10 cent package of Duart Hair Rinse. NOT a dye. NOT a bleach—just a beautiful tint. Use Coupon.



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Nationally famous authority on hair and coiffure design at Warner Bros. Studios, in talking to Joan Blondell says:—"I cannot endorse too highly the protection offered by this new sealed package of Duart Pads. Every woman who values the natural beauty of her hair should demand it!"

IMAGINE that you are in a beauty shop now, getting a **DUART PERMANENT WAVE**. It is time to place the pads on your curls. You will see the operator break open a **SEALED** individual package of Duart Pads, and you will know without question that they are **GENUINE DUART**, and have never before been used.★ You have the positive and pleasing assurance that your wave will be done with exactly the same kind of materials used to create the most beautiful, most popular permanent waves in America—worn by the Hollywood stars.★ You can be sure also, that the beauty shop you are patronizing is using up-to-date professional methods of beauty culture and will be extremely careful to safeguard the natural beauty of your hair.★ Look for the beauty shop near you that features Duart Waves and the vital protection of the sealed package of Duart pads. Prices may vary with the style of coiffure desired and the artistic reputation of the operator.

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IT ISN'T BEING DONE, BUT IT'S *One Way* TO PREVENT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

"IT'S worse than a blunder, it's a social crime," exclaimed the Director of the new Good Housekeeping Beauty Clinic. "That girl," she went on, "is headed for social suicide."

But dentists looked at it differently.

"An excellent picture," was their general comment. "It's a graphic illustration of a point we dentists are always seeking to drive home. If all of us gave our teeth and gums more exercise on coarse, raw foods, many of our dental ills would disappear."

Time and again dental science has crusaded against our modern menus.

Coarse foods are banned from our tables for the soft and savory dishes that rob our gums of work and health. Gums grow lazy...sensitive...tender! It's no wonder that "pink tooth brush" is such a common warning.

DON'T NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"!

For unheeded, neglected—"pink tooth brush" may mean serious trouble—even gingivitis, pyorrhea or Vincent's disease.

Follow your dentist's advice. Brush

your teeth regularly with Ipana Tooth Paste. Then, each time, rub a little extra Ipana into your gums. For Ipana and massage help restore your gums to healthy firmness. Do this regularly and the chances are you'll never be bothered with "pink tooth brush."

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Use the coupon below, if you like. But a trial tube can be, at best, only an introduction. Why not buy a full-size tube of Ipana and get a full month of scientific dental care and a quick start toward firmer gums and brighter teeth.

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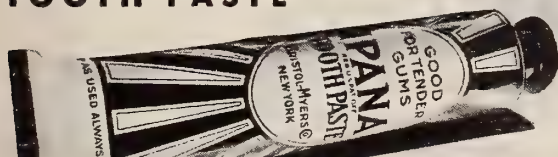
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Sparkling Teeth
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An airy love bandit "swears off" the ladies when he meets his heart's desire—only to forget all about his promise the minute her back is turned! He's permanently cured of his roving eye—and the way it's done makes "No More Ladies" the season's gayest romance! Joan and Bob are at their very best in roles perfectly suited to them—while Charlie Ruggles, Franchot Tone and Edna May Oliver add to the merriment.... Another delightful Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture, perfectly adapted from New York's laughing stage hit.

Joan *Robert*
CRAWFORD • MONTGOMERY
in **NO MORE LADIES**

with CHARLIE RUGGLES....FRANCHOT TONE....EDNA MAY OLIVER
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture....Directed by EDWARD H. GRIFFITH

JACK SMALLEY,
Managing Editor

Hollywood

W. H. FAWCETT,
Publisher

JULY, 1935

Edited in Hollywood

Vol. 24 No. 7

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by Edwyn Bower Hesser

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Today in Hollywood

● **TRAGEDY STRUCK TWICE** at Toby Wing when Jackie Coogan, often named her best friend, was injured in the auto accident that cost the elder Coogan his life, and three days later her father, Captain Paul Wing, crashed in a transport plane eastbound to film *Annapolis Farewell*. Toby's beautiful sister Pat (Mrs. W. Haggin-Perry) is seriously ill.

● **DON'T** blame MYRNA LOY for walking out of *Masquerade*; she had a salary raise coming to her. But when LUISE RAINER (see page 66) stepped in to take her place opposite WILLIAM POWELL, Myrna let herself in for some stiff competition. It may result in a new star team. "When you walked out, honey, some one else . . ."

● **GET** rich quick schemes always dazzle Hollywood. The latest is the chain letter gag which has flooded the postoffice with mail. You have to spend ten cents as your part of the chain, the theory is you get back, from the widening chain, a thousand dollars. The stars are no pikers. Their chains call for a dollar apiece!

● **AT LEAST** six hundred Hollywood kiddies were broken-hearted when SHIRLEY TEMPLE got the sniffles and the doctor wouldn't let Shirley celebrate her sixth birthday with a big party. No one enjoyed the party she had last year more than the little hostess.

● **JACK OAKIE** joins the exclusive club of Picture Snatchers with his performance in *Call of the Wild*. Pretty good when a guy can steal honors from a St. Bernard, CLARK GABLE, Mt. Baker, LORETTA YOUNG and REGINALD OWEN. Jack took his mother to the preview, and was Mother Offield pleased!

● **ADD** Hollywood heartbreaks: CLARK WILLIAMS, striding splendidly toward bigger things after his work in *Transient Lady* with GENE RAYMOND, did an even better job with HENRY HULL in *The Werewolf of London*—only to have it dumped on the cutting room floor for the sake of brevity. That's Hollywood!

Mae West's Husbands

● **CANNY** observers, noting the imminent release of curvesome Mae West's new film, *Goin' to Town*, and

a sudden nation-wide uproar regarding a long-lost husband, might have suspected that there was a nigger in the oft-mentioned woodpile.

If some suspected a publicity stunt, they were doubtless close to the truth—as Mae herself declared when the stories mounted and expanded into a veritable deluge of husbands and rumors of husbands.

The usually good-natured Mae is authority No. 1 for labeling the blast about Frank Wallace being her husband as sheer bunk.

"I've got a sense of humor," Mae sighed, shifting into high-gear conversation, "and nobody can say I haven't. But this thing is going too far. It's a lousy publicity stunt, that's what it is."

"First there's a guy named Wallace—then there's another guy named Wallace, and then a fellow down in Texas, all of whom advance the notion that they were united in wedlock with me. That makes nine this year, all told."

Mae tried just denying all rumors with a pleasant grin at first when someone allegedly found a marriage license bearing her name and that of Frank Wallace. The scene was Milwaukee, the date 1911, when Mae by her own statement was still "too young to get married." [Continued on page 7]



Paul Cavanagh and Mae West—"Husbands" popped from the past.

with a song in her heart



she brings you a Melodramatic Musical Romance!

Glorious

Grace Moore

in her new picture

LOVE ME FOREVER

Dream...live...love...in the spell of her magic voice...as divine Grace Moore forsakes "One Night of Love" for her newest and greatest entertainment!

LEO CARRILLO • ROBERT ALLEN

Screen play by Jo Swerling and Sidney Buchman

Directed by Victor Schertzinger

A Columbia Picture

NEWS

(Continued from page five)

Judith Allen marries again—Rudy Vallee packs a wicked wallop to the jaw—The prizefight party proves something of a thrill

Mae admits the publicity gag would have been all right if it had gone no further, but the repercussions swept her off her *sang froid* for the first time since she began inviting the folks to come on up and see her sometime. In the first place, Frank Wallace, a bald, middle-aged hooper in New York, joined in the uproar by announcing that it was he who wed the fair Mae in Milwaukee.

Of course, he admits, Mae wasn't a blonde in those days. She was a classy brunette with ideas about the stage—just 16 when she joined his troupe in 1909. (That would make her 42 now, but never mind that!)

To Mae's rescue came Ollie Keely, an old-time gentleman acrobat who trouped with Mae West 24 years ago: "The Mae West married in Milwaukee wasn't the movie Mae West, because she was on the same bill as my act and I know."

Other statistics: In a 1927 New York court appearance records show Mae testified she was "married" . . . Mae says she never was in Milwaukee until a short time ago . . . theater workers insist she was there with sister Beverly West in 1915 . . . Broadway tattlers say the original Frank Wallace died several years ago . . . and declare he claimed the title of Mr. Mae West . . . Hollywood publicity agents mark it down as an example of how things will get out of hand, doggone it . . .

JUDITH ALLEN pulled a fast one on the news hawks by slipping off to Tijuana with Jack Doyle, Irish prizefighter, and taking the vows. Judith had told the columnists that it would be several months before the big event. Her new husband has been rated by Jack Dempsey as a heavyweight with possibilities. Judith's first matrimonial companion was Gus Sonnenberg, one of the outstanding gentlemen in the wrestling industry.

Rudy Burns Up

MAYBE RUDY VALLEE saw Bing Crosby's new picture, *Mississippi*, and maybe he didn't. Fans who did see the film will recall that Bing, during an act aboard the show boat, leaped from the stage and staged a wild battle with the villain who didn't like his offering.

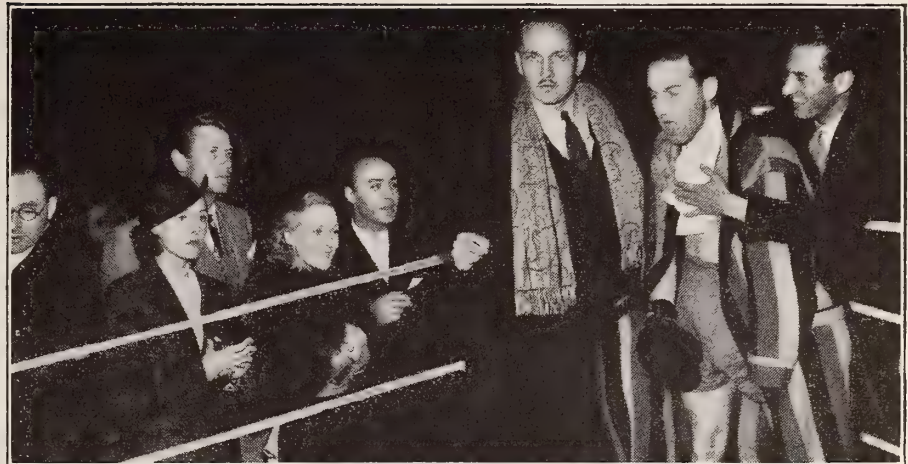
Of similar nature was a disturbance one night when Rudy and his orchestra were playing before eight thousand spectators. Someone kept throwing pennies on the stage. Rudy became incensed. He warned the man once, and warned him twice. But when the pennies continued to plink on the stage, he dived into the audience and landed a smart uppercut on his tormentor.

The surprised victim hurriedly left the hall, rubbing his jaw tenderly. Rudy continued the performance.

"It's all in the game," he commented.

The Countess Gave a Party

FILMLAND'S MOST SENSATIONAL party in a long, long time got off to a smashing JULY, 1935



"Then give him one with your right," Fredric March tells Tommy Herman at the boxing matches staged by Countess di Frasso. Interested onlookers: Frances Dee, Joel McCrea, Charles Boyer, and Pat Paterson, all betting on Herman

start just as the celebrities, all wearing formal clothes, trooped into the home of Countess Dorothy di Frasso.

In a darkened hall there suddenly resounded a torrent of harsh words, then fists began to fly. The principals obviously were professional pugilists. Some of the more timid film notables unceremoniously ran for doors, stairways, and anything else handy.

Then the Countess appeared on the scene and the fighting ceased abruptly. Clark Gable, who was an eye witness, had already discovered that the fight was just a "gag" when the Countess revealed the true status of things and led the guests into the garden.

A curtain was pulled back, revealing a regulation prizefight ring. Gable and Fredric March acted as seconds for two of the fighters whose sole audience was a group of very famous film stars.

After the fights were over, the guests were calmed by classical music.

JUST WHAT happened to cause blows between Grant Withers and Joe Benjamin, an ex-pugilist, is still a deep secret. The trouble started in a night club. Withers was said to have left abruptly with Benjamin following close after. Joe Egli, an assistant casting director, gave the only eye witness version—with a black eye as evidence. Egli said Benjamin followed Withers to his apartment where the battle began. Before Egli could break it up, considerable damage had been done by both men. Discreet silence followed the encounter.

THEY WERE DISCUSSING the art of acting. Mrs. Pat Campbell, regal at seventy, with years of theatre tradition resting like a mantle about her ample shoulders, listened quietly. One blonde young thing, not quite sure of her ground, thought she would play safe. "George Arliss is my idea of an actor," she contributed. Mrs. Pat bristled. "Mr. Arliss," she

stormed, "Mr. Arliss doesn't act . . . he behaves!"

MARION DAVIES was one of four sisters present when her father, Judge Bernard Douras, succumbed at his home in Los Angeles. Judge Douras was for many years a prominent jurist in New York before he went west to retire. He was 82 at his death.

MARY PICKFORD and Buddy Rogers have started the romance talk again by visiting Marion Hollins at her Santa Cruz place. Buddy said he went there to see her polo ponies; Mary to enjoy the view. Miss Hollins does have a snoozy bunch of horses on the property.



Mother Oakie and Jack at the preview of "Call of the Wild." He nearly stole the picture . . . the fans all cheered



*The stars
say...*
Banda-WIKIES

... IRENE WARE, former Miss America and lovely star of Universal's "Rendezvous at Midnight" ... adopts Banda-WIKIES to make her bewitching on summer sands!

As photographed, Miss Ware wears Gantner Banda-WIKIES ... the silvery anchors firmly knit in ... the bandana high-as-your-chin in front—in back, low as a back can be!

Totally unexpected and ultra-smart are waffle weave WIKIES trunks ... gay and giddy with cord and anchor belt!

Cruiser Blue, Turquoise, Dahlia Red, Titian Brown, Dahlia Yellow & Coral, \$6.50. At smart stores everywhere. Or write, giving bust measure and weight. (Other Gantner suits \$3.95 to \$7.50. Style book upon request.)

GANTNER & MATTERN CO., Dept. Y
San Francisco or 1410 Broadway, New York

GANTNER KNIT TO FIT
Banda-WIKIES
CLOTHING PATENTED, TRADE MARK REG.

NEWS

Jean Harlow offers her eighteen room cottage for sale and thinks of free lance days—May Robson has a birthday party



She's spritely at 70 . . . Cora Sue Collins, May Robson, Jean Parker, Jean Harlow, Freddie Bartholomew

Cottage For Sale

AWAKENED to the uncertainties of a screen career, Jean Harlow is putting her affairs in order and revamping the plans for her future—plans that provide for a continuance of her current state of single-blessedness.

The eighteen-room Colonial mansion Jean built on a Beverly Glen hilltop just before her ill-fated marriage to Hal (Cameraman) Rosson, has been placed on the market, and, when it is sold, Jean will lease a much smaller house.

WHEN MAY ROBSON celebrated her seventieth birthday on the set, actors and technicians alike joined in a surprise party.

After the party, Miss Robson continued a round of social activities that astounded even her close friends, who knew something of her unusual vitality. Pep, says Miss Robson, is largely a frame of mind, and she has hers securely framed.

Our New Covers

● HOLLYWOOD sees natural color films as the coming thing; HOLLYWOOD Magazine keeps pace with natural color covers. Our first, this lovely study of Ann Sothorn, is a product of the Hesser color process, invented by Edwin Bower Hesser, whose camera studies of leading Hollywood stars were ranked of first importance in the colony before he deserted portraiture in favor of color work.

Quite fitting that a new step forward be illustrated with a new star, the editors of HOLLYWOOD Magazine selected Columbia's blonde favorite.

Miss Sothorn, musical comedy star of Broadway, changed her name from Harriette Lake to become film famous. She was born in Valley City, North Dakota, educated in Minneapolis and the University of Washington.

Other data: birthday January 2, 1909; height, five feet two, weight 112.



Judith Allen seals a two-fisted romance with Jack Doyle. They're honey-mooning . . .

HOLLYWOOD

**"I want my sleep to be
beauty sleep — so I never let stale
cosmetics choke my pores all night"**



says **CAROLE LOMBARD**

"YES, I use cosmetics," says Carole Lombard, "but thanks to Lux Toilet Soap, I'm not afraid of Cosmetic Skin!"

This lovely screen star knows it is when cosmetics are allowed to *choke the pores* that trouble begins — tiny blemishes appear — enlarging pores — even black-heads, perhaps.

**Cosmetics Harmless if
removed this way**

To guard against unattractive Cosmetic Skin, always remove cosmetics *thoroughly* the Hollywood way. Lux Toilet Soap has an **ACTIVE** lather that sinks

deep into the pores, safely removes every vestige of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. Before you put on fresh make-up during the day — **ALWAYS** before you go to bed at night — use the gentle, white soap 9 out of 10 screen stars have made *their* beauty care for years.





Leave it to us, Lady

**we'll tell your
MAN
about
MUM**

THAT'S too bad, now—to have *this*, of all things, come between you and that man who is "practically perfect" about everything else.

We'll tell you something. A lot of men are like that—far too many. Great fellows, most of them, but they haven't learned the facts of life about this perspiration business.

Just leave it to us. We'll fix it.

Send us his name and address on the coupon below, and we'll send him something that will make him absolutely proof against underarm odor.

We'll send him a sample of Mum, the instant cream deodorant that so many men use who have learned that their daily shower won't protect them.

We'll tell him all about Mum—how it takes no time at all to use, is harmless to clothing, soothing to skin, doesn't prevent perspiration itself—just its ugly odor. And how soothing it is to burning, perspiring feet and how it destroys every trace of odor.

Just *his* name and address on the coupon below—not *yours*.

Will he be grateful?
He'll be looking for
someone to thank!



**TAKES THE ODOR OUT
OF PERSPIRATION**

Bristol-Myers, Inc., Dept. 6-A
74 West St., New York

Please send sample package of Mum, free, to

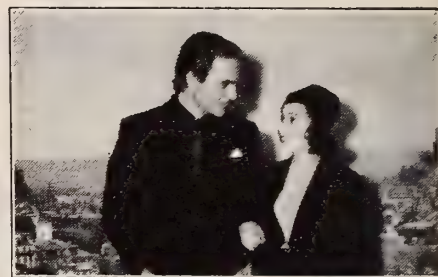
Name

Address

Heart Beats and Skips



Anita Louise is Tom Brown's present heart interest, but as long as Anita wears such a big hat, Tom's bound to seem closer to June Martel, on his right



Frances Drake may smile at the camera all day, but when warm summer evenings roll around she saves the best ones for Henry Wilcoxon and the Trocadero



PITTER PATTER

Richard Cromwell and Mary Carlisle, the blonde giggle-girl, are among the most devoted of the Hollywood junior set.

Nick Foran heard of Rochelle Hudson's blast against her home town (Claremore, Okla.) and insisted on meeting a girl who knew how to speak her own mind. Now they are billing and cooing.

Troubled waters have all been smoothed out by Lyle Talbot and Peggy Waters, who are pals once again.

The night spots continue to lure Jean Harlow and William Powell, who make one of the most presentable looking couples on the boulevard.

June Knight, who until recently was Mrs. Paul Ames, is waltzing to sweet music with Tommy Lee, young business leader who fell heir to a west coast radio network.

Merle Oberon, who swept into Hollywood fame with one movement and is soon to appear in Samuel Goldwyn's *The Dark Angel*, is broadcasting heartbeats to David Niven, socialite Britisher who makes his American debut in the same film.



BELL RINGERS

The spring flurry to Yuma, Arizona, where there is no three day marriage notice law, slumped sharply these last few weeks and the matrimonial agencies have been anything but busy. Nevertheless:

Rosita Moreno, the Spanish actress, took the vows with Mel Shauer.

Eddie Foy, Warners dance director, married Eleanore Bagley.



BLESSED EVENTS

The stork hasn't been quite as active as usual, this month in Hollywood but he did light on the rooftop of Guy Kibbee and his wife and brought their second child.

Away from Hollywood but remembered by her fans for her never-to-be-forgotten rôle in Peter Pan, in which she played the title rôle, Miss Betty Bronson, now Mrs. Lauerhauss welcomed the stork at her home in the South.

Passing out fancy cigars with elaborate labels at Warner Brothers lot was Mervyn Le Roy, the director, marking the arrival in his menage of a sturdy youngster, Mervyn Jr.



BUSTED EVENTS

After several years of marriage during which they seemed supremely happy and while one child was born, Mary Astor and Dr. Franklin Thorpe have decided to call it quits because of incompatibility. That's what they told the judge but we know DIFFERENT!

Ned Sparks and his lovely wife are pftt! She told the judge that he reminded her of an alum cocktail at home, just as he does his audiences on the screen and that she was tired of living with a man who had forgotten how to laugh. The judge took one look at sour-puss Ned and said Ok.

John Barrymore and his lovely wife Dolores are not divorced but he sent word from his yacht, in which he is cruising the world for Dolores to vacate their mansion in Hollywood. Looks serious.

HOLLYWOOD

GLORIFY THE *Natural Beauty* OF YOUR HAIR



GLENDARELL
Warner Bros.' Star in
"IN CALIENTE"



PERC WESTMORE

Nationally famous hair stylist at Warner Bros. Studios, says:—
Every woman who values the natural beauty of her hair
should demand the protection offered by the DUART sealed
package of pads.

When the operator breaks the DUART seal you *know* the
pads used on your hair have never been used before.

FREE BOOKLET SEND COUPON



DUART

Choice of the Hollywood Stars



*With the new SEALED
Permanent Wave
—just as the screen stars do!*

HAVE you ever wished that your hair could have the
glorious natural beauty that gives such glamour and
allure to your favorite star? Thanks to DUART, your
wish *can* come true. You can have the same deep, soft,
lustrous waves, dainty ringlets and smart attractive
style of hairdress you have so often admired on the
screen. For DUART WAVES, the choice of the Holly-
wood Stars, are available right in your own commu-
nity. DUART waving pads are sealed in individual
packages, for POSITIVE assurance that your hair will
be waved with the same genuine DUART materials
used in Hollywood. *Your* Package will be opened
before your own eyes. Look for the shop that adver-
tises DUART waves. Prices may vary with the style of
coiffure desired and the artistic reputation of the
operator.

Remember, it is not a DUART wave unless the pads
come in the red and green SEALED package.

FREE BOOKLET shows how to dress your hair like a Movie Star

Twenty-four pictures of famous stars showing how
their hair is dressed. Hollywood's most noted hair
stylist, Perc Westmore, has designed exclusively for
Duart, a series of smart new star's coiffures. With this
24-page instruction booklet your hairdresser can copy
them for you. Sent FREE with one 10 cent package of
Duart Hair Rinse. NOT a dye. NOT a bleach—just a
beautiful tint. Use Coupon.

Duart, 984 Folsom Street, San
Francisco, Calif. Enclosed find
10 cents; send me shade of rinse
marked and copy of your book-
let, "Smart New Coiffures."

Name
Address
City.....State.....

- | | | |
|-----------------------------------|-------------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Black | <input type="checkbox"/> Henna | <input type="checkbox"/> Ash |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Dark | <input type="checkbox"/> Golden | <input type="checkbox"/> Blonde |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Brown | <input type="checkbox"/> Brown | <input type="checkbox"/> Medium |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Chestnut | <input type="checkbox"/> Titian | <input type="checkbox"/> Brown |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Brown | <input type="checkbox"/> Reddish | <input type="checkbox"/> Golden |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Titian | <input type="checkbox"/> Blonde | <input type="checkbox"/> Blonde |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Reddish | <input type="checkbox"/> White or | <input type="checkbox"/> Light |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Brown | <input type="checkbox"/> Gray | <input type="checkbox"/> Golden |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> (Platinum) | <input type="checkbox"/> Blonde |

Previewing New Pictures



Huge sets, vast throngs, melodrama characterize "SHE," with cast including Helen Gahagan, Randolph Scott, Helen Mack, Nigel Bruce

SHE (RKO)—Spectacle-loving Merian C. Cooper outdoes all previous efforts in producing this fantastic adventure-mystery-spectacle, taken from the famous H. Rider Haggard novel of the same name. Made on the largest set ever constructed on the RKO lot, depicting a mythical kingdom entirely different from anything ever seen on earth, and including such spectacles as a full-sized avalanche, the picture is one of the most elaborate since *The Lost World*.

When the production of *She* was first planned, it was decided to make it even more fantastic and amazing than the original novel. The script was written by scenarist Ruth Rose with many additional astounding details, and the setting of the story was changed from Africa to the polar wastes.

A staff of eight artists spent several weeks in sketching hundreds of scenes from which co-directors L. C. Holden and Irving Pichel selected the most astonishing. Set designers then went to work and used their imaginations to work out startling effects. Most unusual set is the Hall of Kings, which depicts an immense room formed inside a hollowed-out mountain. (See photo).

Haggard's novel described the queen of the kingdom of Kor as the most beautiful woman who ever lived. She was so beautiful, according to his book, that to look upon her face meant death. Obviously, the casting of any present-known actress in this rôle, would have been ineffective. Cooper, therefore, selected Helen Gahagan, operatic star, who was once described by Heywood Broun as "the ten most beautiful women in America rolled into one." This will be Miss Gahagan's



"Crusades" is dominated by power of mighty Henry Wilcoxon, who is Richard the Lion Hearted over again. Loretta Young plays his queen in this latest deMille epic

first screen appearance. Randolph Scott, also an operatic star (horse-operas), plays the male lead, with Helen Mack and Nigel Bruce.

Story centers around a mythical kingdom of immortals, situated in the polar wastes of Muscovy. In order to make the scenes really bizarre, the author decided to make the entire kingdom totally unlike anything ever seen on earth. Accordingly, studio imaginations were stretched to devise new costumes, new musical instruments, new types of furnishings, new games, and even a new language for the inhabitants of the mythical kingdom.

If you liked *King Kong*, don't miss this one.

THE CRUSADES (Paramount) — By far the most spectacular picture recently in production is Cecil B. deMille's *The Crusades*. Director deMille, as usual, has managed to collect the biggest props, the biggest sets, and the biggest mob scenes of the year in this film of the twelfth century Holy Wars. Facts and figures on the production are enough to stagger any studio business manager.

A large burden was taken off the shoulders of the national government when shooting started, as deMille cut the unemployment rolls by nearly ten thousand. Eight thousand extras were used, with the remaining two thousand persons handling the technical details of the picture. Nine months of research was done, twenty-five thousand people were interviewed, two hundred sets were designed, complete equipment for an army of a thousand men was provided, and sixteen assistant directors were hired before a single foot of film was shot. Nine weeks were taken for the actual shooting, during which 2,500 takes were made, using 300,000 feet of film in eight cameras.

The largest set used, covered over four acres. Fifteen hundred extras were employed in making the scene, with eight hundred horses. Four hundred giant carbon lights were used in lighting the set, using 14,800 amperes of electricity.

Two of the largest props ever used in a motion picture were built for the picture. They were a huge catapult and a traveling siege tower. The catapult contained eleven tons of wood and metal, and was over forty feet high. The siege tower weighed thirty-five tons, was five stories high, and carried a crew of one hundred men.

Other props used in the picture included five hundred wigs, weighing a total of 2,500 pounds; 1,500 costumes, requiring 18,000 yards of cloth; 1,000 helmets, 1,000 swords, 500 shields, 700 raw pelts, 1,750 yards of chain mail, 600 banners, and 8 falcons.

Miscellaneous items included 4,800 lbs. of nails, 350,000 feet of lumber, 200 tons of plaster, 160 bales of sound-proof fiber, and a stable for the horses.

Mrs. Kendall Lee Glaenger member of the immortal Lee family of Virginia... noted for her beauty and talent—her reputation as a hostess in Paris and New York. Adores music. Has many friends among modern composers. Loves the outdoors and has a shooting box in the Adirondacks. Her sister is married to Rockwell Kent, famous artist.

ALL HERS...

The appointments of luxurious living—yet the beautiful Mrs. Glaenger pays only 25¢ for her tooth paste

Certainly no mere price could be a factor in this charming woman's choice of Listerine Tooth Paste. She likes it and uses it for what it does. The quick, thorough way it cleans; the brilliant lustre it imparts to teeth.

"It gives my mouth a new-born feeling," said Mrs. Glaenger in her lovely New York apartment, "and gives me a sense of well-being."

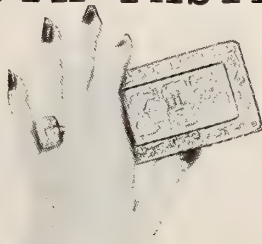
Literally thousands of men and women who can afford to pay any price for a tooth paste, have switched to Listerine Tooth Paste and stick to it. More than two million women and a million men are using this beauty and health aid made by the makers of famed Listerine.

If you have not tried it, do so

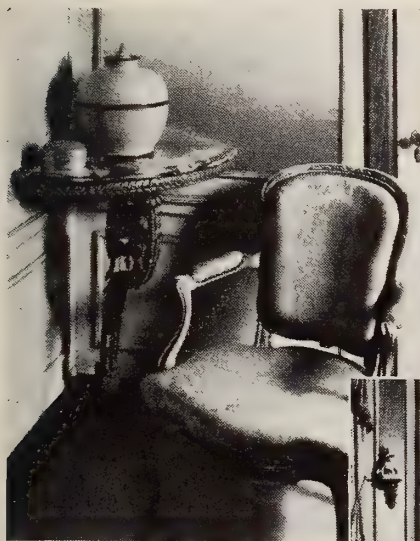
now. See how much cleaner your teeth look. See how much brighter they become. Note how wonderfully clean and refreshed your mouth feels after its use. Remember that here is a product in every way worthy of the notable Listerine name; at a common sense price. In two sizes: Regular Large, 25¢ and Double Size, 40¢.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.

Listerine TOOTH PASTE



Mrs. Glaenger's 10-carat diamond ring and solid gold cigarette case given by Napoleon to a Russian princess, and her three diamond bracelets.



Corner console of the Louis XVI Period in Mrs. Glaenger's apartment. Also Chinese crackle glaze porcelain jar from the Ming dynasty.



Rare Louis XV French commode. Behind it a rich Ming Period Chinese painting on silk, together with porcelain vase of the Chien Lung Period.

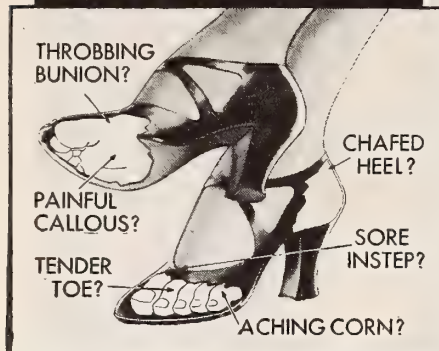


Rivaling Mrs. Glaenger's ermine and silver fox evening wrap in grace and beauty, is her mink cape, constructed of beautifully matched skins, collected over a period of twenty years by a famed furrier.



Feet Hurt?

HERE IS THE SAFE,
QUICK, SURE RELIEF!



STOPS NAGGING PRESSURE OF NEW OR TIGHT SHOES!

Imagine a relief so quick-acting that it ends the misery of painful corns, callouses, bunions, tender toes, chafed heels or sore insteps INSTANTLY! That is what Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads do for you.

With these thin, soothing, healing, cushioning pads always handy, you will never have to suffer another moment's discomfort. Apply them wherever your shoes rub, press or pinch your feet or toes and you'll prevent corns, sore toes, tender spots or blisters, for Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads stop the cause—shoe friction and pressure.

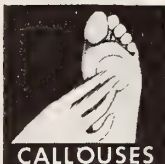
REMOVES CORNS and CALLOUSES

If you have corns or callouses to remove, then use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads with the separate Medicated Disks, now included in every box. In a few days they will be soft and loose and lift right off. After that use the pads alone to keep off shoe pressure and friction.

Get this safe, sure, scientific, double-acting treatment today at your drug, department or shoe store.



CORNS



CALLOUSES



BUNIONS



SOFT CORNS

NOW 2 KINDS

STANDARD WHITE New DE LUXE
now 25¢ flesh color . . . 35¢

**Dr. Scholl's
Zino-pads**
Put one on—the pain is gone!

NEWS

Bill Powell's new gadgets open doors and gates—sometimes—Clara Bow appears—Death takes Ruby Keeler's younger sister



Separating, she left seclusion . . . Dolores Costello Barrymore, sister Helene dine at Cocoanut Grove (See page 10)

Words—Idle Words

DAPPER, DISTINGUISHED Bill Powell was bringing a number of friends to inspect his brand-new mansion.

"Now here is a fine feature about this house," Bill was explaining as the party approached the gates. "By means of my auto radio I can open the house doors and gates without the use of keys! All I do is say a certain set of words and the gates open. Then I say something else and the garage door opens . . . one more word and the side door opens . . . another and the front door is unlocked!"

William Haines, Jean Harlow, and the other guests watched Bill with interest as he turned on the radio to demonstrate.

He used the first words. The gate didn't open. He tried the words for the garage—nothing happened. The word for the side door didn't work—nor the word for the front door.

Smiling uncertainly, Bill explained that the words sometimes didn't work the first time. He tried them again.

Nothing happened.

He tried shouting. Then some new words—mule-driving words—but none of them worked.

Finally he woke up the servants who let him in.

Ruby's Sister Dies

TRAGEDY HIT the home of Ruby Keeler when her 19-year-old sister, Anna May Keeler, died after several month's illness. A few days before her death, Anna had gone to the hospital for a blood transfusion. And because she was a little afraid, she got Ruby to stay with her through the ordeal.

The funeral was held in the Blessed Sacrament Church with members of the family present. Al Jolson, Ruby's husband, was in New York when the end came.

The coffin rested in the shadow of a tall black cross during the church service. A blanket of roses and pansies, bearing Ruby's name, lay before the casket. Beside it was another of gardenias and orchids, the tribute of Al Jolson.

. . . .

CLARA BOW has revived rumors of a film comeback by her numerous public appearances lately with husband Rex Bell. For the first time since the blessed event six months ago, Clara joined the ringside fans at the wrestling matches the other night.

. . . .

CHARLES RAY, the favorite of many years ago, has been given a rôle in *Gentle Grifter* at the Fox lot. Many of the old-timers are trying to stage something of a comeback just now. Over at Paramount where they are filming Cecil De Mille's *The Crusades*, Clara Kimball Young and Helene Chadwick have atmosphere parts. Jack Mulhall also is reported to be hitting a good pace on the comeback trail.

HOLLYWOOD

ALLURING

"Lovely". . . My Friends Told Me

"Lovelier every day". . . I Could See for Myself

Now you, too, may have the captivating charm all girls desire. The fascinating appearance *your* friends will admire.

You have only to use Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. For glorious hair, for smooth, peach-downy arms and legs.

1. BLONDES—if your hair is darkened, faded or streaked, Marchand's used as a rinse will secretly restore its former lightness and natural lustre.

2. BRUNETTES—lighten your hair any natural shade of bloneness you desire. Or impart fascinating highlights, a sparkling sheen to your dark hair.

3. BLONDE OR BRUNETTE—alluringly smooth arms and legs without risking "superfluous" hair removal. Whether on face, arms or legs, Marchand's Golden Hair Wash will make "superfluous" hair unnoticeable, blended with your skin coloring. And give you, all over, that fresh, bright clean look so admired in sophisticated, well-groomed women.

Marchand's Golden Hair Wash in the new gold and brown package is waiting for you at your drug store. *Start* using it.

MARCHAND'S

A trial bottle of Marchand's Castile Shampoo — FREE — to those who send for Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. The finest, healthiest treatment you can give your hair. Guaranteed to remove every trace of stickiness. Marchand's Castile Shampoo makes your hair fresher and more charmingly alive. Send for your bottle today. →

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR MARCHAND'S TODAY, OR USE COUPON BELOW
MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH,
251 West 19th Street, NEW YORK CITY

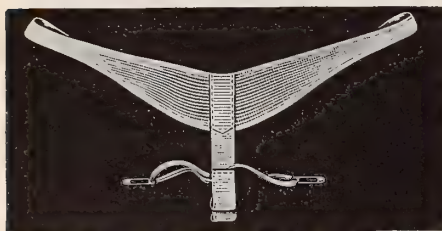
Please let me try for myself the sunny, golden effect of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Enclosed 50 cents (use stamps, coin, or money order as convenient) for a full-sized bottle. Also send me, FREE, trial sample of Marchand's Castile Shampoo.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State..... F.P. 735

Comfort...**WHEN YOU NEED IT MOST**



Silhouette belt by Hickory—STYLE 1300

The Silhouette Sanitary Belt by Hickory, by a patented process, is permanently woven to shape on the loom to make it conform perfectly to the figure. Silhouette cannot bind, curl, irritate or slip. You'll find it delightfully soft, light-weight, comfortable and dainty, yet dependably secure. Its easy-stretch, fine quality Lastex wears and wears. Can be boiled, washed, ironed—65c



STYLE 1340

The Hickory Petite—adjustable—narrow boilproof Lastex, Satin Pads, perfectly comfortable and secure 35c



STYLE 1387

A popular Hickory Shield Button Style—combination satin and boilproof Lastex 50c

Sanitary Belts by

HICKORY

Made in a wide variety of styles 25c to 75c

If your dealer hasn't the Hickory Belt you want, send us his name with your remittance. Please state style and desired size: small, medium or large

A. STEIN & COMPANY
1157 W. Congress St. Chicago

You'll like HICKORY DRESS SHIELDS, too



Here IS good news. Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire dance again and this is the first still from their first number in "Top Hat"

Our Readers Write *But write or wrong, our readers*

PRIZES are awarded every month to the contributors to this department. There are two first prizes of ten dollars each to the writers of the two best letters which, if addressed to a player, will also bring you a personal answer from the individual star. These ten dollar letters are indicated on this page by • • • • •

The two next best letters win five dollars each and are marked • • • • • Five more letters will bring our check for a dollar each and are indicated by • • Duplicate prizes are awarded in case of a tie and the editor of HOLLYWOOD will be the sole judge. The right is reserved to print all or any part of the letters received.

Have we heard from you? Address: Editor, HOLLYWOOD Magazine, 7046 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Shearer Is An Inspiration

• • • • • Dear Norma Shearer:
After seeing you in the *Barretts of Wimpole Street*, I took a new lease on life. While I am not an invalid like Elizabeth Barrett, I have been sick for many years and had just about come to the conclusion that there was no brightness in the world—nothing but darkness, suffering and despair. Thank you for changing my views and helping me to see the "light."

When you temporarily deserted the screen a few years ago, when your popularity was at its height, to take a year's vacation with your ailing husband, I got a glimpse into your pure, unselfish soul. I saw in you far more than the flighty, ultra-modern which you had so effectively and successfully portrayed on the screen.

Sometime later, I read an article titled: "Life Begins At Thirty," written by you, which was an inspiration in itself. Your

views on love and a career are as intelligent and beautiful as yourself—the rich philosophy of a soul of courage and wisdom. You are rightfully acclaimed the "First Lady of the Screen."

You are as great a woman as an actress, Norma, and I am indeed grateful that I have had the privilege of being blessed with the richness of your magnificent portrayals and the wonderful messages you have given me through your inspiring articles.

I wish you every happiness and blessing in this new venture into motherhood for which you have left the screen and shall be eagerly awaiting your return.

Louise Williams,
1007 West Grace St.,
Richmond, Va.

May Robson, Grand Old Girl

• • • • • Dear May Robson:
I wonder if you know how much your picture, *Grand Old Girl* meant to the thousands of high school pupils who witnessed that wonderful picture. I shall try to tell you, in my poor freshman way, what it meant to me.

It gave me an opportunity to see school life from the teacher's point of view; I could better understand the problems that face every school teacher; it opened my eyes to the wisdom of obedience, and instilled a desire to do my part toward making school life pleasanter for all concerned.

Grand Old Girl was a lesson, entertainingly told—a lecture, pictorially delivered. And I, for one, saw it three times. If our local theatre had shown it seven days longer, I would have seen it seven more times, for I learned something new

HOLLYWOOD

every time it was flashed upon the screen.

I hope to see more of your acting. For, to me, you are the most human and most beautiful of all actresses. You portrayed a beauty in *Grand Old Girl* that will never die, the beauty of the soul.

Beth Ellen Anfinson,
Box 416,
Hettinger, N. D.

Don't Say Goodbye, Helen

• • • Dear Helen Hayes:

I have just read your letter to Louella Parsons explaining why you are leaving Hollywood and the screen. I am using *HOLLYWOOD Magazine* as a medium to tell you I am both glad and sorry.

GLAD, because your late pictures have done you an absolute injustice, and as fickle as we movie-going fans are (Oh! yes, I admit it), should you remain in Hollywood, continuing to play the rôles that have been your lot in the past months, we might forget your superb acting in such pictures as *The Sin of Madelon Claudette*, *Farewell to Arms*, and many others.

SORRY, because the cinema world will never again have the supreme pleasure of witnessing such performances as you gave in the *White Sister*, *Arrowsmith* and the two pictures mentioned above.

You say you have been waiting for everyone to find you out—why wait? They found "you out" in your first performance on Broadway and your acting in your first picture and what they found was that you were an actress not an actress. I agree with your opinion in that you can act, but regardless of your flawless performances on the stage you will never surpass your acting on the screen. When you come to New York, I shall make every effort to see you, but no matter how fine you are, I am not expecting to see your legitimate work surpass your screen performances.

Edith M. Hall,
Bureau of Internal Revenue,
Washington, D. C.

Crawford's Development

• • • The Editor:

A continual striving for improvement in every way, through the medium of reading, study, physical exercise, does manifest itself in the individual's face. If you do not agree with me, look at a picture of Joan Crawford's face. Notice a series of her pictured faces, such as you see sometimes. They show how her face has kept step with her growth in character development and in her success.

Examine her picture when as Lucille LeSueur, or some such name, she came to Hollywood, then look at it later on, as step by step she climbed upward, ever striving and enduring through love, through disappointment and loneliness, until now we come to her present lovely expressive face, pictured everywhere as one of the famous Hollywood's stars.

She has grown in character, in kindness, and in understanding, because she has known what it is to suffer, what it is to be poor, and alone in the world to make a way for oneself. There are many unfortunate ones who could tell of Joan's help and sympathy.

One often hears of self-made men. Joan Crawford is a self-made star, but she is more than that—she is a noble, unselfish woman.

Mary Belle Walley,
Butler, N. J.

Is there Romance in Your Arms?



June nights and romance! Those breathless little meetings . . . with you in his arms . . . as he whispers those sweet nothings which only you and the moon can hear . . .

● So close, so intimate . . . surely, at such times, there is nothing so appealing to a man as the delicate, unspoiled charm of a woman's arms. Don't ever dare risk offending! When nights are warm . . . take care!

Even if your skin is sensitive there's a safe way for you to prevent underarm odor—and perspiration stains. A way to keep yourself as lovely and unspoiled as moonlight.

That way is Nonspi. One application keeps you free from underarm perspiration from two to five days. And Nonspi is approved by physicians. Even women with sensitive skins use Nonspi without

irritation. It doesn't sting or burn.

Nonspi now comes in a new bottle with a siphon-principle top. More convenient and economical to apply. And completely sanitary. You just shake it on gently. Apply it correctly and you eliminate the danger of staining or soiling your gown.

This summer . . . use Nonspi. It's 35c and 60c a bottle at all drug and department stores. Get yours today.

NONSPI
APPROVED BY PHYSICIANS



SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER

The Nonspi Company
113 West 18th Street, New York City

FWG-75

Send me a Special Trial-Size Bottle of the new Nonspi. I enclose 10c (stamps or coin), 15c in Canada. This offer good only until June 15th, 1935.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

Life Begins at Birth

Being a Line-a-Year account of the Life, the Times and the Troubles—mostly those Troubles—of one of W. C. Fields from the Diary he should have kept, but quite naturally didn't. Drat it!

by WM. A. ULMAN, Jr.



- Jan. 29th, 1883. Just a Blank.
- Jan. 29th, 1884. Still blank. House smells like a bar.
- Jan. 29th, 1885. I was right. The bar is downstairs.
- Jan. 29th, 1886. Am sure that the Old Man borrowed my shoes. Both he and mother put in full denial.
- Jan. 29th, 1887. Found the shoes; too small now. Guess the Old Man didn't borrow them; but he is swiping my milk for punches and nogs for the customers.
- Jan. 29th, 1888. Getting even now. I take his lunch down to the saloon and eat half of it on the way.
- Jan. 29th, 1889. He's found out . . . I start to school tomorrow.
- Jan. 29th, 1890. Hm-m-m! Little girls are prettier than little boys!
- Jan. 29th, 1891. I guess I like recess best.
- Jan. 29th, 1892. Gosh! The teacher's a peacherino!
- Jan. 29th, 1893. Apples to the teacher are the bunk; didn't get to first base. One try and she fired me.
- Jan. 29th, 1894. Education is over. Have swell job locating hay for Dad's horses.
- Jan. 29th, 1895. Location work is over. Am cash-boy at Strawbridge and Clothiers' in Philly. \$1.40 per week net.
- Jan. 29th, 1896. Have decided to avoid George Bancroft, the other cash-boy. His hands are too big and so is he.
- Jan. 29th, 1897. Got saucy with the Old Man and had to break all records for the standing start from the hundred-yard dash to the five-mile marathon.
- Jan. 29th, 1898. Have had bad attack of Cleveland's Malaria—no desire to work.
- Jan. 29th, 1899. Still got it; case complicated by monetary anaemia.
- Jan. 29th, 1900. Juggling looks easy. Guess I'll try it.
- Jan. 29th, 1901. Juggling not so easy. Eighteen hours a day practice; \$5.00 a week pay minus \$1.50 agents commission. Malaria coming back fast.
- Jan. 29th, 1902. Kissed a lady! Twenty-three, skidoo!
- Jan. 29th, 1903. Ladies take too much time from juggling.
- Jan. 29th, 1904. Juggling takes too much time from ladies; why are most of them named after flowers?
- Jan. 29th, 1905. Went on the Burlesque wheel at \$17.00 a week; wanted \$17.50 but manager said he wouldn't pay another nickel. Took the cut . . . Drat!
- Jan. 29th, 1906. Now at the Wintergarten in Berlin. Am paying for all the applause cash in advance or I don't get a hand. Have nostalgia for free applause and USA.
- Jan. 29th, 1907. Back in States. Vaudeville is hard too. No time to sleep. Have more nostalgia. Will juggle around the world in search of Free Applause, Free Drinks, Free Money.
- Jan. 29th, 1908. Still playing Magellan, the Tramp Juggler. Played Honolulu, Samoa, New Zealand, Africa and Australia. All audiences are alike to a juggler—only they smell different. Very.
- Jan. 28th, 1909. Back home playing in The Ham Tree. Don't like that title. Makes me nervous. . . . Birthday now on the 28th. I lost a day going around the world to the left.

[Continued on page 46]

HOLLYWOOD

Charlie Rhodes, Hollywood's EYE-WITNESS

Snaps a Galaxy of Stars



A NEW SALON OF BEAUTY built by the famed Westmore brothers, is visited by Freddie March, with a new hair cut, Henry Wilcoxon, with his hair long for "The Crusades," Una Merkel and Claudette Colbert, who is flaunting a lovely new style of hairdress these days. Flanking the group are Ern and Wally Westmore, who dress the hair of lovely ladies



Last photo of Junior Durkin, killed in Coogan auto accident. Photo shows Phyllis Fraser, Grace Durkin, hostess Ann Shirley, Gertrude Durkin and Jane Douglass. Standing; Junior, John Downs, William Janney



EVERYBODY GOES to the polo games, particularly when you'll see Virginia Valli (Mrs. Charles Farrell), Robert Montgomery and Leo Carrillo, officiating at the Uplifters Field. Bob sold his polo ponies; now raises blue ribbon hunting horses



GABLE DEFEATS OUR PUBLISHER! Captain W. H. Fawcett, Hollywood Magazine's publisher, may be champion trap shooter, but skeet was a new wrinkle to the Olympic Games winner. Left to right at the skeet shoot: R. Kent Fawcett (publisher's son) and bride, Jack Holt, Fred Stone, Wendy Barrie, Wm. Collier, Jr., Clark Gable, Jimmy Gleason, Captain and Mrs. Fawcett

Preview Flashes FROM

**YOU'LL HOLD YOUR SIDES
AS WILL HOLDS HIS WIFE
from crashing the stage!**

THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT! "Doubting Thomas" is just what the family ordered. It's the laugh round-up.

You really see *two* plays for the price of one. Because all the hilarity centers about an amateur production, with Will and his son facing the same woman trouble . . . A & C . . . Art and Culture. But do you think Will lets the Bugaboo of Art bust up his Happy home? Do you think he lets the Halo about Culture break his son's heart? Not if you know your Will, you don't!

• WATCH FOR THE OPENING DATE.



WILL ROGERS in **'Doubting Thomas'**

A B. G. DeSYLVA PRODUCTION

with

**BILLIE BURKE · ALLISON SKIPWORTH
STERLING HOLLOWAY
GAIL PATRICK · FRANCES GRANT**

Directed by David Butler



"Well, Thomas, why aren't you just pelting your wife with flowers?"

"What! Say listen, if I didn't lose my mind watching that show, I couldn't go nutty if I tried."

"Goodness, what happened?"

"Your husband fell downstairs, dear . . . THAT'S ALL."

"Shall I call a doctor?"

"Come, come my child, be brave. THE SHOW MUST GO ON!"



2 ROARING HITS!

BY JERRY HALLIDAY

He rides like the wind and loves like the whirlwind!

Carramba, but this is one grandioso picture! And as for Warner Baxter . . . ah, be still, fluttering heart. What a man! What a lover! He's even more tempestuous than as "The Cisco Kid." So prepare for fireworks when Baxter, a gallant gaucho with the swiftest horse, the smoothest line, the stunningest senoritas on the pampas, meets a gay m'amselle from the Boulevards of Paree! And to add to the excitement, there's a feud, a thrilling horse race, a glamorous cabaret scene in romantic Buenos Aires.

If your blood tingles to the tinkle of guitars . . . if your heart thrills to the throbbing rhythms of the rhumba, to the passionate songs of the gauchos, to the sinuous tempo of the tango, then rush to see this picture — and take the "love interest" with you!



"I have a very good name with the women . . . a bad name perhaps, with the fathers!"

Warner BAXTER • Ketti GALLIAN 'UNDER THE PAMPAS MOON'

A B. G. DeSYLVA PRODUCTION

with **TITO GUIZAR**

Radio's Troubadour of Love

VELOZ and YOLANDA

Internationally renowned Artists of the Dance

Directed by James Tinling



"Your fragrance is like a garden. Your mouth a red carnation. And your lips, oh, your lips, to kiss, to kiss again."



HOLLYWOOD NOTES

Leave it to the fans of Hollywood to think up a new one. This time they're playing a game called the Triple "S" Test . . . studio, star, story. And here's how it works. Fans rate a picture on these three counts *before* they see it. Then they check their judgment *after* the performance. And it's simply *amazing* how high Fox Films rank!

But then, that's to be expected. For Fox Studios have the ace directors, the leading writers, the biggest headline names.

So take a tip from Hollywood . . . when you look for entertainment, look for the name . . .



ACCLAIMED BY SOCIETY ON TWO CONTINENTS, VELOZ and YOLANDA bring their superb talent to the screen in a breath-taking creation, the exotic COBRA TANGO.

The
Command
Story

Why Myrna Loy is a Bachelor Girl



—Clarence Sinclair Bull

● MYRNA LOY has become one of Hollywood's favorite mysteries.

No one seems to know anything about her. No one has been able to catch her off-guard, without her smiling, imperturbable and freckled mask. In her own studio she is a far greater mystery than Garbo. Because Garbo is what she's supposed to be, a strange, shy Swedish sphinx. But Myrna looks and acts and talks like a normal young woman. When Myrna suddenly stepped from the cocoon of Oriental rôles into the butterfly shimmer of modern heroines and Adrian gowns, Hollywood sat up and took a new interest in her. A hundred times, when

Here it is—our first Command Story, published in answer to hundreds of letters from readers asking for a really good interview with Myrna Loy. There will be Command Stories each issue, so let us know your preference

by ELEANOR PACKER

I worked in the crazy confusion of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer publicity department, people asked, "What sort of person is Myrna Loy? Oh, I know she's from Montana and doesn't look exotic off the screen. But what kind of a girl is she?"

One woman magazine editor came to Hollywood for a brief vacation and asked for an interview with Myrna. "Dozens of Loy stories have been sent to me," she

explained. "But not one of them really tells anything about the girl. I'd like to see her away from the studio, in her own home. Maybe she'll break down and talk."

So it was arranged. The editor [Continued on page 63]

eeny, meeny, miney, mo...



...do you choose a wave
by CHANCE?



Do you buy a permanent wave blind-fold, with nothing definite to assure you that what goes on your hair is safe and sound? Look at this photograph. Those lustrous, soft waves are not the result of guesswork. They were created with *Eugene Sachets*, the famous little wrappers that have turned out millions of wavy heads with results pleasing to both hairdresser and *hairdressee*.

Eugene Sachets are as accurate as a prescription. Each contains the exact, measured quantity of pure waving lotion needed to make one perfect wave or curl. This wonderful lotion, Eugeneol, was perfected by the international corps of Eugene chemists, and is to be found in none but Eugene Sachets. It safeguards your hair and your peace of mind when you sit for a genuine Eugene Wave.

Be as smart when you go wave-shopping as if you were buying fashions or food. Don't let a bargain price get the best of *your* head! Let others go *eeny, meeny, miney, mo-ing* around for any old wave . . . and let them take the consequences! Eugene Sachets are *your* guide! Just say to your hairdresser, "I want you to use Eugene Sachets". . . When your friends see *your* wave, they'll tell you how right you were for insisting.

ONE SACHET SENT YOU FREE.

Examine this sachet . . . acquaint yourself with the trade-mark by which it can always be identified.

Take it with you to your hairdresser's! We will also send you a copy of "Here's How!"—a booklet of new hair styles, with information about keeping your Eugene Wave in condition. Mail a postal to Eugene, Ltd., 521 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



Eugene Permanent Waves



What I Think JEAN HARLOW

by
Clare Tabe

TO ME, JEAN always seems to have rather a man's attitude toward life. I don't know just how to explain this, but I always feel it when I'm with her. You can talk to her so naturally. She understands and appreciates the things men are interested in. Of course this appeals to any man.

Instead of the slinky evening gowns and bizarre costumes you might expect her to wear, after seeing her on the screen, she usually goes around in a pair of slacks, or a sports skirt, short socks, and sneakers. She seems utterly unconscious of her beauty.

She adores golf. She is an expert fisherman. She loves riding. And she makes no allowances for herself as a woman in these sports. She plays them on an equal basis with men—and discusses them more intelligently than one woman in a hundred.

She never uses her femininity in conversations—to win arguments, for instance, or to put over a point. So many women suddenly "go feminine" when they think it will turn the tide their way, but I don't think Jean even thinks of her sex in such circumstances.

● SHE HAS, TOO, a complete sense of fairness. I don't know anyone, man or woman, who is more of a straight shooter. She is fair in the things she does and the things she says. I have seen her, on one occasion, give a bit player an unusual break. The girl had a short line to speak, and then Jean was supposed to interrupt her. The girl had tried awfully hard, but as the scene was to be played she would be hardly noticed. Jean said, "I was an extra myself once, so I know what this means to her. Couldn't we change the script a little so my line can be delayed—and so I won't have to walk in front of her?"

I've never known Jean to "go temperamental," and when you consider the number of days we have worked together, this is a real tribute. I have seldom seen her out of spirits. Of course, she's human, and she has occasional flare-ups. But they last only a short time and are always directed where they belong. Usually she is right.

She's a swell sport. For instance, if I have to "sock" her in a picture—and believe me, it is done with the utmost reluctance!—she never asks me to take it easy. She doesn't expect me to. When I "dunked" her in the barrel of water in "Red Dust," she didn't seem to mind at all. I'm always a bit embarrassed about such scenes, and her attitude helps. It's just part of the business to her, and she goes through the retakes, if they're necessary, like a trouper.

Again, during the making of *China Seas*, she had a bad cold, and right in the middle of it we had [Continued on page 60]

*Two Pals
other,
Mark*

About CLARK GABLE

by

Jean Harlow

I CAN'T IMAGINE anyone I'd rather have for a friend than Clark Gable. He embodies all the qualities which are necessary for true friendship.

Not more than half a dozen people in Hollywood, I believe, know Clark as he really is. He is so much deeper than people think. He won't talk about himself—he doesn't even seem to think much about himself. It's not that he's a Garbo. But he is always so interested in finding out about you that he never tells you much about Gable.

But I know him from the standpoint of one who has worked with him on many pictures. I believe that by working with a man you get to know him as well as anyone possibly can. If he stands well in the opinion of his fellow-workers, he'll be the same under any conditions.

We started our screen partnership several years ago in *The Secret Six*. It was my first picture after *Hell's Angels* and it was, I think, Clark's first important picture. Since then we have played together in *Red Dust*, *Hold Your Man*, and now in *China Seas*. The most revealing comment I can make about Clark is that he is, today, the same human, natural, amusing chap he was in the beginning.

He has made a spectacular success. His rise to the top is breath-taking even in Hollywood, where overnight fame comes fairly often. He is probably every woman's ideal of a man, as a husband, friend, or a lover. But Clark is no more conscious of this than he is conscious of the color of his eyes. Maybe even less so! Fame hasn't changed him.

For instance, his stand-in now is a man who worked with him on the stage some ten years ago. Clark's attitude toward this chap is that of a friend and a fellow-worker. He doesn't seem to have a trace of a feeling that would be, after all, quite natural in the circumstances—"I'm the star and you're the stand-in!"

There's one exception, one change that has come inevitably with success. When Clark and I made *The Secret Six* we had no particular incentive because it seemed too wildly improbable that we would become stars.

We regarded each bit of success as a lucky "break" and made the most of it. Our attitude was happy-go-lucky. We enjoyed ourselves as we went along.

Now Clark regards his work with an increased seriousness. He takes each part more intensely. The best way of putting it is to say that he has an *increased application* to his rôles.

● HE IS ESSENTIALLY a man's man. His attitude toward me is that of a pal or a brother. With some men, you are made awfully conscious of being a woman. [Continued on page 61]



expose each
as told to

Dowling

Personalities SPOT



Garbo and Freddie Bartholomew in "Anna Karenina," her new picture

Garbo's Unwanted Admirer

WE SHALL CALL him Ben because that happens to be his name. He swears every word of this tale is true and I see no reason to disbelieve him.

Some four years ago, fascinated by the tales he heard of Hollywood, bolstered by the honors he had won in college plays, and drawn irresistibly by the glamor that is Garbo's, he came to Hollywood to enter pictures—and to meet Garbo.

Ben was not in love with Garbo. He simply wanted to meet her. He had heard that there were actually people alive who knew her, and he determined to include himself in their thin and shadowy ranks.

Ben is a Southern gentleman with all of the good characteristics and none of the bad. His drawl never forgets itself. His chassis is streamlined and his face good-looking in a thin, boney way. He dresses beautifully, with a nice sense of color, and his collection of sweaters is famous. He never wears

a hat. His manners are impeccable, and almost any other woman—except Garbo—would relish the chance of being chased by him.

For four years he schemed, plotted and maneuvered to meet this woman. Things went from bad to worse and nothing worked. He pulled strings and angled introductions to people connected with her. He stood on street corners and hung around the big motor entrance at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios.

But he never even saw Garbo.

He moved to Santa Monica this summer in order to inject a little sea air into his system, which was a trifle alkalized on Hollywood. He rented a small, attractive cottage on Druid Lane, packed away his tuxedo, lived in a bathing suit, and mulled over more plans to meet Garbo.

It was his habit, in the late afternoon, to sit on his front porch, which commanded a perfect view of the street, and, being a southern gentleman, sip a mint julip. There he would sit, and muse over new and old plans, rejecting, changing, still hopeful after four Garbo-less years.

And then, one afternoon, just as he had settled down on the top step and was eyeing his mint julip critically, the peace and quiet of his little street were shattered, to his great disgust, by a rattly old Lincoln which rumbled

noisily past his doorstep. He shuddered . . . and then he leaped to his feet. His ritually-constructed mint julip went flying into the rose garden and his four grey hairs darkened into new life.

It was Garbo!

From then on, Ben's hermit-like existence suffered from sheer exhaustive activity. No longer did he lounge around the house in a bathing suit. He refused all calls from studios. His life became a systemized chart . . . a chart of Garbo's comings and goings, for she lived within a very few blocks of him. By the end of the week he knew to the minute just when Garbo was due to pass his house. He also discovered that every morning she went to Dolores Del Rio's house for a tennis lesson.

It was easy to bow from the front porch as she went by, and repeat the bow on her return. He had to be more or less of a jumping jack with eyes in the back of his head, for sometimes she deigned to use Druid Lane and sometimes the back street. It was all very complicated, but our Ben was alert and persistent. He was also the soul of courtesy. Remember, he is from Virginia.

Garbo began to notice the good-looking young man who always uncoiled his leggy six feet and stood up, bowing deeply, as she passed. At least, Ben hoped she noticed, for she made no sign . . . at first.

However, as the days wore on and Ben's bows became deeper and more plentiful, Garbo began to respond.

First it was a small smile. The next a blank stare. Once Ben was dumbfounded to see her quickly flop to the floor of the car and hide from view as she rode by. He shouted with glee. She was noticing him at last. The next evening he [Continued on page 54]



HOLLYWOOD

in the Hollywood LIGHT

Why Fred Astaire Worries

IF I EVER get to the point where I stop worrying, I'm really going to have something to worry about," says Fred Astaire, humorously. "I'm like the man who wanted to hire someone to do his worrying. I've often thought it would be a grand idea, but if I did it wouldn't do me a particle of good. I'd worry whether the man I hired to worry for me—had enough to worry about!"

Work and worry are synonymous to Fred. The first he does seriously, because he's come a long ways, entirely through his own efforts. The latter is just force of habit and never to be taken too seriously. Inspired by his keen desire for perfection, Fred is just naturally concerned, even when he knows he's doing his best. But if he ever got to the point in his dancing career, where he tolerated things with casual indifference, then there *would* be something to worry about.

Fred does carry his worrying to the extreme, but at least he is conscious of it and never too upset to have a good laugh at his own expense. He's such a perfectionist and so conscientious about his work, he'll never reach the stage where he can sit back and give the world a nice, artistic razzberry. That's why he attaches so much importance to things that other people wouldn't even give a second thought. That's why the selection of a necktie, a letter unanswered, people sending him money for photographs, can cause him so much concern.

Don't for a moment get the impression that Fred goes around looking like a life-size edition of old man gloom. There isn't a happier and more contented actor in all Hollywood.

In disposition he's as mild-mannered as a child. He has a nice way about him that makes people perfectly at ease in his presence. As an artist he demands less and expects practically nothing.

Electricians and prop men fight to get on his set, because there's never a dull moment. In front of the camera, Fred gives till it hurts. On the sidelines he kids with the best of them and can hold his own to the last laugh.

Fred himself will tell you he was always the serious one, when he danced with his sister Adele. While she worked equally as hard, her disposition was such that she could throw things off with easy abandon. During rehearsals Fred worried himself sick. For weeks in advance he would know every kind of agony before the opening night of a play. Yet when that curtain went up for the first time, without fail, Fred would remain calm and collected. While everyone else in the cast quaked with terror, Fred would come sailing through with flying colors. In spite of his great worry at the anticipation of things, he has never been known to fail, when actually put to a test.

By this same process, he has become the dancing sensation he is today. "I am what I am," says Fred good-naturedly, with a wide grin. "It's all part of my general makeup and I might just as well save myself the trouble of trying to change something that is so definitely a part of myself."

"When they hand out the medals for the champion worrier, I'll walk away with the grand prize. But really I hate to keep referring to my worrying, because it makes me sound so humorless and so serious. I know I am concerned about a great many things that other people wouldn't even think about. But it's just my way and by this time I've sort of gotten used to myself."

"For example, when I know I have dances to learn for a picture, it is much better for me to get in and learn them instead of spending my time thinking about it. I want them to be good and I know that practice is one way of making them that way. So I usually come to the studio on Sundays and holidays, and get in a lot of extra practicing. I do this on my own time and strange as it may seem, this is when I get some of my best ideas. I'd rather be sure of my numbers beforehand than have to worry too much on how they are going to look before the camera."

Mark Sandrich, who directed Fred in *The Gay Divorcée*, understands him better than anyone in the studio. Right now they are working together on *Top Hat* and it is to Mark that Fred gives a great deal of the credit for the happy results of their work.

"I know that Fred worries about every scene," says Sandrich. "It is so vitally necessary for him to feel he is giving his best. Many times his work



Fred Astaire posed this for HOLLYWOOD to prove definitely that he is the champion worrier of all time

is perfect in my eyes, but I always ask him if he wants to do one more 'take,' just to be sure he won't worry."

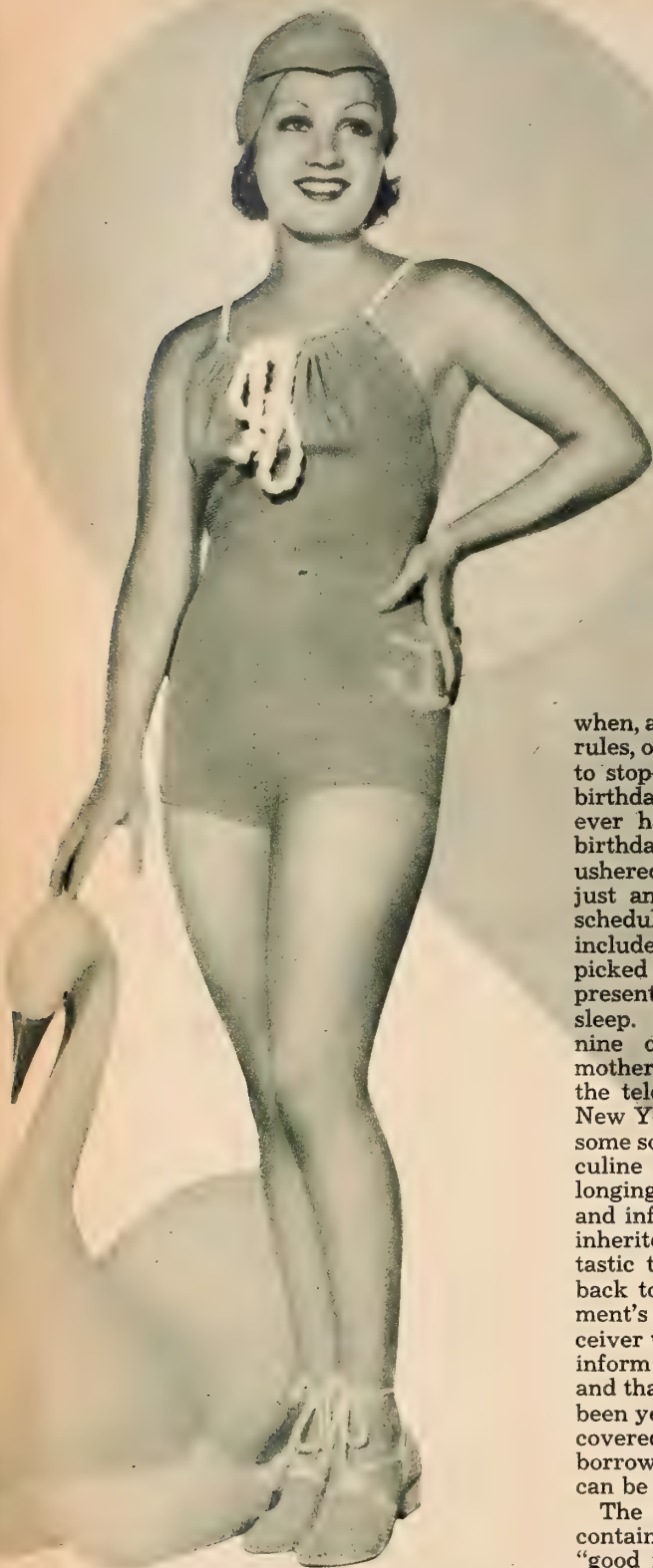
Hermes Pan, who is an able dance assistant to Fred, reveals some amusing information. For weeks before they start shooting a dance, Fred rehearses on an empty sound stage. The door is kept locked and no one but Hermes is allowed to see what is going on. Fred will not even allow the director or supervisor to see the dance until he has worked it up pretty close to perfection. He worries for fear they may not like it. So he strives for perfection before he lays himself open to criticism.

Speaking of criticism, there is no one more grateful for it, than Fred. But it must be constructive and come from a person who is in a position to judge. On the other hand, Fred resents an unauthoritative person, who unsolicited comes up and volunteers to speak his mind.

The publicity department will tell you that Fred worries about his publicity and they try to avoid giving him anything he doesn't like. For example they never take pictures at his home or give out stories on his married life. Fred feels that his married life is his own. Being completely happy in it, it worries him for fear it may be spoiled by being made front page copy.

Many times the cameramen will come up and ask Fred to do informal shots around the lot. He realizes that these boys have a job to fill and tries never to turn them down. But cameramen are noted for their gags and vivid imaginations. Fred worries for fear he may look ridiculous in some of the things they ask him to do. Outside of the characters he plays on the screen, he has a great antipathy toward anything that [Continued on page 55]

Grace Bradley's \$250,000 Misfortune



Grace Bradley's quarter of a million dollars fortune may have been her misfortune, but there is fortune enough in her face and figure. She wears a new "krepe-tex" bathing suit of turquoise blue with a white cord suspending it around her shapely, suntanned shoulders

● IT WOULD BE very silly—and quite far from the truth—if I were to say that I am sorry that I ever inherited a quarter of a million dollars. But from where I sit right now, it looks as if I might have to spend the whole amount on aspirin tablets to cure the headaches that arrived with the news of grandfather's will!

The headaches started at the time when, according to all the time honored rules, one's growing pains are supposed to stop—that is, with my twenty-first birthday. Since nothing startling had ever happened on any of my other birthdays, I expected the Tuesday that ushered in my twenty-first year to be just another Tuesday. The shooting schedule on *Stolen Harmony* did not include me for that day, and I had picked out the nicest possible birthday present for myself—a long morning's sleep. But that was not to be. For at nine o'clock, I was awakened by mother who appeared beside me with the telephone in her hand. It was a New York call. I was sure that it was some sort of a gag when a strange masculine voice introduced itself as belonging to my grandfather's lawyer and informed me that I had, that day, inherited a fortune. It all sounded fantastic to me and I handed the phone back to mother who, after a few moment's conversation, replaced the receiver thoughtfully and then turned to inform me that it was no joke at all and that I was far wealthier than I had been yesterday. Since then I have discovered that trouble can not only be borrowed, as the old saying goes, but can be bought outright!

The following morning the papers contained accounts of my unexpected "good fortune." I was surprised that the news had found its way into print, but thought nothing of it as I drove to the studio. But that night when I returned to my apartment, I found mother worried and practically in a state of collapse. The telephone and the door bell had been ringing constantly all day. It seems that insurance salesmen were convinced that they could convince me of the urgent need for adequate protection; automo-

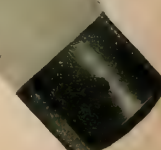
bile salesmen wanted to show me newer and better cars; private detective agencies would—for a reasonable fee—fill my life, and clutter up the hallway of the apartment, with row upon row of trusty and fearless men; realtors had nice new lots for sale at bargain prices.

As the days passed, the nature of the telephone calls changed; they did not, however, diminish in number. Annoying solicitations from persistent salesmen ceased and in their stead came demands for money over the wires with threats of violence if they were not met. Time after time the phone would ring and when answered, we would hear only the disturbing click of the receiver being hung up at the other end. Such calls alarmed us even more than the definite threats because they led to all sorts of sinister speculations. Was someone trying to find the right moment to plunder the apartment or perhaps check on our movements with an idea of kidnaping one of us?

● SUCH POSSIBILITIES frightened us and furnished the major topics of much morbid dinner table discussion. Soon we all began to feel as unhappy and uncertain of life and safety as the marked victims of the bloodiest murder mystery.

When we found several notes under the door threatening violence to me unless demands for money were met, mother decided that it was time to move. In the process, we had another phone number given us—a private, unlisted number which we hoped would prove to be more private than the old one. Almost the first call on the new phone turned out to be the same man with the foreign accent who had been calling at least once every day for the past several weeks, dispensing vague threats with his demands for money. This call was the signal for the resumption of the same old routine.

Again we were faced with the problem of moving. First, however, we attempted unsuccessfully to have these mysterious phone calls traced. Then we had the number changed again. But I had hardly learned the new number myself when my nemesis with the foreign accent called. When the morning mail had again achieved the bulkiness of a Sunday supplement and threatening notes were again being slipped
[Continued on page 56]



● GENE RAYMOND KNOWS what it is to be fan-handled! Mounted police and the fire department were called out to preserve order within the ranks of the milling throngs in front of the theatre, when he reached Chicago on his recent personal appearance tour.

In Detroit, seven thousand persons were packed into a five-thousand-seat house at well-nigh every performance.

Upwards of a thousand girls and women ripped the hinges off the great doors leading into the Chicago Palace, the day he opened. And the clamor of the mob awaiting him could be heard several blocks away in downtown Detroit.

Sixteen girls crashed his theatre dressing room while he waited to go on the stage in the Windy City. Hundreds of fans stormed his hotel in Detroit, and set up a great outcry for souvenirs. In response, Gene tossed down neckties, handkerchiefs, everything available... even pieces of paper with his name written thereon.

A mother fan announced publicly during a performance that she had named her twin boys after him—one, Gene Raymond, and the other, Raymond Gene. And even a porter on his train refused a tip and asked Gene to autograph his white coat instead.

That's the amazing record of Gene Raymond on his first personal appearance tour, that carried him through the Middle West, when his fans charged the heights, as it were, to catch a glimpse of their idol. No conquering hero of olden times ever was accorded the welcome that greeted this young and popular actor everywhere on his tour, and he returned to Hollywood with the fanfare still ringing in his ears.

● IN A SEASON that has seen many famous Hollywood names go out on tour, Gene Raymond's remains the most sensationally successful ever scored by a motion picture personality.

Leaving Hollywood "in a blue funk," as he expresses it, Gene undertook his tour as the next best thing to an appearance in a stage play.

"I was so fed up with everything that I was afraid it would show in my acting," he assured me, over the luncheon table. "Honestly, I couldn't get a kick out of anything. My agents had talked me out of returning to the stage for a play and I regretted this deeply. Somebody suggested a series of personal appearances and I jumped at the idea, although I had never made such a tour before."

The moment he checked in at the Drake, his life ceased being his own. That Chicago hostelry was besieged by old and young alike, all with one avowed purpose — to see this screen actor in the flesh. Literally in droves, they asked for him at the desk, and his telephone rang almost constantly.



A small section of the huge crowds that stormed Gene's hotels. Raymond is seen at the window tossing out souvenirs

Gene Raymond Was Fan-Handled

most constantly. Frequently, some one would slip upstairs and knock at his door. That point was reached where Gene refused to answer. Even in the middle of the night the rapping for admittance continued.

Going to the theatre, in Chicago, for an early rehearsal of his act, he found an enormous crowd of admirers outside. Although bitterly cold and some nearly frozen, many had been standing in line since before nine o'clock in the

morning. When he appeared, they descended upon him in a solid mass, and only with the greatest difficulty and most skillful maneuvering did he gain the door without the loss of his clothing. As it was, he left behind a hat, several buttons off his overcoat and a kerchief that had reposed in his outside pocket.

In the midst of rehearsal, a great din arose at the front of the house. The mob had [Continued on page 57]



Bing Crosby at his desk—love-lorn letters arrive at rate of 2,300 a day from fans

How Crosby Plays Cupid

TWENTY-THREE hundred and more letters a day—all on love—have given Bing Crosby the title of Cupid instead of Crooner around the Paramount lot. We looked into the matter the other day, and it's a story well worth relating.

It all came up because of what a young man told me. He had taken his girl friend riding. Under a clump of oaks, where the moon peered through lacy foliage, the car stopped. But in spite of the romantic setting, the mood did not seem complete. The boy turned on the radio . . . and suddenly romance is theirs, and love is in the air. Crosby is crooning!

More lovers have been brought to speak of rose covered cottages and wedding rings because of Bing's voice than any statistician could hope to count. This was but one of thousands of similar couples—and Bing's fan mail proves it.

So let us delve into those bulging bags. Bing of course won't let us reprint real names, but we can note the sense of the letters and give them to

you in essence. For instance, these:

Dear Bing:

Pardon the familiar salutation but Tom and I discuss you so often that we feel that you are almost one of us. If you could hear from your end of the radio as well as we do from our's you'd know the reason why! And sometimes I feel that you can!! That brings up the reason for this letter.

Last month Tom and I quarreled. Oh, we've had occasional spats all right during our six months engagement but this time it was really serious. To prove his independence he began rushing Molly—she's the flirt of the town. I couldn't let him get away with that so I started vamping like mad. Then it happened. He came over to the house one night and asked me to return his ring. He couldn't meet my eyes when he said Molly and he had decided to marry. Well, I ended our engagement in the approved style. I walked with him to the door and said something that was supposed to be funny. Then I collapsed.

I don't know how I lived thru the next few weeks. That is—up to last night. Last night we had our monthly dance at the country club. I went with Wade. Tom and I wouldn't look at each other. But while we were dancing Wade asked Molly for the next and Tom very impersonally mumbled to me. I accepted just as coldly.

We didn't say a word thru the entire dance. I guess we were both thinking too hard. For the number they played was Down The Old Ox Road. That was the song we heard you sing when we first went out together. And the one you happened to sing when he slipped the solitaire on my finger. After

HOLLYWOOD SPOTLIGHTS

the dance Tom grabbed my hand and pulled me outside and shoved me into the roadster. He drove like a fiend. When we parked in our old spot we didn't waste time with explanations. We both understood that it was just stubborn pride. But we're not going to take any more chances. We'll be married next week. Wish us luck, old pal. And thanks—

—BETTY.

The following cry of anguish is worthy of any anthology:

Bing—

He did it! For six months he's been threatening to leave me and last night he did—for good. When I came home from work I found his note pinned on my lounging pajamas in the closet. What can I do? I can't go home. I don't want to go on living without him. I know I've done wrong but please—please help me as I haven't a friend in the world. Sing Body and Soul the next time you're on the radio. He'll understand. I want him to know how much I love him still. He—I'm crying so hard I can't go on.

—RUTH.

This impertinent letter must be included because of its sheer audacity:

Bing dear,

Can you take it? I've been listening to you and loving you long enough. Too long, really. I just received \$1000 from the estate of an uncle—God rest his soul—so I'm hopping the next plane for Los Angeles. I'm coming out to the studio for just one kiss. Then I'll be content. I know you're married but I'm just five feet four of healthy, young girl so one kiss won't hurt. Well, as the nudists say—I'll be seeing you.

Devotedly,

—WILMA.

P. S. Remember the name when I pass thru my card.

The following confession is from one in the "awful age."

Dear Bing,

I wish I could die! I'm just an old maid and ugly. All my life I've had to watch my sister attract all the eligible males in town. You don't know how terribly lonely it is to sit at the window of my room and look at the moonlight and listen to Sis and some beau whispering on the porch. Nobody loves me. When I'm dead they won't even understand that I died of a broken heart.

Life's worth living! Just after I wrote the first part of this letter something tremendous happened. Harry came for Sis. She had gone out with another suitor. I went downstairs to see what the rumpus was about and Harry asked me to go out on the porch. He wanted to talk about Sis. He

[Continued on page 58]

Shirley Temple Talks About Her Leading Men

SHIRLEY TEMPLE looks on her leading men with the discerning eye of a child. She can tell you things about Jimmy Dunn, Gary Cooper, Adolphe Menjou, Warner Baxter, Joel McCrea and John Boles you have never known.

Her reactions, her attachment to these box office magnets is given in confidence to her mother and dad, or to her twenty-year-old brother, to whom she is not a star, but a kid sister. Shirley is not a child given to constant prattle, but is rather contemplative, a quiet morsel, whose attachments form slowly, but once formed, remain! And her reasons for her likes and her dislikes are definite.

Jimmy Dunn has played in three pictures with her. To him Shirley is a small idol, whom he worships with intensity. She has brought out all the sweetness, all the tenderness in the man obscured since his first star rôle in *Bad Girl*.

Shirley frankly considers him her own property. To her he isn't a grown-up at all. He reduces himself to her stature, mentally and physically, and they play like two kids together. Shirley crawls into his lap, snuggles close to him and they make up little songs together. The child is entranced with his vivid imagination and continually tells him—"Jimmy, I like you best because you make up such nice songs for me."

It was during the making of *Stand Up And Cheer* that Jimmy and Shirley began their era of devotion. Incidentally, that was the picture which established the Temple child, and riveted the eyes of a nation on her remarkable abilities. Jimmy was bouncing Shirley up and down on his knee as they were singing "Rockabye Baby." And simultaneously, at the end of it, they both burst out with a loud YIP-PEE. It was so amusing that the director made it a sequence in the picture. And to Shirley that was marvelous. Only her Jimmy could have thought of it, and it further cemented the bond between them.

She claims Jimmy's affections as wholly her own and will not tolerate any infringement on her rights. Recently she walked on the set of *The Scandals*, where Jimmy and Alice Faye were doing an intimate scene. Shirley looked at her mother—"He has his arms around Miss Faye. I don't think he likes me any more." She was

Shirley Temple
and Joel McCrea
—he makes Jimmy
Dunn a little jealous

forlorn, crestfallen, that this light in her life was dimmed.

Jimmy hastened to her, picked her up in his arms, perched her on his shoulder—"Why, honey," he consoled her, "that's only play-acting. Away from the set you are still my best-beloved little girl."

When Shirley attempts to catalogue in her own limited vocabulary Jimmy's virtues, she will tell you that Jimmy never "buffs" lines. For your information an actor "muffs" when he fails to remember his dialogue. Shirley's word for that condition of amnesia is "buffing." When Lionel Barrymore played with her in *Little Colonel*, on one occasion a scene had to be retaken because that veteran slipped up on a word. Almost instantly Shirley was confiding that maybe Jimmy wouldn't have "buffed."

Then there is that matter of the wrist watch, Jimmy's Christmas present to Shirley. And she boils down her answer to the query of why Jimmy Dunn is her special pet to the simple statement that she likes Jimmy best because, after all, he *did* give her a wrist watch for Christmas.

Very recently her emotions have been complicated by Joel McCrea, her leading man in *Our Little Girl*. Joel has a child of his own. He has an understanding of children, and an inherent sensitiveness to which Shirley instantly reacted.

While on location, Shirley and Joel went walking in the woods and Joel would measure the strides of his long legs to Shirley's tiny ones. Frequently they would emerge from the forest with Shirley riding pick-a-back on Joel's broad shoulders, hanging on to him for dear life and shrieking with

laughter, while Joel dog-trotted into the studio camp.

On an afternoon when scenes were being shot around them, Joel took Shirley fishing. He knew that little girls like fish-hooks made out of pins and a line out of darning thread. They returned from their excursion with the child proudly bearing a three-inch minnow and Joel downcast because he had nary a fish.

"I don't know whether I like Jimmy best now, 'cause Joel took me fishing," she told her mother. And then instantly, "But maybe I do like Jimmy best."

Gary Cooper overawed her when she first met him on the *Now And Forever* set.

"He is so high," she told her mother. And it took a bit of time before the tall star won the child. She discovered he had a facile pen which could draw entrancing animals, giraffes and elephants and lions, such as no animal book ever contained.

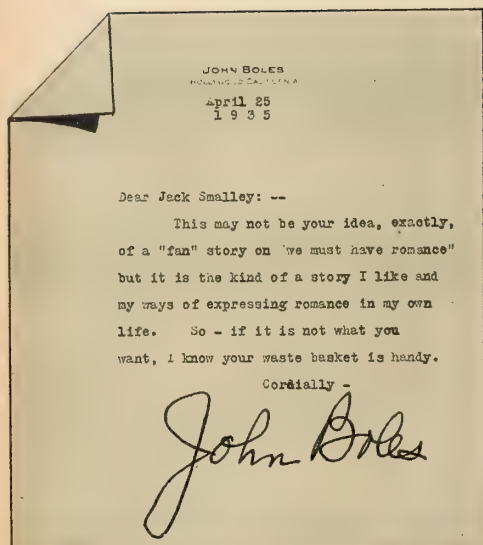
Shirley would sit contentedly at his side during intermissions in picture-making while he patiently taught her to hold a pencil.

The stoic Gary, the taciturn Gary, revealed a self to Shirley which no one even suspected. A gentleness and a patience which found reward when the child said to him—"You're not too high any more. When I grow up will you teach me to draw?"

He was [Continued on page 59]

LOVE

Is Where



Editor's Note: *His manuscript did NOT go into the wastebasket, because here, we're sure you'll agree, John Boles has expressed with deepest sincerity the secret in finding love. Of all Hollywood players, John Boles typifies the ideal of romance, for the poetry of it sings in his Irish blood. That is why we asked him to write this story for HOLLYWOOD Magazine, and we thank him for his eloquent response.*

SOMEONE ASKED me recently: "What are the various ages for romance and for love?"

There is no real answer to that.

If there is I have not lived sufficiently long to find it. I do not think a man ever gets too old for romance. Automatically that means love—love of something, if not a person.

To the young, love is not only a passion, it is an adventure.

To those who are, we'll say, past twenty-five, love is an ideal. It is a romantic, expressive thing.

To the mature, love is a practical thing, yet romantic. A man passes naturally from one age of love and romance to another and an ideal marriage provides a continuous life of sweetheart days and romance.

Of course, all marriages are not ideal, but they can be.

One of the reasons why they are not is due, perhaps, to the fact that too many young lovers do not allow their

courtship to progress sufficiently long enough really to know and understand one another. I am not trying to criticize an intense love; but I believe that love-making in the open, carelessness and disrespect for certain conventions tend to rob love of its loveliness.

Chivalry and respect are essential to ideal love and a man—romantic soul that he is—always falls in love with an ideal. The success and permanence of his romance depends, therefore, entirely upon his desire to maintain a complimentary attitude toward his loved one—to preserve the illusion that first brought him romance.

● BEING A SOUTHERNER, I am still swept by the romance of spring nights, moonlight and magnolias. I am Irish, too, and the Irish are the most romantic people on earth. The Irish are a repressed people, with high ideals. They have an unusually high regard for virtue. I have never known an Irishman who was not sincerely in love; perhaps, only in love with love; but, nevertheless, in love. With an Irishman, love ranks next to religion.

I believe in the blessed Trinity of Love, Laughter and Liberty. Where these three dwell there is happiness and there is romance. I believe in living each day with all my heart—with all my soul—with all the powers

that lie within me, so that the world may be better for my living. There's romance in just doing that. There's romance in doing good and being kind.

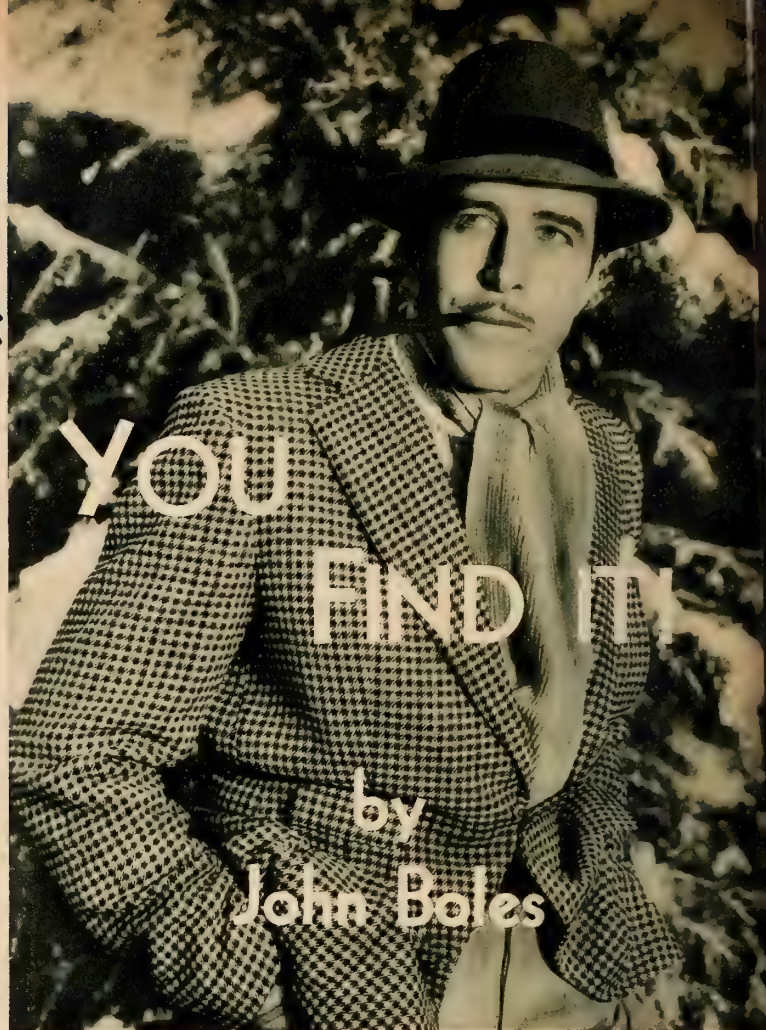
I am a lover of the forest and the fields, of rocks and rivers, of hills and meadows and the sweeping currents of the winds. I love the tangled growth of nature, and the magnificent sweep of a field of golden grain. I love to listen to the songs of birds and to the roaring of a torrent; to the hum of insects and the patter of rain. But most of all, I love trees and the romance of them.

You remember the popular song that says: "The best things in life are free?"

Ride or walk through the countryside and you will never lack for entertainment—you will never lack for romance—if you learn to study trees.

Trees grow more and more interesting, and more romantic, if you observe them closer. They are without money and without price, spread out for the poorest wayfarer, and, yet, "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

● WE FALL short of getting much of the romance out of life when we fail to accept the bounty that nature has provided for us. This is particularly true in the springtime when all of nature [Continued on page 59]



Betty Furness Tries Out the Game Called

Test Your Popularity

I ADORE GAMES WHERE you have to answer questions. Honestly, I think I should work in a credit department where I had to ask the customers a lot of questions, instead of playing in pictures. So when this game of "Popularity" started making the rounds of the Hollywood crowd, of course I had to try it.

What's more, all the rest of my friends did, too. So just for the fun of it, I kept a record of their answers and when the editor of HOLLYWOOD Magazine heard about the game, he insisted on passing the idea along to his readers.

It's all very simple, really, and probably quite foolish, but this is the way it works: You take fifteen questions designed to psycho-analyze the personality of the one to be tested, to test his or her popularity. Remember, this has nothing to do with screen popularity. It's to test yourself on what sort of a next-door-neighbor you'd make. Whether you're the type who is popular with everybody, in other words an extrovert, or whether you are an introvert, or the shrinking violet type.

I put the questions to eight players: Isabel Jewell, Robert Taylor, Jean Parker, Maureen O'Sullivan, Virginia Bruce, Florence Lake, William Tannen, and Una Merkel. Some were definitely of the type who are "easy to get along with;" some are quite shy and difficult. And you'll probably be surprised to find out which are which!

Try the game yourself, next time you have a party. There's space in the chart for your own score. You must be frank in answering, of course. The score is added up according to the correct answers given elsewhere. (See Page 53). You get a point for each correct answer, and the total gives you a clue to your popularity. To get a score of 15 is practically impossible—nobody is that popular! Ten is most unusual, nine is normal, and if your score is around seven or eight you are rather evenly balanced between the extrovert and the introvert type.

You'll have fun out of this game, if no one takes it too seriously. Florence Lake, married to Jack Good (and

Dimpled Betty Furness tells in her story how she and her friends played this fascinating new "popularity" game.



mightily happily, too!) didn't take it seriously enough at first; she thought I was kidding. I button-holed Bob Taylor between scenes of Metro's *Shadow of Doubt*, when he and Irene Hervey came in to watch me work. Or else to admire my costume, I don't know which. I really went to town on the clothes I wore in that picture, for it was the first time I ever had a chance [Continued on page 53]

	I S A B E L J E W E L L	R O B E R T T A Y L O R	J E A N P A R K E R	M A U R E E N O' S U L L I V A N	V I R G I N I A B R U C E	F L O R E N C E L A K E	W I L L I A M T A N N E N	U N A M E R K E L	T E S T Y O U R S E L F H E R E
1. Can you remember names?	yes	yes	yes	no	no	yes	yes	no	
2. Do you read fan magazine stories?	yes	yes	yes	no	no	no	yes	yes	
3. Have you one strong hobby you like to talk about?	yes	no	yes	no	no	no	no	no	
4. Do you often use words like ghastly, awfully, terribly?	yes	no	no	no	yes	no	no	yes	
5. Are you up on the latest interesting gossip?	no	no	no	no	yes	no	yes	no	
6. Do you often lunch alone?	no	yes	yes	yes	yes	no	yes	yes	
7. Have you seven cordially disliked acquaintances?	yes	no	no	yes	no	no	yes	no	
8. Do you like to give your autograph?	yes	yes	yes	no	yes	yes	yes	yes	
9. Do you go in for "ribbing?"	no	no	yes	no	no	no	yes	no	
10. Do you like to answer these questions?	no	yes	yes	yes	yes	yes	no	no	
11. Would you avoid "saying it to his face?"	no	no	no	yes	no	no	no	no	
12. Are you an ice box raider?	no	yes	yes	yes	no	yes	yes	no	
13. Would you wait half an hour to see Garbo come out of a shop?	yes	no	no	yes	no	yes	no	no	
14. Do you wake up happy?	yes	yes	yes	yes	yes	yes	yes	yes	
15. Are you late for appointments?	no	no	no	yes	no	yes	no	yes	
	9	10	8	7	9	10	8	7	

Here is the Story that Wallace Beery has never told!



Wallace Beery and (inset) his brother William

"I'm going to tell you the truth about my kid brother," said the author of this amazing document, and he certainly does! You'll like it

by
William Beery

him "Jumbo"—got old enough to use his fists he became known as the toughest punk in the district. He whaled the devil out of any kid handy because he loved to fight. If he pitched into a fellow twice his size, I saved him. If the kid was anywhere his size, I saved the kid.

Wally proved in those days that he was aggressive, willing to scrap for what he could get. At fifty, he is still a fighter, not the easy-going, happy-go-lucky guy he pictures himself. The only difference between then and now is that for the first fifteen years he used his fists—and for the last thirty-five he has used his head.

MY YOUNGEST BROTHER, Wallace Beery, is the highest paid actor in the world. He receives more than five times as much money as does the President of the United States. He has held public favor for twenty-one years.

During this time he has been handing out a string of lies about himself. I think he has done this because he has been afraid that somebody might get the idea that he had a swelled head. The result is that the public has no idea of who the real Wally Beery is.

He has said during recent years that his father and mother "took one look at him and decided that they didn't want any more children;" that he was as dumb off-screen as he was on; that his success was just a lucky break and that he was a lucky guy anyway; that he never had learned to act and couldn't possibly learn; that he was a tramp who had run away from school because he couldn't get what the

teacher was talking about and a hundred other wild things. I know Wally better than any one else in the world. I'm going to tell you the truth about him.

I am fifty-six years old, six years older than Wally, who was born April 1, 1885. Noah, the motion picture villain, is half way between us in age. Noah Beery, our father, still alive and helped by Wally, was a Kansas City policeman. Margaret, our mother, who died a few years ago, was an over-worked housewife. We—Wally, Noah and I—were born in the roughest, cheapest section of town. Muddy streets. Bawling brats. Mixed races. Street fights. Our folks were too busy scraping up enough for us to eat to pay much attention to what we did. From the first, Wally had to fight to live. God knows that with a start in those surroundings he had one chance in a thousand to succeed.

As soon as Wally—the kids called

● **WALLY DID NOT**, as he claims, leave school because he was too dumb to understand books. He was big for his age. Because our parents were poor we had to take frequent vacations—the working kind to help buy bread. That's why Wally was fourteen years old when he was in fifth grade. He simply got sick of the slow process of learning from books. He wanted to get knowledge from life itself, so he ran away.

He went to Illinois and Florida and other places. He was just a kid wandering alone in a big world. But he never wrote home to beg for money. Knew when he started that he'd be able to take care of himself, or he wouldn't have gone.

When he finally came home, Pa was pretty glad to see him.

"I'll buy you a new outfit," Pa said. "Swell," said Wally. "I want a pair of them patent leather shoes."

Patent [Continued on page 48]

HOLLYWOOD

Harry Carr's Shooting Script

I DON'T KNOW about this girl Merle Oberon.

She has one of the most fascinating faces I have ever seen on the screen. There is a mysterious suggestion of Asia in her slant eyes. But she declines to be Javanese. She says that her father was an English army officer; her mother was half French and half Dutch and she was born in Tasmania. Her real name is Merle Estelle O'Brien Thompson. She got her name Oberon from O'Brien.

Much as the lady thrills me—to the marrow bones and beyond . . . a strict regard for truth compels me to observe that she can't act a lick. She could learn if she tried; but she seems more interested in making an intensive research into the night clubs of Hollywood. Her press agent says that she likes to pore over her reading; I think he must mean menu cards.

The producers have tried to induce her to be another mysterious unknown figure; but it doesn't seem to fit into her plans.

Mid-Summer Nights

I don't know if we are all headed for Mendelssohn and high brow music but I am reasonably sure that Max Reinhardt's first picture will be a sensation. It is a fantasy carried to the ultimate charm. The director fitted the picture to the music rather than the music to the play.

When cast for the low comedy part of Bottom, everyone kissed Cagney a



Merle Oberon may thrill Harry Carr, but look what she does to handsome David Niven! Rumored to be that way about each other, but both claim to be just pals. David, coming to Hollywood from England just for fun, so impressed Sam Goldwyn he was signed up for a film career here

sweet farewell but it is pretty sure to be the triumph of his career. Mr. Reinhardt probably doesn't know it himself but he got the chance to put Shakespeare on the screen because the Warner brothers thought that Mickie Rooney was funny. Which may result in the Clan Rooney making Shakespeare famous.

The Crusades

Cecil B. deMille has let himself go in his new picture *The Crusades*. Not excepting *Ten Commandments*, this is probably the most expensive picture he has ever made.

His research people spent a year on the historic details. His props include life-sized engines of ancient wars, some of the catapults, scaling towers and so on weighing many tons.

It promises to be the most virile and terrific picture he has made.

DeMille's pictures always leave me dazed and overwhelmed; but they do not always capture me.

I didn't like *Cleopatra* for instance. I didn't have the feeling that there was any kitchen in her palace and that she did not have a single mole; that she never got stomachaches or had corns. After all. . . . !

Anna Sten

Wedding Night saved Anna Sten's American career.

She is a lovely thing—one of the most beautiful women who has come to the screen; but she can't hold up under the slightest touch of artificiality. There is nothing exotic about her, as with Oberon; she is an earth woman. She needs the flavor and touch of the soil. In *Wedding Night* she was ideally cast as a Polish farm girl making her way in America.

At that, none of them can touch Garbo. There is something overwhelming in her personality—a depth that is never reached. Garbo has made some very bad pictures; she will never get to the place where a good picture will not bring her back. The others will easily be forgotten.

Seeing Ann

As was to have been expected the critics are hooting at the producers because they failed to see Ann Sothern the first time.

When she came here as Harriette somebody or other with a brunette head of hair nobody gave her a tumble. She was just another one. Changing her name and her hue, she put over one after another—*Let's Fall In Love*, *Melody In Spring*, *Kid Millions*, *Folies Bergere*, *Eight Bells*.

The story goes that the experienced eye of Ziegfeld fell upon her and she was made. [Continued on page 52]



Anna Sten is an earth woman, says Carr. "Wedding Night" added to her Hollywood laurels



Harry Carr was halted in a stroll with Cary Grant by a Paramount cameraman for this informal shot

The SUMMERTIME is the Ideal
TIME TO REDUCE



Read how
Miss Jean Healy
reduced her hips
9 INCHES!

"I read an advertisement of the
Perfolastic Co. and sent for
their FREE 10-day trial offer."



"They actually al-
lowed me to wear
the Perfolastic for
10 days on trial..."

"and in 10 days,
by actual measur-
ment, my hips were 3
INCHES SMALLER"

"In a very short time
I had reduced my
hips 9 INCHES and
weight 20 pounds!"

WE want YOU to test the Perfolastic
Girdle and Uplift Brassiere at our
expense! Test them for yourself for ten days
absolutely FREE! We are so sure that
you, too, can reduce your waist and hips
without diets, drugs or exercises, that we
make this unconditional offer...

REDUCE Your Waist and Hips
3 INCHES in **10 DAYS**
... or no cost!

Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly

Worn next to the body with perfect safety, the
tiny perforations permit the skin to breathe as
the gentle massage-like action removes flabby,
disfiguring fat with every movement, stimulating
the body once more into energetic health!

Don't Wait Any Longer — Act Today

You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely
in 10 days whether or not this very efficient girdle
and brassiere will reduce your waist and hips
THREE INCHES! You do not need to risk one
penny... try them for 10 days... at no cost!

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

Dept. 77, 41 EAST 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing
and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and
Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and
particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Post Card

TOPPER'S Film Reviews

If "Topper" waves his hat, it's grand. Otherwise—!

Gable, Young, Oakie in—



CALL OF THE WILD—(Twentieth Century) is a vigorous outdoor story based on Jack London's famous novel. Clark Gable, Loretta Young and Jack Oakie turn in performances that make this film a sure-fire hit. You may not be satisfied with the ending of the yarn, but you will leave with high praise for everyone, and especially Jack Oakie. His completely different comedy performance should bring him sledges of fan mail. Buck, the very beautiful and lovable St. Bernard dog, joins Oakie in stealing the picture. Wear a coat, because the snow shots of icy peaks will make you shiver in mid-summer. Scenically, this picture serves as a whole month's vacation trip taken in the comfort of your neighborhood theatre.

Mae West in—



GOIN' TO TOWN—(Paramount) Mae West's hips revolve more thoroughly than ever in this picture and the subtle conversation hits a new high in entertainment. If you haven't been sold on Mae before, you will undoubtedly "go West" on this picture. The story has more angles than Mae has curves, but you can see the possibilities when the voluptuous Mae takes the rôle of a western dance hall girl who has gained possession of a dead cattle rustler's riches. The action takes Mae into South America, and eventually abroad on a honeymoon. This show is worth seeing even from the last row in the balcony. Take the night off and be ready to laugh yourself silly.

McLaglen, Grahame, in—



THE INFORMER—(RKO) A story dealing with the Irish rebellion of 1922, this film presents Victor McLaglen on a one night spree. It is an unusual production that will provoke a great deal of comment. The story has been treated powerfully by Director John Ford. McLaglen is thoroughly convincing in the rôle of a thick-skulled man who turns informer on his closest friend, Wally Ford. The picture has its funny moments, but for the most part you will suffer through the ordeal of bitter regret with McLaglen, who turns in an amazing performance. Margot Grahame, Una O'Connor, J. M. Kerrigan, Neil Fitzgerald and Preston Foster will please you with their rôles. Musical effects help bring the picture to a tremendous climax that you won't forget.

Cagney, Dvorak, in—



G-MEN—(Warner Bros.) The nationwide cleanup of gangsters by federal government men—from whence comes the title—could not forever escape the attention of the film writers, and *G-Men* as the first of a cycle of such films sets an exciting pace. Several episodes from Dillinger's life and the Kansas City Union Station massacre are portrayed accurately by an excellent cast. The glory all goes to the government agents, with James Cagney at his very best as a G-Man. Regis Toomey, Margaret Lindsay and Ann Dvorak turn in fine performances. Edward Pawley is thoroughly convincing as the Dillinger of the film. You'll get a kick out of this one. [Continued on page 62]



Sally Eilers wears this dark blue lace gown in *Alias Mary Dow*. The novel neckline gathers at the top of very full sleeves, which are stiffened with horsehair and laid in cartridge pleats across the shoulders.

And what do you suppose makes the skirt hang so straight, like files on parade? No less than two pounds of lead weights suspended in the region of the knees! No matter how slimming, don't try it for dancing. You'll be black and blue after one fox trot.

A perfect example of how NOT to spend your money is her taxi-dancer's costume in this film . . . pink lace, pink soufflé drapes flying loose, and trailing cape with two rows of ostrich. It makes you look like you think you are too pretty for any use, and that's not style.

Fashions from the New Films

reviewed by Lyn Miller

TRENDS ARE rampant all over town, what with every designer going grimly in a different direction, and me wildly trying to work in a bustle on a peasant skirt and to figure out a redingote (see sketch) with a Grecian line.

The big trend at M-G-M is expected to start any minute from Adrian's gowns for Garbo's *Anna Karenina*. All of them burst out into bustles, loops, frills, bows and basques. Adrian started the pill-box hat of hateful memory, you recall, and the big sleeve vogue, so don't laugh too loud, too long, or too soon. He says that we'll be sporting modified bustles before the leaves fall. There is no denying that



an organdie get-up to which he gave his all is exquisite, but it carries no threat to this sober little person because I can imagine what would happen if you sat down on an organdie bustle just once.

But look out for trailing drapes in your wake, huge heavy bows of dress material and sleeves big from the elbow down.

Bernard Newman clings lovingly to the high waistline . . . almost princess . . . and to the redingote for Hepburn's *Break of Hearts*. That's your cue if you are tall, slim and of a sophisticated

● **MAIN TREND** at Paramount is the molded body line and flaring heavy skirts Travis Banton uses for Loretta Young in *The Crusades*. Know more about which way to jump when Travis gets back from Europe.

Rene Hubert at Fox is going wild over taffeta, over black and white together, over full skirts cut to flare madly at the bottom.

Vera West at Universal says to look out for millions of yards of ruchings and ruffles around the bottoms of your summer formals because of the Binnie Barnes clothes in *Diamond Jim Brady*, story of the man who was practically a walking jewel shop. Picture either will set the lads and lassies glittering like Christmas trees, or start a violent reaction to junk jewelry among nice people. My bet is we won't be wearing gobs of gimcracks in best circles.

Kallock at Columbia sponsors peplums for Grace Moore in *Love Me Forever*. Farther down the line you'll find the first report on her new gowns to hit print.

Orry Kelly at Br'r Warners' goes peasant on us with a vengeance, and gathers skirts from the waist.

Such doings!

But everywhere you turn an ear, there is the swish of taffeta . . . they all agree on that.

● **TAKE A LONG** fond look at Mae Clarke's gowns in *The Daring Young Man* for lots of bright ideas. Best suit is . . . hold on tight . . . bur-lap . . . Same stuff they make gunny sacks from. It is very tailored, and



completely lined with dark brown taffeta including built-in petticoat. Horribly scratchy, but worth the suffering.

Watch out for the black taffeta afternoon suit. Good old hat daisies, some

black, some white, are caught by the points with fuzzy angora to the short jacket. Same flowers are scattered hither and yon on the white batiste blouse, and a yellow sash to match the daisy centers knots around the midriff. That old black dress can be made to look a creation this way.

Another first aid idea for a wilting wardrobe is her dinner dress with the great big paillettes scattered haphazard. They are nearly an inch long.

Somebody ought to tell Fox about newspaper women's salaries, for no good gal reporter ever could rise to get-ups like Mae Clarke's. But don't let that stop you casting a thoughtful glance at the black and white striped formal of stiff silk with the square bodice front and back, or from making a mental note of the huge wide skirt.

● **DON'T MISS** Hepburn's pale blue slipper satin evening coat in *Break of Hearts*. New dodge in this redingote is pleats flying loose from the seams that nip the waistline, giving even more width to the flaring floor-length skirt. Notice also the pink satin high-waisted formal with the bias train that spreads like fish tails . . . the one worn with the

[Continued on page 41]

HOLLYWOOD REVEALS *the Secret of* BEAUTIFUL HAIR



Miss DOROTHY TREE
Feature Player

*Don't wash your hair
with suds...cleanse it
with MAR-O-OIL*

SCREEN stars must have hair that glows and glistens—pliable hair that will withstand dressing two and three times a day—hair that is easily managed and waves that stay set longer—and they find that Mar-o-Oil is the one *All-Purpose* shampoo that will fulfill all these exacting demands. This amazing new soapless olive oil cleanser also rids hair and scalp of dandruff, dryness or excessive oiliness—*does not lather*—needs no soap—yet washes out with a *single rinse of clear warm water*.

Cleanse your hair like the screen stars—use Mar-o-Oil today! If you cannot see and feel a difference at once, we will refund your money. Get Mar-o-Oil at all drug or department stores. All leading beauty shops recommend and give Mar-o-Oil Soapless Olive Oil Shampoos.

Here's Why...

Top: Human hair *washed* with ordinary soap and magnified 200 times... Note scaly particles or foreign matter remaining.

BOTTOM: After *cleansing* with Mar-o-Oil. Note clean, smooth appearance... showing all accumulations of dandruff, grime, and caustic soap film removed. *The Hair is Clean!*



GENEROUS TRIAL OFFER

J. W. Marrow Mfg. Company
Dept. 75, 3037 N. Clark St., Chicago, Illinois

Please send me your liberal 2-trial bottle of Mar-o-Oil. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin) to cover cost of handling and mailing.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____



Hollywood Fashions and Patterns

HOLLYWOOD Magazine's pattern service offers you a most distinctive summer costume this month in a fabric indispensable to any wardrobe—linen. Kathleen Burke of Paramount selected this brown and white linen suit because the added jacket makes this an all-purpose garment



938

Easy-to-follow patterns for Miss Burke's linen suit, pattern No. 938, will be mailed immediately on receipt of fifteen cents in coin or stamps, sent to Hollywood's Pattern Service, 529 South Seventh Street, Minneapolis, Minnesota. Full instructions accompany each pattern



For informal hours this summer you'll find nothing more cool and comfortable than Kathleen Burke's cleverly designed linen suit, made in a one piece frock with white bodice accented in brown, and the brown linen jacket bordered in white. It is ready for you in sizes 14, 16 and 18, with 36, 38 and 40-inch bust. Be sure to state size and bust when ordering.

Use coupon on page 40



Ruby Keeler

Enhances the Radiance of

Her Beauty

with

COLOR HARMONY MAKE-UP

YOU are always attracted by color... for color is always alive, vibrant, compelling. In make-up, color is a secret of attraction, too...but to be lovely and appealing, make-up must be in color harmony.

In Hollywood, Max Factor, genius of make-up, captured this secret and created color harmony make-up... face powder, rouge and lipstick harmonized

in color tones to glorify the colorful beauty of each type of blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead.

Now you may share, with famous screen stars, the luxury of color harmony make-up, Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Featured at leading stores.

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP... Face Powder, Rouge,

Lipstick In Color Harmony



For personal make-up advice and illustrated book on "The New Art of Society Make-Up", mail the coupon to Max Factor, Hollywood.



★ POWDER... Blending softly with her creamy skin, Max Factor's Rachelle Powder is in perfect harmony with Ruby Keeler's brownette colorings. Delicate in texture, it creates a clinging, satin-smooth make-up that remains lovely for hours and hours.



★ ROUGE... Imparting an enchanting touch of color to the cheeks, Max Factor's Blondeen Rouge appears like a natural glow of health. Creamy smooth, like finest skin texture, it blends evenly and beautifully.



★ LIPSTICK... Giving to the lips an alluring accent of color, Max Factor's Vermilion Lipstick, super-indelible, harmonizes with powder and rouge. Smooth in texture, permanent in color and moisture-proof...it insures for hours and hours a perfect lip make-up.

Mail for your COLOR HARMONY IN POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK

MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood:
Send Purple-Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade; also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 18-page illustrated instruction book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up"... FREE.
5-7-81

NAME _____
STREET _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE <input type="checkbox"/>
Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES (Color)	REDHEAD <input type="checkbox"/>
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
SKIN <input type="checkbox"/> Dry <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here.
Only <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE	

CORN GONE



**WITHOUT
BINDING,
BULK OR
BOTHER!**

New Toe-Fitting Shape—Tailored to the toe, relieving pressure and pain. This professionally designed shield from the *Red Cross Laboratories* excels old-style plasters.

Slip-proof Tabs—hold plaster flat against toe, without bulging.

Perfect Protection—Shaped to prevent shoe pressure and crowded toes.

Glossy, Waterproof Surface—*Drybak*, an exclusive process, doesn't stick to stocking and isn't affected by water.

Individual Medicated Centers—Safer and unexcelled for removing hard corns.

Send 10c for a trial package—
write Dept. 602.



For professional foot treatment see a *Chiropodist*

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J. CHICAGO, ILL.



BOX OF 12
25¢

**RED CROSS
DRYBAK
CORN PLASTER**

(Also *Drybak Bunion and Callus Plasters*)

Ann Sheridan's Pongee Frock

If you add pretty Ann Sheridan's attractive pink cotton pongee frock to your summer wardrobe, you'll never be able to say, "I haven't a thing to wear!" Easily laundered, always ready for any informal occasion, you'll find this frock the handiest thing in your closet when Old Sol blazes down on warm days



HOLLYWOOD'S Pattern Service
529 South 7th St., Minneapolis, Minn.

For the enclosed.....please send me Ann Sheridan Pattern No. 936—Kathleen Burke Pattern No. 938 (circle which desired).

Size..... Bust.....

Check here if you wish the HOLLYWOOD Spring Fashion Magazine. ☐

Name

Street

City

Patterns, 15c each

Fashion Magazine, 15c

(With one or more patterns, Fashion Magazine will be sent for only 10c)

The kerchief tie of Roman striped linen adds just the right dash to Ann Sheridan's pongee frock. The belt can be made of the same material as the tie. The popular young Paramount player wears the scarf when the occasion contains a sport atmosphere, and chooses for accessories a white hat, gloves with gauntlets, and white sport shoes. This pattern, No. 936, comes in sizes 14, 16 and 18, with 36, 38 and 40 in. bust. Don't forget to order the Fashion Magazine.

HOLLYWOOD

Fashions From the New Films

(Continued from page thirty-seven)

tulle hood-cape. You can make that cape yourself with six layers of tulle if you can't restrain your feminine impulses.

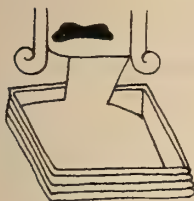
I think it is pretty ga-ga, but it will keep the hair in place if you don't mind looking like a Follies version of Little Red Riding Hood between home and party.

Good formal is her black slipper satin . . . lots of stiff silks these days . . . with the great wide skirt. The intricate trimming on the cape is no more than a box-pleated ruching of fringed, grey and white plaid ribbon . . . grabbing off such ideas means genius when it comes to whipping out little numbers in the home.

Stay away from that very spectacular white cape-coat. Knockout in front of the camera, it is hard to wear . . . too much weight in the back is my guess. Great hunks of satin drip from the neck and trail behind, making her look like a very chic ghost in a high wind. Has to be cut by a master hand, or you'll look like you're all tangled up in an out-sized nightgown.

● In *No More Ladies* you'll pick a new neckline on Joan Crawford's white crêpe hostess gown. Two inches of corded silk stand up like a fence over a pleated frill. Hers is wired, but you better use crinoline. Another new

collar line of importance is the "kite lapels" on her heavy blue wool suit. They fasten at the collar bone, hit from there to the shoulder tips in a straight line, and taper in an un-



compromising triangle to the waist. Her new hair-dress is a center part, ends only of the long bob curled, and very short smooth bangs . . . quite different from the sheep-dog fuzz we've been looking askance at on so many foreheads.

● If You are a push-over for clinging fabrics, watch for Grace Moore's gowns in *Love Me Forever*. A glorious get-up is blue soufflé, draping lovingly on the floor and bursting out over the hips in a peplum of the same stuff starched. Pom-pon of pleating finishes the low neck, and two fins of starched pleating fly over the shoulders. With this, La Moore has a hip-length cape of feathers. The feathers alone cost \$300, but if you know how to roll those organdie flowers on a knitting needle, try sewing them to a net foundation.

Her black [Continued on page 50]

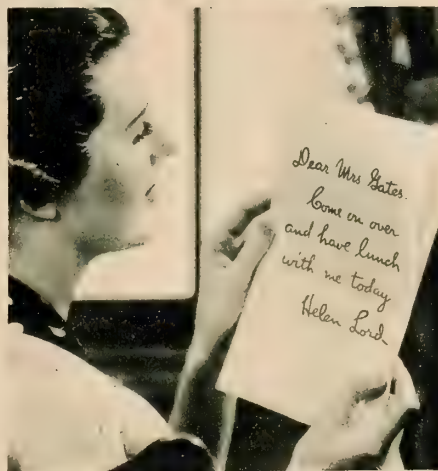
JULY, 1935

HOW CAN WE TELL THAT NICE MRS. GATES
—WITHOUT HURTING HER FEELINGS?



SEE?—HER WASHES
TELL SOME AWFUL
TALES—BUT I DON'T
WANT TO BREAK
THE BAD NEWS.

LEAVE IT TO
ME. I'VE GOT
AN IDEA.



WHAT GORGEOUS
LINENS, MRS.
LORD! MINE
AREN'T HALF
SO WHITE.

I BET YOUR SOAP
LEAVES DIRT BEHIND
—THAT'S WHAT
GIVES CLOTHES
THAT TATTLE-TALE
GRAY LOOK.



NOW WHY DON'T
YOU CHANGE TO
FELS-NAPTHA? IT'S
RICHER GOLDEN SOAP
WITH LOTS OF NAPTHA
IN IT! JUST SMELL!

M-M-M! NO
WONDER YOU
SAY IT GETS
ALL THE DIRT



FEW WEEKS LATER

MY, BUT JOAN
LOOKS PRETTY
TODAY. THAT
DRESS SHINES
LIKE SNOW.

MANY THANKS
TO YOU—AND
FELS-NAPTHA
SOAP.

Do a little cheering of your own next washday! Change to Fels-Naptha Soap—and see what a gorgeous wash you get!

For Fels-Naptha doesn't skip over dirt as "trick" soaps do. It speeds out ALL the dirt—even the deep-down kind.

Fels-Naptha is a wonder for dainty things, too. Try it for silk stockings and undies. Fels-Naptha is kind to hands—there's soothing glycerine in every golden bar. Get some Fels-Naptha today! Fels & Co., Phila., Pa.

© 1935, FELS & CO

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray"

with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!



Everyone looks at
your *Eyes* first



Make them attractive
with
Maybelline
EYE BEAUTY AIDS



BLACK,
BROWN
AND BLUE



BLACK AND BROWN



BLUE, BROWN, BLUE-GREY,
VIOLET AND GREEN



COLORLESS



BLACK OR WHITE BRISTLES

● You cannot be really charming unless your eyes are attractive, and it is so easy to make them so *instantly* with the harmless, pure Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids.

First a light touch of Maybelline Eye Shadow blended softly on your eyelids to intensify the color and sparkle of your eyes, then form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Now a few, simple brush strokes of harmless Maybelline Mascara to your lashes to make them appear long, dark, and luxuriant, and presto—your eyes are beautiful and most alluring!

Care for your lashes by keeping them soft and silky with the pure Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream—to be applied nightly before retiring, and be sure to brush and train your brows with the dainty, specially designed Maybelline Eyebrow Brush. All Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be had in purse sizes at all leading 10c stores. Insist on genuine Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids to be assured of highest quality and absolute harmlessness.



Dorothy Page, featured in Universal's *Sing Me a Love Song*, has learned Max Factor's secrets for a pretty summer skin

Sun Tan—and Some Don't!

—but if your summer complexion isn't carefully watched, beware!

COMPLEXIONS AS CLEAR and delicate as those of the old-time southern belles are now the style—all because modern cosmetics make it possible in spite of summer tan. The modern miss can go out for her sport on the sand—yes; and her sunning, too—with a clear conscience, knowing that when she returns all she has to do is to apply her secret to give her skin the necessary pale lustre.

"That," Dorothy Page, auburn haired radio and screen star, says, "is the wonder of it. No girl likes to look so terribly white in her bathing suit—and this season when everybody is going in for the 'alabaster' type of skin you can't afford to look crisply brown in your soft pastels! It would be a big problem if it were not for this new preparation that blends right into the skin. By using it properly, you can be

sun-tanned all day if you like and then revert to a creamy complexion by night!"

Dorothy is an outdoors girl. She has always been fond of athletics and a good coat of tan is vastly becoming to her with her auburn hair and brown eyes. But the truth is, very few women look well with it. Unless you're quite young and a real athlete a heavy sun-tan is aging. It only exaggerates the lines of a tired or wrinkled face. So it pays to watch out for those not-so-tender sun rays. I can't begin to tell you the crimes I've seen committed in the name of the great god sun. Parched faces where it would take years for the natural oils to be renewed; blotchy lobster-like spots that spoiled many a girl's fun. To say nothing of faded hair and bleached eyebrows. Too much sun can utterly ruin your good looks.

by MAX FACTOR
Hollywood's Famed Beauty Doctor

HOLLYWOOD

Beauty Secrets for Summer Skins

● A LITTLE caution will prevent all this. Keep your skin well nourished with a good skin and tissue cream. When you go out wear a hat and be sure to use a lotion on your neck and arms that will blend the tone of them perfectly with your facial make-up and at the same time protect the skin so that it won't sunburn or freckle.

Of course, if you're the type like Dorothy that can go in for tan, then you'll want a particular kind of summer tan make-up for the beach especially. A blondeen shade of rouge that gives new life to the cheeks and eyes, a bright vermilion lipstick, brown eye-shadow and summer tan face powder. Don't make the mistake of using the same shade of cosmetics out in that blinding light that you used throughout the winter. The shades I've just described are for either blonde or brunette—if she's a devotee of the sun.

● BUT WHEN you step into your sprigged organdies or laces for the afternoon or evening it's something else again. This time you want to look enchantingly cool and white. Consequently if you're a fair type, change to flesh or rachel powder; if you are dark there are several powders you can choose from to give you that clear, cool look. And, naturally, you change the color of your make-up blender for your arms and throat accordingly. Use flesh with flesh powder; rachel with rachel and brunette powders; natural with natural and olive powders. The way to use the blender is to smooth it on thinly and evenly with a downward stroke—not circular. Then rub it into the skin until dry.

As Dorothy says, "It's the hardest thing in the world to keep your cosmetics on evenly during hot weather—unless you use a good foundation cream. And it must be applied with very cold water. The colder the better. That makes it 'set' you see, and your make-up looks fresh all day.

"Personally, I like to keep my astringent lotion in the ice box, too. Then when you pat it on your skin it feels extra heavenly. The pores, especially of the nose, enlarge so with the heat and the finest thing to close them is ice cold astringent!"

● THE HAIR is something else that needs very special attention during the warm months. It should be washed oftener; it should be shaken and brushed thoroughly so that the air can get at the roots each night and again in the morning. If you swim a great deal and notice that the lustre is disappearing from your hair or that it is getting [Continued on page 51]

JULY, 1935

SEE HOW I LOOK SINCE I GAINED 12 POUNDS



It's a shame to be SKINNY

When Special Quick Way
Adds 5 to 15 lbs. Fast

THOUSANDS who were "skinny" and friendless have gained solid, attractive flesh this new easy way—in just a few weeks!

Doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health. But now, with this new yeast discovery in pleasant little tablets, you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and also put on pounds of firm flesh—enticing curves—and in a far shorter time.

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear, radiant skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured *brewers' ale yeast* imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new scientific process is now concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful.

But that is not all! This super-rich yeast is ironized with 3 kinds of strengthening iron.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast tablets, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively, constipation go, skin clear to beauty—you're an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands of others. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money will be instantly refunded.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body," by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 287, Atlanta, Ga.

Posed by
professional
models



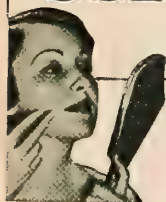


How to wash Blonde hair 2 to 4 shades lighter — safely!

BLOWNDES, why put up with dingy, stringy, dull-looking hair? And why take chances with dyes and ordinary shampoos which might cause your hair to fade or darken? Wash your hair 2 to 4 shades lighter with Blondex — safely. Blondex is not a dye. It is a shampoo made especially to keep blonde hair light, silky, fascinatingly beautiful. It's a powder that quickly bubbles up into a foamy froth which removes the dust-laden oil film that streaks your hair. You'll be delighted the way Blondex brings back the true golden radiance to faded blonde hair — makes natural blonde hair more beautiful than ever. Try it today. Sold in drug and department stores. Or get a generous trial package by sending 10c to cover mailing to Swedish Shampoo Laboratories, Dept. 77, 27 W. 20th Street, N. Y. C.

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Amazing Help In Scientific Advance



NOT a mere cosmetic! Hydrosal is a scientific skin treatment, successfully used by doctors and hospitals for over 20 years. Here now is real relief from the itching, burning irritation of rashes, eczema, ringworm, pimples and similar skin outbreaks. Almost instantly you can feel it soothe and cool the tender, inflamed skin. Its

astringent action refines the coarsened skin tissues. Promotes healing in burns and hurts, too. At all druggists in Liquid and Ointment forms; 30c and 50c. The Hydrosal Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.



Hydrosal for Common Skin Outbreaks

The Professional
PERMANENT EYELASH DARKENER



"Dark-Eyes"
PERMANENT DARKENER

Swim or Cry—Never Fades or Runs



Just think!—One simple application of "Dark-Eyes" darkens eyelashes and brows for 4 to 5 weeks! *Not a mascara.* Non-smudging. Absolutely safe—approved. Easily applied. Used by leading beauty salons.

"Dark-Eyes" Laboratories, Dept. 10-G
412 Orleans St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me a generous trial package of "Dark-Eyes." I enclose 25c (coin or stamps). Regular Size, 12 Apps. \$1.00.

Name _____ City _____
Address _____ State _____



Salad Days are Here!

Jean's first salad nearly ended her salad career, but when she stirs one up these days it's a family event

Jean Parker tells how she prepares these luscious dishes

By MARY MAITLAND

IT DOESN'T SEEM possible that a girl the size and age of little Jean Parker could be proficient in so many arts. But the fact remains that she is. I have just learned that, along with her sketching, dancing and dramatic ability, she is a capable little cook. Not only can she make a nice batch of biscuits, but she frequently does so. And when the cook disappears for the day, she won't allow anyone else to do anything in the kitchen, when she is home. As with everything else that she does, she has made an art of her cooking and has enough original recipes to fill a book.

Biscuits are her piece de resistance, where foods are concerned. They melt in your mouth, if you happen to be her guest when she is in a biscuit mood. She uses a regular biscuit

recipe, but instead of using milk or water, she substitutes orange juice. She is quite fond of oranges and brings them into her favorite recipes wherever possible.

"It was one of the proudest moments of my life," she confided, "when a national cooking expert used my recipe for baking turkey with oranges on her Thanksgiving radio hour last year. I was terribly thrilled, because the recipe was one of my own, which I had made up after numerous experiments.

"I made any number of dishes in which I use oranges, tangerines and grapefruit. I like to use sun-ripened fruit wherever possible. That is one reason I am so happy in my new home, because I have all three fruits in my garden. And it starts my day off right

HOLLYWOOD

to go out early in the morning and pick my fruit, fresh from the trees for breakfast. I get up around five in the morning, during the summer months, and when I go out to pick the oranges and grapefruit, there is usually dew on the grass. I can't tell you how grand it makes me feel. If people only knew it, the early morning hours are as good as a tonic, and worth losing an extra hour's sleep for the good they do one.

"I have cooked ever since I was about ten years old and I really like to cook. When I was small, I lived at home and mother dressed flower windows and I took care of the house and the babies for her. During the holidays her work was quite heavy and she had long hours and I began cooking lunch for her, at first. Then, later I learned to cook all the plain foods.

"I remember the first time I ever cooked her lunch it was a big surprise to her. Everything was fine, too. I had potatoes and meat and a fruit salad. The salad was a bitter disappointment to me, although mother insisted it was the best she had ever eaten. I had made it exactly right, but I added some large bing cherries, which I knew she liked. The dark juice ran down and colored the salad purple and it certainly looked messy. I felt pretty awful about it.

"On another occasion, when mother was sick I cooked a chicken for her. I almost became a vegetarian through the experience, too. I wanted to make broth and I simply could not kill the chicken, because I had raised it. A neighbor woman offered to do the deed, so I took it over to her. The shock of witnessing its execution was almost too much for me. I couldn't eat a bite of it, although I did make a good stew and a nice broth for mother.

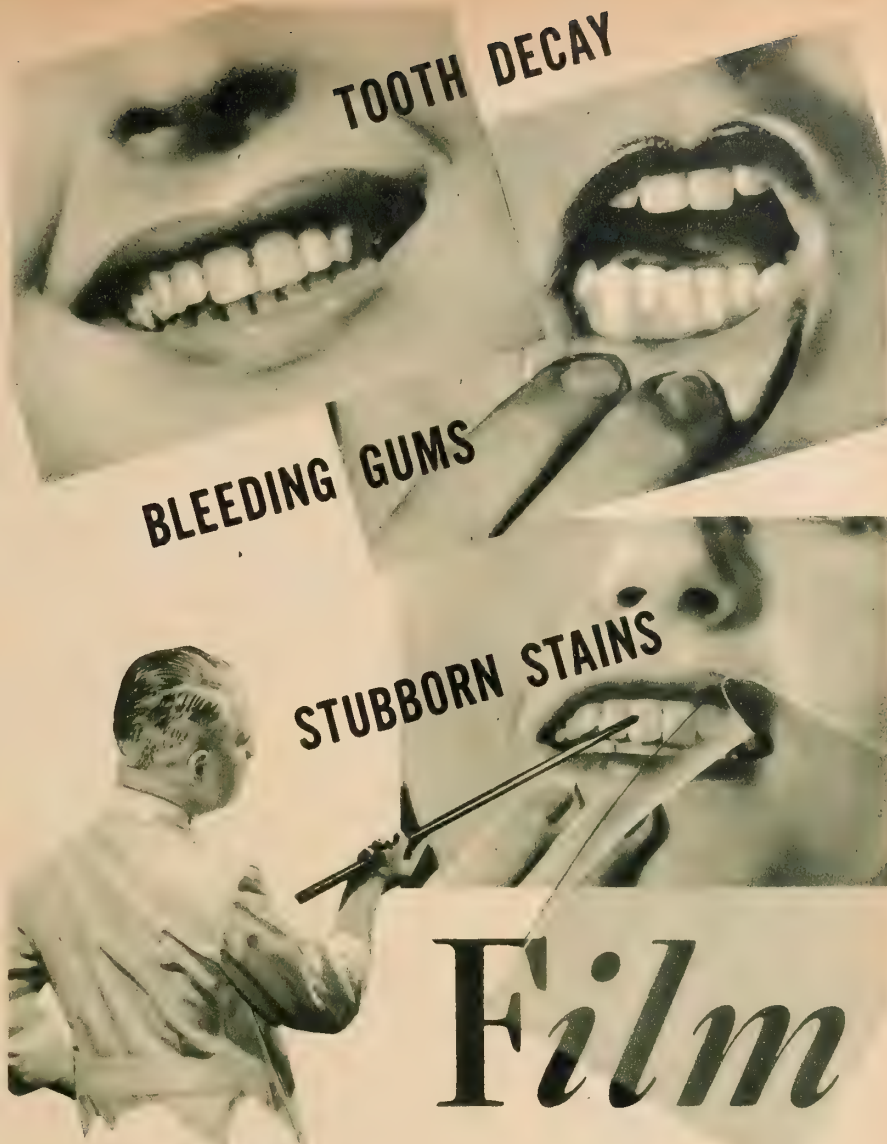
● "I AM FOND of salads. I haven't ever dieted. It has really been the other way round with me. Several times, I have had to eat certain foods in an effort to put on weight. I usually lose weight on a picture. I lost several pounds when I was working in *Sequoia*. Especially the last few months as I was working in two pictures at the same time and taking tests for others that were coming up.

"There was a certain strain and nervous tension to *Sequoia*, too, many of the scenes being made at night. And night work is always disagreeable and nerve-racking.

"I find that when I work too hard at the studio, if I come home and slip into a bungalow apron and putter around the kitchen that I relax immediately and feel much better. I would much rather bake a cake or try out a new recipe in the kitchen, than go out dancing and dining at the Coconut Grove or places like that.

"It is only recently that I have been able to make good cakes. I used to watch them too closely. You know most cakes take from fifteen to thirty

JULY, 1935



Film

may be the cause

remove Film this special way

DON'T fool yourself about film! It can be the forerunner of one or all of the troubles pictured above.

"But in removing film, why use one dentifrice rather than another?" you may ask. On that point, too, you need have no doubts. Many tooth pastes and tooth powders may claim to attack film. Pepsodent's sole duty is to REMOVE FILM—and to keep film off teeth safely. To both the dental profession and the public alike, Pepsodent is known as the "special film-removing tooth paste."

Common sense reason for effectiveness and safety

To convince you of film-removing power, Pepsodent depends neither on advertising tricks nor "hard-to-believe" claims. We state facts only—facts brought out in scientific study. You know about that sticky coating that constantly forms on your teeth. Dental authorities agree that this stubborn coating, which we call film, should be removed daily.

And, now, in Pepsodent, is a revolutionary cleansing and polishing material, recently developed. This material is unexcelled in film-

removing power. No other leading dentifrice contains it! And is it safe? So safe that in impartial tests Pepsodent has been proved the least abrasive... therefore *softest*—of 15 leading tooth pastes and 6 tooth powders.

So, between visits to your dentist, remove ugly, dangerous film daily with Pepsodent. No grit in Pepsodent. No risk of harming precious enamel as with mere "bargain" ways.

To help keep breath pure

In many cases, offensive breath may be traced to decaying food particles between the teeth. Daily brushing with Pepsodent Tooth Paste helps remove these food particles... thus acts to combat one of the most common causes of unpleasant breath.

10% more Pepsodent

in the new tube—dealers are selling it at

a new low price!

YOU GET MORE! YOU PAY LESS!

PEPSODENT the Special Film-Removing Tooth Paste

REDUCE WEIGHT GUARANTEED

Amazing NEW HARMLESS HOLLYWOOD METHOD

NOW YOU CAN SHARE THE INNERMOST SECRET OF HOLLYWOOD'S BRIGHTEST STARS. A slender youthful figure WITHOUT DANGEROUS DRUGS, STARVING OR STRENUOUS EXERCISE, by following Hollywood Starr's Reduce-easy method; trim your figure to today's fashionable lines, become irresistibly attractive. EAT WHAT YOU LIKE, AS MUCH AS YOU LIKE.

Fat Magically Disappears!

Fat imperils your heart and health no matter how fat you are, or what you have tried you need waste no more time on worthless imitations.

NO RECORDED FAILURES

READ: Mrs. R. (Conn.) says lost 24 pounds 31 days after every other method failed. Mrs. E. J. (Penn.) lost 17 lbs. in 40 days; look and feel 10 years younger. By Following Simple Directions.

TRY NOW FREE 30-DAY MONEY BACK TRIAL #1 TRIAL PACKAGE AND PRICELESS BOOK 25c. Send for Reduce-easy book and tablets NOW!

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Absorb blemishes and discolorations using Mercolized Wax daily as directed. Invisible particles of aged skin are freed and all defects such as blackheads, tan, freckles and large pores disappear. Skin is then beautifully clear, velvety and so soft—face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. At all leading druggists. **Phelactine removes hairy growths—takes them out—easily, quickly and gently. Leaves the skin hair free.**

Powdered Saxolite
Reduces wrinkles and other age-signs. Simply dissolve one ounce Saxolite in half-pint witch hazel and use daily as face lotion.

2 Perfumes

SUBTLE, fascinating, alluring. Sells regularly at \$12.00 an ounce. Made from the essence of flowers:—

Two Odors:
(1) Admiration
(2) Gardenia

Send only **20¢**
A single drop lasts a week!

To pay for postage and handling send only 20c (silver or stamps) for 2 trial bottles. Only 1 set to each new customer. 20c!

Redwood Treasure Chest: Contains 4—50c bottles of perfume selling at \$2.00 an ounce — (1) Hollywood Bouquet, (2) Persian Night, (3) Black Velvet, (4) Samarkand. Chest 6x3 in. made from Giant Redwood Trees of California. Send only \$1.00 check, stamps or currency. An ideal gift. \$1.00!

PAUL RIEGER, 223 First Street, San Francisco, Calif.

minutes to bake. I could never wait that long to see if they were going to be all right. I would wait and wait and finally my curiosity would get the better of me and I would peep inside. And then my beautiful cake would collapse right in front of my eyes, and that was usually that. But I have learned to use a little will power in the kitchen and I make as good cakes as anyone now. I have good luck with candy, especially peanut brittle. I am always careful not to use anything except fresh roasted peanuts. They lose their taste when they are even the least bit stale.

"For breakfast, I usually have fresh grapefruit or oranges, crumpets and jasmine tea. I like jasmine tea because of its pretty little flowers. I don't drink much coffee through the week. I find I get more energy from tea. After my breakfast, I sketch, or dance to the radio, or, if hard scenes are looming ahead of me, I study my lines until time to go to the studio. I always have breakfast from two to three hours before time to go to the studio.

"Sunday breakfasts are different, of course. I always make orange biscuits or cream waffles on Sunday. Tommy (her adopted brother) loves my waffles and biscuits. Our food tastes are practically the same.

● "I WANT To tell you how to bake ham like I do. Everybody, who tastes it, tells me it is the best ever. I get a whole ham, from seven to ten pounds, and cut off the small end. I use the portion I cut off next day for split pea soup or some other dish. I put the large ham in a roaster and fill the pan half full of water. Then I put in a handful of cloves, the juice from a large size can of pineapple, the juice of four oranges, a glass of tart jelly, either plum or currant; then, if I have any kind of fruit juice in the ice box, such as pickled peach juice or something similar I put that in also. I have the oven piping hot, when I put in the roast, which is covered. Then, as soon as the water around the ham begins to boil, I turn the oven down low and let it bake for from two and a half hours to three hours, depending on the size of the ham. A ten-pound ham will take fully three hours to cook well done. As soon as it is thoroughly baked, I remove from the oven and let it stand until cool. It will take two or three hours to get entirely cool. Then, I remove the rind from the outside of the ham and rub the entire surface with brown sugar. I then take the pineapple rings from the can, which I opened for the juice, and attach them to the ham by means of toothpicks. Next, I put the ham back in the oven and turn it up to medium and let it cook for another three-quarters of an hour, until it is quite hot again and the surface is well-browned.

It is then ready to serve. After I have placed the ham on a platter, I put cherries in the center of each pineapple ring and it is really the most delicious tasting and looking ham you can get.

The secret of its flavor is in letting it cool in its own juice, then reheating."

● I HAVE TRIED Jean's recipe and it is all that she claims for it and, if her directions are followed in the order she gives them, it is quite easy to prepare. Here are her favorite salad recipes:

JEAN PARKER SALAD

- 1 can tomato soup
- 1 tablespoon gelatin

- 1/2 cup cold water
- 1 bunch green onions
- 1/2 green pepper
- 2 tablespoons vinegar
- 3 pkgs. Philadelphia cream cheese
- 1 cup mayonnaise
- 3 celery hearts
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1 tablespoon sugar

Put the gelatin into the cold water and let it soak first. Put on the stove one full can of tomato soup and mix with the Philadelphia cream cheese, until both are well heated and add the gelatin, mixing it with the soup and cheese while warm. Also add salt, small bit of pepper, sugar and vinegar. Then set it aside to cool before adding the green vegetables, otherwise they will have a wilted appearance. Then, chop fine the onions, celery hearts, green pepper; and, after first ingredients have cooled sufficiently, mix all together. Then, mix again with the mayonnaise, put in noodle ring, mold and set in ice box until ready to serve. Place the salad on lettuce leaves and garnish with French dressing.

GOLD SALAD

- 2 tablespoons gelatin
- 1/2 cup pineapple juice
- 1 cup orange juice
- 1/4 cup powdered sugar
- 1/2 cup nut meats
- 1 cup chopped peaches
- 1 cup chopped red cherries
- 1 cup whipped cream
- 1/4 cup mayonnaise

Soak gelatin in cold pineapple juice, dissolve over hot water. Add orange juice and sugar. When cold and beginning to thicken, add nut meats, chopped fruit, mayonnaise and whipped cream. Pour into a mold. To serve, unmold on a platter and surround with small crisp leaves of lettuce.

Life Begins at Birth

(Continued from page eighteen)

Jan. 28th, 1910. I don't like the 28th. Confuses people and cuts down the take. No birthday presents I could hope for two years.

Jan. 28th, 1911. I hate the 28th. No take for three years. Decided to circumnavigate to the right and find that day. Anyway I'll make them think it's a return engagement. Hope the natives smell better.

Jan. 28th, 1912. They don't. Still looking for that confounded day. Haven't found it yet. Getting weary. Need sleep. Alack-a-day! . . . That's good! Guess I'll be a humorist.

Jan. 29th, 1913. Everything's rosey! Found the day floating around the high seas between Auckland, N. Z., and Ponga-Ponga, Samoa. What a place for a day!

Jan. 29th, 1914. Take much better this year. Strange things happened. Tried playing billiards on a rough sea. Lost game but found a gag. Decided to go to Europe. Sent out birthday announcements. Debit \$4.50; Credit \$43.20 at Uncle Abe's. Drat that diamond pin! Only brought a quarter. . . . War declared. Decided to stay right in Ponga-Ponga. . . . The raider Emden reported

HOLLYWOOD

coming around. Decided to go home now. Cabled Dillingham. Told me to come and join *Watch Your Step*.

Jan. 29th, 1915. Watched my step and for the cruiser *Emden* while travelling thirty-nine days and nights. Opened show; used billiard table gag; canned after first performance, thereby establishing all-time record for length of time travelling to a one-night stand. Guess I'll glorify Ziegfeld.

Jan. 29th, 1916. Still glorifying Ziggy.

Jan. 29th, 1917. Asked for a raise. Got it! . . . And a nasty telegram after he's thought it over.

Jan. 29th, 1918. Hear the war's over, but I'm still being glorified. Feels nice. . . . What women!

Jan. 29th, 1919. Still with Ziegfeld; beginning to feel like a show girl myself. No change in appearance.

Jan. 29th, 1920. S. W. Z. There's no future in this.

Jan. 29th, 1921. S. W. Z. And getting sleeper every day.

Jan. 29th, 1922. S. W. Z. I've got to get some sleep.

Jan. 29th, 1923. I got it! Woke up to find that I'm not still with Ziggy. Am in *Poppy* with Madge Kennedy. Must inquire how it happened. Drat this sleeping!

Jan. 29th, 1924. Am now being *Scandalized* by George White. Feels very nice. Glad I'm the only juggler in the company.

Jan. 29th, 1925. Paramount has found out that I have a good speaking voice for silent pictures.

Jan. 29th, 1926. Still on the pay-roll, but every picture is worse than the last. Decided not to ask for a raise—yet.

Jan. 29th, 1927. Paramount started making talkies. They decided I had a better speaking voice for the stage. Drat!

Jan. 29th, 1928. Earl Carroll thinks that I can balance the beauty of an entire chorus. Always did like juggling. . . . What an act!

Jan. 29th, 1929. Originated bath-tub juggling act but somebody stole my gag. Drat!

Jan. 29th, 1930. Hammerstein opened *Ballyhoo*. We closed *Bally-bust*. . . . Hear there's a depression.

Jan. 29th, 1931. Yes, there is a depression. Got one five-cent cigar to commemorate the day. Even Uncle Abe wouldn't take it. Hear Hollywood wants new faces. Think I'll go back as a show-girl, new type.

Jan. 29th, 1932. They don't want my type. The depression is over but the panic is on. I had a good idea and put my money in a bank. The idea was better than the bank. Drat! Still not in pictures or in anything else. Drat prohibition! We have freedom but no free lunches. Drat everything!

Jan. 29th, 1933. Success at last! Remembered the adage of my old Chinese friend, Peiping Tom. Peeped in a couple of windows at Paramount, found an empty room, climbed in and put my name on the door. As far as anyone knows I came in the gate.

Jan. 29th, 1934. Well, Caesar had his Brutus; Napoleon had his Wellington; Charles had his Cromwell—and W. C. Fields has his Baby LeRoy. . . . Think I'll go on another world tour. . . . Drat!

Jan. 25th, 1935. No world tour. Baby LeRoy is growing up. Am grooming Tammany Young for the baby's spot.

JULY, 1935

**12 LBS. IN
3 WEEKS-AND
SHE THOUGHT
SHE WAS
NATURALLY
SKINNY!**

**Here's a
Quick Way
to Put on
10 to 15 lbs. of
Good Solid Flesh
and Feel Like a
Million Dollars!**

**Kelpamalt, New Mineral Concentrate, Corrects IODINE STARVED GLANDS—
Most Common, Unsuspected Cause of SKINNINESS**

**5 Lbs. in 1 Week Guaranteed
Even On Scrawniest Men and
Women or Money Back**

Thousands of thin, pale, rundown folks—and even "naturally skinny" men and women—are amazed at this new easy way to put on healthy needed pounds quickly. Gains of 15 to 20 lbs. in one month, 5 lbs. in 1 week, are reported regularly. J. R. writes—"Always thought I was naturally skinny but in 3 weeks I have gained 12 lbs. on Kelpamalt."

Kelpamalt, the new mineral concentrate from the sea, gets right down and corrects the real underlying cause of skinniness—IODINE STARVED GLANDS. When these glands don't work properly, all the food in the world can't help you. It just isn't turned into flesh. The result is, you stay skinny.

The most important gland—the one which actually controls body weight—needs a definite ration of iodine all the time—NATURAL ASSIMILABLE IODINE—not to be confused with chemical iodides which often prove toxic—but the same iodine that is found in tiny quantities in spinach and lettuce. Only when the system gets an adequate supply of iodine can you regulate metabolism—the body's process of converting digested food into firm flesh, new strength and energy.

To get NATURAL IODINE as well as 12 other needed body minerals in convenient, concentrated and assimilable form, take Kelpamalt—now considered the world's richest source of this precious substance. It contains 1,300 times more iodine than oysters, once considered the best source. 6 Kelpamalt tablets contain more NATURAL IODINE than 486 lbs. of spinach or 1660 lbs. of beef. More iron and copper than 2 lbs. of spinach

or 15 lbs. of fresh tomatoes. More calcium than 1 doz. eggs. More phosphorus than 3 lbs. of carrots.

**Comparison of Minerals in
KELPAMALT vs.
VEGETABLES**

**3 Kelpamalt Tablets
Contain:**

1. More Iron and Copper than 1 lb. of spinach, $7\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. fresh tomatoes, 3 lbs. of asparagus.
2. More Calcium than 1 lb. of cabbage.
3. More Phosphorus than $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. of carrots.
4. More sulphur than 2 lbs. of tomatoes.
5. More Sodium than 3 lbs. of turnips.
6. More Potassium than 6 lbs. of beans.
7. More Magnesium than 1 lb. of celery.

or 15 lbs. of fresh tomatoes. More calcium than 1 doz. eggs. More phosphorus than 3 lbs. of carrots.

Try Kelpamalt for a single week and notice the difference—how much better you feel, how ordinary stomach distress vanishes, how firm flesh appears in place of scrawny hollows—and the new energy and strength it brings you. Kelpamalt is prescribed and used by physicians. Fine for children, too. Remember the name, Kelpamalt, the original kelp and malt tablets. Nothing like them, so don't accept imitations. Start Kelpamalt today. If you don't gain at least 5 lbs. in 1 week the trial is free.

100 jumbo size Kelpamalt tablets—four to five times the size of ordinary tablets—cost but a few cents a day to use and may be had at all good drug stores. If your dealer has not yet received his supply, send \$1.00 for introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address below.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER

Write today for fascinating instructive 50-page book on *How to Add Weight Quickly*. Mineral Contents of Food and their effects on the human body. New facts about NATURAL IODINE. Standard weight and measurement charts. Daily menus for weight building. Absolutely free. No obligation. Kelpamalt Co., Dept. 480, 27-33 West 20th Street, New York City.

**SEEDOL
Kelpamalt
Tablets**

(KNOWN IN ENGLAND AS VIKELP)

Manufacturers' Note:—Inferior products—sold as kelp and malt preparations—in imitation of the genuine Kelpamalt are being offered as substitutes. Don't be fooled. Demand genuine Kelpamalt Tablets. They are easily assimilated, do not upset stomach nor injure teeth. Results guaranteed or money back.

LOSE FAT



LOST 32 lbs.

...felt fine while doing it!

SAYS CALIFORNIA LADY

● Have you tried to lose fat and failed? Do not be discouraged. Do as Mrs. Emma Hill, R. F. D. 4, Box 341, Anaheim, Calif., did. She writes: "I lost 32 lbs. with RE-DUCE-OIDS after other methods failed. I feel fine and have felt fine all the time I was taking them." Others tell of reducing in varying amounts, as much as 80 lbs., and report feeling better while losing this excess weight, and afterwards.

NURSE LOST FAT

... Recommends Easy Way

● Miss Louise Langham, Graduate Nurse, 1286 Treat Ave., San Francisco, Calif., writes: "In my work I have met many people who have ruined their health by unsuccessful efforts to reduce. My own experience with RE-DUCE-OIDS has been so satisfactory that I recommend them to others. I lost 27 lbs. and never felt better." This Graduate Nurse knows the care with which a reducing preparation should be selected.

Important to you: RE-DUCE-OIDS absolutely DO NOT contain the dangerous drug, Dinitrophenol. Expert chemists test every ingredient.

So easy to use RE-DUCE-OIDS! Just a small tasteless capsule, according to directions.

FAT GOES...or no cost to you!

● If you are not entirely satisfied with the results you obtain from RE-DUCE-OIDS, you get your money back! You risk no money! Start today before fat gets another day's headway. Sold by drug or department stores everywhere. If your dealer is out, send \$2.00 for 1 package or \$5.00 for 3 packages direct to us. (Currency, Money Order, Stamps, or sent C.O.D.). In plain wrapper.

FREE! valuable book

Tells "HOW TO REDUCE." Not necessary to order RE-DUCE-OIDS to get this book. Sent free.



GOODBYE, FAT!

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Send me the FREE Book "HOW TO REDUCE."
If you wish RE-DUCE-OIDS check number of packages here:

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Address.....

City..... State.....

The Story Wallace Beery Has Never Told

(Continued from page thirty-four)

leather was a novelty in those days. Pa agreed to buy them. Then he suggested getting the kid a blue suit. A lot has been written about Pa having his uniforms made over for me, of me passing them on to Noah, and Noah handing them down to Wally. Wally's reply to Pa was enlightening.

"The hell you will," he said. "I'll never wear a blue suit again as long as I live, after them uniforms."

Wally has kept his word.

He has always claimed that he was lazy and shiftless. This isn't true. His first regular job was in a Santa Fe round-house rubbing down engines. The gang he worked with rubbed his face with oily rags while he slept, played other tricks which made life tough for him—but he stuck. After months of this work, he got a job in a bolt and nut factory. Maybe this sounds like Wally was taking any old job, but he wasn't. He always has been mechanically minded. As a kid he was monkeying around with any machinery he could get his hands on, finding out what made it work. And he made things himself. He could have developed into a fine mechanic if he hadn't decided on the stage. He got interested in stage work and figured he could make more money using his head instead of his hands.

When I was twenty-one I went with Sells-Forepaugh circus. Wally thought this was pretty romantic. He joined me in Chicago. The first night we put him on the head of an elephant and told him to ride her to the railroad station in the rain. She knew he didn't know anything about riding. She tossed him into a mud puddle. Being thrown didn't scare him. It challenged him.

Wally has a stubborn streak about which he doesn't say much. So has an elephant. Wally won. He learned to handle her and other elephants. He stuck for a year. Then he went to New York City, fired with the idea of being an actor. The circus had given him the idea. He was first a chorus boy.

Later he went back to Kansas City. He heard that Noah was getting to be a big shot, mainly through singing. Wally went right down and started taking vocal lessons. If Noah could sing, so could he! Singing was easy for him. Anything he was interested in was easy for him.

● Now, We GET to Wally's acting. For years he has been running around claiming that he never bothered much to learn the business. He went with the Willis-Wood stock company in Kansas City and worked night and day learning everything he could about show business. He always slips over this part of his life with a convenient yawn when he is telling the story. The truth is that he not only spent every waking hour gathering information, but that he had one of the finest advisers and teachers in the country.

In those days his mentor was Theodore Roberts, famous and much-loved character actor, who appeared in motion pictures for several years prior to his death. Perhaps you remember him with Wallace Reid. He was generally conceded to be one of the finest character men in America.

Wally knew what he was doing when he walked into that theatre, knew what

he was doing every hour he ever spent in it—and was consumed by an ambition to make good. Wally will hate to have me say this, but he thought he was good—and was good. It wasn't long before he was a star at the Astor Theatre in Kansas City. Not by luck, as he claims, but by sweat and struggle.

He built his success on the stage with Raymond Hitchcock and later in motion pictures on this firm foundation. Today he howls that monkeys and horses are good actors, too, and that you don't have to think to act—but somehow monkeys and horses haven't his draw at the box office.

Wally frequently sets himself up as a dullard. I remember that back in 1913, when Wally was making *Sweedie* comedies for Essanay in Chicago at \$75 a week, Noah arrived there with *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine*, a stage play. The leading man had been taken ill. Noah called Wally at 9 a. m., asked him to play the rôle at 2 p. m. Wally went on the stage letter perfect in his part.

Remember this—during his entire career, except for the past three years, Wally never has had a business agent to represent him with stage and motion picture producers. His present contract, negotiated by himself with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer executives, the biggest signed since talking pictures began, was also written by him.

Yep—he's dumb. Like Napoleon.

As to Wally's claim that he's lucky—that's something else again. Wally has had more grief in a single year than most folks have in a lifetime. Yet I've never heard a squawk from him. He goes around with that silly grin on his face, helps people, and keeps his mouth shut. His airplanes have crashed, his heart has been broken, he's been wiped out by falling stocks and bank failures, his home has burned, many near and dear to him have died, his career has nearly been wrecked by bad parts again and again, and recently he has watched the wife he loves struggle through the shadow of death.

Isn't he a lucky guy!

Yet only once have I seen him crack. That was in 1917, after he and Gloria Swanson separated.

They had a fight. She was as stubborn as he was and they wouldn't talk things over. By the time Wally was willing to come to terms he knew that he had lost her. How he loved her! He wandered around Hollywood during the winter of 1917-18 like a man dying of thirst on the desert looking for a water hole. Then he went to Japan and directed a picture. He came home, borrowed money from me—the only time he borrowed from me in his life.

A man with lesser pride and purpose than he would have given up. But he had guts. He got work in several pictures, managed to forget what a hell he'd been through.

Perhaps I'm telling too much on Wally. But I feel I have a right to. I love him—admire him—and I'm close to him. Not because I see him every day. Quite the contrary. I see him every week or so when I drop in to say hello to him, to Rita, his wife, and to Carol Anne, whom he also worships. He's getting the young-

HOLLYWOOD

ster, one of three he adopted, into motion pictures.

● OUR DEVOTION has grown from early years. I spent a long time with the circus as advance man, concessionaire, animal trainer—practically any job you can name. When Wally came to the circus for work I was able to get him started. Naturally, when he got going in motion pictures, he tried to return the favor. He got me into Essanay as an assistant director back in '14. But I didn't fit in pictures. I wouldn't trade on his name. I quit. I came to California eighteen years ago and went to work for an oil company.

So we have nothing in common professionally, although we are bound together by the ties of understanding.

During our hours together we talk about the early days—particularly those in Chicago.

In addition to being stubborn—and he's only that way when he's sure he has the right on his side and that he has a fair deal coming to him—he has another weakness. That's a mania for speed. It goes along with his bent for mechanics. When he first made money with Essanay in Chicago he bought a second-hand car. We liked hunting so we decided to get some ducks at Diamond Lake, about forty miles north of Chicago. Wally got me up at 2 a. m., wound up the yellow Mercer speedster, and streaked north at fifty miles an hour.

I was frozen when we reached the lake, long before dawn. We saw a barn and crawled into it. I told Wally that if he hadn't gone so fast we wouldn't have gotten so cold. We got colder and colder. When dawn came at last we found we were not in a barn but in an ice house. We hunted for a while. Coming home, Wally stepped up to better than sixty. The car skidded, went about twenty feet off the road, and Wally shouted:

"Hang on, Bill!"

I did. But I've never gone out in a car with him since. I've only flown with him once. That was plenty!

● I HAVE A SON, Berton. He's a big, husky youngster, and Wally likes him. Wally found out that Berton had been studying sound and radio and television. Wally wants to do him a real service by getting him a job in a studio. I think that's pretty fine. Wally will get him a job—and that's all.

The boy will have to make good on his own. Wally wants to see the boy get ahead—wants to help him—but doesn't want to help him *too much*. He doesn't want to kill Berton's initiative—because he knows the joy of struggle.

People always perk up their ears when I say my name is Beery. They ask if I'm any relation to Wally. I say that I am. Then they want to know why I'm working instead of taking life easy. That gets me mad.

"I've got my line," I reply, "and Wally's got his. We're both doing all right."

I couldn't be content in basking in the reflected glory of a big shot. I guess he is that—a big shot. Others tell me that. But I've never gotten that idea from anything Wally has said or done. He's the same today as he was forty years ago when, a dirty faced kid, he was tackling toughs twice his size.

If I had my life to live over again, and if by some freak of fate I'd be able to choose who my kid brother would be, I'd demand:

"Give me Wally!"

JULY, 1935

A Little Mistake THAT WILL AGE YOU 10 YEARS



IT MAY BE THE COLOR OF YOUR FACE POWDER!

By *Lady Esther*

Did you ever stop to think that the shade of face powder you use so confidently might be altogether the wrong one for you?

It's hard to believe that women can make a mistake in their shades of face powder or that one shade can make you look older than another. Yet, it's only too obviously true!

You know how tricky a thing color is. You know how even a slight variation in color can make a startling difference in your appearance. The same transforming effect holds true in the case of face powders. Where one shade will have positively the effect of making you look young, another will, just as decisively, make you look older—years older than you are!

Face Powder Fallacies

Many women look years older than they actually are because they select their face powder shades on entirely the wrong basis. They try to match their so-called "type" or coloring which is utterly fallacious. The purpose in using a shade of face powder is *not* to match anything, but to bring out what natural gifts you have. In other words, to *flatter*!

Just because you are a brunette does not necessarily mean you should use a brunette or dark rachel powder or that you should use a light rachel or beige if you are a blonde. In the first place, a dark powder may make a brunette look too dark, while a light powder may make a blonde look faded. Secondly, a brunette may have a very light skin while a blonde may have a dark skin and vice versa. The sensible and practical way of choosing your face powder shade,

regardless of your individual coloring, is to try on all five basic shades of face powder. I say "the five basic shades" because that is all that is necessary, as colorists will tell you, to accommodate all tones of skin.

My Offer to the Women of America

"But," you say, "must I buy five different shades of face powder to find out which is my most becoming and flattering?" No, indeed! This matter of face powder shade selection is so important to me that I offer every woman the opportunity of trying all five without going to the expense of buying them.

All you need do is send me your name and address and I will immediately supply you with all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. With the five shades which I send you free, you can very quickly determine which is your most youthifying and flattering.

I'll Leave it to your Mirror!

Thousands of women have made this test to their great astonishment and enlightenment. Maybe it holds a great surprise in store for you! You can't tell! You must try all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. And this, as I say, you can do at my expense.

Just mail the coupon or a penny post card and by return mail you'll receive all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder postpaid and free.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.) (14) **FREE**
Lady Esther, 2030 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

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(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

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"I had never been in business—knew nothing about any trade or vocation. When the finding of a position became imperative, I enrolled for the Lewis Course, convinced that I could make good in the fascinating hotel and institutional field. Soon I was Hostess of a lovely hotel, earning a splendid salary and having excellent opportunities for advancement. All entirely due to my Lewis Leisure-Time, Home-Study Training, which qualified me for success."

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Woman Saved From Asthma Torture

After suffering terribly from asthma for eleven years, Mrs. Sara E. Koontz, of Mt. Pleasant, Pa., suddenly discovered a way to get blessed relief and comfort. She says:

"I had asthma for eleven years and spent hundreds of dollars. I got so thin I could hardly walk. I wasn't able to do any work. Last October I heard about Nacor and it is the best medicine I have ever tried. I cannot praise Nacor enough for what it has done for me. I am feeling fine. I have had no asthma since I have taken Nacor."—Feb. 5, 1934.

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PASADENA, CALIF.

Fashions From the New Films

(Continued from page forty-one)

souffle formal is extra special because of circular organdie ruffles wandering blithely around the skirt bottom, the stiffness of the organdie holding them out from the trailing train. Wide circular stiff ruffle goes over one shoulder and under the other, and you sling a wide ruff of white starched lace around your neck careless-like.

Nice detail on her black transparent wool dinner gown is a spreading back panel lined with green, gathered at the waist and suspended from the belt.

Grand for the little lady who does not want to show her legs and still longs for a split skirt is a couple of knife blades of wool sticking out of the side seams at the bottom of a street dress.

New version of fly-away sleeves for summer is to be found on the red souffle evening frock. Two complete circles,



lined with horse-hair, slip over the arms. They are like nothing so much as brims of huge sailor hats with the crowns out. On the OUTSIDE of each sleeve, dripping over the shoulders, is a bunch of cherries... takes the bare look off the

arm top. Molded skirt sways into a gathered flounce, dipping in front and swerving up to a point in the back. Square neck line front and back. Allure no end.

● GINGER ROGERS has a black get-up you'll notice in *Star of Midnight*. The coat is nipped in at the waist, of course, and flares to the knees. It is made of Cellophane cloth, very rich and shiny. Taffeta lining gives that ladylike swish you simply have to have these giddy days. Cellophane ruffles go across the neck and down the sleeves of the wool dress and there are jet buttons.

● ONE PICTURE no scissors-hound can miss is *Under the Pampas Moon*. More wild stuff and usable ideas wrapped around Ketti Gallian! View with bated breath and copy with caution! That cellophane top-coat, for instance, looks like somebody's lawn. The big square loose sleeves are important. It is lined with taffeta, is scratchy as the devil, but ooooooh it have zat somtheeng! and would be a pal and friend in another material.

And such a glitter as she gives off in a stunning formal coat of white taffeta, covered solid with big and little white paillettes called *Silver Rain*. Such a rattle and clatter! Swell on the screen, but not for Suthun belles whose men folk don't like us stared at too hard. Big sleeves again in this one.

Her very smart suit of pale, pale grey gabardine has a built-in vest, black buttons, black crush felt hat, black shoes. Hubert insists plain shoes are smartest.

Take a look at the white negligée and turn away the head if you are tempted. It's all of white fuzz about an inch long, and built to trail and drag. Looks wonderful on Gallian, but so chi-chi you couldn't use it.

Get a copy of her black wool coat, if you can, but don't try to make it, no matter how easy it looks, unless you like living in insane asylums. It's one of those



deceptive things that simply can't be run up by loving hands at home. Wide insets of knife pleating, front and back, are so cunningly stitched down to

about the waist that you have lots of figger no matter how it falls. Give a wink to the hat with the double-decker brim in front.

● YOU'LL SEE lots of the much discussed Grecian line when you catch Del Rio's *In Caliente*. One wrap is a six-foot, yard-wide oblong of white crêpe, bordered with a four-inch band of weighty silver embroidery. You wind it from the knees up over the head and let the ends drape where they will. Pretty exotic, if you're the type, worn over a gown with a slit under-skirt, an over-skirt falling below the knees, all heavy with bands of embroidery.

Her white bathing suit has a bra tying on one shoulder only, with a knot of white rope, and shorts draped slightly on one hip. Nicest sports note of the month is her heavy white crêpe dress, backless with a tie-around-the-throat bib. Under it is worn a blue and white striped shirt.



Perfect taste, line, color and easy to make.

● IF YOU ARE the child-bride type, try the print dress Bette Davis wears in *Girl From Tenth Avenue*. Otherwise, don't attempt any skirts four yards wide, gathered into the waist. It has a turn-over high collar of organdie, and full sleeves caught into prim cuffs. You cinch a very wide patent leather belt around your middle, and pin a bunch of flowers under your chin. She also has a red wool suit with a wide skirt, but little conservative that I am, I like better the navy suit with slim silhouette spreading sharply at the bottom over a taffeta petticoat. Another wide belt on this one... five inches at least. Hmhmhmhmhm. Better take the hint, especially as she wears a very wide shepherdess girle of stitched and stiffened taffeta on another gown of printed chiffon. It buckles instead of lacing.

TREMENDOUS TRIFLES

● CAROLE LOMBARD will have nary a jewel, never a wisp of ostrich, fringe or such clutter in her next film... you can't miss allure if you follow Joan Crawford and sew all kinds and colors of silky hat flowers to a yard and a half of taffeta, and drape it over the shoulder to ward off sneezes when you step out to see how the moon is coming along... Wera Engels has a belt made of two strands of hemp rope held together with six bright red clothes pins for a blue crash sports dress... good idea on Hepburn's suit, that of tying the front with ten-inch long cords of material instead of buttoning... take a long, speculative look at Garbo's opera-bags, and wonder if grand-

HOLLYWOOD

mother didn't know best because you can slip the little draw strings over the arm and go jigging without fear your compact will be knocked off the table.

Smart gadget is Grace Moore's cravat, a straight band of dress material, an inch and a half wide, tied in a flat knot, and used on both evening and sport things . . . Queek, Watson, my needle! . . . Grab yourself any kind of a cape, fasten it on the shoulder with a big gobby clasp, and be a jump ahead of the rest of the town with the Crusades influence . . . and if you are sick of that hat, you know the one I mean, slit the crown, twist back the four points, and let those lovely curls riot out the top . . . another good hat is Ketti Gallian's quilted print, worn with scarf and gloves to match . . . bright idea is the pink crêpe night-gown Shirley Temple wears in *Our Little Girl* with the blue stars embroidered at random on the yoke.



* * *

You'll have to pardon me now while I tear into some taffeta before all of Hollywood points the finger of scorn at me as the only woman left who isn't petticoated for sound, and if you know what's right, you'll be doing the same thing between now and next month.

Beauty Secrets for Summer Skins

(Continued from page forty-three)

too dry, have a hot oil treatment occasionally.

The worst enemy to summer loveliness is, of course, perspiration. That is what takes the life out of the hair. It's what gives you a bedraggled appearance. To guard against it, rub yourself with a fragrant eau de cologne after your bath or shower in the morning. This not only cools the skin but makes you feel fresh during the entire day.

I suppose eyes always have been and always will be chiefly responsible for that romantic look. And eyebrows play a greater part in the expression of the eyes than you might imagine. When they're plucked too high they make the eyes look small and rather bulgy. Brought up in winged effects towards the temples they make you look far too exotic when you are wearing a flowing, picturesque gown. It's much better to have the eyebrows arched so that they conform with the curve of the eye-socket.

Another thing—too lavish use of eyelash make-up takes away from the mystery of the eyes, particularly when the thermometer registers ninety degrees or over! If you find you are in the habit of putting it on too heavily, use a dry brush afterwards to take off the surplus amount.

● **WOMEN REQUIRE** eye-shadow in a very distinct way during the summer when the light is so strong. Without it,

the eyes take on an uninteresting monotone look. But too often the shadow is merely rubbed into the center of the lids leaving a coarse line. It should be stippled or patted on, then smoothed, so that it is darkest near the lashes and shaded upwards. No one should ever be able to tell that you have it on. For some reason known only to themselves, a certain group of women have decided that oily-looking eyelids are attractive. They are not! They are, as a matter of fact, in the worst possible taste. It's true that lips should be supple and moist in appearance, but eyelids should be merely darkened in order to highlight the eyes.

Your color is going to be higher naturally, during the heat so a discreet use of rouge is absolutely necessary. Too much rouge applied over too large an area is always bad; in summer it's terrible! You want a pale rose flush. Softness. In order to get that effect you must powder over your rouge as carefully as you powder your nose.

Take a little more time than usual in the application of your rouge. Be sure that you are under a light that at least resembles the conditions of the light where you will be seen.

And if you're going in for allure—and what girl isn't?—be sure to get a few small vials of several different kinds of new and persuasive perfume. But they must be delicate. Delicacy is, after all, the key to romance!

HER KITCHEN WAS NEVER SO COOL ON WASHDAY



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Photo of myself after losing 28 lbs. and reducing 4½ inches.

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I enclose \$1. Please send immediately postpaid in plain package your Guaranteed Slimcream treatment. I understand that if I have not reduced both in pounds and inches in 14 days, you will cheerfully refund my money. Send also the special free Beauty Treatment.

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Harry Carr's Shooting Script

(Continued from page thirty-five)

Which is hokey. They cast her the second time as they did the first time without being much impressed and she began to step along.

I can't see any reason to hoot at Hollywood. The one appealing and charming thing about all the producers is their cheerful willingness to acknowledge their mistakes.

Life Line To Stars

Ann has saved stars, however; they at least should be grateful. Eddie Cantor got through *Kid Millions* because of Ann. Chevalier wouldn't have got to first base without her in *Folies Bergere*, probably his last film.

Personally, I have never burst anything laughing at either one of them. Ed Wynn left me in tears.

It's the same with all these over-sold comickers. You go into the theater saying: "All right, funny man, let's see you make me laugh."

You laugh at Charlie Chaplin because he never seems to be trying to make you laugh. Underneath his comedy there is something infinitely pitiful.

Late For Kipling

When Rudyard Kipling was the literary rage, the movies felt no interest in him; nor he in the movies. Now they are getting around to him.

Maureen O'Sullivan is being coaxed over to England to play the part of Dinah Shadd in *Soldiers Three* and Paramount is tinkering with the idea of making a picture of *The Light That Failed*, with Gary Cooper.

There are two gorgeous Kipling stories that no one has mentioned—*The Rescue of Pluffles* and *My Lord, the Elephant*. I look to see them done; the first is a story of one vamp recapturing a foolish young officer from a wicked vamp and sending the boy home to his fiancée in England. *My Lord, the Elephant* is a soldier story of the affection between an infantry private and an elephant.

The Marrying Princes

It may have occurred to some who read this that there might be another side to this story about the marrying Princes Mdivani who married Connie Bennett and Pola Negri and Mae Murray and Mary McCormick—and what have you. Well, there is another side.

Take it from me, it was not their doing that they got into this mess with Barbara Hutton, the five-and-ten princess and the others.

When they arrived in Hollywood some years ago they expressly asked the reporters not to call them princes or to say anything about the titles they held in the Russian province of Georgia. They went to work with pick and shovels in the oil fields; made their own way—and finally fortunes. They have all made money and I can promise you—in case you are lying awake night worrying—that that \$40,000 necklace for Princess Barbara was paid for by the bridegroom out of money he had earned himself.

Jean Harlow Withdraws

Hollywood is seeking cloistered walls, as it were. Ann Harding runs away to

army posts where she tosses off the name of Ann Harding and becomes again the daughter of Gen. Gatley. Jean Harlow hides in Hollywood in a house with a trick driveway that no one can find.

And they are not the only ones who have soured on Hollywood night clubs and parties. Jean is frank; she partied herself into boredom and fatigue. Some of the rest of them continue to be gluttons for punishment; but a good many stars are coming to realize the hollowness of this electric light trail.

Of all the dreary stupid experiences I have ever had in a long life I will put down Hollywood parties as the most tedious . . . and night clubs are worse.

There are a lot of charming and intelligent people in Hollywood, but as a mixed cocktail, the flavor is lost.

Mary Astor's Troubles

Mary Astor has made a blunder that I think will damage her career beyond hope of recovery. She has flicked the public—especially the feminine part of it—in a tender spot. She quarreled with her father and mother and nobody minded that much; but now she has parted from her husband—a practicing physician—and has handed him their baby in the divorce settlement.

That is what ended the film career of Bill Hart. He also surrendered his little boy in a divorce. I happened at the time to be a visitor at a boys' school. Until this event, Bill had been the adored hero, but I walked through the rooms to see every Bill Hart picture torn down.

What is going to complicate the case of Mary Astor is that her screen fault has always been coldness, anyhow. Her love scenes on the screen are always suggestive of a frigid air refrigerator. The delectable Miss Astor may think that she loves her art more than human relationships; but she will be surprised. She is very close to the end of a not very dazzling career. She has cashed in for a long time on a cameo profile. To say the least she is no Duse.

Why Here's Trilby

With Du Maurier's *Peter Ibbetson* in the offing, I should not be surprised to see some studio bring out Trilby again.

Now that the "singies" are the rage, Trilby with its prima donna, its gay studio songs, should be a success.

For once I should like to see a Svengali who was believable. He is always overdrawn and overacted . . . a sort of mixture between a circus side-show and Rasputin. No one has ever had the foresight to impress the audience with the fact that he was a great musician.

British Raids

A quiet and charming young man from England is looting the Hollywood studios of talent. One Michael Balcon, representing English interests, has frankly let it be known that the English studios are on the make for all the American stars they can lure away.

He has been very fair and square about it; no attempts to break contracts; but when a star's contract expires, she sees a beckoning finger. Thus far Michael has shipped over Boris Karloff, Madge Evans, Helen Vinson, Noah Beery, Rich-

HOLLYWOOD

ard Dix, and possibly Maureen O'Sullivan.

Until now the kidnaping operations have gone the other way. The British studios have never had money enough to compete with Hollywood. Somewhere they have dug it up—very likely as the result of subsidies from the British government which feels the importance to world trade of not letting the whole world "go Yankee."

It is easy to see what the result will be. After two years spent in shaving down salaries, Hollywood will have to boost them. We are, brethren, on the edge of a grand bidding contest in which somebody—or everybody—will go broke.

I suppose that the usual routine will be followed; the star salaries will go up and the salaries of the stenographers will come down.

On Her Own

I honor Florence Rice for not taking advantage of her father's position in the newspaper world. Grantland Rice is one of the most famous journalists in this or any country.

Thinking she would want to ride in on her father's prestige and having a very high opinion of her father, I offered her a chance for publicity in these lines. She was willing to cooperate in any other way. Meanwhile she is carving out a very nice little niche for herself in the studios, being teamed at the moment with Jack Holt.

Joan Warbles

It is evident that any actress who can sing will find her value doubled. Joan

Blondell is both to sing and dance in *Broadway Gondolier*.

This enthusiasm is due largely to the immense earnings of *Love Me Tonight* and other singies. Lubitsch, the new chief at Paramount, is a devoted and accomplished musician and his producing program is sure to be full of opera. They have been surprised to find that the higher type of music gets over better than the crooner songs.

It almost goes without saying the screen is headed for grand opera or something like it.

Test Your Popularity

(Continued from page thirty-three)

to dress up and curl my hair in a picture.

Maureen O'Sullivan and Una Merkel answered their questions — with many groans and sighs—while I was between scenes of *MacFadden's Flats*, at Paramount, away from my home studio.

Which reminds me; I had a lot of fun making that picture because of the director, that clever Irishman, Ralph Murphy. His quips kept us all in grand humor. One that made us all howl came when I was called to go into a scene and I yelled back at Ralph: "Just a minute. I'd like to fix my face." And Ralph roared back: "What do you think this is, *Small Miracle*?"

Florence Lake, by the way, shows unusually popular by her score. She is the sort that is most certainly easy to get along with and is as grand a friend as

she is an actress. When she and John want to go out, I come over and watch the baby. I'm getting to be a very good baby-watcher, in fact, and consider their adorable baby Joyce practically my own child. I've knitted her so many sweaters that Florence doesn't know what to do with them all. But knitting is fun, and there's lots of time for it between scenes while the electricians are arranging lights and the camera is being shifted about.

Una Merkel's score may surprise you —she seems so jolly and bubbly on the screen, but her score falls down because she doesn't like gossip, has no strong hobby, (mine is knitting), and hates answering questions.

TEST YOUR POPULARITY

Here are the correct answers for the popularity test described by Betty Furness on page 33. To determine your standing, count one point for each question you answered correctly. Where you give a different answer than the ones shown here, you get a zero for that question.

- | | |
|--------|---------|
| 1. yes | 9. no |
| 2. yes | 10. yes |
| 3. no | 11. yes |
| 4. yes | 12. yes |
| 5. yes | 13. yes |
| 6. no | 14. yes |
| 7. no | 15. no |
| 8. yes | |

"HAS DONE WONDERS FOR MY DAUGHTER'S SKIN"

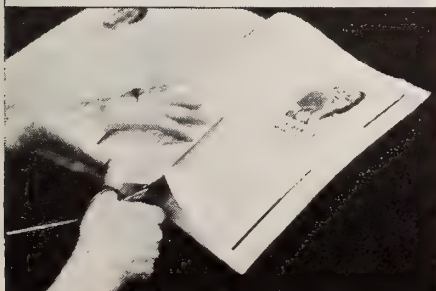
"My Daughter Suffered for Months with a bad Eruption on her Face"



"She went to Specialists and tried Everything we heard of"



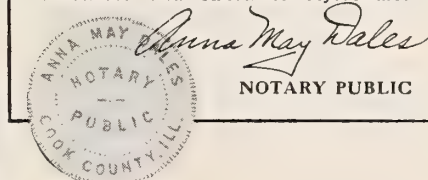
"Till Finally, seeing your Ad in Magazines, we tried Yeast Foam Tablets"



"It has done Wonders. I cannot speak too Highly of Yeast Foam Tablets"



Every quotation in this advertisement is a true copy from an actual letter. Subscribed and sworn to before me.



THE story told here isn't just "advertising." Every word of it has been taken from an actual letter, one of thousands written by grateful users who have gained radiant and unblemished skin by eating Yeast Foam Tablets.

If you have any trouble with your complexion, why don't you try Yeast Foam Tablets now? They contain precious elements that help rid the body of internal poisons which are the real cause of most skin troubles.

Unlike other yeast, these little tablets are good to eat and absolutely safe because they cannot ferment in the body.

Mail the coupon right away for a generous 10-tablet sample.



NORTHWESTERN YEAST COMPANY
1750 North Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send free introductory package of Yeast Foam Tablets.

FG7-35

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You, too, can learn to play any instrument this amazingly simple way. No expensive teacher. No tiresome exercises or practicing. You learn at home, in your spare time. Yet almost before you know it you are playing real tunes! Then watch the invitations roll in—see how popular you become. Yet the cost is only a few cents a day.

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You don't have to be "talented." You can't be too young or too old. No teacher to make you nervous. Course is thorough, rapid, simple as A-B-C. First you are told what to do—then a picture shows you how to do it—then you do it yourself and hear it. In a short time you become the envy of your friends, the life of every party.

DEMONSTRATION LESSON FREE!

Send for free demonstration lesson, together with big free booklet which gives you details and proof that will astound you. No obligation. Write letter or postcard today. U. S. School of Music, 367 Brunswick Bldg., New York City, N. Y.



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POSSESS ATTRACTIVE ALLURING CURVES
Overcome your FIGURE FAULTS by a NEW, EASY, SAFE METHOD. Avoid unattractive SKINNINESS, thin neck, round shoulders, unnatural chest-line and scrawny limbs; or dispose of uncomfortable OVER-WEIGHT and EXCESS FLESH any part of the body. Mold yourself into a SUPERB FIGURE and a symmetrically developed form. Listen to this:
BETTY RUTH GRARD SYSTEM of BEAUTY CULTURE AND SYMMETRICAL BODY DEVELOPMENT, with Secret Formulas and Instructions, opens the way to FEMINE CHARM, LOVELY WOMANHOOD, PERSONAL MAGNETISM and ALLURING CURVES on both body and limbs. No longer need you be ashamed of your FIGURE and POSTURE whether in a bathing suit, evening dress or negligee. Results are astonishing. A symmetrically developed figure will attract and enhance one's physical appeal, the chances of making friends and of opening the door to love, romance and popularity. **BEAUTY APPEALS.**

ALL CORRESPONDENCE CONFIDENTIAL

Write TODAY. NOW, for information to be sent in plain sealed envelope. Enclose 10c for postage, etc. Mention what you wish to accomplish.

BETTY RUTH GRARD, Suite 22-G, 45 Brantford Place, NEWARK, NEW JERSEY. (enclose 10c for information about your Secret Formula and subjects checked:)

<input type="checkbox"/> Neck	<input type="checkbox"/> Arms	<input type="checkbox"/> Reducing	<input type="checkbox"/> Chin	<input type="checkbox"/> Limbs	<input type="checkbox"/> Beautifying
<input type="checkbox"/> Hips	<input type="checkbox"/> Hair	<input type="checkbox"/> Hands	<input type="checkbox"/> Skin	<input type="checkbox"/> Complexion	<input type="checkbox"/> Flat Chest
<input type="checkbox"/> Thinness	<input type="checkbox"/> Overweight	<input type="checkbox"/> Round Shoulders	<input type="checkbox"/> Skins	<input type="checkbox"/> Abdomen	<input type="checkbox"/> Figure Faults
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Help Kidneys

Don't Take Drastic Drugs

Your Kidneys contain 9 million tiny tubes or filters which may be endangered by neglect or drastic, irritating drugs. Be careful. If functional Kidney or Bladder disorders make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Loss of Pep, Leg Pains, Rheumatic Pains, Dizziness, Circles Under Eyes, Neuralgia, Acidity, Burning, Smarting or Itching, you don't need to take chances. All druggists now have the most modern advanced treatment for these troubles—a Doctor's prescription called Cystex (Siss-Tex). Works fast—safe and sure. In 48 hours it must bring new vitality and is guaranteed to make you feel years younger in one week or money back on return of empty package. Cystex costs only 3c a dose at druggists and the guarantee protects you.

NEVER AGAIN WILL I HAVE FRECKLES

Off goes the freckle mask—out comes the hidden beauty of soft, alluring skin. Mrs. Bradley's Face Wash used effectively for over 40 years in the treatment of moth, tan, and freckles. Package 25c; 3 for 50c. Money-back guarantee.

MRS. C. S. BRADLEY
K-5108 Chown Ave. Minneapolis, Minn.

Garbo's Unwanted Admirer

(Continued from page twenty-six)

pranced with impatience. Maybe . . . a small, startled maybe . . . she would speak to him now. But alas! It was not to be. Garbo, too, had had an idea. Her colored chauffeur, instead of driving up Druid Lane, went bumpity-bumpity over San Lorenzo, which was under construction, and Ben had the satisfaction of seeing the idol of the world jounced around thoroughly in the big tonneau.

Ben decided to utilize his free time between bows, and from then on it developed into a game of tag. Wherever Garbo turned, there was Ben. He never quite caught up with her, but nowhere could she look and not see Ben.

"Whither thou goest, I will go," he muttered, as he followed her over an embankment in the Santa Monica canyon that even a mountain goat wouldn't attempt. He loped behind her, at a respectful distance, of course, whenever, clad in dirty white ducks, a sweat shirt and a slouch hat, she walked briskly along the Palisades. He trailed her into Hollywood, his small roadster scuttling behind her towering Lincoln. He waited for her outside of shops with bitterly folded arms. But never a word did he say. Just bowed, and gazed calmly in front of him whenever Garbo's sense of humor upset her gravity.

Then came Ben's Big Boner.

● It ALL happened because Ben, breaking under the strain of being the silent watchdog, tried to soothe his fevered nerves one night by throwing a party. It was a good party, very noisy and very drippy, and the next morning found Ben still on his feet, but almost *non compos mentis* and ready for anything. But even the fervence of frivolity had not dimmed Garbo's image in his mind. Rather, it intensified it, and swelled, to an alarming degree, his determination to meet her.

"Today or never," he vowed. Therefore, when Garbo drove by for her tennis lesson, Ben, with set jaw and gleeful legs, wavered up the road after her.

His destination was Miss Del Rio's tennis court a few blocks away. Surrounded by walls nine feet high and two feet thick, they would have been a serious obstacle to anyone else—but not Ben. Jeered on by the still-affecting liquor and the realization that he had already spent four years in pursuit of this elusive woman, the wall was of no importance to Ben. Being, as it was, completely hidden with trees, it was possible for a person, sitting on top of the wall, to have an uninterrupted view of the court below and still remain entirely hidden by the branches that hung over it.

It was only the power that protects children and fools that hoisted Ben up there. He never could have made it under his own steam. Once up, he wound himself into a ball on the narrow ledge and peered smugly down at the court.

And there she was! To Ben, pop-eyed with triumph, and gloating over the first advantage he had ever had, she was a vision that he will remember all his life. He rapidly noted that she wore white shorts and a sport shirt. He regretted the visor that was pulled low over her eyes. He mentally assigned the instructor to the exact center of the Sahara desert, and thought little or nothing of his teaching.

For perhaps half an hour he stayed up

there, wobbling on his narrow perch. He listened to her laugh, watched intently as she served and raced after the ball. She was good. She didn't need lessons. She was wonderful! He nearly cheered in his excitement.

And then into his intoxicated mind winged a thought. He would speak to her. It was the perfect moment. He had waited so long—this must be his chance. He had only to part the branches in front of him, lean over a bit, say something both witty and intelligent—surely, she wouldn't be angry.

Ben drew a deep, gurgling breath. His dream was coming true. He was going to meet Garbo!

Leaning forward, he grasped two branches firmly and pulled. Had Garbo looked up at that moment she would have seen a dark face looming between the leaves, looking for all the world like the Cheshire Cat in his happiest moment.

Swaying there on a narrow wall, clutching two small branches, his brain whirling with alcohol and glowing satisfaction, Ben selected one of several fine phrases he constantly kept in the back of his head and opened his mouth. . . .

To his indescribable horror he heard himself say these words: "Miss Garbo, you play a LOUSY game of tennis!"

Garbo screamed, dropped her racquet and three balls, and began running around looking for the invisible voice. The instructor raced into the house yelling for police. Doors and windows in the Del Rio mansion began to bang and in the midst of the uproar, Ben sat there absolutely stunned at the magnitude of his crime. After four years—to destroy his one chance by such tremendous asininity! He slithered down the wall and trudged home, a much sobered and enraged young man.

● WHEN He got on his own front porch he exploded in sheer frenzy of wrath. Garbo would never speak to him now. He had lost his last chance. He would never be able to explain it. How disgusted she must be! Uttering little yelps of remorse, Ben stumbled back and forth across the front porch, clasping his splitting head with both hands. He sank down on the top step, and hid his face from the world.

A familiar rattle sounded down the street. Garbo was rushing to the security of her own home after the scene at the tennis court. Ben rose wearily to his feet. It would be his last bow . . . a last brave gesture before he quitted this world he had so sullied.

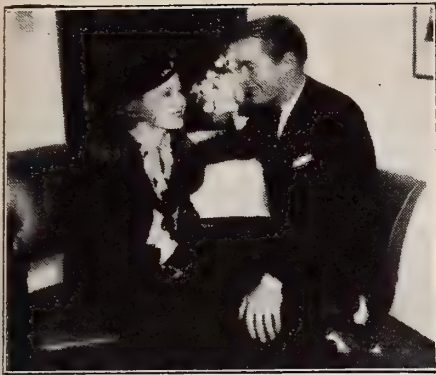
The car drew near . . . he saw her face framed in the back window . . . he bowed.

In that instant, Garbo must have guessed whose voice it was that had roared such an insult from the top of the wall. Maybe she guessed from the bow. It lacked its usual gaiety and gallantry. It was depressed and resigned and hopeless. Anyway, she guessed, and she proved it.

As Ben straightened up, she pressed her nose to the window of the car and made a face at him—a face, that, had it been audible, would have been a swell Bronx cheer.

—JAN MURRILL.

HOLLYWOOD



While everyone else was looking around at the opening of Westmore's palace of beauty, Richard Cromwell and Mary Carlisle got off in a corner and whispered

Why Fred Astaire Worries

(Continued from page twenty-seven)

might prevent him from appearing as his natural self.

Besides arranging all the dances in his pictures, Fred has a great deal to do with the arranging of the music. He realizes that it plays such a great part in his work. While he is really supposed to dance only, he worries about getting the music right to such an extent, that many times he has stayed up all night with the music department, working with them on their recording sessions.

On rare occasions Fred will be seen dining at the Trocadero. But most of the time he spends right in his own home. He is very appreciative that people like his work. It is the only reward he has ever worked for. But it worries him to be out in public. On several occasions total strangers have come up to him and made him the center of attraction with their praise and flowery speeches. His natural modesty allows him to enjoy the spotlight of attention, only when he is working before the camera.

Since coming to Hollywood, Fred has only attended one preview of his pictures. He always worries about the audience's reaction and wonders if they are going to like him. He refused point blank to see the preview of *Gay Divorcée*. There was one line that worried him night and day. He just knew it was going to spoil a very important scene. When the picture was previewed at the RKO theatre in Los Angeles, the audience stood up in one body and shouted to the house. Had Fred Astaire been among those present, it would have been a big thrill. Instead, he was home alone, reading a book in front of his fireplace. The next morning he timidly went to the studio and summoned up the courage to ask about the fatal line. To his amazement and amusement, he was told it had received the biggest laugh in the picture.

Fred admits that his luck has been phenomenal. All of his pictures have been hits. He doesn't say it's because he has worked so hard and really given everything. But such is the case. Still he can't help worrying and wondering if he's going to live up to his standard.

—JERRY ASHER.

WITH A FEW STIRS Perfect Mayonnaise!

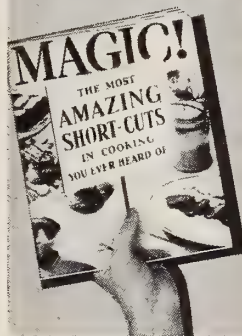


EAGLE BRAND MAGIC MAYONNAISE

$\frac{2}{3}$ cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup vinegar or lemon juice
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup salad oil or melted butter
1 egg yolk
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
Few grains cayenne
1 teaspoon dry mustard

Place ingredients in mixing bowl. Beat with rotary egg beater until mixture thickens. If thicker consistency is desired, place in refrigerator to chill before serving. Makes $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups.

- It used to take a half hour's beating and praying to make such mayonnaise! Now, even a man can stir it together. And is it good!
- But notice—this recipe calls for *sweetened condensed milk*. Don't confuse it with other forms of milk. To get the right kind, just remember to ask for EAGLE BRAND.



FREE! World's most amazing Cook Book!

Rotogravure picture-book (60 photographs) showing astonishing new short-cuts. 130 recipes, including: Lemon Pie Filling without cooking! Foolproof 5-minute Chocolate Frosting! Caramel Pudding that makes itself! 2-ingredient Macaroons! Ice Creams (freezer and automatic)! Candies! Refrigerator Cakes! Sauces! Custards! Cookies! Address: The Borden Co., Dept. FWG-75, Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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Please send M. O. or well wrapped coin and give size or send string for measurement.
Sterling Silver Ring \$1.00.

P. A. R. COMPANY, Box A-554, Kansas City, Mo.



The Beauty of a Clear Complexion is easy to win and to keep, even at difficult times, with Z-O-37 handy on your dressing table. Send 60c in stamps or coins (well wrapped) for a full bottle. If you aren't fully satisfied after using it 10 days, return Z-O-37 and we'll send your money back without question.

CORONADO MFG. CO., Saint Paul, Minnesota

AT LAST! PERFUME

To Match Your Type
Whether Blonde, Brunette, Auburn

A new sensation in perfumes—created by a Master Parfumeur to match your own personal type—whether blonde, brunette or auburn. Irresistible, alluring fragrances resulting from blending rarest essential oils from France and far away places.

Special Introductory Offer

A generous trial-size bottle (purse size) of the odour to match YOUR type—regular price several dollars an ounce—only 15¢

A single drop lasts several days. Send only 15c (coin or stamps) and state whether blonde, brunette or auburn. Not more than two bottles to each new customer. Money refunded if not satisfied. Address Bergay Products, Dept. 11, Box 35, Sta. C, San Diego, California.



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FORM FITTING WAVE PROTECTOR

Lasting Loveliness for your wave



PHYLLIS BROOKS
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DON-A-CAP
is a trim, comfortable tie-on model for night wear.

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a clever turban for sports, motoring, day and night wear. Does not tie under the chin.

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No. 200, snap-on model at 50c, holds up the chin for additional beauty treatment.

Medium or large sizes — pastel shades, white, black and brown.

A Special Model at Ten Cent Stores only.

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If not obtainable, write
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Have FULL ROUND ALLURING CURVES



You can add 3 to 6 inches with Beautipon Cream treatment, which has given thousands a beautiful form. **YOUR MONEY BACK** if your form is not increased after applying Beautipon Cream Treatment for 14 days! Full 30 days' treatment, \$1.00 sent in plain wrapper. The ultra-rapid, positive GUARANTEED way to have the bewitching, magnetic, feminine charm you've always longed for.

Read what others say:

"I can scarcely express my delight with the results. Since I started using Beautipon Cream I have increased my form 5 inches! Your Beautipon Cream works like magic and I am thrilled to own a form so feminine and shapely." B. T.

"Your treatment is simply splendid. I am filling out and getting larger and rounder." B. T.

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Free! "Fascinating Loveliness" Free!

The world famous Beauty Expert's Course, "Fascinating Loveliness" for which thousands have paid \$1.00 will be sent FREE if you send \$1.00 for Beautipon Cream Treatment NOW. OFFER LIMITED. SEND \$1.00 TODAY. Add 25c for foreign countries.

DAISY STEBBING

Suite 80 Forest Hills, N. Y.

NEXT MONTH

our readers command us to run a story telling what Joan Crawford is really like. It's in the August HOLLYWOOD Magazine.

FADED GRAY HAIR

Women, girls, men with faded, gray, streaked hair, shampoo and color your hair at the same time with my new French discovery—"SHAMPO-KOLOR". No fuss or muss. Takes only a few minutes to merely shampoo into your hair any natural shade with "SHAMPO-KOLOR". No "dyed" look, but a lovely, natural, most lasting color; unaffected by washing, or permanent waving. Free Booklet. Monsieur L. P. Valligny, Dept. 19, 254 W. 31st St., New York City.

BE ALLURING...



Possess the exciting glamour that enchants others. Add to your charm with this romantic Florida Orange Blossom Perfume. Introductory size, \$1. Trial size 18c. Send stamps, check or money order. Prompt service.

PRODUCTS OF FLORIDA CO.

121-A W. Bay St., Jacksonville, Fla.

Grace Bradley's \$250,000 Misfortune

(Continued from page twenty-eight)

under the door, we moved once more.

Meanwhile my fan mail at the studio had undergone a surprising transformation and had increased by a hundred per cent. In addition to the usual letters of friendly praise with the accompanying requests for pictures, there were demands for money and clothing, letters telling me that it was imperative that I invest at once in hundreds of different business enterprises. A woman in the East sent a special delivery air mail letter to inform me that she was the mother of fifteen and would appreciate being sent five thousand dollars by return mail; a college boy in the middle West wanted two thousand dollars so that he could leave college, marry and launch himself on the perturbed sea of business; women enclosed dress, shoe, and glove sizes and were even considerate enough to place these vital statistics on the backs of snapshots so as to guide me in selecting the right styles and colors—so did several men.

As to business—I could invest in any of a number of oil wells that were sure to spout most any day; a restaurant in a small city near Hollywood offered unbounded opportunity for financial gain if I would throw in ten thousand dollars to set cooks and waiters in motion; a "gentleman of taste and breeding" was ready to start a dramatic school in a thriving Ohio city—he had the idea and I had the money! When I counted the number of air mail marriage proposals, I felt just like a well launched and successfully advertised debutante. Do I crave a bodyguard? I don't, but if I did I could select a fearless, able-bodied, trustworthy male from any of a hundred applicants. In examining this deluge of fan mail, however, it was interesting to note that the fans who had written me before my twenty-first birthday remained loyal and instead of being the slightest bit envious seemed glad that I had encountered good fortune.

By this time, I was beginning to sympathize with and feel a very real tolerance for the wealthy girls I had encountered in the past and in whom I had been unable to comprehend anything but cold aloofness and insincerity. I was beginning to realize that to them life must seem like anything but "a bed of roses." To be always surrounded by those grim spectres, envy, falseness and hate! To feel always that a new face must be distrusted!

Suddenly I, myself, was aware of increased attentiveness of a few boys who had, in the past, been hardly more than casual acquaintances and who now were being very chummy indeed. If those girls at whom I had scoffed had been combating for years the same problems that had been making my life a dismal morass of uncertainty for but one short month, it seemed now quite logical that they should be haughty, suspicious and aloof. I began to value more deeply those true friendships that had been formed in the years before I had either money or a small amount of screen fame. At the moment it seemed to me that money served only to make life more complicated and worrisome.

I was really beginning to think of my inheritance as a misfortune when it suddenly occurred to me that never before had I been so sure of what I wanted to

do or what I desired from life. That is the one real satisfaction that I have had thus far from my unexpected fortune. Now I know absolutely that I do not want to retire to some tropic isle or cruise aimlessly about on a world tour. I desire only to pursue my career on the screen.

I have found suddenly that my work is my real fun. And there have been plenty of times too in my life when all I wanted was to pack up and run away. Now there is not the slightest doubt in my mind as to what I want to do. I feel that I am really just getting started and if I were to quit at this stage of the game, I know that I should never be happy or find any real contentment in life. There would always be a disturbing question in the back of my mind. What might have happened if I had not left my career in midair? So I intend to carry on.

I intend to carry on in spite of that opinion that has been expressed in several letters to the effect that I have no right to continue with my career since I have inherited a fortune. I even have an answer to that contention! In the first place, practically every star of stage, screen and radio is financially independent—that is, most, and probably all of them could afford to retire right now. Certainly every important and influential business man would have to leave his post if this theory were carried through to its logical end. But what seems even more important to me is the fact that I know that I have taken no one's place.

I received my contract from Paramount long before I even suspected that one day I might inherit an amount that could be considered sufficient to make me financially independent. If, on the other hand, I had come to Hollywood as an heiress with the intention of entering pictures because my fortune or my position in society gave me an entree and had joined the ranks of the extra players, I would indeed feel guilty. I would be uncomfortably conscious every minute of the fact that I was stealing the place of some extra girl who needed the job when I did not. I would be ashamed to take the ten dollar daily check that meant board and room to some one else when it meant pin money or perhaps even less to me. As it is I experience no such feeling of guilt. I have worked toward a theatrical career since I was a child. When other children were playing, I was studying dance routines and training my voice—preparing myself for the future.

So after all is said and done I should like to have it understood that thus far my inheritance has brought me nothing but an aching head while through my own efforts I still have my career—and I intend to keep it!

—JAMES FISHER

NEXT MONTH BEHIND THE HEADLINES IN JANET GAYNOR'S LIFE

In August Hollywood—with a natural color photo of Katharine Hepburn and Charles Boyer on the cover

HOLLYWOOD

Gene Raymond Was Fan-Handled

(Continued from page twenty-nine)

torn down the doors and poured into the theatre!

Gratifying? Well, rather. Such adulation is the very life-blood of an actor. But it has its other aspects, as well.

For instance, during his performance one afternoon, several women rushed up the steps from the orchestra, on either side of the stage, and demanded his autograph. Before the ushers could stop them, others hopped up onto the stage. Guards were placed at the foot of the stairs just as every other woman in the house started to follow suit.

While in his box at the Fox Theatre in Detroit—Gene's act opened with him sitting there, singing into a microphone—he felt his ankles clutched by unseen hands, just as he started his song. Three girls were lying on their stomachs under a row of chairs and had lain there for nearly two hours in wait.

Every afternoon and evening, hundreds of women would block the stage door, so that he would find it impossible to pass through. In Chicago, he solved this problem by seldom leaving his dressing room between performances. When he played in Detroit, he entered and left the theatre through the boiler room, which led into the basement of the hotel next door. By using the service elevator, then, he could make his room without encountering any particular trouble.

So tremendous were the crowds desirous of seeing him in Detroit that for the first time in six months the balcony was opened. The third largest motion picture theatre in the United States, yet for half a year before Gene appeared there, even the orchestra had remained unfilled. With Raymond on the stage, every seat in its five thousand seating capacity was occupied, as well as two thousand patrons who lined the walls and aisles.

While standing by the window looking down on the crowd one afternoon, Gene suddenly was espied by an enthusiastic youngster, who immediately gave vent to his feelings. "We want Raymond!" went up the cry, and for half an hour this chant echoed.

"Throw us your cigarette butts!" came next. Tossing one to the youth who had requested it, others clamored for more. Among our souvenirs . . .

Even in the inner sanctum of his dressing room, he found there were persons who disregarded his right to privacy. This applied to his limousine, as well. One boy rented a messenger's uniform and thus gained access to his quarters. Three girls posed as waitresses and invaded the suite, carrying trays. Still others walked boldly in, with all manner of requests.

In one afternoon alone, he signed his name to more than fifteen hundred copies of a song sold in the lobby, and always there lay a high stack of autograph books to be gone through on his table. Women's clubs and radio stations and institutions of every description pursued him daily to appear for their benefit, and once, when he took a flying trip over the river to Windsor, Ontario, he found a delegation awaiting him with a corps of photographers.

Yes, indeed, Gene Raymond knows what it is to be fan-handled!

—WHITNEY WILLIAMS.

*Her mirror
is saying . . .*

**"YOUR BREATH
IS BAD!"**

When your tongue is coated . . . rinse your mouth with

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC

SCIENTIFIC findings show that where a "coated tongue" condition exists, bad breath is present in 75% of the cases. Make the tongue test tonight. Look in your mirror. If *your* tongue is coated, take no chances. Gargle and rinse your mouth well with Pepsodent Antiseptic.

This famous mouth antiseptic offers you a fresh, pure breath at $\frac{1}{3}$ the usual cost. That's because Pepsodent Antiseptic is 3 times as powerful as other leading kinds. It makes your money go 3 times as far . . . keeps breath sweet and wholesome 1 to 2 hours longer.

STARS OWN STORIES

Every month the stars themselves contribute stories to **HOLLYWOOD**. One of the most inspiring we have ever read is by Basil Rathbone, and you'll find it, along with others, in the August **HOLLYWOOD**.

AT LAST! A REAL POCKET RADIO

Can actually be carried in pocket or purse! No tubes or batteries—nothing to wear out. No crystals to adjust! Simply clip to any metal object as desks, beds, telephones, etc., for clear reception locally! One control gets all stations 50 up to 100 miles. **SHORT WAVE** and police calls also! No complicated hookups or wires needed! Verified 1800 mile reception from our shops using regular aerial! Foolproof and practical—great novelty. Can be used **ANYWHERE ANYTIME**—in auto, etc. Complete with tiny phone **NOTHING** else to buy—ready to listen! Send \$1.00 and pay postman \$1.95 plus post. or send \$2.99 (M.O. Currency Check). Ideal gift. Complete Inst. Inc. Guar. Order yours today! At better Dept. and Radio Stores.

5¢ LITTLE BLUE BOOKS

Great Books—new books—famous books. Over 200,000,000 have been sold. List includes modern fiction, mystery, love, adventure, humor, science, psychology, poetry, history, drama, law, biography, philosophy, and other subjects at only 5¢ per book. Send postcard for free catalogue of thousands of bargains. Address:

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Catalogue Dept., Desk M-128, Girard, Kansas

"She Grew Beautiful Before My Eyes!"

What would you say if you saw yourself suddenly transformed to radiant new beauty? Your complexion so clear and fresh, so exquisitely soft and fine that you seemed to have a brand new skin? Your cheeks glowing with delicate, natural color? Blackheads gone? Enlarged pores refined? Wrinkles smoothed out?

From the laboratory of a New York cosmetic chemist comes news of this startling beauty miracle. An amazing liquid has been created, you merely apply it to your face. In fifteen minutes it works its wonders. A friend of the chemist's who took a bottle home to his wife exclaimed: "She grew beautiful before my eyes."

Now for the first time this wonderful liquid is made available to the public. Its results are so sensational that we merely say: "Try it for yourself." We offer you a bottle for only 50¢ (one woman says it would be cheap at \$5.00). See for yourself how beautiful your skin becomes after a single application—how much fresher and younger you look.

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MITCHELL BEAUTY PRODUCTS, 4162 Washington, St. Louis, Mo.

How Crosby Plays Cupid

(Continued from page thirty)

was terribly jealous and wanted to find out if she really cared for him. We sat down on the swing. Thru the open window came your voice from the radio. The way Harry talked I realized he didn't know anything about Sis. He was in love with his illusion about her. His ideal.

Then I made my gigantic discovery. As we lay back on the swing listening to you croon it came to me suddenly that men love only the illusion which they, themselves, have created. Really love, I mean. Even an ugly girl—if she's not too ugly—can conform to their ideal. I moved closer to Harry. I talked in such a way that he'd understand that I fit into his pattern. In a little while he was holding my hand. It was a beautiful hour. When he left he asked if he might see me again. Was I thrilled!

I'll be an old maid no longer! Fortunately, I made this discovery early enough in life. Next month I'll be seventeen.

With all my grateful heart for your help,

—HAZEL.

Here is a letter which is almost the opposite:

My Dear Bing Crosby:

I'll admit that I'm not one of your fans. I'm just an old-fashioned mother. But my young daughter worships you. Even at the dinner table she won't permit us to talk or make any sound when you're on the air. She always listens with a rapt expression. I've tried to bring her up as a good, wholesome girl. But I've failed. We have terrible scenes occasionally. Even when I forbid her to go out she steals down the back stairs. She seldom comes home before two A. M. She thinks it smart to smoke and drink and neck—I hate that word!

Won't you do me a favor? You have such a tremendous influence on Katherine. And I appeal to you as the father of children of your own. Won't you write a song extolling the old-fashioned virtues? Teaching the younger generation that true happiness comes only from the wholesome things in life? If you do, thousands of parents will be grateful. I know it is silly to lay any blame on you but I'm just an anxious mother.

Your sincere friend,

—MRS. R. E.

The next letter strikes a note of tragic simplicity.

Mr. Bing Crosby:

Maybe you git no letters from men but I gotta wite you to say somethen. I bin sitten here for three days now drinken and listen to you sing on the gramophone and rememberen when Ella was here. I killed four quarts but I cant git drunk. I lose my job to because I dont go back to work but I dont care. Ella says when she left that shed git the divorce when she makes enough money and for me to take care of myself and not to worry. I dont blame her for leaven for shes much better off by herself. I only wish I didnt love her so much. Thats a hellava thing to love a woman so dam much your crazy and still do her no good when your around. But what I mean to write is that Ive put the revolver away. I somehow play your record THANKS on the gramophone and know I feel the same

way to. She give me four years of happiness which I dont deserve I guess. So thanks for all . . . And thanks to you to. You save my life even if it aint much good.

—KARL.

Forgit to say you sing that song dam good. Maybe you know how it is to feel like I do now.

The next letter should not properly be included. It is not the least bit typical. But your commentator found it irresistible. Judge for yourself.

Honorable Bing:

Perceiving my unmentionable debt to you I now little bit repay same. Accept, Honorable Sir, my colossal gratitude. Tenya have little eyes for me when I first make arrival from Japan. She American citizen. Me, she call—cock-eyed dope. Unusual words which I do not understand at time. Soon learn, though. And I experience most dejected sensation. But my heart will not permit dictates of horse sense judgement. Keep using phone in beseechings for date. Her respectable mother intercedes in my behalfs. We go out. I mutter sweet wordings about moon holding ocean in gentle embrace. Tenya say—Ah nuts. That observation very disturbing. But I persist with my Don Juaning. All time learning more of language and manners uncouth but ardent. One night, we quarrel. I go to hell in approved stultishness and end up in hospital from too abundance of Saki. Tenya and hon. mother come for visit. Parent make flutter with eye as she adjust radio to your commodious voice. She tip-toe out. Tenya and I alone. I recline on pillow with ears imbibing pleasant sensations. Tenya commits hand to my brow. I peer up. I disclose she is thinking most tender thoughts. I do action in this crises. I seize other hand desperately. I implore her to become hon. wife. She smile and answer dreamily—And will you cherish me always like moonlight on the water? I respond—Hell yes. After Justice of Peace enact strange ceremony our lips perform sweet American custom. Very satisfactory. Tank you so much.

Your humble servant,

—SESUE.

A great many letters come to Bing daily, typifying another type of love—mother love. Letters similar to the following are most frequent arrivals:

Dear Mr. Crosby:

Our daughter, Mary, disappeared from her home six months ago, and we haven't been able to locate her.

We are heart-broken and don't know what to do next.

I do know this, though. Wherever Mary is, I know she will be listening to your program on Tuesday night.

Please help us, Mr. Crosby, and tell her over the radio to come home.

—A HEART-BROKEN MOTHER.

But Bing is not permitted, by radio station rulings, to broadcast such personal appeals.

Next time you see him in a movie—and look at Mississippi for proof of what I say—notice how everybody starts holding hands when Bing starts singing. That, friends, is Cupid himself at work!

—DELL HOGARTH.

HOLLYWOOD

Shirley Temple Talks About Her Leading Men

(Continued from page thirty-one)

given a special place in her heart because of his ability and his understanding that little girls *did* like to be amused with pencil and paper.

The suave and polished Adolphe Menjou was her pet for awhile because, quite unexpectedly, he revealed a talent for hide-and-seek; Warner Baxter met her casual approval because he could lift her so-o-o-o high. And now she is adding another conquest to her string in John Boles, who plays opposite her in *Curly Top*.

In each of her leading men, Shirley Temple has mined qualities not given to less perceptive eyes to see. As she grows older she will understand that, and her appraisal of her leading men will not always be in the tangible words of the child.

That Shirley Temple today is infinitely less spoiled, infinitely less self-important than the average child of her years, is a tribute to her leading men, who have amused her and loved her.

—SONIA LEE

Love is Where you Find It!

(Continued from page thirty-two)

is fairly bursting with life and energy.

There is the miracle of the buds in springtime—the romance of the leaves and blossoms. If there is a tree anywhere in our vicinity, if there is a shrub, a bush or a vine—anything that bears leaves—we can fill our souls with the ecstasy of this phenomenon.

The small hard, brown husks beginning to burst and the pale green forcing its way through the loving grasp of the tiny shell till it flutters before us—a miniature leaf, then growing larger, larger and yet larger until the shrub, however small, and the tree, however big, are filled with these beautiful banners of deepening green, waving their welcome to the passerby and preparing for the time when the midday sun is so hot that humanity needs the sheltering arms of the overhanging boughs.

What a miracle! What romance! And in all the myriads and myriads of these leaves there are no two alike! What a stupendous variety of individuality!

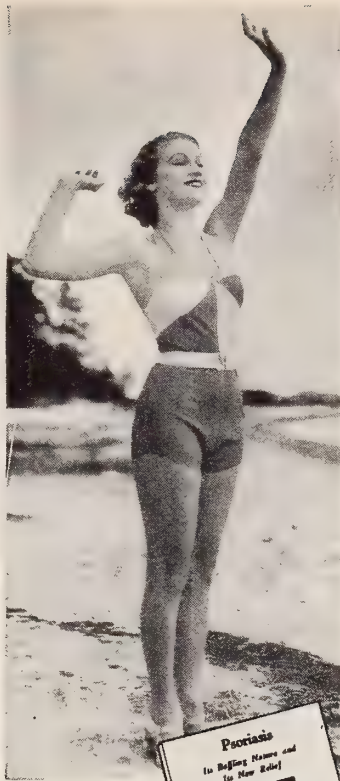
If a man really loves nature and the romance which nature expresses, and makes a study of nature he gains one hundred percent upon his investment—a full one hundred percent of satisfaction—without the danger of being on the wrong side of the market and going down in the crash of a panic.

We are in such a hurry these days. We are so occupied with what we are pleased to call the material things of life that we do not study sufficiently the wondrous handicraft of nature that grows up all around us, even in the midst of city life.

We are so absorbed in other matters that we are constantly passing by, without a thought, the very things that should most appeal to us in our search for the sublime the beautiful and the romantic.

To me, there is romance in everything. Romance, really, depends upon your approach to life and every-day living.

JULY, 1935



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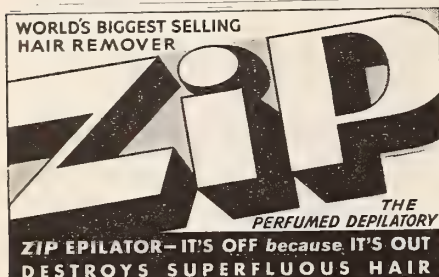
says Mrs. F. Rudolph, trained nurse of 4725 Lake Park Ave., Chicago, who wrote: "It was a lucky day for me when I heard of BonKora. Took off 40 lbs. in six weeks; found it harmless too. In fact, it made me feel stronger. I look 10 years younger. I always recommend BonKora to my patients." Get a bottle of BonKora. Eat plentifully of foods you like, as described in package. If one bottle does not convince you, Manufacturers refund your money. You risk nothing, so try it today.

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FLUFFO, Dept. 45 G ST. LOUIS, MO.

What I Think About Jean Harlow

(Continued from page twenty-four)

another scene where she had to be soaked. She didn't complain once, though I'm sure it was anything but pleasant for her. And if she didn't have such radiant health, it would take her weeks to break up the resulting cold.

One of the characteristics I have in mind when I say she has a man's attitude is her amazing sincerity. She is always perfectly frank. There is no half-way about her, she treats everyone the same way,—director, producer, or fellow-actor. When we were making *The Secret Six*, Wallace Beery once criticised her for some minor detail of her performance. Without hesitation she flared right back at him. Remember, at the time, her position wasn't nearly so important as his. But he admired her frankness—I believe their friendship dates from that day.

She never keeps things pent up inside herself. She doesn't nourish a grudge. If she has anything to say, she brings it out into the open, and then forgets about it. I like that.

● **LOOKING BACK** on our first picture together, the talks we had will always stand out in my mind. After her success in *Hell's Angels*, she was a step ahead of me on the way to success, yet she never made me feel that it was her picture any more than mine.

Neither of us knew much about the business, and we tried to figure things out together so the rest wouldn't realize how awfully green we really were. I remember Jean would ask me at the end of every scene—"How'm I doing?"

And I asked her the same.

We criticised each other, trying desperately to learn. Nobody else seemed to pay much attention to us. We were not among the chosen few who saw the daily rushes. Every good word Jean heard about me, she would rush to repeat to me. And things that weren't so good, too, because she knew that is one way of progressing.

We used to plan, jokingly, what we wanted if we ever did get to the top. Jean never particularly wanted fame. The lights and the crowds and the glamour of being a star never seemed to mean much to her, even before she had them. She wanted, sincerely, the happiness of knowing she had done a job well.

If you talked to her directors and other fellow-stars, I think you'll find that she feels the same way today.

She was, I remember, terribly afraid of being typed in "vamp" rôles. She was afraid that her part in *Hell's Angels* would mark her forever in the eyes of the fans. *Red Dust* wasn't much better. But she didn't complain.

She is, in my opinion, one of Hollywood's best comédiennes, and I feel that she is right in wanting to do more comedy. Certainly few stars in Hollywood could have equalled her wonderful performance in *Bombshell*. I hope she is given the chance to do more pictures like that.

She is a thoughtful person, considerate of those around her. Every morning she has coffee and doughnuts on the set. Instead of ordering one cup of coffee and a couple of doughnuts sent to her dressing room, she orders a huge pot of coffee

and a couple of dozen doughnuts for the entire company.

Because of little things like this, every extra I've ever talked with adores her. Sometimes they are critical of other stars, who may be, in their eyes, ritzy or up-stage. But Jean stands ace high with all of them.

Having grown out of the extra ranks herself, she has not forgotten her friends and acquaintances among them. Out of every crowd, on our pictures, she will find a familiar face or two. It's always—"Hello, Eddie!"—"Hi, there, Janet!"

● **SHE HAS** boundless enthusiasm—a quality so many people outgrow. In many ways she is like a kid in her pleasure over little things. Just the other day a property boy who had worked with her on *Bombshell* brought her a live rabbit. She couldn't have been more pleased if it had been an expensive gift.

Because they like her, everyone who works with her tries to make things easier for her—even though she isn't a demanding person, and prefers to do things for herself. She has told me of making the dance scene in *Reckless*. She had never danced for the camera and was terribly nervous. She had to do her stuff in front of a hundred or so bit players—all of them chosen for their expert dancing. If they had so much as whispered a word of criticism, she told me, she wouldn't have been able to go through with it. Instead they applauded her, and kept crying out, "That's the stuff, Jean!"—"You've got it now!"

And their enthusiasm meant so much to her that by the third "take" she was dancing like a professional!

It has always been a bond between us that we started at about the same time, and our progress has been more or less parallel. Neither of us can remember "way back to the silent days." We went to the same class in the same school, in other words, and we've been promoted in the same pictures. Of course, in between, we each went separate ways, she with other leading men and I with other leading ladies.

After a picture, we make no effort to keep up our friendship. But when we see each other again, we seem to pick up where we left off, regardless of what has happened to us in the meantime. It's marvellous and rare to have a friend like that. Most friendships are lost unless they are kept alive.

Probably this outburst puts me in the class of her fans. I am. And I think you'll find that everyone who really knows Jean feels just the same way.

Joan Debunks the Bennett Legends

● **FOR** a personal peek behind the curtain of myths surrounding this always exciting Bennett clan, we commend the story in the

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What I Think About Clark Gable

(Continued from page twenty-five)

You think, "Maybe my nose is shiny," or "Does my hair look right?" or "What if my lips aren't on straight?"

With Clark you don't care if your nose is powdered or not, or whether you have on an old pair of slippers. You feel that he likes you because you're a human being. You can be at ease with him, comfortable. This may seem a small point but it's awfully important to me. Or to any woman—I've noticed the same reaction in others. I think it's an important part of Clark's charm.

He's a completely natural person. He does all the little things for a woman that other men do—offers me a light for my cigarette, pulls out a chair for me, and so forth. But so many men have rather an air of preening themselves when they're being gallant. Clark, quite naturally, wants to help you. And his unobtrusive way of offering the small courtesies represents true gallantry. Women must sense this through his screen performances. I believe it's another explanation of his success.

● He is highly considerate. He always seems, for instance, as vitally interested in my problems as in his own. Sometimes when we rehearse I have difficulty with a bit of dialogue. A line won't read in a way that sounds natural to me. Or perhaps it is out of character with the rôle I'm playing. Nine times out of ten Clark will say, "How would it be if Jean read the line like this?" Then he makes a suggestion that solves the problem.

I have the feeling that he is just as anxious for me to give a good performance as to give one himself. For instance, if we're doing a scene which is more important to my rôle than his, he still gives of his best to help me. Even if it's just a business of "feeding" me a line.

He is amusing, humorous. It is difficult to write of jokes and casual conversations—they always sound a bit flat when repeated. Between scenes we often talk of horses. I'm crazy about riding and of course polo is one of Clark's main loves.

He is interested in all sorts of things, and all sorts of people. I believe this is another explanation of his charm. He loves talking to all kinds of men, learning their hopes and ambitions, the way they live. Often he goes over to the extras and chats with them. In our present picture *China Seas*, we have a lot of Oriental extras and Clark enjoys talking to them.

Of course they all think him a "velly nice man!" One of them spent hours whittling away on a bit of wood, making a curiously complicated puzzle which he presented to Clark.

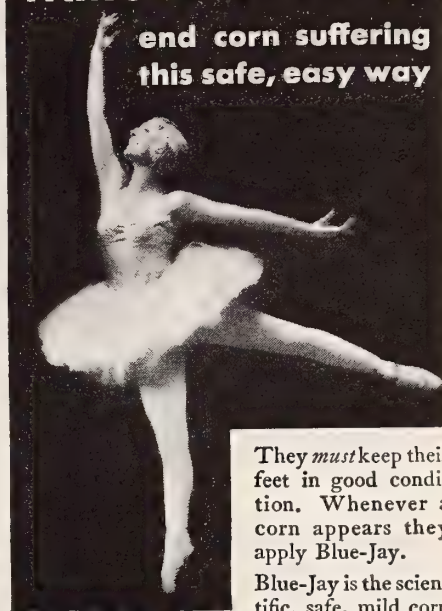
Our sets always have this nice feeling of friendliness between the extras, the bit players, and all the others. It would be difficult to work under any other condition. With everybody, Clark is kindly and understanding. And if he can be so considerate toward these people—who really mean nothing to him—how much more would he be toward a friend!

He is dependable, too—another important quality in friendship. I feel that he

[Continued on page 62]

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What I Think About Clark Gable

(Continued from page sixty-one)

would be big enough to handle any situation with complete ease. He never fusses or frets. He looks clearly at a problem and sees the right thing to do. He seldom argues. Quietly, he thinks things out, and then what he says always has real meaning.

He is, of course, an excellent actor. (And I believe it is an important indication of character when a man excels at his trade, whatever it is.) As a working partner, I couldn't ask for more. He gives so much to each part that I have to keep up with him. He constantly keys me up.

Today, for instance, we did a scene in *China Seas* in which the suspense is terrific. It was a difficult and dramatic bit. Yet Clark was so vibrantly master of the scene that he gave me something to shoot at.

● PERSONALLY, He has more stability than many men I have known. You feel this when you talk with him. He seems to know where he stands, and where he is going. He won't change.

Even more important, he has the ability to follow-through. I admire that tremendously. He has made a success and stuck with it, even though there have been times when it wasn't easy.

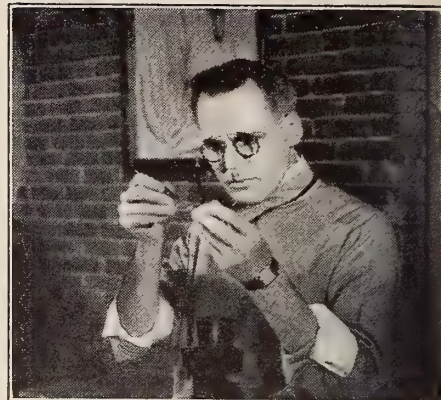
I have seen him, for instance, work twice as hard for a rôle in which he didn't quite believe as he would have worked for a rôle he really liked. He never quits on the job for any reason. He wouldn't be a fair-weather friend.

There! When your editor suggested that I do this story telling "what I think of Clark Gable," I warned him that it might sound like a Pollyanna yarn. Perhaps I've been too darned complimentary. But anyone who knows me will realize that I couldn't say such things unless I whole-heartedly meant them. And sincerely I think Clark Gable is the grandest guy in the world.

Watch Topper's Face

(Continued from page thirty-six)

Henry Hull in—



THE WEREWOLF OF LONDON—

(Universal) is the latest contribution to the horror picture fans. This film carries a weird Tibet superstition to London where a series of terrifying events reach a smashing climax. Henry Hull is good in the rôle of a botanist who defies Tibetan warnings in his search for a strange moon

flower. Warner Oland supplies the mystery element in his usual expert fashion. If you take this human wolf stuff seriously, you will shake in your boots with Valerie Hobson, who as the wife of the botanist nearly falls victim to the werewolf. Clark Williams fades from the picture just when you would like to see more of him.

Henry Hull recently closed a long run in Tobacco Road on the Los Angeles stage, terminated his Universal contract. Valerie Hobson, 18 and English, is a promising newcomer from musical comedy. Clark Williams, born in Canada as Lee Crowe, came from the stage to make an instant hit as best of new crop of juveniles.

Will Rogers in—



DOUBTING THOMAS—(Fox) Based upon a stage play by George Kelly, this Will Rogers vehicle does not hit previous top performances largely because Will is forced to overclown. The star is faced with the proposition of discouraging his wife, Billie Burke, from attempting a stage career. He wins his battle, but a good many in the audience won't care. Rogers fans will find the picture satisfying despite the fact that Will is forced to do an imitation of Bing Crosby crooning.

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Why Myrna Loy is a Bachelor Girl

(Continued from page twenty-two)

spent a long afternoon with Myrna in her little hillside house. She came back to the studio, baffled and bewildered.

"We had a great time," she sighed, "Myrna talked and talked. But, when I walked out the front door, I realized that she hadn't told me a thing I didn't know about her. All I really learned from that interview was the recipe for the heavenly rolled sandwiches which we had with tea. And her cook gave me that."

Two of Hollywood's most formidable interviewers tackled her at one time. If one failed to find material for a story, the other surely would, they explained. They descended upon Myrna's studio dressing room with a grim determination in their faces. They came back to my office two hours later with blank eyes and no story.

"She answered our questions," they chorused. "She talked about her work and the studio and music. She even gossiped a little, like any normal woman. But we couldn't find out one thing about her personal life or her own thoughts."

I always smile when people talk about the mystery of Garbo. Compared to Myrna Loy, Garbo's life is an open book. Myrna doesn't publicize her mystery. She doesn't admit it. She denies it.

"I'm not trying to be secretive or mysterious," she told me, "I'm simply scared to death of interviews. I tremble inside and can't think of anything to say. I want to give them interesting stories, but I don't know how to do it."

Myrna may believe that. And she may not. But I know that she's wrong. She can be a most fluent conversationalist—when she chooses. When the discussion is impersonal and general, Myrna talks easily and often brilliantly. But, when it swerves into personal channels, she becomes smilingly silent. Not rudely. Not abruptly. Merely firmly and solidly like a stone wall. You can batter your head against it, as long as you have strength, but it will not break.

Myrna is diabolically clever. Women would be wiser, and perhaps happier, if they would learn her lesson of well-timed silence. One afternoon I watched Myrna turn an experienced newspaper woman from a carefully planned attack against Myrna's private life into a discussion of ancient and modern surgery. They concluded the interview by looking at Myrna's collection of medical books. The woman left without learning the answer to the question which she had come to ask. Are you in love with a certain actor?

All Hollywood knows that Myrna is in love with some one. She has that look of a woman, loved and loving. Everyone seems to know who it is. But everyone mentions a different name. An actor. Another actor. A director. A producer. A business man. A writer. A half dozen others.

After several years of knowing and watching Myrna, I've finally decided that there is nothing really mysterious about her.

Myrna is a pioneer in the true New Freedom for women. She makes the "bachelor girls" of yesterday look like silly, noisy mimics of masculinity. There is nothing blatant or masculine about Myrna and her creed. She is utterly

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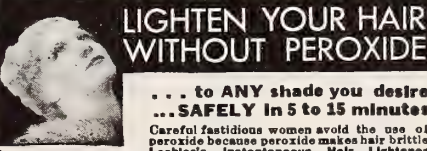
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● ONCE A well-meaning young press agent, searching for his quota of paragraphs for the daily newspaper columns, wrote that when Myrna was suddenly called for work one night, she asked her maid to phone two men to break her engagements with them. A newspaper printed the little item. Myrna was courteously but vigorously upset about it. In the first place, it was untrue. The young man had thought that he was enchanting Myrna's romantic popularity. In the second place, it was an intrusion upon that other life away from the studio. If Myrna had other reasons for her displeasure, she didn't mention them. But you and I know that, if there is one man of importance to her, and there must be, he would not like the public mention of another.

One day I went to Myrna's home for luncheon. She had just returned from a vacation. No one knew where she had been, but we supposed the desert. It was winter and Myrna loves the sun. She was living at that time in a house in Brentwood, which she had rented, furnished. The house was set far back from the quiet street and presented a blind, white stucco front to passers-by. But the living room windows opened onto a wide terrace and a walled garden, set high on a bluff, where Myrna could lie in the sun and see, without being seen.

I asked her about her vacation and she laughed, that low, rippling Loy laugh, which crinkles her slanting eyes.

"I've been right here at home all the time," she giggled, "Hiding out in my own house. Only three people, except the servants knew where I was."

She didn't tell me who the three people were. I wanted to ask. But I didn't.

We had fried chicken and hot biscuits on a card table before the blazing fire in the living room, while the noontime sunshine poured in through the open windows. There is nothing anemic about Myrna's appetite. She enjoys her food with a healthy gusto, born of her Montana childhood, when she was a skinny, little girl with carrotty braids pulled back tightly from her freckled face. That is Myrna's own description of her younger tomboy self.

I had gone to that luncheon, determined to break through the barrier of Myrna's silence. I learned just three things. She was in love, quietly, glintingly in love. She hoped, of course, to marry some day. She had never been in New York.

A few weeks later I talked to Myrna in a Hollywood apartment. She had left the Brentwood house when its owners returned. She hated the apartment. She felt as if she were living in a gold fish bowl. Her neighbors could see and know

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everything which she did. She could see and hear them. She couldn't play her favorite records after midnight and Myrna loves music in the wee, small hours. The apartment house was a fashionable one, filled with people from the various studios. It brought her two lives too close together.

So Myrna found another house with complete seclusion for a modern spinster who wants to live her own life in her own way. It was set far back in a high-walled canyon. Myrna left the owner's name on the mail box at the edge of the street.

Until two years ago Myrna lived with her mother, her younger brother and an aunt. Then her mother went to Europe and Myrna moved into a home of her own. She settled down to a new order of living. When her mother returned, Myrna continued to live alone. That was a part of the freedom which Myrna had learned to demand and to achieve. She sees her family several times a week.

A few months ago Hollywood thought that, at last, it had glimpsed the Myrna behind the mask. She was in love with Ramón Novarro and the romance was not veiled in secrecy. They played together in *The Barbarian* and, when the picture was finished, they went here and there together. Ramón departed for a European concert tour and Myrna moved into his home during his absence. Everyone, who could reach Myrna, asked the same question, "Are you going to marry Ramón when he returns?" And everyone received the same answer, a puzzling, enigmatic smile. Myrna neither affirmed nor denied the rumors of serious romance.

● Ramón returned. Myrna did not meet him at the station. But Ramón went to her home—she had, of course, moved from his house—as soon as he had greeted his family. They dined together frequently. Myrna talked freely of her friendship and admiration for Ramón. "He is a constant source of amazement to me," she said, "You never know what Ramón you will find. Sometimes he is a silly, crazy, charming boy. Again he is a mature, thoughtful, almost melancholy man. He is one of my closest friends." The rumors of romance died because there was nothing to nourish them. They were replaced by whispers that the Novarro romance was merely a part of the Loy mask. Myrna is the only one who knows the truth.

Myrna's studio dressing room suite, two rooms and a shower, is at the end of the second story of the long frame building which houses the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer players. At the opposite end of the narrow balcony are the quarters of Greta Garbo, the other and more publicized Sphinx. But the greater of the two, I believe, is Myrna. Because her sphinxness is cloaked in a smiling friendliness and a healthy American appearance of frank candor.

Myrna has given up her dancing and sculpture, the two careers which she planned before Rudolph Valentino and his wife discovered her and introduced her to motion pictures. Myrna reads constantly and knows more about medical science than the average layman. She liked working in *Men in White*, because hospitals and doctors' offices fascinate her.

I have known Myrna for several years. I've talked to her hours on end, lunched with her, teared with her, worked with her. She isn't a mystery. She is a young woman who has the courage of her convictions. But, still, sometimes I wonder—

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... 5.50-17	3.35	1.15
28x5.50-18	3.35	1.15
29x5.50-19	3.35	1.15
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33x6.00-21	3.65	1.25
32x6.50-20	3.75	1.35

HEAVY DUTY TRUCK TIRES

Size	Tires	Price
6.00-20	\$3.75	\$1.65
6.50-20	4.45	1.95
7.00-20	5.95	2.95
7.50-20	6.95	3.75
8.25-20	8.95	4.95
8.25-22	9.95	4.45
9.00-20	10.95	5.65
9.75-20	13.95	6.45

REGULAR CORD TIRES

Size	Tires	Price
30x3	\$2.25	\$0.65
30x3 1/2	2.35	0.75
31x4	2.95	0.85
32x4	2.95	0.85
33x4	2.95	0.85

ALL OTHER SIZES—ORDERS FILLED PROMPTLY

SAVE MONEY—ORDER TODAY

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6250-52 South Morgan Street
Gentlemen: Please ship the following to

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Send \$1.00 Deposit with each tire ordered (\$4.00 deposit on each truck tire). Balance C.O.D. If you send cash in full deduct 5%. Year's service guaranteed, or replacement at 1/2 price. **Order Today.**

Atlas Tire & Rubber Co., Dept. 83-P
6250-52 South Morgan Street, Chicago, Ill.

Free for Asthma and Hay Fever

If you suffer with attacks of Asthma so terrible you choke and gasp for breath, if Hay Fever keeps you sneezing and snuffing while your eyes water and nose discharges continuously, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a life-time and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address

Frontier Asthma Co., 324-W Frontier Bldg.,
462 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Star Gazing in Hollywood

IT ISN'T every day you can witness the birth of a new star. Yet that very thing is happening at Metro.

Her name is Luise Rainer, and she is making her first motion picture. How, then, can one say that here is a future star of the films? After all, no one can predict the unpredictable!

That's all true enough. The fact remains that Luise Rainer will, before very long, be a new star, adored, popular, her name a byword, her face as familiar as your own neighbor's. A strange thing to contemplate, all that! And at first blush, a very brash prediction to make by a mere mortal.

But come along; we'll try to convince you that this is no Hollywood hokey. Right now she's lunching in that teeming, noisy, cramped cafe on the studio lot. She's a wisp of a girl, really. Look at that windblown hair, those bewitched black eyes, the—well, the rest of her. It's all there, and very good, what? Let's say hello; might as well meet her now.

Her small hand has an iron grip, her eyes are filled with lurking devils. She speaks, for a girl fresh from Vienna, rather good English. Only two months has she been here and Hollywood has not touched her in the slightest. Today she got another ticket for speeding, but "ach," she has no use for those funny pieces of paper. "I hand them back to him. I say, 'Luise she don't want. You keep for her, what?' And he take it back." She rides that small roadster like a winged demon.

● WE'LL follow her onto the set. Her first picture! And what's this—William Powell and Luise Rainer in "Masquerade." How did this astonishing little thing draw M-G-M's ace star? We hear the story presently; Myrna Loy had worked two weeks in the picture and withdrew. So Mr. Mayer put Luise in her place.

It does seem incredible. But they will show you why. Some phone calls, and the Rainer (pronounced Ryner) screen test is ready to be shown. As we sit in the dark, tiny projection room we feel as if we are indeed eavesdropping on a secret confab of the three Fates. That piquant face swims into the scene; enchantment enters the stuffy little room suddenly filled with a voice of indescribable beauty. How exquisite that cameo face, so carelessly lovely! Yet she could be ugly, and one would forget. For no one needs to whisper

that this is to be one of the great actresses in pictures.

Stumbling out into the glare of day again, it is not the sun that blinds. It is the shocking force of a discovery. Now you know the thrill of a powerful producer who has reached out, across unknown leagues, to touch the shoulder of an unknown and nominate her for fame and wealth.

Quite naturally, you suddenly think of Garbo. And what happened to her. What will happen to this little Luise? Will she be frightened into hoarding her private life like a miser? And then you chuckle; how different her present stills will look when Hollywood artistry has taken her in hand! You remember those first pictures of Garbo, in her checkered suit, and smile again.

Nominated for Fame!



You may be the first to learn that Luise Rainer has the inner circle of Hollywood producers firm in the belief that she will be the great discovery of 1935. See for yourself when "Masquerade" comes to town

● WHO IS this child of destiny? Why grow so excited over a complete unknown? Because, for one thing, we want you to know before any one else can tell you, that you witnessed the birth of a star. That you may experience that tingle of discovery. Luise is 22. Her father lived for many years in the United States, becoming a naturalized citizen, and then returned to his native land to set up as a merchant in Dusseldorf. Her mother, Emy Rainer, had never set foot behind the scenes of a theatre. Certainly no theatrical blood in that parentage!

At sixteen, poverty forced Luise to consider a job. She applied for an audition at the Luise Dumont theatre in Dusseldorf, and was promptly hugged to the bosom of Fraulein Dumont herself. Max Reinhardt placed her in mature roles in Vienna. Within a few years she was acclaimed in Vienna, Berlin, Paris, London, everywhere.

And now she is here.

Her active feet beat a tattoo on the threshold of stardom. What will happen to her? Somehow, that question is a little frightening, as if already one had peered too closely into the secrets of the future.

Jack Smalling

Managing Editor of HOLLYWOOD

*Tattoo your
lips!*



a New Red from the South Seas

Hawaii brings you the glorious red of the wild Hibiscus flower in a really new kind of lipstick! Called TATTOO "HAWAIIAN." It's a new shade of red, unusually bright and luscious . . . almost a Chinese lacquer red, a shade that gives life, dash, and vivid individuality. It's brilliant, saucy . . . decidedly daring . . . yet not hard to wear because with all its vividness it imbues the lips with a soft, sincere, feminine warmth they have never had before. This shade has been dreamed of ever since indelible lipsticks first were made, but because it would turn purple on the lips, could not be used. Now, TATTOO, and TATTOO only, offers this stunning shade in an infinitely indelible, extremely transparent stick which positively will not turn even the least bit purplish. It can't! Only "HAWAIIAN" gives you this gorgeous new red that stays red. Go Native!

ACTUALLY TRY IT AT THE TATTOO COLOR SELECTOR

Your favorite toilet goods dealer invites you to test, on your own skin, all five shades of TATTOO at the Tattoo Color Selector, illustrated here and readily found wherever fine toilet goods are sold.

TATTOO IS \$1



TATTOO "HAWAIIAN"

PUT IT ON • • LET IT SET • • WIPE IT OFF • • ONLY THE COLOR STAYS

CLEAN WHITE CIGARETTE
PAPER FOR CHESTERFIELDS...

"poured"
like milk
and just
as pure...



To make
Chesterfield cigarette paper,
the linen pulp of the flax plant is washed
over and over again in water as pure as a
mountain stream.

So thin is this crisp white paper that an
18-inch reel contains enough for 55,000
Chesterfields — actually over 2 miles of paper

*Chesterfield paper must be pure
Chesterfield paper must burn right
It must have no taste or odor*

Liquid paper in
"beating" machines
of the Champagne
Paper Co.

—the cigarette that's Milder
—the cigarette that Tastes Better

Hollywood

A Fawcett Publication

August



NOW

5¢

FORMERLY


10c in Canada



JOAN
Debunks the
Bennett Legends

Katharine Hepburn
and Charles Boyer
rehearse a song for
"Break of Hearts"
See Page 24

BING CROSBY'S SONG OF LOVE




I'll never let you down
I'm your best friend
I am your **Lucky Strike**

For a friendly smoke—it's the tobacco that counts. I am made of fragrant, expensive center leaves only; the finest, most expensive Turkish and domestic tobaccos grown.

Copyright 1941
The American Tobacco Company



*Try me
I'll never
let you
down*



"I found a little
SECRET OF POPULARITY
that so many women
OVERLOOK"

"FOR years I was left out of things—a young girl who rarely had a date and never had a beau. Now that is all changed. I am invited everywhere... life is gay and interesting—and all because I discovered a little secret of popularity that so many women overlook."

Popular People Realize It

Popular people are never guilty of halitosis (unpleasant breath), the unforgivable social fault. That is one of the reasons they are popular. Realizing that anyone may have bad breath without knowing it, they take this easy pleasant precaution against it—Listerine, the

quick deodorant, used as a mouth rinse. Most causes of halitosis, says a great dental authority, are due to fermenting food in the mouth. Tiny particles which even careful tooth brushing fails to remove, decompose and release odors. It happens even in normal mouths. No wonder so many breaths offend!

Listerine quickly halts such fermentation, then it overcomes the odors it causes. The breath—indeed the entire mouth—becomes fresher, cleaner, more wholesome. Get in the habit of using Listerine. It's an investment in friendship. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.



Keep your breath beyond suspicion. Use LISTERINE before meeting others

Discovered

IN A
HOLLYWOOD PROJECTION ROOM!



Together,
A GREAT
STAR and
a NEW STAR

The hush in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer projection room turned to a muffled whisper...the whisper rose to an audible hum... and in less than five minutes everybody in the room knew that a great new star had been born—**LUISE RAINER**—making her first American appearance in "Escapade", **WILLIAM POWELL**'S great new starring hit! It was a historic day for Hollywood, reminiscent of the first appearance of Garbo — another of those rare occasions when a great motion picture catapults a player to stardom.



William Powell adds another suave characterization to his long list of successes...and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer swells the longest list of stars in filmdom with another brilliant name — Luise Rainer!



Aristocrat, sophisticate, innocent — one wanted romance, the other wanted excitement — but one wanted his heart — and won it!...Sparkling romance of an artist who dabbled with love as he dabbled with paints...and of a girl who hid behind a mask — but could not hide her heart from the man she loved!

WILLIAM POWELL ⁱⁿ *Escapade* ^{with} LUISE RAINER

FRANK MORGAN
VIRGINIA BRUCE
REGINALD OWEN
MADY CHRISTIANS

A Robert Z. Leonard Production
Produced by Bernard H. Hyman
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture



Hollywood

The News Reel of the Stars

Today in Hollywood

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

Prediction . . .

FRANCHOT TONE will emerge as one of the big stars of 1935, due to the workings of blind Fate. Henry Wilcoxon withdrew from *Lives of a Bengal Lancer*, and Tone stepped in. Robert Montgomery was forced out of *Mutiny On the Bounty* by conflicting work, and Tone stepped in. But luck has nothing to do with his performances. Watch Tone!



Movies and Business . . .

THOSE WHO doubt the power of pictures as a public influence should look into the bus business. After *It Happened One Night* the bus lines, according to Orville Caesar, head of Greyhound, showed increased business directly traced to the film. The number of women traveling by bus was upped fifteen per cent. All hoping to find Gable among the passengers?

Raiding the Radio . . .

PICTURES DENUDED the stage of its stars. Now it is radio, with all the big broadcasts forced to originate in Hollywood . . . because all the radio stars have gone into movies! At Paramount are Ben Bernie, George Burns and Gracie Allen, hosts of others making *The Big Broadcast*. While Jello performance follows Jack Benny to Metro, for *Broadway Melody*. While waiting for these two big productions to finish, you'll have to tune in on Hollywood.



Foster Parents . . .

ALBERT JOLSON, JR., got an earache and had to spend two weeks in the Hollywood Children's Hospital. Now Al and Ruby Jolson can consider themselves initiated into parenthood, for all babies, even adopted ones, have their woes.

Margaret Sullavan's Marriage Problem

AS PREDICTED by many in Hollywood, Margaret Sullavan's marriage to her director, William Wyler, has struck upon the rocks of conflicting temperaments. It was a surprise when she flew off on an elopement, with the very man she had been quarreling with all through *The Good Fairy*, but hardly a surprise to learn that marriage didn't change the tempers of either of them.

NEWS

Real Story About Anna Sten . . Jackie Cooper Pays Uncle Sam Old Debt . .
Kay Francis Romances With Millionaire . . Rumors Bring Smiles From Connie

Why Anna Stepped Down

IT WAS DR. EUGENE FRENKE's insistence that Sam Goldwyn wasn't doing right, artistically speaking, by Anna Sten, and not recently-developed temperament on Anna's part, that brought about the severance of business relations between the astute Sam and his so-called "million-dollar Russian folly."

Anna drew a cash settlement on her \$2,500-a-week contract, which still had two and one-half months to run.

It was Goldwyn's decision to continue the actress on a one-picture-a-year basis until she was more firmly entrenched in the hearts of American filmgoers that resulted in the loudest protests from Anna's husband.

La Sten's first year in this country was devoted solely to the task of mastering the English language. Then came *Nana*, followed by *We Live Again* and *Her Wedding Night*. The latter did much to swell her prestige.

Within twenty-four hours after Goldwyn tore up his pact with her, Columbia had signed Anna.

• •

Jackie Pays Off

JACKIE COOPER recently made one of his periodical visits to the Los Angeles courts, where he won permission to dip into the substantial trust fund built from his movie earnings. Seems that Uncle Sam sent Jackie a bill for an extra \$3,277 on his 1932 income, and Jackie believes in protecting his credit rating by prompt payment.

At the same time, his mother, Mrs. Mabel Cooper Bigelow, won approval on her petition for use of one-half of what Jackie receives from radio, advertising royalties and other sources aside from his talkie work—little ex-



"MOTHER MCCREA"—is the song title for this pose of Joel and his mother

tras that now average \$497 weekly—to provide her boy with "a home befitting his station in life."

• •

It's On Again

WITH THE LAST possibility of a reconciliation between Roger Pryor and his estranged wife having faded, Roger's romance with the vivacious

Ann Sothern is again traveling forward with real momentum. Now comes Columbia to take advantage of the wide publicity given the pair's attachment by casting them as co-stars of *The Girl Friend*.

• •

Kay Francis Romances

BEAUTIFUL, MODISH and thrice-wed Kay Francis is believed definitely headed altarward, this time with the millionaire New York socialite, Bertrand Taylor, brother of our own Countess Dorothy di Frasso, who has become Kay's pal and confidante. It is Bertrand who ships Kay those rare flowers, packed in vacuum-sealed containers, from many parts of the world; it was Bertrand who sent her that costly emerald necklace last Christmas.

Kay met Taylor during her sojourn at the Countess' castle in Italy.

• •

Why Connie Smiles

CONSTANCE BENNETT is again laughing up that proverbial sleeve.

"Now comes the divorce!" opined Hollywood know-it-alls when the Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudraye visited the immigration bureau to put his passport in order for a jaunt to his native France. But as it turns out, Hank is going over on a mission that has nothing to do with the courts.

After taking care of some matters preliminary to the European release of his Indo-China color film, *Kliou*, he will gather together a flock of the priceless Coudraye ancestral antiques for shipment here, where they will grace the new mansion Connie has built in Brentwood—a mansion that the Marquis will share with his wife.




HEDGING into this photo are Edward G. Robinson, Francis Lederer, Bob Hoover, Anita Louise, Frank Morgan, Jesse Lasky (host at party) Janet Beecher and Nino Martini, guest of honor

—Photos by Charles Rhodes

HOLLYWOOD

"Accent on Youth"



Should a girl marry a man of her own age or should she choose a more mature husband? Can a girl in her twenties find happiness with a man twice her age? Granted that May and December are mismated; but what about June and September?

Millions of girls for millions of years have asked themselves these questions and attempted to answer them in their own lives.

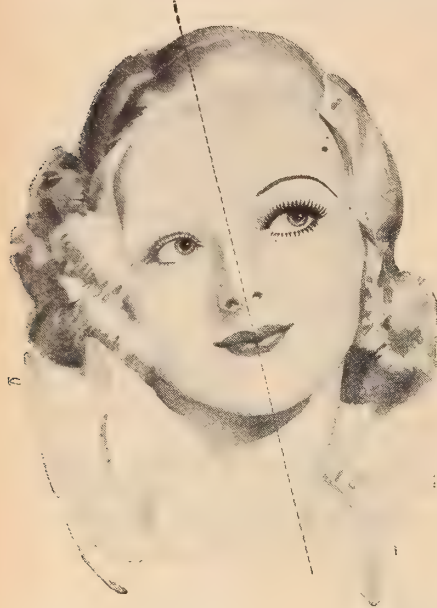
Now the question—and one of the several possible answers—has been made the theme of one of the most charming screen romances of the season, Paramount's "Accent on Youth". . . As a stage play "Accent on Youth" won acclaim from the Broadway critics and tremendous popularity with the theatre-goers. Opening late in 1934 it promises to continue its successful run well into the summer of 1935.

Sylvia Sidney plays the screen role of the girl who comes face to face with this age-old question. She is adored by young, handsome and athletic Phillip Reed and she is loved by the brilliant and successful but more mature playwright, Herbert Marshall . . . Which man shall she choose? . . . That is the question around which the entire plot revolves and to answer it in print would spoil the delightful suspense which the author, Samson Raphaelson, developed to a high degree in his original New York stage success and which Director Wesley Ruggles maintains with equal success and charm in the screen play.

In the supporting cast are such well-known players as Holmes Herbert and Ernest Cossart. The latter is playing the same role on the screen as that which he created in the original Broadway stage production.



WHAT A DIFFERENCE!



**what a truly amazing difference
Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids
do make**

DO you carefully powder and rouge, and then allow scraggly brows and pale, scanty lashes to mar what should be your most expressive feature, your eyes? You would be amazed at the added loveliness that could be so easily yours with Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids!

Simply darken your lashes into long-appearing, luxuriant fringe with the famous Maybelline Eyelash Darkener, and see how the eyes instantly appear larger and more expressive. It is absolutely harmless, non-smarting, and tear-proof, and keeps the lashes soft and silky. Black for brunettes, Brown for blondes.



Now a bit of Maybelline Eye Shadow blended softly on your eyelids, and notice how the eyes immediately take on brilliance and color, adding depth and beauty to the expression. There are five exquisite shades of this pure, creamy shadow: Blue, Brown, Blue-Grey, Violet, and Green.



Form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking, easy-to-use Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. A perfect pencil that you will adore. It comes in Black or Brown.



To stimulate the natural growth of your lashes, apply the pure, nourishing Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream before retiring.

The name Maybelline is your assurance of purity and effectiveness. These famous products in purse sizes are now within the reach of every girl and woman at all leading 10c stores. Try them today and see what an amazing difference Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids can make in your appearance.



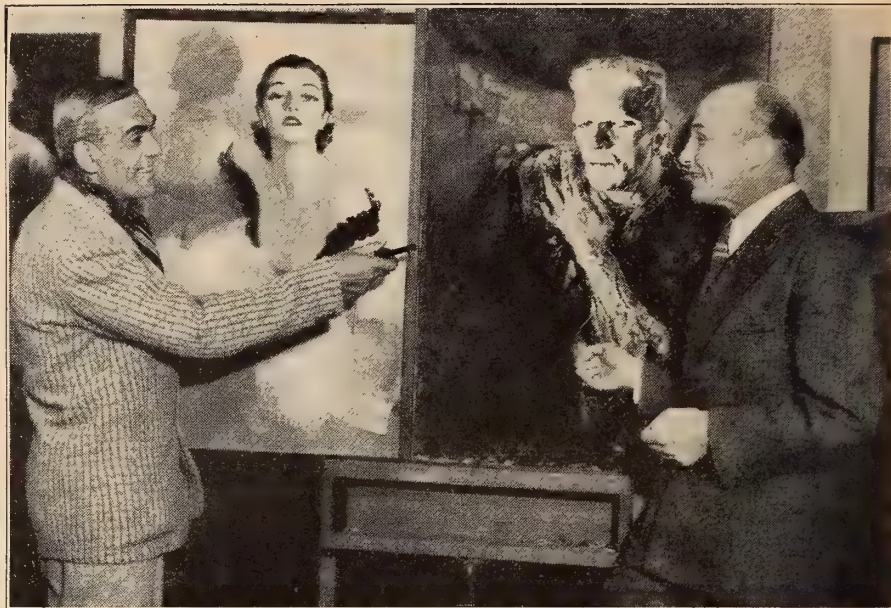
All Maybelline Preparations bear the seal of approval



Maybelline
EYE BEAUTY AIDS

NEWS

Garbo Sails For Sweden . . So Brent Finds Other Pursuits . . A Yarn About Gene Raymond . . And Elissa Landi Is Freed



Beauty and beast . . . Boris Karloff views Artist Rolph Armstrong's contrasting paintings

George Settles Down

NOW THAT GRETA GARBO, his playmate of recent months, has departed for Europe, George Brent is busying himself with the formation of a California Escadrille, an aerial organization that will aid impoverished youths in the study of aviation in peacetime and offer its services to Uncle Sam in case of war.

Incorporation papers are now being drafted by Brent's attorney. The Escadrille will be state-wide in its scope, with the Hollywood unit to be designated as the Black Cats, its planes carrying an ebony feline as insignia. Warren William, Lew Ayres, Gordon Westcott, Ben Lyon, Jimmy Dunn and Harmon O. Nelson already have filed their membership applications.

There is a likelihood, too, that la Garbo will be named an honorary colonel in the outfit, for Brent, during the course of his recent romance with The Glamorous One, has discussed many of the plans with her.

• •

How Actors Keep Thin

BLOND GENE RAYMOND, mobbed by enthusiastic femininity in every city on his recent personal appearance tour, returned to Hollywood ten pounds underweight, the result of having to battle his way through stage door crowds.

Then, just as he thought he was set to win back the lost avoirdupois, an eighteen-year-old San Francisco stenographer, one Helen Zeh, announced her betrothal to the handsome thespian.

And, being a gentleman, all Gene could answer was:

"Well, well, I am delighted. But I wish someone would introduce me to the young lady."

• •

Elissa Takes A Stand

FROM NOW ON, if you will take Elissa Landi's word for it, she is going to live her own life, and not that of someone thousands of miles away.

Elissa made her emancipation declaration as she left Hollywood for a vacation in New York following the ordeal of a successful suit for divorce from John Cecil Lawrence, London barrister, whose attitude toward her, she told the judge, has seriously hampered her career.

"But that's all over now," asserted Elissa from the train platform, "and I'm going places, professionally."

Picture contracts already signed by the actress provide her with the busiest six months she has faced since coming to the silversheet.

ON THE COVER

Katharine Hepburn and Charles Boyer posed for their first natural color photos for the cover of this issue of HOLLYWOOD. Miss Hepburn (see page 66) believes natural color will soon be the accepted thing in films, supplanting present films just as talkies supplanted the silents. Each month Edwin Bower Hesser snaps a special pose for HOLLYWOOD Magazine covers in natural colors

HOLLYWOOD

America's loveliest heads are "Duart Waved"

Demand this sealed package of pads for a genuine Duart wave



This SEALED package protects your hair from danger of re-used permanent wave pads.

No other wave gives you Duart's protection and lasting natural beauty.

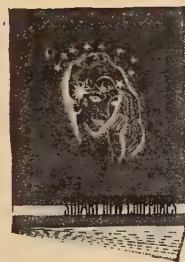
Today, more than ninety Hollywood beauty salons use the Duart method to create the beautiful waves worn by their famous screen-star patrons. The assurance of a soft, lovely wave of natural beauty and the positive protection against re-used pads, have made Duart the undisputed choice of the Hollywood stars.

Many a star would tell you that until she had a Duart wave she didn't know her hair could lend such radiance and charm to her personality.

You, too, will be thrilled with the new loveliness this wave will bring you. Why not call your beauty operator now and arrange the appointment for your Duart wave! Remember, the SEALED package of pads is your guarantee of fresh, genuine Duart materials. Look for it!



OLIVIA DE HAVILAND
New Warner Bros. Star
with JOE E. BROWN in
"ALIBI IKE"



Send Coupon for Free Booklet of Hollywood stars' hair styles

Twenty-four pictures of famous stars showing exactly how their hair is dressed. Hollywood's most noted hair stylist, PERC WESTMORE of Warner Bros.' Studios, designed this entire series of smart stars' coiffures exclusively for Duart. Take this twenty-four page booklet to your hairdresser and have her help you select the "star style" best suited to your type. Booklet sent FREE with one 10-cent package of Duart Hair Rinse. Select from

twelve shades listed in coupon below. NOT a dye nor a bleach. Just enough tint to give the hair sparkle. Use coupon.

DUART *permanent waves*

Duart, 984 Folsom Street, San Francisco, Calif.
Enclosed find 10 cents; send me shade of rinse marked and copy of your booklet, "Smart New Coiffures."

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

- | | | |
|---|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Black | <input type="checkbox"/> Henna | <input type="checkbox"/> Ash |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Dark Brown | <input type="checkbox"/> Golden Brown | <input type="checkbox"/> Blonde |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Chestnut Brown | <input type="checkbox"/> Titian Reddish Blonde | <input type="checkbox"/> Medium Brown |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Titian Reddish Brown | <input type="checkbox"/> White or Gray (Platinum) | <input type="checkbox"/> Golden Blonde |
| | | <input type="checkbox"/> Light Golden Blonde |

CHOICE OF THE HOLLYWOOD STARS

No takers



MEN say of her, "Good looking. Good company. Nice Girl. But please excuse me."

Why?

There is just one reason. She's careless about herself! She has never learned that soap and water cannot protect her from that ugly odor of underarm perspiration which makes people avoid her.

She has nobody to blame but herself. For it's so easy, these days, to keep the underarms fresh, free from odor all day long. With Mum!

It takes just half a minute to use Mum. And you can use it any time — before dressing or afterwards. Mum is harmless to clothing, you know.

It's soothing to the skin, too. You can use it right after shaving the underarms.

The daily Mum habit will prevent every trace of underarm odor without preventing perspiration itself. Get into the habit — it pays socially. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.

MUM



TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

ON SANITARY NAPKINS. Make sure that you can never offend in this way. Use Mum!



HEARTBEATS—AND SKIPS



Gloria Swanson and Herbert Marshall . . . their posing together seems significant to filmland observers



Romance rumors encircle Irene Hervey and Robert Taylor. Photo shows them at Louis B. Mayer's party



PITTER PATTER

If you think Mamma Donohue entirely halted son Wooly's pit-a-patting for his ex-fiancee, Wendy Barrie, you should have glimpsed the gorgeous floral offerings bearing the Woolworth heir's cards that filled Wendy's Hollywood hospital room while she and her tonsils parted company.

• •

Unless there is a sudden chilling of ardor, romantic Pinky Tomlin will soon drag June Marlow, erstwhile screen ingenue and now a Hollywood night club warbler, off to the parson. The song-writing actor pens a new song daily that is intended only for the ears of la Marlow.

• •

The spat that interrupted the Sylvia Sidney-Norman Krasna affair has been entirely forgotten since Sylvia's return from her vacation in New York, and you can again see them whispering sweet words to each other almost any night in one of the spots where the crowds gather.



BLESSED EVENTS

Because Norma Shearer will not return to the studio until long after the arrival of her new heir, Metro is arranging for the re-release of *Smilin' Through* just to appease Norma's fans.

• •

Molly O'Day, now Mrs. Jack Durand, will be "Mamma" before the ink is dry on this line.



BUSTED EVENTS

Seeking to divorce Joseph George Wright via the Los Angeles courts, Tanya (Sugar) Geise swore to a complaint that the wealthy broker was of a jealous disposition and that he threatened to mar her beauty. So Wright retaliated by suing Sugar's parents for \$50,000, charging they had alienated her affections.

• •

Lila Lee is establishing residence in Reno, where she will seek her freedom from Jack R. Peine, wealthy brother of Virginia Pine, Georgie Raft's fiancée. They were wed in Harrison, N. Y., December 5, 1934, and parted a week later.



BELL RINGERS

Julanne Johnstone, who rated stellar billing in the silent celluloids, is honeymooning in Bermuda with David Rust, scion of a wealthy Detroit family.

• •

Iris Adrian, the Hollywood-born dancer who finally crashed studio gates via Ziegfeld *Follies* and the footlights of Paris, is the bride of Charles Henry Over, Jr., scion of Libby, McNeil and Libby canning millions, and former husband of Betty Boyd.

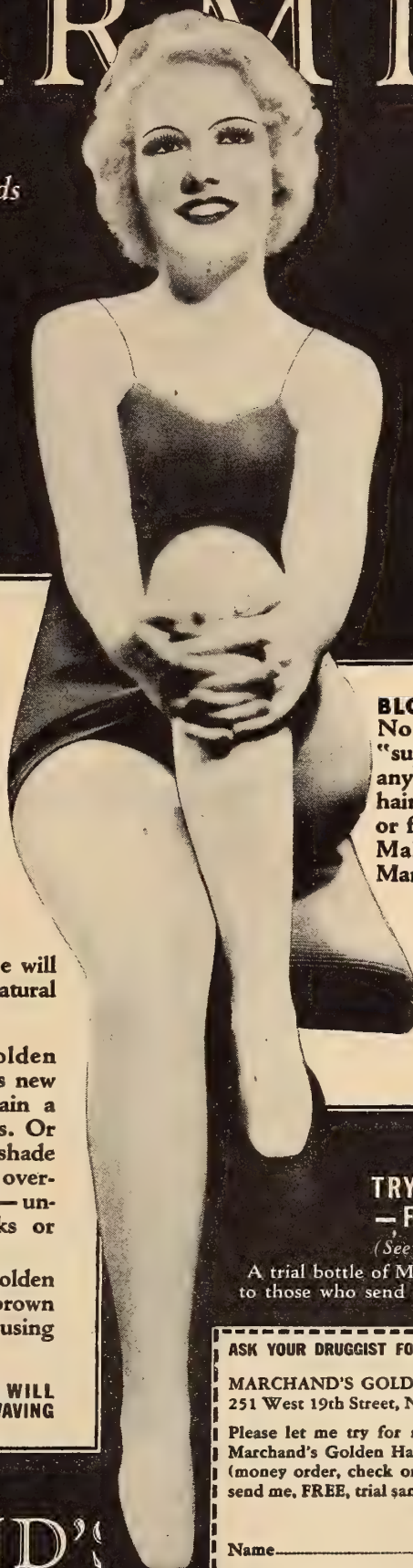
• •

Dorothy Granger and George Lollier, assistant director and *stand-in* for Richard Dix, kept their marriage a secret for eleven months.

HOLLYWOOD

CHARMING

Sunny Golden Hair!
Compliments from my friends



Lustrous golden hair softens and flatters your head and face — gives that fresh, bright clean look so admired by friends. Whether blonde or brunette, use your hair to bring out all the natural beauty and charm you possess. Rinsing with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash will make your hair the most important, most fascinating part of your attractiveness.

BLONDES — is your hair darkened, faded or streaked? Marchand's Golden Hair Wash used as a rinse will restore its former lightness and natural sunny golden hues.

BRUNETTES — let Marchand's Golden Hair Wash give *your* hair glorious new life. Rinse your dull hair and gain a sparkling sheen of tiny highlights. Or lighten it to any natural blonde shade desired. (You can do this almost overnight if you wish. Or gradually — unnoticed — over a period of weeks or months.)

Get a bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash in the new gold and brown package at any drugstore. Start using it today.

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH WILL NOT INTERFERE WITH PERMANENT WAVING

BLONDES and BRUNETTES

No longer any need to risk "superfluous" hair removal of any sort. Blend "superfluous" hair (whether on your legs, arms or face) with *your* skin coloring. Make it unnoticeable with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

Only with Marchand's can you retain as Nature intends, the attractive softening effect of scarcely noticeable hair. Start using Marchand's Golden Hair Wash today.

TRY A BOTTLE — FREE!

(See coupon below)

A trial bottle of Marchand's Castile Shampoo — FREE — to those who send for Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR MARCHAND'S TODAY, OR USE THIS COUPON

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH,
251 West 19th Street, NEW YORK CITY

Please let me try for myself the SUNNY, GOLDEN EFFECT of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. I am enclosing 50 cents in stamps (money order, check or coins accepted) for a full-sized bottle. Also send me, FREE, trial sample of Marchand's Castile Shampoo.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ F.P. 835

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH



Setting for Grace Moore's rendition of "Finiculi, Finicula" in *Love Me Forever*, soon to be released. On the left is Joe August, cameraman, and Victor Schertzinger, director. On the right, Michael Bartlett, Leo Carrillo and Miss Moore. The scene is the Cafe Marguerita and marks one of the high spots of the picture

PREVIEWING THE NEW PICTURES

MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY (M-G-M) Based on a famous court martial taken from the time-worn pages of the British Admiralty's records, *Mutiny on the Bounty* promises to be one of the most colorful sea stories ever to reach the screen. Director Frank Lloyd is recapturing the whole spirit of those rebellious days aboard the *Bounty*, when human lives were ruthlessly periled by the heartless Captain Bligh.

The story follows much the same course as the book. With a cast of more than fifty feature players, including Clark Gable as the leader of the mutineers, Charles Laughton as the tyrannical Captain Bligh, and Franchot Tone as the lexicographer, Director Lloyd is weaving the amazing plots and counterplots into a historically correct saga of the South Seas.

The principal scene of operations was at the Isthmus of Catalina Island, where a production group of more than 100 persons was housed for several weeks. Six boats, complete with crews, were required for the company. The "M-G-M Fleet" comprised three speedy water taxis, a tug, and the two square-riggers, *The Bounty* and *The Pandora*.

Standing on the *Bounty's*

deck, many miles off Santa Catalina, visitors become lost in the color and costume of old England as it was 150 years ago. The exactness of costume and dress give the impression that it was only yesterday when those shouting, blustering mutineers hoisted sail and merged into the

darkness of a calm tropical night. It is hard to believe that this *Bounty* is a 1935 film studio creation rather than the boat that left Spithead Harbor, England, in 1787.

Every detail of the ship is an exact duplicate of the original *Bounty*, from the old-fashioned hardware to the topmost rigging. All of the costumes are essentially the same as those worn by the original crew. Laughton's is exact in every respect, due to a chance observation of his own.

On a jaunt through London not long ago, Laughton noticed the name "Gieves—Tailors" on a signboard. He recalled having read of it in connection with Bligh, the character he was to portray. Entering the shop, he humorously inquired as to the possibilities of reproducing Captain Bligh's original clothes. The unsimiling clerk, upon learning that the uniform dated back almost 150 years, disappeared only to return a short time later with a complete description of the original. The patterns revealed where every button and stitch appeared.

To shoot the complete film many trips were required. One group went across the Pacific to Tahiti where



Charles Laughton finds a perfect role playing the part of the merciless Captain Bligh in *Mutiny On the Bounty*. Photo shows him aboard the *Mutiny* at sea off Catalina Island, giving his first blunt orders to the crew

background shots were taken in native atmosphere. Other scenes were made in various Southern California spots.

After weeks of waiting to film the sinking of the Pandora—the ship sent from London to round up the mutineers—Lloyd's vigilance was rewarded by a terrific squall miles off the San Francisco coastline. The filming of that wild storm will go down as one of the unsung feats of motion picture production.

Laughton brings to the screen the same brutal determination of the Javert rôle in *Les Misérables*. Gable, as Christian, recaptures that elusive picture which somehow has escaped every chronicler of this great story. Franchot Tone's rôle certainly will lift him higher up the ladder of fame. A dozen others in the large cast have done commendable work in making this gigantic production among the finest of the year.

THE BIG BROADCAST OF 1935 (Paramount) In a mythical kingdom somewhere east of nowhere are laid the scenes of *The Big Broadcast of 1935*. There amidst dancing girls, gay youths, flowers, and fountains caper two beauties, Wendy Barrie, and Lyda Roberti; and two men, Henry Wadsworth, and Jack Oakie.

When you view these scenes on the screen, you will immediately wonder if such a beautiful island kingdom really exists. The answer is yes. Of course it isn't on the map, and you couldn't find it by sailing the seven seas, but if you wander around on the Paramount lot, you might stumble right into it.

The entire island was constructed on a sound stage, and during the filming Norman Taurog, the director, sits atop a giant crane, known as a boom camera, traveling up and down the stage megaphoning scene after scene that will thrill you. He averages about ten miles a day, and walking just below the boom is LeRoy Prinz, ace dance director, shouting and gesturing to the gaily attired dancers.

The story concerns two boys conducting a broadcast using talent from all parts of the world by means of television. Bing Crosby sings several numbers including the popular, *I Wished on the Moon*. The lyrics for this song, were written by Dorothy Parker, and the music was composed by Ralph Rainger.

Burns and Allen go mad as talent from everywhere springs before their eyes. Singers, dancers, and comedians flood the air waves.

Mr. Taurog prays the *Big Broadcast of 1935* will be a success. He does that upon the completion of every picture, and he has directed such creditable accomplishments as: *Skippy*, *Sooky*, *We're Not Dressing*, *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* and *College Rhythm*.

Henry Wadsworth is a newcomer, and quoting Mr. Taurog, he is, "a young man with a very fascinating personality." You remember Lyda Roberti, in *College Rhythm*. Wendy Barrie was last seen in, *It's a Small World* with Spencer Tracy.

Hard luck struck the cast. When half way through the picture the four principals were taken to various hospitals to be operated on. Lyda Roberti, who was the first, had her tonsils removed. Oakie, not to be outdone, also had a dish of the same. The rest of the cast fell into line.

A gag a day was the motto of the crew. Everything happened from ducking Burns and Allen in a pool, to presenting Jack Oakie with a shaving mug for his mustache.

[Continued on page 56]

AUGUST, 1935



"Funny-tasting stuff . . . this knitting! Can't say the brown kind is particularly good. Not much flavor. How's that white stuff you've got, Brother—lemme try a mouthful of that!"

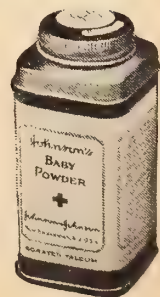


"Say, this is swell—a nice long, hard bone in it! Feels great on that place where there's going to be a new tooth next week. No—you can't have it! I found it! G'wan off—it's mine!"



"Oh, take it, cry-baby! This woolly stuff's making you cross . . . you need Johnson's Baby Powder to soothe away the prickles. It's so soft, it makes any baby good-natured—even you!"

"I'm Johnson's Baby Powder . . . when I'm on guard, skin irritations don't have a chance to get started! I 'slip' like satin, for I'm made of finest Italian talc. No zinc stearate—and no orris-root. And does your baby have Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream? He should!"



Johnson + Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, NEW JERSEY

NOW I CAN WEAR
THE SMARTEST SHOES WITH
PERFECT EASE!



SAFE, INSTANT RELIEF CORNS, CALLOUSES, BUNIONS

You'll be foot-happy from the moment you start using Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. The soothing, healing medication in them stops pain of corns, callouses, bunions and tender toes instantly. They shield the sore spot from shoe friction and pressure; make new or tight shoes easy on your feet; prevent corns, sore toes and blisters; quiet irritated nerves.

Removes Corns, Callouses

To quickly, safely loosen and remove corns or callouses, use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads with the separate Medicated Disks now included in every box. Otherwise use the pads only to take off shoe pressure. Get this famous double-acting treatment today at your drug, shoe or department store.

STANDARD WHITE, now 25¢
New DE LUXE flesh color 35¢



**Dr. Scholl's
Zino-pads**
Put one on—the pain is gone!

Lovely Curls



can QUICKLY be
Yours with the
"Curlers Used
by the Stars"

AT 5c and 10c
Stores and
Notion
Counters

5¢ each



Easily, quickly, in your own home, you can have the soft, alluring curls of the screen's loveliest stars. HOLLYWOOD Rapid-Dry CURLERS fit snugly, are comfortable to wear... yet give maximum curling surface. Patented rubber lock holds hair secure. Perforations aid swift drying. Results: better curls in half the time. Tapered and regular models are offered in various sizes. More than 25 million Hollywood Curlers in use today!

**HOLLYWOOD
Rapid Dry CURLER**

PETS

and

HOBBIES



"Lord Nagrag," William Gargan's pride

Editor's Note:

When we went in search of information about Flush we could find no better source than Fritz Bache, the kindly German dog trainer who is solely responsible for the spaniel's excellent behavior. Mr. Bache's decided to write the story himself—so here it is in his own words.

The Story of Flush

Flush is now three and a half years old; he was born October 7, 1931. He is a native of the film city—Hollywood. He was selected to take a part in the picture, *Age Of Indiscretion*. Flush did never care for children, very much, but after a short time he made up with David pretty good.

His original name was "Topside." In his first picture, where he got his start as a professional actor, *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* he was called Flush, how everybody still is calling him today. Flush felt disgusted, when he heard, that in *The Age of Indiscretion* he had to change his name again for a common sense name like Skippy.

The picture, *Barretts of Wimpole Street*, did exactly fit to Flush's disposition; not quite as well was his last picture, *The Age Of Indiscretion*, where he should be happy and contented with the little boy. As Flush is very timid, that job was a kind of hard for his trainer. You can easy make an idea how scared little Flush is, when I tell that each time while they change the set-up, I had to take the dog outside on account of the noise, which made him too nervous. Otherwise Flush felt quite at home at the set, and he realizes right away what they wanted him to do. There is one extra good thing about Flush: he will never look back to his trainer while playing a scene, but he gets restless right away when he sees his trainer leave the set. He is almost more devoted to his trainer than to his owner. While Flush is working at a picture he has a life like a little star. He gets the best of care, sleeps in



Fritz Bache, noted dog trainer (above), poses with "Flush," about whom he writes... both are bashful. Left, Buck, the St. Bernard, took a liking to Loretta Young in "Call of the Wild"



They call this little fellow "Tailspin Tommy." He is the favorite of Billy Seward (above), and the mascot of the "Air Fury" cast at the Columbia studios

his little basket with a soft cushion in it, gets his bath twice weekly, and the best meat you can buy.

In the picture, *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*, I always had to coax Flush with imported Swiss cheese, and everybody was wondering about that funny taste of a dog. In his latest picture Flush seemed to wonder himself about that too. He absolutely denied cheese and cared for fried liver or fried beef.

Flush was handled and trained in both pictures by me. I am manager and trainer of The Hollywood Dog Training School.

Flush's big star salary in the *Barretts of Wimpole Street* was fifty dollars a week, which carried on for four months. In the *Age of Indiscretion* he got a little raise of twenty-five dollars, which brought a total of seventy-five dollars per week for six weeks. Flush says on his next picture he would not work under one hundred and fifty a week.

Flush surely had some hard times in his last picture, when they were taking some snow scenes up at Lake Tahoe, with the snow three and five feet high. The new fallen snow was so soft, that I really had to look for my little companion, which almost disappeared in the fresh snow. After finishing his scenes up there in the snow, the studio all of a sudden needed Flush in Hollywood. After thirty-six hours ride on the train, we arrived in Glendale at eight-thirty in the morning, and at ten-thirty the same morning Flush did already his first shots down in the studio. —FRITZ BACHE.

• • •

Buck Hates the Wind

The noise from the wind machine howled in his ears. Buck tried to bury his head in the soft snow, but a word from his trainer brought it up sharply. He fretted a little, and still holding his head high turned his large, human eyes toward his trainer in mute appeal.

It had been a tough day. There was the biting cold, the heavy harness, and that infernal wind machine that didn't realize a dog's ears are eight times as sensitive as a human's. Buck pawed the ground and earned another rebuke from his trainer. Even dogs get nervous.

Suddenly a hand reached up and stroked him. It was that quiet fellow again, the one who laid beside him every time they turned that dreadful machine on. Buck wanted to bolt, but there was that hand stroking him gently, knowingly. It quieted him. The machine seemed farther off . . . The fellow was talking to him now, speaking into his ear with intensity. Tears were in his eyes, his arm was bandaged. Buck turned his eyes once more towards his trainer, this time his appeal was not for himself, but for the object lying beside him.

Somebody shouted, "Swell!—cut!" The wind machine died down. Buck's trainer started towards him, and the fellow on the ground arose and patted Buck's head. Buck rubbed his large body once or twice against the fellow's legs, and together the two artists walked towards the warmth of the cabin.

NATURAL COLOR PHOTOS

are the latest sensation in the magazine field. You will find them every month on HOLLYWOOD covers, and inside are pages of exciting news about the stars. Watch your news stand for the next issue of

HOLLYWOOD MAGAZINE
NOW 5 CENTS



"That's a mean crack. Why don't you be nice and tell Lucy how to get rid of tattle-tale gray?"

"How would I know? I've never kept house. You tell me and I'll tell her."

"All right, listen . . ."



"Lucy's trouble is left-over dirt—her clothes are only half clean. So tell her to change to Fels-Naptha right away. That grand golden soap is so chockful of naphtha that dirt almost flies out. And I mean ALL OF IT, too!"



"I'll remember—anything else?"

"Sure! Tell Lucy to wash everything in that gorgeous trousseau of hers with Fels-Naptha Soap. It's gentle as can be to silk undies and stockings. And it's nice to hands, too."

© 1935, FELS & CO.

FEW WEEKS LATER . . .



"Look! I told Lucy what you said about Fels-Naptha—and now she won't keep house without it. It's a life-saver!"

"That's why I tell everybody . . ."

BANISH TATTLE-TALE GRAY
WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP

FREE FROM CORN AND PAIN



FROM THE RED CROSS
LABORATORIES

NEW CORN PLASTER FITS THE TOE

• The best way to convince yourself that this is a *Better Corn Plaster* is to try it on a troublesome corn. Here's how it differs from the old-style kind. Professional design, with slip-proof tabs. Holds fast to toe, very inconspicuous. The new patented Drybak covering makes it immune to water. Doesn't stick to stocking. The individual medicated centers are safer, and unexcelled for removing hard corns.

Send 10c for a trial package—
write Dept. 603.

For professional foot treatment see a Chiropodist

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J. CHICAGO, ILL.



BOX OF 12
25¢

**RED CROSS
DRYBAK
CORN PLASTER**
(Also Drybak Bunion and Callus Plasters)

OUR READERS WRITE— *but write or wrong, our readers*



The scenic beauty of 1853 along the Erie Canal was recreated at Fox studios for "The Farmer Takes a Wife." Janet Gaynor and Henry Fonda are the flower pickers

PRIZES are awarded every month to the contributors to this department. There are two first prizes of ten dollars each to the writers of the two best letters which; if addressed to a player, will also bring you a personal answer from the individual star. These ten dollar letters are indicated on this page by four • • • •

The two next best letters win five dollars each and are marked • • • • Five more letters will bring our check for a dollar each and are indicated by • • Duplicate prizes are awarded in case of a tie and the editor of HOLLYWOOD will be the sole judge. The right is reserved to print all or any part of the letters received.

Have we heard from you? Address: Editor, Hollywood Magazine, 7046 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Skip From One Rogers

• • • • Dear Ginger Rogers.

I want you to know how much your acting is to the deaf boys and girls, so am going to write to you through the HOLLYWOOD Magazine. I am deaf. Cannot hear what you say but get more from your pictures as they are full of pep and action. I think you are so pretty and I read in the magazines about your success. I hope you continue to advance. You show by your success your fine character and I hope you continue to be as unspolied as today.

Someday I hope to see you and Shirley Temple dance together. I would love to have your picture. How I wish I could hear you, but can't so will be content just to see you.

Dorothy Sneath,
Indianapolis, Indiana
Care of Deaf School.

(Perhaps Miss Sneath and others afflicted with deafness some day will be able to

hear through scientific advancement. We all hope so.—The Editor.)

To Another—

• • • • My dear Will Rogers:

Gosh! Even that "Will" sounds like the country, the cracker-barrel and the crossroads. And do we, who have been ribbed and ridiculed as hay-foots and "Jakes" for all these years, love you and the way you turned the joke on the slickers and made them the saps with your rapier wit and down to the earth logic?

The home-townners and the farmers have lost all their inhibitions now, by cracky, and you're the "feller" that turned the trick! Not only that, but you've put some *good common sense* over as smart entertainment—made the public eat it up and LIKE it!

You've done more to advance Americanism than any other single force and boy! I'm not ashamed to wave the stars and stripes in one hand and my pitch fork in the other!

Let's see more of you, that's all I ask.

Barney Sollars,
R. F. D. 1, Box 404,
Sebastopol, Sonoma Co.,
California.

(Rural enthusiasts Barney Sollars will get his wish. He will see much more of Will Rogers in the future.—The Editor.)

How About It, Bing?

• • • • Dear Mr. Bing Crosby:

Why do you say you are from Tacoma, Washington, when we know darn well how you and Alton Rinker used to keep people from enjoying a cool summer evening on their front porches by playing the piano and singing anything from Old

HOLLYWOOD

Black Joe to The Star Spangled Banner every single blessed night? Little did we know when we would finally give up and go into our houses, slamming doors and shutting windows, that the noise we were trying to get away from would thrill us in later years.

But since we had to endure your practicing then and we all love the results now, please give us more, and while you're at it, remember good old Spokane.

Mrs. J. G. McLean,
Box 116, Bly, Oregon

(Reader McLean will enjoy Bing's story in this and the next issue of HOLLYWOOD Magazine.—The Editor.)

Accent On Lukas

• • • Dear Mr. Paul Lukas:

Even now the memory of your splendid performance in *Little Women* is clear in my mind. A proof of your great ability but, my dear Mr. Lukas, I am sad and when I think how you've failed yourself as well as your fans with recent performances and too, too absurd interviews. Gentlemen don't kiss and tell, you know—!

To go back to your screen work. Your accent—so heavy as to make much of your dialogue incomprehensible as in *The Casino Murder Case* is aggravating to the audience to say the least. We both know that could be eliminated. Less flying around and Palm Springs vacations and more study for the career that is giving you a very excellent livelihood might help. Also, to return to the press interviews again, less talk of Europe and going back there to settle. It's your right and all that but we Americans are beginning to turn—just a little—understand? We don't give a hoot whether foreigners stay here or in your own country but we do want them at least spend American dollars in America.

If this letter sounds like too strong a "scold" don't be angry. I think you're big enough to take it and know what is said is for your good—and for the good of those who really like your picture work and who are patient with your shortcomings.

All good wishes.

Mrs. T. Rose,
Hotel Cordova,
San Francisco.

Wind Across The Prairies

• • Dear Martha Sleeper:

Some time ago, I saw you in *West of the Pecos* and since then, I have been actually impatient to express my admiration and appreciation of your work. And I am glad that, through HOLLYWOOD Magazine, I have an opportunity to reach you. At least, an "opportunity."

I work in a theatre and see practically all of the best pictures. *West of the Pecos* was not inferior to any because of its "western" trend. Like the music of a wind across a prairie, it lived on the screen; harmonious in every way. It was the kind of story we (especially Texas-born people) have been taught to love, enjoy and rank with the best. When handled intelligently, these make wonderful pictures.

In this enjoyable film you were truly the high-light for me. I can only say you made a very difficult rôle memorable. You were not only equal to the rôle, but outstanding; and I hope desperately to see you again soon. In a rôle

[Continued on page 51]

TAKE YOUR MIND OFF YOUR NOSE!



STOP
MAKING UP
IN PUBLIC

MEN DETEST
THE INTRUSIVE
POWDER PUFF

Any Face Powder

THAT NEEDS REPLACEMENT IN LESS THAN
4 HOURS ISN'T WORTHY OF THE NAME!

I get over ten thousand letters a week. Among them are not a few from men. And most of them have the same thing to say—or rather, the same kick to make.

By *Lady Esther*

It's this nefarious habit women have of constantly daubing at their noses in public and in private.

In a radio talk a few weeks ago, I said I wondered what young men think when a perfectly lovely girl takes out her powder puff and starts to dab at her face and here is the letter that answers my question from a young man of Detroit, Michigan, who signs himself simply "Dave."

"Dear Lady Esther: Your radio talk last night hit the nail squarely on the head. I know many of us would like to voice our opinion but can't. I hope you will repeat your message to the women of the world so often that not one will miss hearing you. What can be worse than seeing a woman using her make-up box in public, on the street, in the stores, at the table where she dines. Please, Lady Esther, I hope you will be the means of putting a stop to this."

Shiny Nose, No Longer a Bugaboo

There is no question that it is annoying, if not a wee bit disgusting, to see a woman constantly peeking into her mirror or daubing at her nose. It suggests artificiality! But to be perfectly fair to women there was a time when they were justified in worrying about their noses. The only face powder they could get did not cling or hold. It was no sooner put on than it was whisked off, leaving the nose to shine before the whole world.

But when I brought out Lady Esther Face Powder, I ended the bugaboo of shiny nose. Lady Esther Face Powder is distinctive for many things, not the least

being that it *clings!* By actual timing under all conditions it clings perfectly for at least four hours, not needing re- placement once in that time. Yet, as adhering as it is, it does not clog the pores. It goes onto the skin, but *not* into it.

In other words, while this face powder forms a veil of delicate beauty over the skin, it lets the skin breathe. This not only permits the skin to function, which is essential to true beauty, but it also helps keep the powder intact. This is one reason why Lady Esther Face Powder does not cake or streak on the face.

All 5 Shades FREE

You may have tried all kinds of face powders, but none like Lady Esther. None so soft and smooth. None so adhering. None so flattering. But I don't expect you to accept my word for this. I expect you to prove it to yourself *at my expense!* So I say: Accept a generous supply of all the five shades in which I make Lady Esther Face Powder. Let your mirror prove which one is the most becoming to you. Let your clock prove to you that this powder stays on for four hours or longer and still looks fresh. Mail coupon today. Lady Esther, Evanston, Ill.

Copyrighted by Lady Esther, 1935

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (15)

LADY ESTHER
2030 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail a trial supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

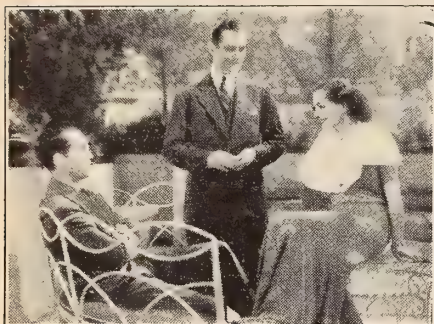
(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

FREE

TOPPER'S Film Reviews

If "Topper" waves his hat, it's grand. Otherwise—!

Crawford, Montgomery, Tone in—



NO MORE LADIES—(M-G-M)—Joan Crawford, Robert Montgomery and Franchot Tone join together in a triangle story of the usual Crawford type. The film emerges above average and is certain to please Joan's fans. Edna May Oliver dominates several hilarious scenes. You will giggle at Arthur Treacher, the English lord. Sparkling dialogue plus clever plot manipulation bring the picture to an ill-advised but quite expected solution. This should teach nice husbands never to tell fibs to their attractive wives. Fortunately the moral is thoroughly overwhelmed by hilarity and you'll enjoy the show. Treacher's English comedy rôle gets more laughs than the Charlie Ruggles' antics—though Charlie is excellent as usual.



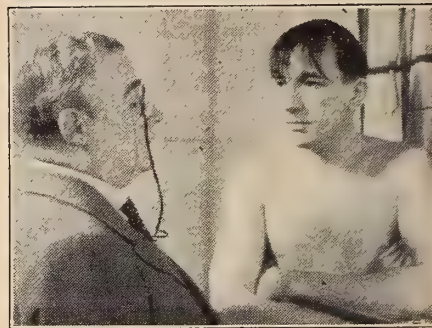
Barrymore, Morris, Kelly in—



PUBLIC HERO No. 1—(M-G-M)—Although just another version of the Dillinger cleanup by federal agents, this picture will click with audiences everywhere. Lionel Barrymore wins honors with his characterization of a broken-down doctor. Paul Kelly and Chester Morris are the federal men. The rôle of a Dillinger brings Joseph Calleia very much in prominence. Machine guns and purple gangs are everywhere, but the bad men are portrayed accurately as a bunch of heels who deserve no sympathy. Clever story manipulation sends all of the pity to Jean Arthur, who plays the rôle of the gangster's helpless sister. Very good entertainment. Chester Morris scores heavily in this picture.



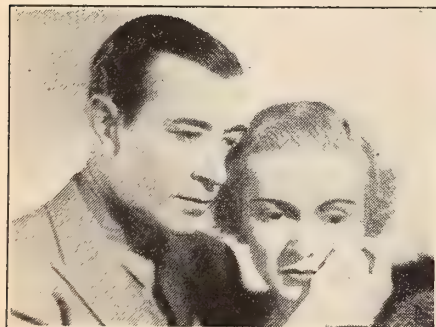
Coward, Haydon in—



THE SCOUNDREL—(Hecht-MacArthur)—In one of the finest films ever to reach the screen, Noel Coward and Julie Haydon overcome technical imperfections to attain new heights in screen acting. Coward, cast as the heartless and cynical publisher without a friend in the world, does a marvelous job. The psychological aspects of this film may prove puzzling to many, especially when they try to interpret his return from apparent death. Nevertheless, this is one picture that will be the talk of the town. Every member of the cast deserves a bouquet for a masterful performance. The independent production efforts of Mr. Hecht and Mr. MacArthur apparently cannot miss.



Raft, Arnold, Dodd in—



THE GLASS KEY—(Paramount)—Is a story of political intrigue and cleanup. George Raft and Edward Arnold turn in performances that make this picture appeal especially to the men. The story deals with the murder of a senator's son, with Arnold suspected. Raft, as Arnold's lieutenant, risks his life to exonerate his chief. Ensuing complications focus a lot of attention on Guinn Williams, who is one of the most savage screen villains seen in a long time. Frank Tuttle's direction is good.



All in all, the picture should go a long way toward restoring Raft to his old popularity. Edward Arnold is thoroughly likeable. As an actor he is an excellent politician. The kiddies may like this one, too.

Hepburn, Boyer, Beal in—



BREAK OF HEARTS—(RKO)—Katharine Hepburn hits tops again in this story of a small town girl composer who marries a famous orchestra leader. Charles Boyer plays the musician's rôle with finesse, and will in all likelihood steal into the ladies' favor. The story, skilfully handled through a series of situations that might have become hackneyed, depicts the stormy married life of the couple, with its almost tragic ending. Forging his way to the front as the third party of the love triangle, John Beal scores a triumph. The orchestra numbers under the baton of Max Steiner will be lauded everywhere. Mr. Steiner, no part of the picture, must be contented with the echoes of applause. (See this month's front cover.)



Baxter, Gallian in—



UNDER THE PAMPAS MOON—(Fox)—Is an excellent Warner Baxter film reminiscent of his biggest success, *In Old Arizona*. With the Argentine Pampas as a background, Baxter plays the swaggering gaucho who goes in search of a stolen horse and proceeds to fall in love with Ketti Gallian, a French singer who has dropped in unexpectedly by airplane. Outstanding for her comedy performance is Soledad Jimenez. Her portrayal of the gaucho's mother will keep the audience roaring. Baxter will ride, love, and sing his way into the hearts of all picture goers. John Miljan clicks with his villainy. All in all, you will find this a very entertaining picture.



[Continued on page 56]

HOLLYWOOD

NEWS-PHOTO SCOOP OF THE MONTH!



A Stolen Snapshot of Garbo and Freddie March

● Persistent rumors in Hollywood that Garbo and Fredric March were at sixes and sevens with each other during the production of "Anna Karenina" seem to be completely disproved by this candid camera shot—the first ever taken—behind the locked doors of the Garbo set.

Here Garbo is laughing gaily with March as he takes her in his arms for a rehearsal of a ballroom dancing scene. Behind March stands dance director Chester Hale, expert on mazurkas. Note that all the other players carefully refrain from looking at Garbo, who detests curious stares.

Garbo recently visited a night club (Cafe Trocadero) where she enjoyed herself hugely but ran from cameramen. Following her vacation in Sweden she returns to make at least two more M-G-M pictures for a half million dollars, not one penny of which will be spent foolishly.

Charlie Rhodes, Hollywood's

Candid cameraman, in the rôle of EYE-WITNESS



I caught Nancy Carroll banking a new game called Carlo. Standing are Paul Cavanagh, Walter Johnson, Binnie Barnes, Jack LaRue, Monte Blue, Donald Cook and Benita Hume; Seated: Raquel Torres, Dorothy Libaire, Mona Rica.



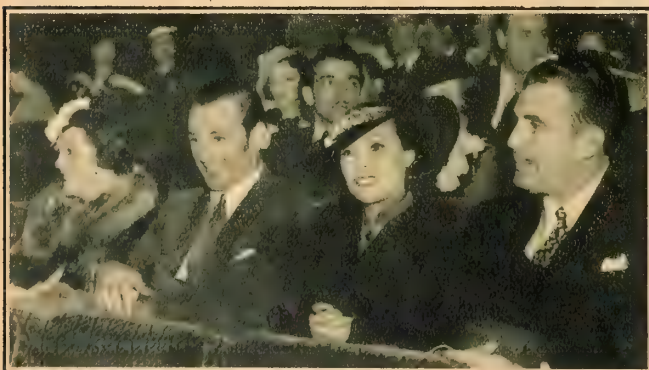
Fred Astaire's music, with Irving Berlin at the piano, wasn't as bad as his expression indicates. Got this between scenes of "Top Hat" at RKO studios



I spent a day playing my rôle of a Hollywood cameraman for "Broadway Joe" at Warners, (pay check \$10) and sneaked this of Patricia Ellis and Joe E. Brown



It's just a gag, this one. Jack (Jello) Benny, Alice Faye, Jack Haley, George Burns and Gracie Allen at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel toast their sponsors



All the stars went to see the stage comedy, "Three Men on a Horse," which Warners will later film. Here's Sandra Cooper, Gary Cooper, Dolores Del Rio, Cedric Gibbons



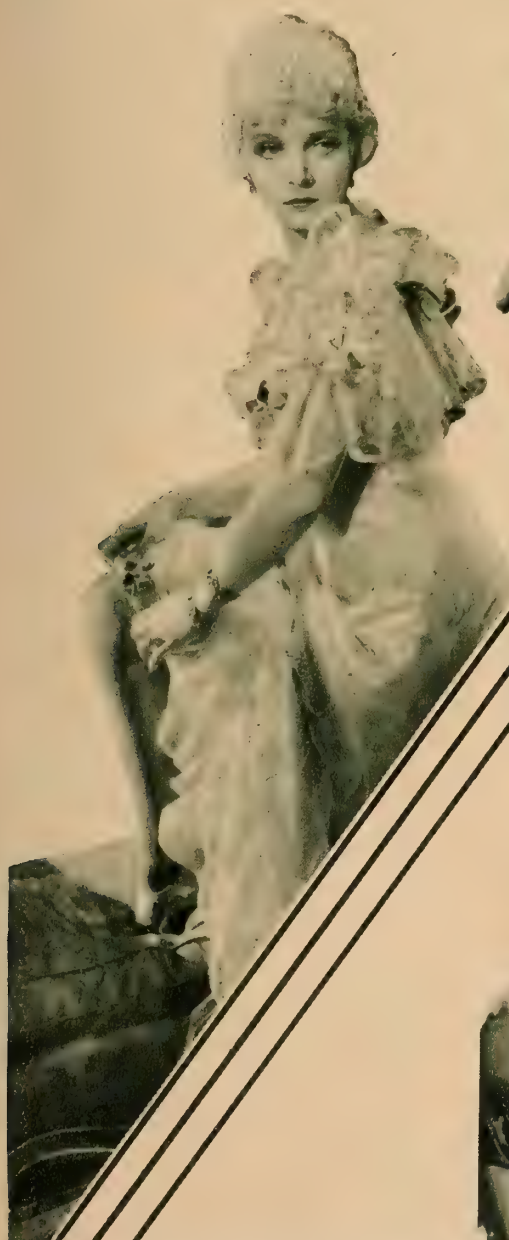
Still pals—and my camera proves it. Mae West with James Timoney (NOT one of her husbands) in their regular seats at the Olympic boxing matches

ORCHIDS and ONIONS for AUGUST

To Jack Oakie, an orchid for putting heart into humor in *Call of the Wild*; for climbing on the wagon and staying there; for his devotion to his mother; for his popularity

• • •

To Virginia Bruce, an orchid for a valiant heart; for her pride in her daughter and John Gilbert; for dignity, poise and charm through trying situations; for her steady climb toward stardom



To Connie Bennett, an onion for that brawl over a back fence with her neighbors; for permitting the public to view an unattractive triangle; for failing to realize that temperamental tantrums are passé in Hollywood

• • •

To Mary Astor, an onion for spoiling her comeback with bad publicity over her recent divorce; for failing to take the press into her confidence and defend herself; for being a reckless beauty

The Command Story



Joan Crawford and Gail Patrick as they appeared in "No More Ladies"

What is JOAN CRAWFORD Really Like?

JOAN CRAWFORD has been in Hollywood for almost ten years. In that time she has shown a growth that is amazing in its proportions. There are more new things happening to her every moment that she lives, than the season's newest ingénue. Joan herself has created an exciting, interesting world to live in.

Many people have written stories on the "real Joan Crawford." No doubt they represented the real Joan at the time the stories were written. But Joan changes—imperceptibly, perhaps, yet constantly. Recently, letters have been pouring in from her fans, demanding to know even more about her. When they see her on the screen, they are conscious of her continuous improvement. When they hear the rich tones of her voice, and feel the warmth of her personality, they are curious to know what the Joan of today is really like. They wonder what things are happening to her, in just what way her life is touched to produce such evident effects.

My friendship with Joan started six years ago, when she befriended me at the M-G-M studio. I was new at the job and it was Joan's kindly interest that enabled me to hold on. Since that time I have never known a day when

Kindly, friendly, and human, Joan has helped many people whom she scarcely knew. Why? This story gives an answer to our readers, who demanded one

by JERRY ASHER

Joan wasn't trying to help someone. How she helped Gail Patrick is a story that should be told.

Not so long ago I began my friendship with Gail Patrick, the lovely Alabama beauty, now under contract to the Paramount studios. Our mutual admiration for Joan Crawford was an immediate bond. Gail's one ambition was to be able to wear clothes like Joan, to pose as Joan did in her still pictures and above everything else, to acquire Joan's great kindly warmth on the screen. Gail confided that she bought all the movie magazines, just to

see Joan's pictures. Sometimes in the privacy of her own room, she even attempted to pose like Joan, before her own mirror.

● HAVING DINNER at Joan's house one night, I told her this story. Joan was quite touched. Having herself gone through a period of readjustment, she knew what it meant to need poise and confidence on the screen. Several days later came a call from Joan. She was having a portrait and fashion sitting with George Hurrell. Would Gail Patrick care to come out and spend the afternoon?

Gail was just getting in her car to drive to San Francisco, when I called her. Instead she headed for the M-G-M studios in Culver City. Joan didn't wait for an introduction. She walked up to Gail, greeted her in that rich tone of hers and extended a hearty handclasp. All afternoon Gail watched Joan at work and took mental notes. When she asked Joan questions about makeup, Joan made a list of suggestions that contained some of Joan's own personal make-up hits.

Recently Joan Crawford started work on *No More Ladies*. There was a good part in the picture for a girl who must look [Continued on page 61]

HARRY CARR'S *Shooting Script*



Clifton Webb, noted stage star, is the latest addition to Hollywood film ranks. Webb is to co-star with Joan Crawford in "Elegance" following his sensational performance in the stage version of "As Thousands Cheer"

MY OLD friend Frances Marion gave me a dinner party the other night; and I believe it was the most dazzling collection of brains I have ever contacted.

The guests were Jed Harris, the producer of *Front Page*, Marc Connolly, author of *Green Pastures*, Dorothy Parker who is probably the most famous wit in the world and Anita Loos, author of *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*.

I feel that I should never go to another Hollywood party but should dedicate myself to the memory of this one. I never again expect to hear such dinner table conversation—which ran from ethnological race swirls to imitations, of Sam Goldwyn's scenario conferences.

It interested me very much to see how essentially kind they all were; how much sweet reasonableness they possessed and how they were clean of envy and spite.

Dorothy Tones Down

Dorothy Parker has stopped wise cracking and has very little to say. The truth is that she is a very kind and charitable girl—in spite of the fact that she has almost destroyed people with her brilliant tongue. You never hear of the kind and sympathetic things she has done.

Some one told at this dinner of an old star who has been blind for some time but is trying to conceal the fact and it was to Dorothy Parker's eyes that the tears came.

One of Dorothy's remarks will never be lived down by Katharine Hepburn of whom Miss Parker said: "In her acting she runs the gamut of human emotions from A to B."

Frances Moves

Following a terrible automobile accident, her physicians ordered Frances Marion to remain in absolute quiet—which she did by tearing her house to pieces and building it up again.

For an architect Frances had Adrian, the dress designer; and he accom-



Joan Crawford gets a chance to show her new coiffure in "No More Ladies," her latest production with Robert Montgomery and Franchot Tone

plished one of the most charming effects I have ever seen in any Hollywood house; its keynote is quietude. It is like a well-dressed woman; you know she is well dressed but you do not notice her clothes.

Mr. Lederer and Peace

The case of Francis Lederer and the peace movement makes me think of an incident on the old Mack Sennett lot.

Two colored gents were working as extras in a lion scene; they were to lie in bed, apparently asleep, when a



Dorothy Parker, noted author, and her husband, Alan Campbell, snapped at one of the many parties given in their honor by film celebrities

tame lion came in and woke them by licking their feet. By mistake some one let out the wrong lion—a vicious brute who came in with an earthshaking roar. When they finally got him back in the cage one of the colored men started to walk off the set; they told him it was just a little mistake; but he rolled his eyes and said balefully, "No sir, Boss. I ain't no actor. I'm a chef and I am going home and start cheffing."

If Mr. Lederer is an actor he had better let world peace alone and start acting. He is getting nowhere fast with his screen career.

B and D

It is no longer important in Hollywood to be beautiful; but it pays to be dumb . . . at least not too bright.

I could name a dozen careers that were snapped off by wise cracks. They travel around Hollywood—the wise cracks—like wild fire and they always get back to the producers who don't say anything at the time; but they have good memories.

The most notable instance is that of Mrs. Pat Campbell who came to Hollywood just at the moment when Louise Dresser had started all the studios on a still hunt for personable old ladies. She never got anywhere on account of her tongue.

A swell topic of conversation in Hollywood [Continued on page 52]

From the Paramount Picture "SHE LOVES ME NOT"

Featuring BING CROSBY

3

Love In Bloom

Bing Crosby's

Words and Music by

LEO ROBIN and

AL HERNIMAN

p-mf

Can it be the trees that fill the breeze with rare and mag-ic per - fume? Oh

p-mf

no, it

Cur

Bing
Crosby

Dixie

Lee

Crosby

D7

Oh

Am7

L.H.

Love In Bloom-3

Words by William Ulman, Jr.

Song of Love

PIRATE SONG

*Fif-teen men on the dead man's chest,
Yo! Ho! Ho! and a bottle of rum!
Drink, and the devil had done for the rest,
Yo! Ho! Ho and a bottle of rum!*

● IT WASN'T the good ship Lollypop in those days. It was the bad ship Black Heart, a four-masted vessel flying the skull and bones at her mast head and manned by as vicious a crew as ever struck terror to the hearts of peaceable shipping in the orchard of the Crosby family in Tacoma.

The crew of two were sitting on a dead man's chest, singing loud enough to be fifteen able-bodied pirates, while they swilled down large quantities of lemonade out of a milk bottle labeled "RHUM!" and decorated with a skull and bones. It was all very piratical until the dead man got tired of having his chest sat on by two older brothers and insisted on having some of the lemonade, too.

"Aw, shucks, Harry! You're dead; you can't drink rum when you're dead, can he, Ted?"

Brother Ted agreed with brother Ev despite younger brother Harry's disgust. After all, elder brothers have to stick together, don't they?

"Well, I'm tired of being dead. It's my turn to be Captain and Ev's turn to be the Spanish gallon and get killed."

"Gall-yon, dead man, gallYON! Gallons is what you drink after you've caught a galleon."

"Who drinks? Goshallhemlock! I'm always the one as gets caught and you two do all the drinking. . . . Now, lookahere! It's my turn to be captain and drink rum. I been dead three times in a row!"

● THE BAD ship Black Heart lay in wait behind a mulberry bush for the Spanish brigantine, heavily laden with Peruvian gold and Washington lemonade. The unwary victim sailed out from the lee of an apple tree and the action was joined. Captain Bloody Harry bawled an order which was gleefully taken up by his crew, Terrible Ted.

"Avast and belay! Ship ahoy! Heave to!"

"Never!" came the answer from the courageous Spanish shipmaster, "I'll die fighting! . . . Boom!"

Undaunted, the pirate ship pursued, "Fire when ready!" Ted banged as a good crew should. In the

excitement Bloody Harry left his quarter deck and manned a gun.

"Bing! Bing! . . . Bing-bing! . . . Bing!"

His brothers stopped in disgust. "Aw, shucks! You're no good as a pirate captain! Pirate captains don't go bing! They go boom! or bam!, but not bing. Bing's a sissy noise for a cannon!"

"It is not! They do so! Ask any pirate!"

And "Bing" it's been every since! Just ask him.

SHADE OF THE OLD APPLE TREE

*In the shade of the old apple tree
Where the love in your eyes I could see
When the voice that I heard,
Like the song of the bird,
Seemed to whis-per sweet music to me:*

● HARRY CROSBY, SR., was plunking on his guitar and staring dreamily off into nowhere, his back against the bole of an apple tree. It was a Saturday afternoon and he was home from the brewery where he worked as accountant. Somehow, it seemed fitting that he should wander idly through a few bars of "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree."

Papa Crosby didn't get through many bars before a large apple fell squarely upon his head. It was not until he heard a tell-tale giggle from somewhere in the foliage overhead that he realized that someone or two of his brood were seeing by practical experiment if Newton and his gravitational discoveries were actuality or fable. Nor did he realize he was participating in what was to be forever afterwards the most precious legend in the Crosby family about young Bing.

Mr. Crosby never turned a hair or missed a beat. He continued to stare off into nothingness as though apples were always falling with a giggling sound and hitting him on the head.

He munched on the apple and at length called out, "Thanks, kid, that was swell!" before resuming his strumming.

Free of restraint now that they had been openly discovered, the two kids started to play around in the tree. At the end of the bough—where they always are—was an exceptional apple that both boys discerned simultaneously. It goes without saying that they both started for the apple with loud protestations of having seen it first. It was just another mad scramble until

Ev got Bing by the shoulder and gave him a push intended to convince that older brothers had priority in the matter of apples. They were both appalled by what happened. Bing's leg slipped, he lost his balance, clutched wildly at the limb, missed and fell to the ground.

Unless you've heard a bone crack you'd never understand the sound, so there's no use trying to describe it.

● THE GUITAR lay on the ground, gathering the evening dew. The apple tree was deserted.

In the house, the doctor had just left. Everett sat at the foot of the bed, looking pitifully penitent and trying to think of something to do to prove he was sorry. Naturally, he couldn't. He was a young boy—and they're always most inarticulate when they're most affected.

Dad sat at the side of the bed. He, too, was trying to act as if everything was really okay.

"How you doin', son?"

"Okay, Dad. . . . It kinda hurts a little where the splints are."

"Yeah. I s'pose it does."

"You were singing, 'In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree' just before it happened, weren't you, Dad?"

"Un-hunh."

With a mighty effort at light-heartedness the kid spoke up, "C'mon. Let's all sing it . . . hunh?"

"No. . . . Better get some sleep, son," said Dad as he headed for the door. "Come on with me, Ev."

Bing called his father back when he heard Ev clatter down the stairs.

"Say, Dad. . . ."

"Yes, son. . . .?"

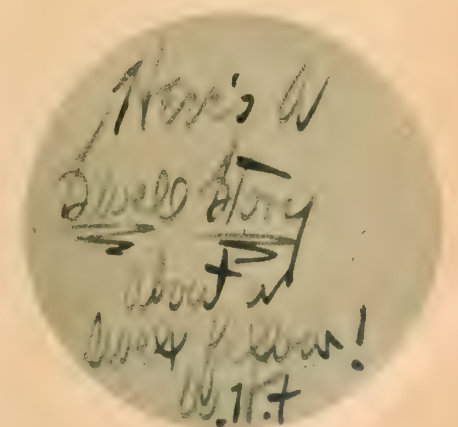
"Say, I hope it didn't hurt you none when that apple hit you on the head."

"Shucks, no, old timer! Just an apple on the head doesn't bother you much when you got seven kids!"

Bing grinned feebly, "Thanks, Dad. . . . G'night."

"Good-night, Bing." Dad stumbled on the top step going down stairs. Somehow or other, he couldn't see so well just then.

Before you turn the page, read what our publisher thinks about this article on Bing Crosby's life.





At ten
and at
sixteen

SOME OF THESE DAYS

*Some of these days, you'll miss me,
honey,
Some of these days, you'll feel so lonely,
You'll miss my hug-ging, you'll miss my
kiss-ing
You'll miss me, hon-ey, when you're
away—*

● THE GUYS were all standing around back stage, at the Clemmer Theatre in Spokane, sneaking puffs on cigarettes and trying to act as if playing in a real, on-the-level theatre was just in the usual run-of-the-mill as far as they were concerned. But they didn't fool anybody, least of all themselves.

It was their first professional appearance.

When the band finished their introductory number, the theatre's master of ceremonies took the stage.

"I guess our local Spokane product can compete with any of these big time orchestras, what do you think?"

Polite applause answered him.

"Just what I thought! Well, I've heard some swell bands, but the kids here, stack up pretty well. . . . Now they're going to play, 'Some of These Days.' . . . Boys, GIVE!"

Bing was composure itself as he stepped down into that sacred circle of light—the bull's-eye of countless careers, but he took it calmly as his pre-ordained due. Not conceited—just confident. For years his mother had kept the whole family in every Sunday night. The whole nine of them had learned to sing during those long evenings, both to harmonize and to take a solo when it came. Bing subconsciously was grateful to those evenings in that split second before his cue came.

There was no question of how that audience accepted the song. Bing took

an encore and got almost as big a hand on it as he had on the first number. He didn't get the boost out of that you'd think, though. Instinctively he was already an old-timer.

But where he did the big lift was when he and Al started to leave after the show. At the stage door they passed the headliner on the bill, getting paid off before taking the rattler to the next stand. Bing's eyes popped at the sight of all that dough. He nudged Al

Rinker, "Hey, Al! Take a look!"

Al looked. Their eyes met and they walked from the theatre in a daze. Silently they turned in at the drug store on the corner and ordered a couple of cokes. Not until the straws gurgled in the bottom of the empty glasses did they speak.

"Say, Al," quoth Bing with a far-away look in his eyes, "I guess there must be money in this business at that."

"Yeah," answered Al, as he massaged his jaw in deep thought. "Reckon there's as much to be made practicing law?"

"Hunh-unh. . . . Do you?"

As one of the
Rhythm Boys



"Hunh-unh."

The Gonzaga College of Law lost two pupils that night.

MISSISSIPPI MUD

*When the sun goes down, the tide goes out,
The darkies gather 'round and
they all be-gin to shout
'Hey! Hey! Uncle Dud, It's a
treat to beat your feet
On the Mis-sis-sip-pi Mud
It's a treat to beat your feet on
the Mis-sis-sip-pi Mud—*

● ONE YEAR later Bing could have been seen on Cahuenga Pass, between Hollywood and Universal City. He, Al and a boy named Harry Barris were "The Three Rhythm Boys," working—as Paul Whiteman laughingly puts it himself—for him in his Universal Picture, *The King of Jazz*.

They were the town's pleasantest playboys, but they were real worried out there on the pass en route to the

act. Paul had been sore for some time. They'd been late quite a lot and he had them on the pan.

That day, of all days, it had to rain—and the car had to skid and get mired down in deep mud at the side of the road. The boys were perfectly sober, but what with the rain and all, they'd had a short drink at the apartment before setting out. It was an unlucky drink.

A pair of cruising cops came along, saw a car off the road and investigated. They smelled liquor. Prohibition and a local enforcement drive was on. The three boys were singers in the movies. The cops didn't like singers in the movies.

Bing finally got Paul Whiteman on the phone.

"Say, Paul. . . ."

"Yeah. Where the devil are you?"

"Well, look; you see it's like this—we got stuck in the mud and . . ."

"You're still trying to get out, hunh? Well, if you want to keep your jobs you better put on your boots and come a runnin'."

"No, Paul. That's just it. We're not still stuck. That is, not exactly. We're just sort of stuck, stuck down in Lincoln Heights' jail."

"In the can, eh? Well now, that's dandy! Suppose you just stay there awhile and ponder about mud and your jobs."

"Hey, Paul, wait a minute . . ." but the phone was dead.

That night an envelope arrived at jail addressed to the Three Rhythm Boys. They were real pleased. Good old Paul! He'd probably sent their bail.

They opened it. Inside was a sheet of music and a note.

"Dear Rhythm Boys:

Getting stuck in the mud was a swell idea. Now I know where you are. While you're there you might as well rehearse this number. It's going in the show. Let me know when you get out. Affectionate regards,
Paul."

[Continued on page 63]



Bing up-to-date



HOLLYWOOD SPOTLIGHTS

Maureen O'Sullivan Tells Her Marriage Plans

EVER SINCE they went to Ireland to introduce the prospective bridegroom to the bride's family, Maureen O'Sullivan and John Farrow have been secretly married, in the opinion of Hollywood's brightest gossips. We had been warned that the star might refuse to discuss the subject, after the best Hollywood traditions in such matters, but Maureen, blue-eyed, slim, and Irish, isn't a believer in Hollywood tradition.

"We're going to be married just as soon as John can have his first marriage annulled," she told me. "We hope and expect that will be very soon. We're not married now—secretly or otherwise. I am a Catholic, you see, and because of John's first marriage, we will need a special dispensation. I don't want to be married outside the church.

"Until that is cleared up, we can't even announce our engagement formally. Probably," she added, "I will never have much of an engagement because we plan to be married just as soon as the annulment is procured.

"That," she said matter-of-factly, "is the truth—and I can't understand how people can work up such a mystery about it. Perhaps Hollywood refuses to believe that I can be so serious about my religion. Perhaps it's just that the idea of a secret marriage is much more interesting and spicy."

● **THOSE WHO** remember Maureen as a gay girl-about-town who dined and danced with Jimmy Dunn and other eligible young bachelors refuse to believe that she is serious now. She said herself, before her trip to Ireland, that she wanted to see John against the background of her home and family before making her final decision. Now she says:

"They all adore him. I have known him almost five years, and we have gone around together for the last two. If we're not sure now that we love each other, we never will be!

"After marriage, I may not keep on with my career, but that depends on John. If he wants to live in Hollywood and work here, I may make an occasional picture. Marriage won't affect our lives terribly much because I believe in two people being fairly independent. Since John is a writer, he

will have to have his own wing of the house, for instance, and a good deal of freedom.

"But I do believe that it's impossible to do two things well. For this reason, after marrying, I would never follow the career of a motion picture actress very strenuously. It isn't," she said thoughtfully, "much fun. It's a tremendous adventure and you have everything in the world to make you happy—but you work so hard that there's never time to enjoy these things.

"And when an actress marries, she must decide whether her marriage will be more important or whether her career will be more important. *I should be quite happy to choose my marriage.*"

Her frankness is as refreshing as Maureen herself. Even though she is a five-year veteran of Hollywood, she has been spectacularly untouched by fame. She says, slyly, "I'm afraid I haven't that air of importance you need to be a successful star." And she doesn't seem to be the least conscious of her position as the most prominent young actress on the M-G-M lot.

"I don't see how any girl with an ounce of gray matter could let Hollywood turn her head," she told me. "All you have to do is stop and ask yourself why they're cheering. It's not because you are so fascinating personally, because of your charm or your interesting conversation. It's because you are a successful business commodity that brings in money at the box office."

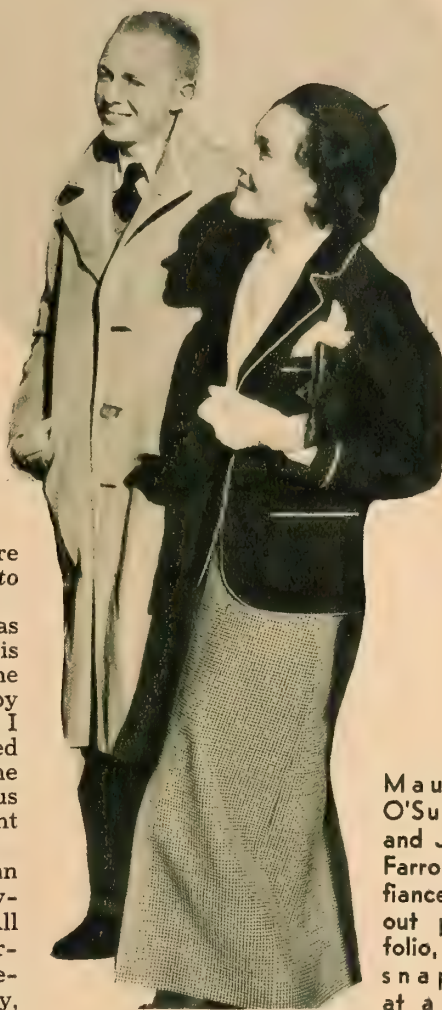
● **IF THIS** seems disillusioned, remember that Maureen has seen the other side of Hollywood, too. Born in Boyle, Ireland, on May 17, 1911, she was discovered in a Dublin café by Frank Borzage, who was scouting for a girl to play opposite John McCormack in the singer's first talking picture. She had been educated at convents in Dublin and London, and attended a finishing school in Paris. All Hollywood hailed her as one of the year's finds.

"Then, after that first picture, producers forgot about me," she explained. "I couldn't go back to Ireland a failure, but it looked as if my career had stopped before it commenced. For a

while I made independents, which usually spells FINIS to an actress. Then I was offered the girl's part in the first Tarzan picture. I accepted, even though other players considered it a freak part and laughed at me."

Incidentally, even though she is much more important now, the studio still puts Maureen in the jungle series opposite Johnny Weissmuller. Soon you'll be seeing her in a new one—a strange rôle after her sensitive playing of the young daughter in *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*, of Dora in *David Copperfield*. But Maureen doesn't mind.

"I love the idea of the Tarzan pictures," she says, "and I believe they could be as beautiful as poems if they were made with less blood and thunder. I [Continued on page 65]



Maureen O'Sullivan and Johnny Farrow, her fiancé without portfolio, were snapped at a circus



When Carole Lombard Loafs



Carole Lombard

FOUR MONTHS of idleness have worked a subtle witchery in Carole Lombard. She has learned to sit still for all of a half-hour; sometimes she can make it forty-five minutes, if she likes the company. She glows with stored-up energy, and after two months on the desert and in the mountains, recovering from New York and Cuba, she is disgustingly healthy.

Carole tried flying, pattered at interior decorating (she could make it her profession but prefers acting because there's more in it), and loafed in her orchidaceous dressing room at Paramount.

In a word, Carole for the moment is bored with herself.

Such was not, most emphatically not, the case when her vacation began. The trouble is that the joy of loafing expends itself like the hot air in a cross country balloon. You shoot up to dizzy heights and then ooze down to earth again.

Now the spotlight is again on Carole, who is going into one of the best pictures of her career—*The New Divorce*. Again we'll see the glamour girl at her best.

● **MEANWHILE SHE** yawns, sinks back, and waits for something to happen, while she tells for our delight the tales of her travels. What madness—what exhilaration! Off she flew—she and Fieldsie, pal of her Sennett cradle days, well-paid secretary of her salad days. The howling jokes they shared!

There was that time when, surrounded by jostling throngs of star-hungry men and women, train and airplane officials tried to make themselves heard above the din to explain all the intricate arrangements that had

been made to stop the train near a flagstop named Hapeville, make connections with an express plane at an emergency landing field, disrupt schedules and raise hob with routes just to get the distinguished traveler to where she was going in a helluva hurry.

And dazed with all these involved plans that were to be dovetailed by railroad and airplane companies solely on her behalf, Carole went early to her berth. The porter rang loudly at five a. m. The express train ground to a stop, where it had never stopped before, to meet the plane. Amid bustling and shouting trainmen, Carole and Fieldsie alighted with their baggage.

In the murky dawn they looked about. *There wasn't a soul in sight!*

Far away, the train hooted. The two girls looked at each other in sleepy stupefaction. Where was the waiting car, the porters, the elaborately planned arrangement to pick up the plane?

It was the most complete anti-climax in Lombard's career. Suddenly she sat down on the cold leather of a suitcase and doubled over with laughter. Fieldsie felt giggles rise in her like a hiccup. They howled. They doubled up with mirth. If there had been a solitary onlooker, he would have fled from this demented scene in unholy fear.

Fieldsie had to trudge several miles to a dismal looking school to find a rural phone, while Carole guarded the luggage on the snowy platform. But I wish you could hear Carole tell it all. It's worth the price of the trip alone. Somebody, they learned later, had ribbed them—a truly colossal ribbing—by notifying the airplane company that all arrangements had been cancelled.

● **NO LESS** hilarious was the adventure of the shaky pilot and Riskin's Red Roses. The chap who was to fly Carole to Dallas, it developed, had married a girlhood friend of Lombard's. He was so intoxicated by this prospect of flying Carole that she and Fieldsie were sure they'd never see land again except as bits of debris. How he managed to stop jittering long enough to take off is still a mystery. And he forgot that he had turned the heater on full blast.

With considerable misgiving, Carole and Fieldsie set gingerly in their cabin seats. Carole began to notice a vast warmth in that cabin. She crinkled her lovely nose. Something was scorching! Her brow grew damp. She nudged Fieldsie.

"Don't look now," she yelled in Fieldsie's ear, "but I think the plane is on fire!"

[Continued on page 50]

Portrait of a Star Digesting Gertrude Stein » » » Merle Oberon





Richard Dix and His Three Bosses

VERY MUCH in the spotlight lately are Mr. and Mrs. Richard Dix and the brand new boy twins; a twice-blessed event which so far has occurred only three times in the colony; to the Bing Crosbys, the Lawrence Tibbettses, and the Charles Starretts.

Those bouncing boy twins—Richard Archie and Warren Webster—add the right and triumphant note to a truly American love affair, complete in every detail. The hero is strong and handsome; the heroine a girl who loved him from afar as a fan, became his secretary through sheer fate, and won his heart.

Here, then, is a fiction story with flesh and blood characters, and it's all too interesting to dismiss without

satisfying our curiosity about the Dix family life.

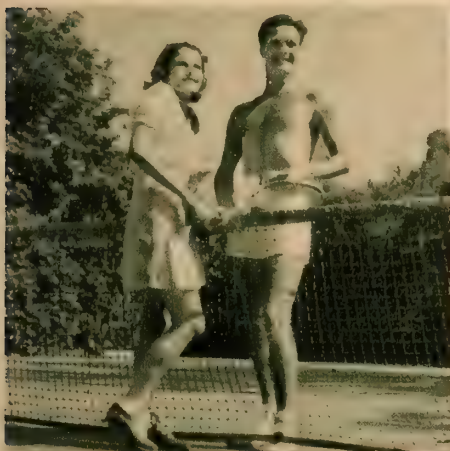
And we might have expected this admission from the proud father—marriage turned the tables on him. No longer is he the boss; instead he is most firmly bossed. And not by Mrs. Dix alone; now there are doctors, nurses and cooks telling him what he can do and what he can't. For instance, a modern father can't burst in on his twins whenever he feels like it. There are visiting hours. And he must, says the nurse in charge, wear a gauze mask over his mouth and keep hands off!

But to begin where all good romances should—at the beginning.



Mr. and Mrs. Richard Dix

Summer Dates » » » » » Tennis



Ann Darling and Clark Williams of Universal

"I have Uncle Jack to thank for bringing Virginia Webster to me," Richard Dix told us. "We advertised for a secretary and while I was taking a vacation on the desert Uncle Jack was to interview the applicants. It was a blind ad in which no names were mentioned, and we expected perhaps a dozen or so answers. Three thousand applied! My uncle, like a systematic business man, was undaunted. He sifted and sifted those letters, grading each one. If he liked the applicant particularly he put a cross at the top, if he thought the applicant extraordinary he put two crosses. On Virginia's application there were five crosses!"

"When I interviewed her I liked her immediately but she proved very difficult to hire. She was so painfully honest about her ability that I actually had to sell her on the idea of working for me. For instance, she said she was afraid she was too slow at typing and I had to convince her that she could easily handle what little typing I would have for her. Well, then she was afraid she was too rusty on shorthand but I convinced her she would have very little dictation to take and finally she agreed to work for me.

"Say," he said suddenly, looking at me with that characteristically piercing stare of his, "did you know that the scholastic requirements at the University of California at Los Angeles are stiffer than at the University of Southern California? Well, they are and Virginia graduated from U. C. L. A. Then she took a post graduate course at Berkeley and during her last year there had to [Continued on page 62]



Cantor vs. Cagney It's to the Death!



THE MOST FAMOUS pop-eyes in the world—eyes, which started rolling, caused the guard of honor in front of Mussolini's Roman palace to set down rifles and fold up with laughter—were flashing fire!

Eddie Cantor was hot and burning. "Listen," he hissed, through gritted teeth, "I'm gonna kill Jim Cagney! Kill him a little bit at a time, but kill him!"

Cantor went into a dance, going through the gyrations of a Chinese torturer administering *The Death of a Thousand Cuts*, with Cagney as his imaginative victim.

"Do you know what happened last night?" he hissed. "No? Well, I'll tell you. I have five movie-mad children, mostly girls. In fact, now that I can concentrate, I know they are all girls. All I've been hearing from them lately is Cagney this and Cagney that, with me trying to get a word in now and then about Cantor. Last night I sort of coyly reminded my five girls that

pop is a picture star, too, and then adroitly suggested we each cast a vote on our respective ideas as to the most popular star in pictures. I wasn't fishing for a compliment; honest I wasn't. I was demanding one! So I cut up six slips of paper, passed them around and, when we had finished voting, I gathered the votes in a hat. Do you know what that poll disclosed? No? Well, here are the ballots—count 'em."

We counted. Now we will tabulate the returns, as follows:

DAUGHTER MARJORIE, age 19 years, for James Cagney.
DAUGHTER NATALIE, age 18 years, for James Cagney.
DAUGHTER EDNA, age 15 years, for James Cagney.
DAUGHTER MARILYN, age 13 years, for James Cagney.
DAUGHTER JANET, age 7 years, for Bing Crosby.
PAPA CANTOR, age 7 years, for Eddie Cantor.

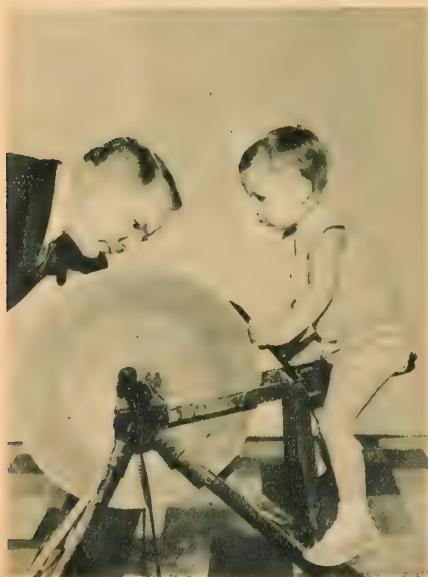
"I counted the ballots," said Cantor, "but I didn't say anything—that is, not much. I sorta smoothed things over and then said, 'Well, girls, let's try again. Let's cast a vote for the next President of the United States.' Then, sorta sotto voice, I indicated that, all things considered, I MIGHT accept the

nomination. Again we voted. Now tabulate these," he said, handing out more ballots. Here's the official result:

DAUGHTER MARJORIE, for James Cagney.
DAUGHTER NATALIE, for James Cagney.
DAUGHTER EDNA, for James Cagney.
DAUGHTER MARILYN, for James Cagney.
DAUGHTER JANET, for Bing Crosby.
PAPA CANTOR, for Eddie Cantor.

"And I counted on that second ballot being unanimous — for me," moaned Cantor. "What can I do? I just have to kill him! He's in my hair; he's all I hear and my home is cluttered up with pictures of him. Such a headache I have. My digestion is ruined. I can't even eat Mama Ray's borscht with sour cream, and it's the best in Hollywood!" [Continued on page 64]

Something to Gag Over » » » »



His nose to the grindstone—
W. C. Fields and Baby LeRoy.



Bearding the lion in his den—
as done by Lee Tracy



She swept out of the room—
starring Lyda Roberti

Rudy Vallée? He's just a pal,
this dazzling blonde reveals!
Her real heart throb is Nelson
Eddy—a fact which she tells for
the first time in this story



Blonde Alice
hasn't known
Nelson Eddy long—!

ALICE FAYE'S *Secret Romance*

by MARK DOWLING



NOT EVEN HOLLYWOOD has yet discovered the romance between Alice Faye, golden-haired girl who rose to full stardom in a single year, and Nelson Eddy, handsome blond baritone whose first picture, *Naughty Marietta*, raised him with breath-taking speed to the ranks of filmdom's elect.

"This time I think it's the real thing," Alice says with glowing eyes—a rare statement for the quiet, reserved girl who has never learned the trick of opening her heart to interviewers.

"We have known each other only three weeks, but when Nelson went to San Francisco the other day, for a concert, I could hardly wait for him to get back. And when I had to go to Catalina, to sing with Ben Bernie's orchestra over the air, he flew there with me."

Thus the slim, blue-eyed Alice, who has always been more or less of a mystery to Hollywood, turns out to be the girl who wins the eye of the most eligible bachelor of the year. For ever since the brilliance of his performance in his first pic-

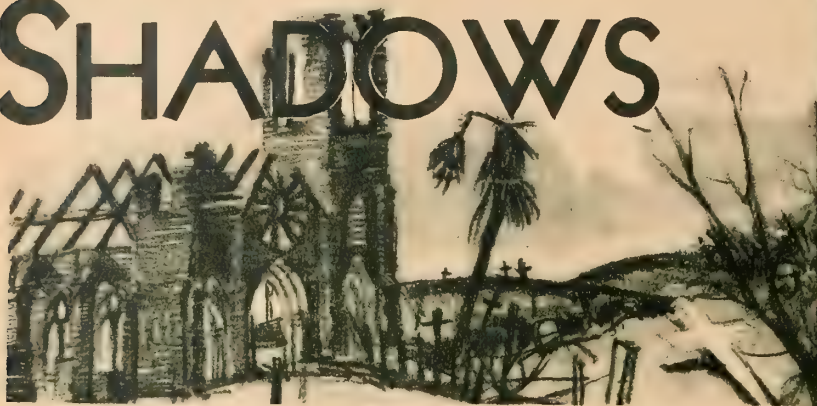
ture, Nelson Eddy has had the feminine stars of Hollywood enraptured by his charm and personality.

For two long years, while he remained under contract without playing an important part, Hollywood neglected him, spreading rumors that he couldn't act, didn't film well, and would soon be dropped. Now he is the man of the hour, sought after by all our most attractive hostesses—and he refuses, bafflingly enough, to be taken up in the whirl.

Alice, too, has avoided the usual romance rumors linking her name with handsome male stars, even though such gossip is the usual lot of so popular and beautiful a girl in Hollywood. Reporters both here and in New York have questioned her about her friendship with Rudy Vallée, who discovered her, but even when she flew to New York between pictures, to be seen on Broadway in night clubs with the orchestra leader, she denied that they were anything but friends.

[Continued on page 53]

PARADE of SHADOWS



by
Basil Rathbone



The author of this distinguished story as he appears in "Anna Karenina"

A NEW DAY is dawning, and a great stillness, as if the whole world had suddenly stopped breathing, awaits her coming. A clinging mist from the canal shrouds the sleeping town of Merville, France. An outer door bangs and footsteps echo down the empty cobble-stone streets. Slowly the Eastern sky pales in anticipation and then, ruby-lipped, rises to greet the dawn. The tall Flemish poplars sway gently. The early morning breeze softly chases the cold mist to her bed in the river, while birds circle joyously against an opal heaven.

Quite suddenly the dawn gives birth to day. Brightly colored shutters are flung back by sleepy-eyed townsfolk. A tumbril filled with turnips clatters down the main street. Our soldiers begin to busy themselves about their morning duties. Soon the whole town is astir. Civilians hurry through the narrow streets to open shops and offices.

A handful of speculators waits patiently until midday brings the inevitable rush of uniformed men, tired and thirsty after their morning's work on parade. While tillers of the soil long since have made their way to where fields of wheat stand ripening in the sun. Here, out in the country, a warm breeze carries to the passer-by a delicious odor of mellowing fruits and crops. In cottage gardens ripe plums and apples nod carelessly. Down a dusty road comes a troop of cavalry at the trot. Three or four heavy motor lorries rumble lazily after them, followed by a significant fleet of swift

Eighteen years later Basil Rathbone looks through the window of the past upon a day in July, 1917, when the Horsemen of Death rode the world

light cars with red crosses painted on their sides.

● THE SUN bears on its course. The afternoon passes heavily. The Evening Star, forerunner to the night, signals the day to rest. The Angelus is heard. Twilight—the streets resound with a strange medley of music—old pianos, gramophones, male voices, rising and falling unevenly on the still evening air—from well-filled cafés.

The tired day blushes to meet the night and lingers a brief while to look back with passionate longing as its lengthening shadows cover the sad earth. The river mirrors their embrace. The mist rouses itself from lethargy and, creeping through the silent town, tenderly enfolds the darkened streets.

A week passes. Each sweet soft night of sleep is balm to our hurt minds. Each day I dream and lovingly turn back the pages of my life and look longingly into the past. There is no future for us now; only a present and

a past. Tick-tick-tick-tick—the second, minutes, hours creep by until the dawn of the last day of our time "on rest" colors the little piece of sky that I lie watching through my bedroom window. In an adjoining room I hear the heavy breathing of the two young subalterns who have recently joined our battalion. They have been with us for a week, and tonight they will go with us, back "into the line." Our losses were severe "last time up." Captain Hilliard, myself and eight men were all of "D" Company that returned. The two newcomers knew nothing of our losses, and so they ate like horses, and slept like children.

Away in the distance I hear the intermittent rumble of heavy artillery. After a few minutes, it
[Continued on page 64]

Stars
Own
Stories

Cecil B. DeMille — A Gentleman Roughneck

DeMille could be the most hated man in Hollywood if it weren't for one great redeeming quality. Wilcoxon tells you what it is that brings endless plaudits to DeMille

by *Henry Wilcoxon*

HE is a hard-boiled roughneck, this man DeMille; a heartless slave driver. Yet he is also a gentleman and a very fine scholar, and all in all one of the most colorful men of the century.

He would be the most hated man in Hollywood if it were not for one thing, which happens to be the crux of the matter. Cecil B. DeMille isn't afraid to tackle any job that he has asked another to perform.

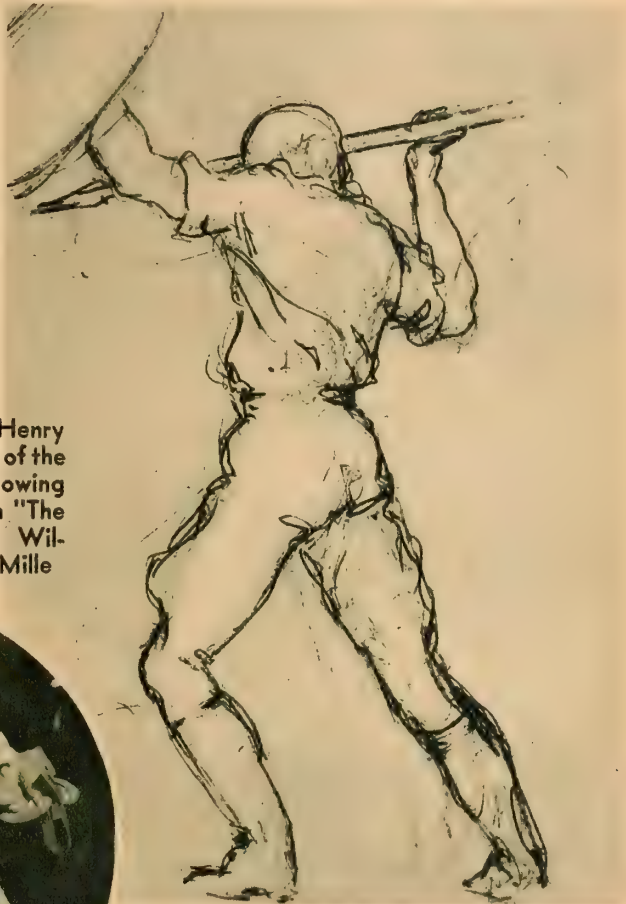
We all know that. Consequently he is the most admired and most popular director that this industry has ever known. Each picture finds the same faces in the mob scenes; extras who have known his scorching tongue and his driving lash—and always come back for more.

I have come to know him well. As Marc Antony in *Cleopatra* and as Richard the Lion Hearted in *The Crusades* I have labored and sweated with him in projects that called for the best in both of us. We have seen each other under all sorts of conditions. And still I say that he's a roughneck, but a gentleman.

There was that day when the clash of the broadsword filled the sound stage at Paramount with the clamor of a great battle scene. DeMille wanted a close-up of a bit of fierce, savage fighting between two soldiers.

Those brawny men were not doing it well. They lacked the enthusiasm, the fearlessness that DeMille de-

DeMille in action—Henry Wilcoxon's own sketch of the famous director showing how to hurl a spear in "The Crusades." Below, Wilcoxon poses with DeMille



want to show him as he really is, and give a few reasons *why*. The why of things always interests me.

I think that much of his reputation for being a slave driver with a tongue as lashing as a blacksnake whip comes from people who are soft and lazy. If you match his will to work, his driving enthusiasm for the job, he won't crack the whip. Instead he'll do anything under heaven to help you.

We were filming a strenuous battle scene in *Cleopatra* where, as Marc Antony, I was to withstand the onslaught of ten Romans in my last stand before the palace gates. DeMille called for a rehearsal. We all waded into the fight and not one in the melee held back for fear of personal injury. DeMille shot it at once. Give your best and you hear no complaints.

With my fingers crossed, I'll make the statement now that he has not once yelled at me. But he will if I lay down on the job.

One thing [Continued on page 59]

mands. He called to me. "Henry take that sword and shield."

I obeyed. He armed himself with shield and sword from the other fellow, and we fell to. Did we go for each other! It was nip and tuck to save myself and give as good as received. It was dangerous, of course. But it was just as dangerous for DeMille as it was for me.

● **THE MAN** is tough. The tremendous enthusiasm he has for his work makes him unafraid of matching strength with any man in his cast if it means getting the results he seeks.

I'm not defending DeMille in this story. He needs no defense from tales of his hard boiled tactics. I merely

Stars
Own
Stories

Joan Debunks the BENNETT LEGEND

Here is a story that punctures the publicity blah about the amazing family

By Eric L. Ergenbright



Joan stands beneath a portrait of her father, Richard Bennett, whose ancestors were all preachers



(In circle) Joan as she appears in a recent film production

THE BENNETT'S! A tempestuous, temperamental, talented, fighting clan! An aging eagle of the stage and screen screaming advice and encouragement to his three brilliant eaglets, shaping their destinies with crafty care, expertly training them to fly into the winds of adversity and soar to the heights!

That's the "Bennett Legend," time-honored and oft-told. Who hasn't read how Dick Bennett, that berserk genius of the theatre, sent his Constance, Barbara and Joan out to "take it on the chin," how he taught them his art and made them stars? That's the legend, but . . .

"It paints a colorful picture," sighs Joan, the youngest of the three erstwhile fledglings. "It's still a colorful picture in spite of the fact that it's been presented often enough to become just a bit boring. But part of the scenario, and a most important part, at that, is lacking. What about our mother?"

"No one ever mentions her in their stories about 'The Bennetts'—and yet, if I remember correctly, we *did* have a mother. A very devoted mother, who until her voluntary retirement, was every bit as celebrated on the stage as our father. She allowed her own

career to fade in order to give Constance, Barbara and me the attention and care that we needed—just as, previously, she had willingly taken a second place in order to give father the theatrical glory for the family.

"As a matter of fact, it was Adrienne Morrison rather than Richard Bennett, who played the major rôle in shaping our careers. It was from her, I think, that we inherited our instinctive love of the theatre, and from her that we absorbed the theatrical traditions of 'the family.'

"We have always been called 'The Bennetts,' but the truth of the matter is that 'the family,' as far as the stage is concerned, are the Woods and the Morrisons."

● AND So, you see, the "Bennett Legend," like most of Hollywood's legends, is wrong. Hollywood is too new, too *gauche*, to have any deep knowledge of theatrical history. One writer broadcasts misinformation, others take it up and popularize the error. And both Connie and Joan Bennett are such self-sufficient young ladies that they have never found occasion to recite "the family's" history. Joan does it now, only in deference to a very great lady of the theatre who has been rather ironically overlooked in the accounts of her daughter's success.

"Richard Bennett was the first of the Bennetts to go on the stage. His ancestors, the majority of them at least, were protestant preachers. He became an actor, more by accident than design.

"Mother's people, on the other hand, had been connected with the theatre since the time of Shakespeare, when William Wodin, our 'how-many-greats-I-don't-know' grandfather came to London from Wales and be-

[Continued on page 60]



Rose Wood, Joan's grandmother, was one of the great stars of yesteryear in America



To Joan's mother, now Mrs. Eric Pinker, goes belated credit for the success of the Bennett girls in the field of stage and screen



As a child Joan might have been willful, but she carried that same thoughtful appearance

HOLLYWOOD SCRAPBOOK



Norma Shearer

is at the present taking a vacation from the screen preparatory to another blessed event in the family. Meantime, Husband Irving Thalberg is considering a new release of "Smilin' Through" to appease the demands of Shearer fans for a current film. The shy poetess of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" will later appear as the famous French queen in "Marie Antoinette," under the direction of Sidney Franklin.

- The coming big event in the Thalberg household will be the second. Norma retired once before to prepare for the arrival of Irving, Jr., and later returned to the screen to score new successes.
- Norma Shearer, Hollywood's symbol for success, has won the admiration of her own friends and acquaintances for her perfect serenity of soul. She possesses no desperate philosophies. She is content with whatever life brings her.





Garden photos
by
Charles Rhodes



Planting a garden is Binnie's idea of real fun when away from the studio set



To prepare for a rôle in *Diamond Jim Brady*, Binnie had to gain 14 pounds

Binnie Barnes

finds Hollywood almost quiet and serene compared to some of the places she has been in her young life. She got much of her early training doing a Will Rogers rope act in South Africa, where theater goers wore six-guns



When Binnie first came to the United States, she was stopped by New York police who suspected she was the noted "red-head" companion of Gangster John Dillinger



Binnie's first airplane trip was taken after she reached New York



London did not take to its native daughter until she pretended to be an American girl under the monicker of Texas Binnie. Then she went on to ultimate screen fame



with her director,
Eddie Buzzell. . . .



and Roger Pryor,
the boy friend. . . .



. . . also Benny
Rubin



If you are keeping a scrapbook on Ann Sothern, add this page of pertinent facts about Columbia's blonde favorite . . .

Ann Sothern

is a North Dakota girl who finally won her way to film fame only through success on Broadway. Born in a small town called Valley City, Ann never saw her birthplace. It was merely a stopover for her mother, Annette Yde, a former concert singer.

Ann came to Hollywood as Harriette Lake in 1929, and was a flop in the movies. She started as a dancing girl and was signed up by M-G-M. Harriette became lost in the shuffle, however, and might never have gone anywhere, except . . .

Flo Ziegfeld met her one night and promised her a chance at a career. Later he wired her to come to New York. Dumping her film contract overboard, Ann got the second lead in *Smiles*. She became a Broadway hit. Later she appeared in other successes such as *Of Thee I Sing*.

Columbia studio scouts spied her and began talking business. She won a lead in *Let's Fall In Love*, and the film clicked. Other studios borrowed her left and right. Her latest is *The Girl Friend* with Roger Pryor. (See stills above.)

As sometimes happens in romantic Hollywood, Roger Pryor is the boy friend in real life; has been for several years despite a rush from Maurice Chevalier.

Behind the Headlines in JANET GAYNOR'S LIFE

Photos by Charles Rhodes,
HOLLYWOOD'S Candid Cameraman

A Hollywood newspaper reporter
gives you this intimate glimpse of
the stories behind the news

by MURIEL BABCOCK

FOR TEN YEARS, Janet Gaynor has been crashing the headlines of daily newspapers printed the world over. Since 1925 when she first landed on the drama page of a metropolitan paper, stories galore have been printed about Janet, about her love affairs, about her rôles in pictures, about her marriage and its unsuccessful culmination, about her private life, her friendships, her home at the beach, her luxurious, roomy mansion in the heart of Hollywood.

Newspaper headlines and newspaper yarns tell only half the real truth. There's always a story behind the story which cannot be revealed until later. It's the interesting but unprinted grist known only to those "in the know" in Hollywood which comprises the real story.

You know of Janet Gaynor's career in pictures. You must know that this sweet, winsome heroine of so many storybook films from Fox studio has developed, in ten years, into a woman of character and tastes far apart from the bright-eyed little girl you still see flashing across the screen. The cute, perky, red-headed little feminist of determination and will, who crashed Hollywood when still in her teens has enjoyed a romantic, glamorous career, to be sure. She has also known great heartbreak. She has had to fight to sustain her position as Ingenue No. 1 of Hollywood.

Here, for the first time, is the story behind the headlines—the authentic headline history of Janet Gaynor. It begins on April 25, 1925, when was printed under a two-column banner in the Los Angeles Times:

"UNKNOWN FILM ASPIRANT INTERVIEWS BIG DIRECTOR"

Janet Gaynor, a little, unknown screen aspirant, yesterday had an interview with Edwin Carewe, ace Hollywood director, and asked advice on how to proceed on screen career. Mr. Carewe advised Miss Gaynor, according to the article: "Work, work, wish, and learn, and be natural in your rôles." She looked up at him gratefully and thanked him. The article ended with a comment which turned out to be prophetic, "that perhaps sometime the director would let her play the part upon which she set her heart, a worried little slavey, tormented and harassed, dirty, disheveled, downright ugly." A truly interesting ambition for she is blessed with beauty and youth, large brown eyes, curls, and dimples in her chin.

[Continued on page 54]



Off-mentioned in print as "a San Francisco Doctor," it was not until recently that our cameraman snapped Dr. Veblen, the favored Gaynor companion, dining with Janet



Outings with Gene Raymond have no romantic inference, although gossip columns often mention their appearance at night spots of Hollywood, claiming this to be a love affair



Henry Fonda, her leading man in "The Farmer Takes a Wife," was frequently mentioned in headlines as Janet's latest boy friend, but that was all publicity hokey

An Intimate Subject.... but thousands of women asked me to explain why Kotex

CAN'T CHAFE—CAN'T FAIL—CAN'T SHOW



"CAN'T CHAFE"

Means much on active days

To be happy and natural one must be comfortable. The new Kotex gives lasting comfort and freedom. You see, the sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton—all chafing, all irritation is prevented. But mind you, sides only are cushioned—the center surface is left free to absorb.



"CAN'T FAIL"

Is important, too

Security means much to every woman at all times... and Kotex assures it! It has a special center layer whose channels guide moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. This special center gives "body" but not bulk—makes Kotex adjust itself to every natural movement. No twisting. The filler of Kotex is actually 5 times more absorbent than cotton.



"CAN'T SHOW"

Gives evening peace-of-mind

The sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown reveals no tell-tale lines. What an aid to self-confidence and poise. The ends of Kotex are not only rounded but flattened and tapered besides. Absolute invisibility—no tiny wrinkles whatsoever.



IT'S only natural that women should be vitally concerned about this intimate subject. And I've discovered this: once women understand the 3 exclusive advantages that only Kotex offers, most of them will not be satisfied with any other sanitary napkin!

By reading the facts presented here, you can learn what I believe every woman has a right to know. You need never have times when you're ill at ease. For now there is a simple way to carefree, perfect poise on the days it's hardest to attain. Here's a modern sanitary napkin—Kotex—that has removed all annoyance from women's most perplexing problem.

Kotex brings women 3 gratifying comforts that you can understand by simply looking at the construction of the pad itself.

With all of these extra Kotex advantages costing so little, there's no economy in accepting ordinary kinds.

For greater protection on some days depend on Super Kotex. For emergency, look for Kotex in ladies' rooms in West Cabinets.



Mary Pauline Callender

Author of "Marjorie May's 12th Birthday"

WONDERSOFT KOTEX

BUY THE NEW KOTEX SANITARY BELT. Narrow and adjustable. Requires no pins.

AUGUST, 1935

QUEST

the positive deodorant powder for personal daintiness



A new scientific discovery makes possible the perfect deodorant powder for use with Kotex... and for your every need! Quest, sponsored by the makers of Kotex, is a dainty, soothing powder, pleasant and safe to use. Quest assures all-day-long body freshness. Buy Quest when you buy Kotex... only 35c for the large 2-ounce can



"DOUBLE-QUICK" REDUCTION During the SUMMERTIME



REDUCE

YOUR WAIST and HIPS
3 INCHES in 10 DAYS
with the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE
...or it will cost you nothing!



"I REDUCED MY HIPS 9 INCHES,"
...writes Miss Healy... "I reduced from 43
inches to 34½ inches"... writes Miss Brian...
"Massages like magic"... writes Miss Carroll...
"The fat seems to have melted away"...
says Mrs. McSorley.

■ So many of our customers are delighted
with the wonderful results obtained with
this Perforated Rubber Reducing Girdle
and Uplift Brassiere that we want you to
try them for 10 days at our expense!

Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly!

■ Worn next to the body with perfect
safety, the tiny perforations permit the
skin to breathe as its gentle massage-like
action removes flabby, disfiguring fat with
every movement... stimulating the body
once more into energetic health!

Don't Wait Any Longer... Act Today!

■ You can prove to yourself quickly and
definitely in 10 days whether or not this very
efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce
your waist and hips **THREE INCHES!**
You do not need to risk one penny... try
them for 10 days... at no cost!

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

Dept 78, 41 EAST 42nd ST., New York, N. Y.
Please send me **FREE BOOKLET** describing and
illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift
Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and
particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Postcard

by
MARIAN
RHEA

Lel's Go Collegiate!

SHE LOOKS LIKE a co-ed and she
knows how to dress like one. . . .
So if you'd like to go collegiate,
fashionably speaking—

Arline Judge is the one to show you
the way!

She knows all the ropes, and why
not—after *College Scandal*, that new
picture of hers in which she plays the
role of a simply devastating co-ed?

She knows the kind of a dress that
will make a hit with the boy friend
when he comes around of a morning
to play tennis. She knows the kind of
an outfit that will knock him dead
when he takes her out to lunch. She
knows the kind of a costume which,
worn to a summer tea or maybe to a
rushing party after college opens,
makes the men think: "Some baby!"
and the girls: "How does she DO it?"

And she knows the kind of a dreamy,
dancing gown that could, if it would,
ring up a record of a new fraternity
pin every night! Which, in the history
of any campus queen's
wardrobe, is some-
thing!

Arline's rules for
"going collegiate" sar-
torially—and successfully—are only
two, to wit: Be youthful. Be different.

"The rest is easy," she
says.

Lying in the sun, one
day, in a big chair a
couple of feet from the
swimming pool in her
huge and very glorified
back yard, she elabor-
ated on the subject at
hand. She was wearing
a white bathing suit
which made the gorge-
ous coat of sun tan she
was acquiring—already
had acquired—seem still
more gorgeous in con-
trast. She looked very
pretty and young—
about freshman age—as
she talked.

"To be different is
really the more diffi-
cult," she said.

"To be different, you
must be outstanding
but not conspicuous;
original but not freak-
ish; unusual but not
outlandish. It is," she
repeated, "quite a prob-
lem. . . ."

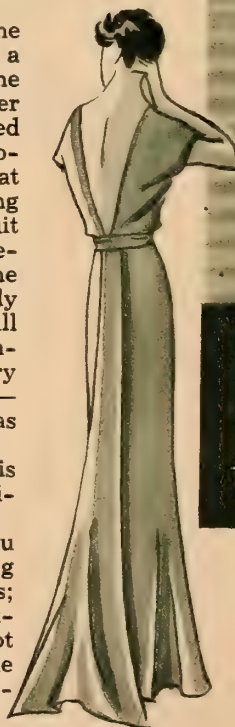
True. . . . Then how
would she advise avoid-

ing the pitfalls and achieving this de-
sired end? I was anxious to know. . . .

She smiled and clambered out of
her chair.

"I am not so good at explaining,"
she confided, "but I can show you what
I mean. At least, I can show you a
costume which, to my mind, fills the
bill. I wore it in *College Scandal*.
Come on. . . ."

for evening



Pattern
\$0.15
Material
\$7.00
Trimming
\$1.50
Total \$8.75

Arline Judge wears this lovely eve-
ning dress with low-cut back, grace-
ful train and velvet bow in *College
Scandal*. The bias-cut skirt retains
youthful lines and the effect of
sleeves creates demureness. You
can make a dress like it if you send
for Hollywood pattern No. 974,
available in sizes 14, 16, 18 years;
36-, 38- and 40 busts.

THREE CHEERS FOR
ARLINE JUDGE'S
SUMMER WARDROBE



for outings

A lightweight tweed coat of beige and brown, with shirred shoulder lines, is Arline's choice for cool evenings.

● WE WENT in-doors and upstairs, across her lovely, spacious rose-carpeted bedroom, to one of her clothes closets. And there she showed me—

Her Rising Sun pyjamas!

Now, this allusion to the rising sun doesn't have a thing to do with the 6 A. M. variety of pyjamas. Not a thing! Arline's Rising Sun pyjamas are very much the type that step out socially.

Rising sun refers to a sun-shaped figure in navy blue imposed upon the front of the bodice in striking contrast to the clear white crepe of the pyjamas themselves. She likes her clothes that way—simple and smart.

"I haven't much use for frills and furbelows." [Continued on page 42]

AUGUST, 1935



**MEN
WOULDN'T
LOOK AT ME
WHEN I WAS
SKINNY**

but...

**Since I Gained 10 Pounds
This New, Easy Way
I Have All the Dates I Want**

NOW there's no need to be "skinny" and friendless, even if you never could gain an ounce before. Here's a new, easy treatment that is giving thousands attractive flesh—in just a few weeks!

Doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health. But now, with this new yeast discovery in little tablets, you can get far greater tonic results—regain health, and also put on pounds of firm flesh, enticing curves—and in a far shorter time.

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured *brewers' ale yeast* imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful.

But that is not all! This super-rich yeast is ironized with 3 special kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add energy.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast tablets, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively. Skin clears to beauty, new health comes—you're an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, or how long you have been that way, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money will be instantly refunded.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body," by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 288, Atlanta, Ga.

Posed by professional model

Generous FREE SAMPLE

PROVE TO
YOURSELF
THE MAGIC
OF THE WAY
MOVIE
STARS
CLEANSE
THEIR HAIR
with . . .



MAR-O-OIL

*The Soapless Olive Oil
Way to Shampoo Your Hair*

This trial bottle of Mar-o-Oil will convince you that this amazing new method of cleansing hair and scalp is the *perfect way* to get rid of dandruff accumulations and correct irritating, dry or oily scalp conditions. Mar-o-Oil cleans thoroughly . . . does not lather . . . rinses out in clear warm water. ● One shampoo will show you why Hollywood studio hair dressers and beauty shop operators everywhere recommend Mar-o-Oil as the one all-purpose hair cleanser and tonic combined. It leaves your hair clean, soft and lovely, yet more manageable. Waves stay in longer. You'll be delighted with the way Mar-o-Oil brings out the natural color and hidden lustre of your hair.



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KELTON**
featured in RKO'S
"HURRAH
FOR LOVE"

. . . is one of the
many Hollywood
stars using soap-
less oil shampoos
for lovely, allur-
ing hair beauty.

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GENEROUS TRIAL OFFER**

J. W. Marrow Mfg. Company
Dept. 85 3037 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me your liberal 2-trial bottle
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coin, to cover cost of handling and mailing.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

MAR-O-OIL
Soapless
OLIVE OIL SHAMPOO

Arline Judge's CO-ED

(Continued from page forty-one)



this pattern is outstanding in its style importance and represents a new sartorial accomplishment even in Hollywood where clothes are consistently lovely and unusual, it is necessary to charge 25 cents for this pattern.

● BUT To continue along the path of collegiate style with Arline—

There is, for instance, that flowered evening gown of hers which is so pretty, so fetching, so everything that it should be that it really ought to be able to get two fraternity pins an evening without half trying!

It is made with high, cowl-like neckline in front, very low back, and is adorned with simple, emerald green velvet bow at the waistline.

Showing me this dress, Arline made a canny comment on ways and means of keeping collegiate after the sun goes down and the stars come out.

Here is Arline Judge's favorite costume—her navy blue and white Rising Sun pyjamas! They're ever so new, and perfect for the co-ed who likes to be "different." Order Pattern No. 983.

"I have an idea they are disturbing to others. To my way of thinking, tasteful dressing means perfect grooming, perfectly fitting clothes and accessories which are carefully chosen but not too obviously matched. . . . In other words, a costume which, when complete, adorns but does not obliterate personality."

Hence, her Rising Sun pyjamas which not only are particularly right for not too formal vacation festivities, but for sorority "at homes" as well—especially during rushing season when freshie "rushees" must be duly impressed.

Moreover, they can be duplicated! A Rising Sun pattern has been drafted with Arline's pyjamas as model and this extra special fashion feature, complete in every detail and giving minute directions for making it available through HOLLYWOOD's Pattern Service, pattern No. 983. Because



Pattern
\$0.25
Material
\$6.08
Trimming
\$1.10
Total
\$7.43

983

COUPON FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE

HOLLYWOOD'S Pattern Service,
529 South Seventh St., Minneapolis, Minn.

Send me patterns checked. I enclose
_____ in stamps or coin.

My size _____ My bust _____

983-Rising Sun Pyjamas . . . 25c

985-Sports Frock . . . 15c

974-Evening Dress . . . 15c

Fashion Magazine
(10c if you order a pattern) . . . 15c

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

HOLLYWOOD

PATTERNS

"The college girl," she said, "or for that matter any girl who is of the so-called 'petite' type, simply must watch out when she puts on an evening dress that she doesn't look like a child dressed up in her mother's long skirts! Her dresses, even though [Continued on page 44]



Pattern
\$0.15
Material
\$5.85
Trimming
\$1.25
Total
\$7.25

985

An ideal summer vacation frock of Arline's, this yellow-ribbed silk sports model. It can be duplicated! Send for Pattern No. 985.

AUGUST, 1935

SOMETHING SPECIAL IN Chocolate Ice Cream!



EAGLE BRAND CHOCOLATE ICE CREAM (Freezer method)

2 squares unsweetened chocolate
1 1/3 cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
1 cup cold water
2 cups thin cream

Melt chocolate in top of double boiler. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, and stir over boiling water for five minutes until mixture thickens. Gradually add water and thin cream. Blend thoroughly. Cool and freeze in two-quart freezer. Remove dasher. Pack in ice and salt for one hour or more after freezing. Makes 1 1/4 quarts.

● No freezer ever turned out creamier, smoother, richer-tasting ice cream than this. Yet this is easily made, economical.
● But remember—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use Sweetened Condensed Milk. Just remember the name Eagle Brand.



FREE! World's most amazing Cook Book!

Rotogravure picture-book (60 photographs) showing astonishing new short-cuts. 130 recipes, including: Lemon Pie Filling without cooking! Foolproof 5-minute Chocolate Frosting! Caramel Pudding that makes itself! 2-ingredient Macaroons! Magic Mayonnaise! Ice Creams (freezer and automatic)! Candies! Refrigerator Cakes! Sauces! Custards! Cookies! Address: The Borden Co., Dept. FWG-85, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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Street _____

City _____ State _____

(Print name and address plainly)

This coupon may be pasted on a penny postcard.

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Women \$22 in a Week
up to 7 and Your Own Dresses **FREE**
Showing Latest **FASHION FROCKS!**
...Direct from Factory...

No House-to-House Canvassing
New kind of work for ambitious women demonstrating gorgeous Paris-styled dresses at direct factory prices. You make up to \$22 weekly during spare hours and get all your own dresses free to wear and show. Fashion Frocks are nationally advertised and are known to women everywhere.

No Investment Ever Required
We send you an elaborate Style Presentation in full colors and rich fabrics. Write fully for details of this marvelous opportunity giving dress size and choice of color.

FASHION FROCKS Inc. Dept. J-225, Cincinnati, O.

as low as **3 DRESSES \$3.98**

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WHETHER 16 OR 60

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RESTORES natural color, texture, contour.
REMOVES blemishes, coarse pores, black-heads, lines.
STIMULATES and tones sagging muscles.

Send for one today and see how much better you LOOK and FEEL.

REVELATION COMPLEXION KIT CORP.
640 Madison Av. Dept. F. New York City.

GUARANTEED WEIGHT REDUCTION

**12 POUNDS
IN FIVE WEEKS**

... or no cost!
**NO DIETING...NO STRENUOUS
EXERCISES...NO SELF DENIAL**



**Now YOU Can Take Off
POUNDS of UGLY FAT
... this SAFE, EASY,
QUICK WAY!**

SOUNDS too good to be true? Yet it is true. Dilex-Redusols increase your metabolism; that is, they turn food into energy instead of fat. You will be amazed at your increased vitality.

**YOU MAY EAT WHAT YOU WISH AND
AS MUCH AS YOU WANT**

■ There is no need to change your present mode of living, yet objectionable surplus fat—especially around hips and waist—will quickly disappear.

THE DILEX-REDUSOL WAY IS THE SAFE WAY!

■ Beware of products claiming more rapid reduction, physicians agree that 15 pounds a month is the limit of safety. And, do not accept any substitute for **SAFE** Dilex-Redusols—the harmless capsules which reduce fat by increasing metabolism. Dilex-Redusols contain no thyroid extract or other harmful ingredient. They are absolutely safe when taken as directed.

**READ HOW A SECRETARY OF STATE
REDUCED 18 POUNDS IN 5 WEEKS!**



THE DILEX INSTITUTE
9 East 40th Street, New York City
Dear Sirs:
I am very glad to tell you that Dilex-Redusols have reduced my weight 18 pounds in the past 5 weeks. Before taking Dilex-Redusols I weighed 205 pounds. I now have a fine appetite, eat 8 good meals a day, feel energetic and ambitious, and yet have reduced my weight to 187 pounds. This has been done without diet or tiring exercises . . . simply by taking Dilex-Redusols.
You may use this letter in any manner you wish.
Very truly yours,
(Signed) **JOHN J. LYONS**

**THIS TESTIMONIAL FROM THE
HONORABLE JOHN J. LYONS**

—former Secretary of New York State, reflects the average experience of hundreds of users who daily send us unsolicited testimonials. Many letters on file show reductions of from 30 to 40 pounds! Why not rid yourself of burdensome **FAT**—Remember, you **REDUCE** 12 pounds in 5 weeks or it costs you nothing!

DON'T WAIT...MAIL COUPON NOW

DILEX INSTITUTE, INC.
9 East 40th St., Dept. 288, New York City.

☐ Enclosed find \$3.00, please forward, postpaid, one box of 30 Dilex-Redusol Capsules in plain wrapper.
☐ Send Dilex-Redusol Capsules, C. O. D. I will pay postman \$3.00 (plus 23 cents postage).
If I do not lose at least 12 pounds after taking the first box of Dilex-Redusols as directed, you will refund my \$3.

Mr. _____
Mrs. _____
Miss _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____
Orders from Canada & Foreign Countries Cash in Advance.

Brevity is the Soul of Arline's Sports Wear

(Continued from page forty-three)

skirts trail to the floor, must appear to be her own, not those borrowed from someone else."

As Arline held it up in front of her, over the white bathing suit, this particular dress seemed to fill the bill exactly. Its colors were so dainty and delicate as to make her look "sweet sixteen" or less. It was **HER** dress and no mistake!

Designed especially for her to wear in

Next to dainty prints which are always grand for summer dances and other festivities in warm weather, Arline likes plain white, especially chiffon.

"When in doubt, choose white," she said, and gave several reasons why.

One was that white is becoming to more people than any one color. Another was that it is particularly striking with the sun tan that most college girls like. A third—that it can be worn with various colored slippers, corsages or perhaps jewelry with the effect of a new costume every time. Still another—that white crepe, for instance, can well be carried over into early fall and worn with darker accessories by the girl who plans her wardrobe with an eye to economy—but not at the expense of chic.

But so much for formal "costumes collegiate," although Arline has, too, a perfectly lovely sapphire blue chiffon adorned with velvet bows numbering forty-two running from waistline to floor in the back.

Because, in the last analysis, what is any co-ed's wardrobe without sports clothes!



Arline Judge likes her sun tan. She gets it by wearing nifty linen playsuits like this one, which is white. Even her sandals admit a good deal of sunshine.



Emerald green and white is Arline's choice for a swimming suit. The top is made like a bib, leaving the back bare. The material is silk that looks well even when wet.

College Scandal, this dress, too, can be duplicated through **HOLLYWOOD** Pattern Service, pattern No. 974. Price 15 cents.

● **INCIDENTALLY**, **ARLINE** called attention to a noteworthy point, here, and that is the fact that prints hide very successfully irregularities in silhouette. The girl who is inclined to be the least bit "bumpy," she confided, will usually look much better in them. Not that Arline has to worry about anything like that. . . .

"Nothing at all," Arline said, and hastened to display a little yellow ribbed silk frock with wide, notched revers, brown buttons and brown and white striped belt.

This is still another frock of hers that can be duplicated through **HOLLYWOOD's**

HOLLYWOOD

Pattern Service, using pattern No. 985. Price 15 cents. She wears this dress with brown or white accessories.

She is also fond of a chic, dark blue frock of ribbed silk with turned down collar, patch pockets and a row of dark bone buttons extending down the front of the blouse and a little way down the front of the skirt. With this dress, sometimes, she wears a clever blue and white sleeveless sweater which is just the thing for the classroom or for a cool morning in the mountains or at the beach.

● **IN THE** matter of a top coat for these vacation months, Arline is especially lucky. Because there never was such a smart coat as that beige and brown tweed of hers!

Three-quarter length and very swagger, it has sleeves tucked at the shoulders to give fullness and a collar—well, that collar really represents the nth degree of chic! It turns neither up nor down but, held snugly at the throat by a brown leather band, it falls just any way it feels inclined. For fastening, there is a single, huge button in red, carved like a masque.

Arline wears this coat a lot with her navy blue corded silk dress and has a blue silk off-the-face hat to match the dress, finished off with a perky bow. For summer, she often wears sturdy white buck pumps trimmed in brown alligator leather, and carries a red purse to match the red masque button.

Also, speaking of shoes, sandals are an indispensable part of Arline's summer wardrobe, too. She wears them at all hours—those very "sketchy" ones, which are nothing much but a heel and a strap or two, with her sun suits and sometimes with her light sports frocks, and lovely colored ones for evening.

"I think it is a good plan to pay a fairly good price for evening slippers, especially," she said that day I invaded her clothes closet.

"Don't forget, you can have your soiled summer ones dyed a darker color for winter party dresses, so it is economical in the long run to get ones that don't become shoddy after their first dance."

● **HATS?** OH, yes! We mustn't forget them.

Several of Arline's are those perky things in white or a color to match some certain outfit that turn up all around in the most pert manner. Others are simple affairs of the sports variety. Even those she wears with more formal clothes, although smart, are never extreme.

"I don't think I am the type for those ultra-ultra 'chapeaux' and I feel funny in them," she explained, adding:

"I think, a hat should provide 'finish' to a costume, and should never be so unusual looking that it attracts attention to itself."

And now we come to active sports things—swimming suits and tennis shorts and other brief togs which give Old Sol a chance to do his stuff in the matter of that very important sun tan.

Always favoring white, one of her choicest sun suits is of white linen with a halter top which buttons onto the shorts.

As for costume when she takes a dip in the "wild sea waves," Arline's very smartest and most collegiate is of emerald green silk—the kind that looks particularly well when wet—trimmed in white and belted neatly.

There is also that white wool bathing suit which carries out her consistent ideas of simplicity—and a bright red one which is very becoming to her brunette beauty.

AUGUST, 1935

NATURALLY SKINNY FOLKS CORRECT IODINE STARVED GLANDS!

**Add 5 lbs. in 1 Week
OR NO COST!**

**New Mineral Concentrate Corrects
Common Cause of Skinniness—
IODINE STARVED GLANDS**

No longer need you go around as skinny as a rail, for Kelpamalt, the new mineral concentrate from the sea, gets right down and corrects the real underlying cause of skinniness—IODINE STARVED GLANDS. When these glands don't work properly, all the food in the world can't help you. It just isn't turned into flesh. The result is, you stay skinny.

The most important gland—the one which actually controls body weight—needs a definite ration of iodine all the time—NATURAL ASSIMILABLE IODINE—not to be confused with chemical iodides which often prove toxic—but the same iodine that is found in tiny quantities in spinach and lettuce. Only when the system gets an adequate supply of iodine can you regulate metabolism—the body's process of converting digested food into firm flesh, new strength and energy.

To get this vital mineral in convenient, concentrated and assimilable form, take Kelpamalt—now recognized as the world's richest source of this precious substance. It contains 1,300 times more iodine than oysters, once considered the best source. 6 tablets alone contain more NATURAL IODINE than 486 lbs. of spinach, 1,660 lbs. of beef, or 1,387 lbs. of lettuce.

Try Kelpamalt for a single week and notice the difference. See flattering extra pounds appear in place of scrawny hollows. Notice how much better you feel. And if you don't gain at least 5 lbs. in one week the trial is free. Kelpamalt costs but a few cents a day to use and can be had at all good drug stores. If your dealer has not yet received his supply send \$1.00 for introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address at the right.

Manufacturer's Note:—Inferior products—sold as kelp and malt preparations—in imitation of the genuine Kelpamalt are being offered as substitutes. Don't be fooled. Demand genuine Kelpamalt Tablets. They are easily assimilated, do not upset stomach nor injure teeth. Results guaranteed or money back.



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HOW TO DIVE *Gracefully*

A famous Chicago swimming coach tells how to acquire grace and poise in doing nine simple dives.

IN THE AUGUST

**MODERN
MECHANIX**
& INVENTIONS MAGAZINE

15c

AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

SHOP PLANS, FURNITURE, MODELS

WHY BE FAT?



Delighted women everywhere are telling their friends how easy it is to have an alluring figure the RE-DUCE-OIDS way.

*She LOST 50 Pounds without Diet or Exercise

● There's no need to envy other women with their captivating figures, while you sit in the background ashamed and uncomfortable. Here is the easy, safe way that has transformed the overweight bodies of thousands of delighted women into lovely figures admired by everyone, after other methods had failed.

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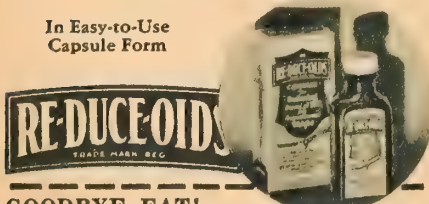
EASY-TO-USE—SAFE—EFFECTIVE when used according to directions. Doctors prescribe the ingredients which science combines for you in RE-DUCE-OIDS, in easy-to-use, tasteless capsule form. Hundreds of letters tell of permanently reducing as much as 70 pounds... and report feeling better while and after taking RE-DUCE-OIDS. No weakening diets, no reducing baths, no exercises!

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● If you are not entirely satisfied with the wonderful "slimming" results you obtain from RE-DUCE-OIDS, you get your money back. Your word and the used package is all we require, you risk no money! So start now, before fat gets one more day's headway. . . . Your druggist or department store has RE-DUCE-OIDS, or can get it quickly. If your dealer is out, send \$2.00 for 1 package, or \$5.00 for 3 packages, to Scientific Laboratories of America, Inc., 746 Sansome St., San Francisco, Calif.—or C.O.D. Plain wrapper.

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In Easy-to-Use Capsule Form



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Binnie Barnes Learned



Lillian Russell's Beauty Secrets

And shows how modern technique improved on the methods that enchanted Diamond Jim

by MAX FACTOR

IT WAS AMAZING. She was standing near a droplight as I went onto the set of *Diamond Jim Brady* out at Universal and she might have been Lillian Russell in the flesh. The same Lillian I recalled so vividly although it's been twenty-six years since I last saw her.

"What have you done to yourself for this rôle?" I asked Binnie Barnes.

Her eyes flashed in amusement. "I've had to gain fourteen pounds to get the Russell 'curves'—but I didn't go so far as to take milk baths for my complexion like she did!"

"You didn't need to," I assured her. "Not with a skin such as you have!"

We fell to discussing, then, the progress of beauty technique—how it has changed since the Gay Nineties. Lillian, I remember, never permitted herself to laugh heartily. She was afraid of lines around her mouth and she used to hold it in place if she felt a good laugh coming on.

"Can you imagine any girl thinking of such a thing now?" asked Binnie. "When she has a jar of cream handy to eliminate all wrinkle worries? . . . I read in one of her biographies where Miss Russell would spend hours each day rubbing raw cucumber on her face

to bleach it and applying ice-cold cloths to her cheeks to make them glow. With all that trouble she *should* have been the belle of the nineties—but think what she could have done with all the cosmetic discoveries of the 'thirties! What any woman can do, for that matter. . . .

"But, somehow, we're all inclined to get lax. You see a girl who just misses being attractive by a fraction—simply because she has forgotten some detail. That's why a *beauty test* is so grand. It helps you to check up on yourself!"

And, says Binnie, this is done right at home. See how you answer these questions and mark your charm "grade" accordingly—

● Do You Know *definitely* how you want to look — and what to do about it?

Perhaps you've been reaching out in a vague way for beauty. A great many women do. Turn the corner now! Make up your mind what your best features are and how you are going to detract from your bad ones. Your hair-do, for instance, can change your entire looks. Smartly curled bangs can make a long, narrow forehead twice as interesting. A center part and

soft fluffiness on either side make a thin face seem much fuller. But if your face is the "moon-shaped" kind, draw your hair back so that at least half the ears are revealed, and do it high in back.

A large or oddly-shaped nose is often the bane of a girl's existence. It needn't be. Don't rouge near it. Play up your mouth and eyes for all you're worth and keep your eyebrows distinctly shaped *but don't pull them*. A defined line of the brows helps to subdue a large nose.

- **Do You DRESS your face for the day—or just for special occasions?**
Too many women are satisfied to



After carefully applying her makeup, Binnie Barnes brushes off excessive powder

have but four or five hours of beauty in the whole twenty-four. They'd be in a panic if their car ran on only two cylinders most of the time; if their iceless refrigerator decided to function only in the evening. But the most important thing, their own personal attractiveness, they neglect more than anything else in the household. . . . Ten minutes in the morning is all that's necessary to start the day right. All make-up should be in *living colors*. Warm, radiant, real. When you remember that rouge is created to give a natural glow and youth to the cheeks, powder to beautify the tone of the skin, and lipstick to serve as the color accent of the face—you'll be apt to apply them with far more artistic skill. And the better you look, the happier and more sure of yourself you are.

Incidentally, if your cosmetics are in a convenient place on your dressing table you'll be more likely to use them even in the before-breakfast rush.

AUGUST, 1935

'blond' legs for brunettes!

Marchand's Golden Hair Wash

makes hair on legs and arms invisible

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR MARCHAND'S TODAY, OR USE THIS COUPON

CHARLES MARCHAND CO. 251 West 19th Street New York City

I want to have alluringly smooth arms and legs. Please let me try for myself the sunny, golden effect of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Enclosed 50 cents in stamps (money order, check or coins accepted) for a full-sized bottle.

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Chili Con "Kelly"

When a dozen guests drop in for food,
try Paul Kelly's famous Mexican dish!

By ANITA BLAKE

THE PAUL KELLYS had company one Sunday afternoon and everybody had such a good time that supper time rolled around before they realized it.

Now, Dorothy Kelly is a hospitable hostess, but eight unexpected guests created a slightly formidable problem, especially on a Sunday when most of the markets were closed.

Paul, however, rose to the occasion.

"I want to know just one thing," he said to Dorothy. "Have we any hamburger?"

"Yes, three pounds—and tortillas, too," said Dorothy, knowing what was on his mind.

Satisfied, Paul addressed his guests.

"You are all invited to eat on the Kellys," he announced. "Your menu will feature 'chili con Kelly.'"

Whereupon, he took off his coat, rolled up his shirt sleeves, tied an apron around his waist and descended upon the kitchen.

"Everybody else stay out," he ordered.

An hour later, ten people sat down to one of those delicious Spanish meals which are so popular out Hollywood way where, with the "land of manana" only a little more than a hundred miles to the south, across the Mexican border, Spanish and Mexican dishes are quite the custom.

Paul's menu included beside the "chili con carne" a great bowl of vegetable salad with real Mexican dressing, served with wooden spoon and fork, tortillas—which are supposed to be toasted, spread with butter and rolled up for eating—and, for dessert, another big bowl of chopped fruit such as oranges, grapefruit, bananas and



Paul Kelly's dish is a complete meal quickly prepared for eight guests

cantaloup, given a spicy touch by a few chopped pimientos.

Dorothy, who also knows her Spanish food, suggested this kind of dessert, realizing that such is the complicated character of "chili" that it should be topped off with something simple. On this occasion, those who wanted it were served beer. Others had coffee.

But to get down to the business of how Paul makes his "chili con carne"—a truly delicious dish which he learned from a real Mexican *hombre* called Pedro Gonzales whom he has known for years.

Here is the recipe and how it is combined:

[Continued on page 50]

Mary Pickford's Chicken, Spanish Style

This delicious dish often has graced the table at Pickfair and is one of Mary's favorite recipes! Now HOLLYWOOD offers it to you on a handy card, free for the asking.

It tells how to cook chicken to a juicy tenderness you've never enjoyed before! And it tells you how to prepare a sauce that was the masterpiece of Spanish culinary artists and the delight of Spanish epicures back in the days of the California dons.

You may have one by writing to Anita Blake, Hollywood's Food Editor, 7046 Hollywood boulevard, Hollywood, California, and enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope.

The card on which the recipe for Mary Pickford's Chicken, Spanish Style, is just the right size for your recipe filing box.

GADGET GOSSIP *from the stars' homes*

● **HOLLYWOOD's lady luminaries** who have a flair for the domestic are of the opinion that you really have **NEVER** known all of the comforts of home until you've acquired an electric mixer. Joan Blondell is one of the most enthusiastic over the "glorified gadgets," but there are plenty of others who are crazy about them, too.

Joan's is a beauty. . . . Among the things it will do:

Grind everything from meat to peanuts; mix anything mixable; cream bananas; beat eggs; mash potatoes; whip cream; grate or shred vegetables; extract fruit juices; sharpen knives. The labor which any one of the standard makes can save marks this as an indispensable part of kitchen equipment, once it is allowed to "speak for itself. . . ."

Joan's will even pull taffy, and as for beating fudge and divinity—it is simply the last word!

● **OPENING cans** is no longer a chore for Lillian Bond, the reason being that remarkable contraption for the purpose which she has nailed up to the wall in her kitchen. You slip a can of whatever you choose into a round, adjustable brace that holds it firm and stationary, push on a lever and the top of the can comes off slick as anything! This gadget is called "Dazey de Luxe," formerly known as "Speedo."



No wonder Lilian Bond is smiling! She has found a new can opener that accomplishes its task without the least bit of exertion on her part

● **FINE COMBS** that are rather difficult to clean are made like new in a solution of baking soda and water. Place the combs in a pan large enough to allow them to lay flat, cover with water and add soda—about three tablespoons to a quart of water. Put over a slow flame and let

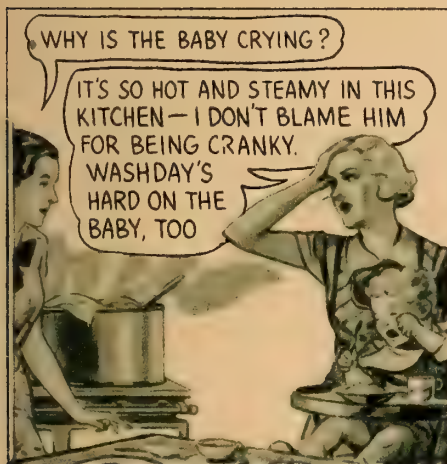
come to a boil, watching the process off and on to see that the combs don't curl up—a misfortune which occurs only if you leave them in the water too long or let it boil too hard.

● **ANY little girl** likes cookies, and Shirley—the one and only Shirley—is no exception. That is the reason Mrs. Temple bought that truly remarkable gadget which has been put into use more than once in the Temple kitchen. It has various "form plates" which will cut cookie dough into various shapes. You select a plate, put the dough into the press, turn the crank and there are your cookies, all ready for the oven.

● **DOUBLE-DECKER** beds are quite the rage among those of Filmland who are building new beach cottages or cabins in the mountains. Far from looking like "bunks," all of them are very attractive. Of course, there is a convenient ladder for the one who sleeps aloft. These double-deckers are grand for guest rooms.

● **NEWEST REFRIGERATORS**, like newest homes, have built-in conveniences. Jean Harlow's has, for instance, an egg rack that slides in and out, a revolving shelf so you don't have to reach 'way back in for things, and a special vegetable compartment that also slides in and out. Moreover, the refrigerator doors can be opened by stepping on a floor lever if one's hands are full. Jean's refrigerator is white, of course, just like the rest of her house.

IT HAPPENED ONE HOT WASHDAY



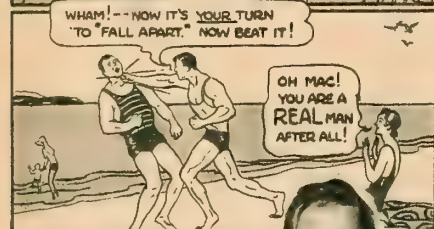
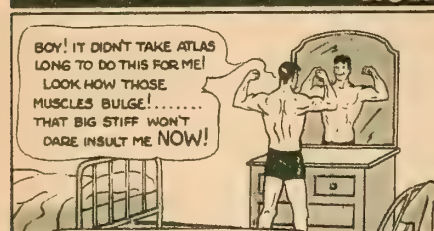
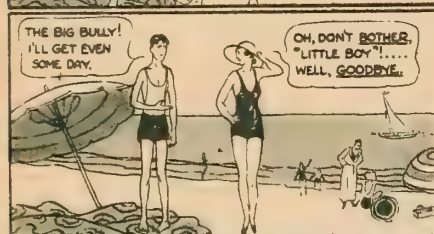
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THIS STERLING SILVER CUP BEING GIVEN AWAY
This valuable cup stands about 14 inches high on a black mahogany base. I will award it to my pupil who makes the most improvement in his development within the next three months.

Charles Atlas (Actual Photo)

When Carole Lombard Loafs

(Continued from page twenty-eight)

Then Carole felt better to discover it was only the heater.

● Now We approach the climax. Arriving in Dallas, word had gone ahead and the field was submerged with a seething, roistering, ardent mob. They were held back by only a fence and the grace of brawny men, one of them whom, in natty uniform, held in his arms a vast bundle of red, red roses, sent by that rogue, Robert Riskin. Well he knew how Carole hates red, well he knew she detests carrying floral offerings, like a hearse, through première mobs or at gala openings. And so with impish diablerie he had wired gobs and gobs of flowers addressed to her.

The grinning pilot came to her rescue and carted the flowers in her wake. He even brought them to her hotel, along with a pilot friend of his. Of course they stayed for dinner, and Bob Riskin's roses—or were they carnations?—graced the festive board. Subtle irony, eh what, Bob?

When last seen, the pilot and his fellow eagle were navigating, slightly off their course, with the flowers held between them. They had orders to drop them somewhere in Texas where it was hottest.

● New York and Cuba should never be mentioned in the same breath to Carole Lombard. New York makes her tingle; Cuba makes her moody. It's the people, mostly.

She was recalled to make *Sailor Beware*, a picture destined, we fear, to lie forever in the haunted vaults of Paramount. Her vacation was over; now began the loafing.

Carole, so far as we know, is not in a romantic mood these days. She is a most unusual blonde, for there doesn't seem to be a bit of the blonde in her blood. Only men of intellectual charm interest her. And she attracts only men of brilliance. Playboys pass her by—instinctively realizing, with the instinct of their hunting complex—that she is too difficult.

If she is aware of the fact that she attracts brainy men, she gives no sign of it in her conduct. She is generally and

universally popular with men. But regard those who divert her attention from mere passing interest to something more, and the true state of affairs pops out. Bill Powell and Carole clicked at the very instant of meeting each other. You know what he's like. That smooth, witty fellow in *The Thin Man* did but bare justice to the real life Powell.

● AND RUSS COLOMBO of those tragic memories. He had the depths of a dreamer who does things; brilliant, shy, practical, diffident. He attracted Carole inevitably; if you talked with Russ but a few minutes you could understand why. With Russ and his brother, John, we sat one afternoon, talking. When the restraint wore off, and Russ became interested, he could hold everyone spell-bound. He was filled with plans to put opera on the air, let his voice out and sing opera full toned.

I'm afraid Carole will never forget him, although she is no hermit. She goes out usually with that brilliant young playwright, Robert Riskin, who did *It Happened One Night*.

Yet Russ will always be along. I saw her start, breathless, one night, when in the half light of a lobby Fred Keating strolled in. Fred is tall, darkly handsome, with the vivid black eyes that distinguished Colombo.

At the dress rehearsal of Henry Hull's *Tobacco Road*, to which the actor had invited the press for a preview, we were talking with Jack Froelich, famed photographer who many times took Colombo's picture. Jack, leaning over the back of the theatre seat, saw Keating enter, and his face blanched. His lips framed the word "Russ!"

Fred saw us and stepped under a light as he came over with a word of greeting, and the blood returned to Froelich's face. We have never told Keating of these incidents, yet we know that twice he has given Carole that sudden painful contraction of the heart, that stifled moment when the memory of a dearly beloved faces seemed to have come back from the shadows again, to the land of living people where his debonaire grace and moving voice will be forever mourned.

—JACK SMAILEY

Chili Con "Kelly"

(Continued from page forty-eight)

- 3 cans tomato soup
- 3 Bermuda onions
- 3 pounds hamburger
- 3 cans red kidney beans (real Mexican "frijoles")
- 3 teaspoons chili pepper (or more if preferred)
- salt and black pepper to taste.

Chop onions, combine hamburger and salt, and brown over the fire in sufficient olive or other cooking oil to cover, using pot large enough to contain rest of the ingredients. Add canned tomato soup, beans, chili pepper and a dash of black pepper. Place over a low flame and let simmer in a covered pot for half an hour.

Novarro's Salad

Ramon Novarro who offers a new salad, very different and also very good. It is called "guacamole" and serves four people:

- 2 calavos (avacados)
- ½ can green chili
- 1 pound seedless grapes
- salt, olive oil, vinegar to taste.

Peel calavos and mash. Wash green chili, mash it and add to the calavo mixture. Season with salt, vinegar and oil. Wash grapes and add to this mixture.

Serve on crisp, pale lettuce leaves, with saltines.

HOLLYWOOD

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Our Readers Write

(Continued from page seventeen)

like the one played by Irene Dunne in *Cimarron*—or in any rôle.

Sincerely,

Doris Null,
523½ No. 13th St.,
Waco, Texas.

Spanking For Jean Parker

• • Dear Jean Parker:

I am not a prude, but I could spank you for the bathing-suit pictures you have been posing for of late. There is so little poetry in life for we average movie goers and your youth and natural charm brings the scent of apple blossoms to our dusty cities. So please be lovely and unaffected.

Michael Largay,
783 Laurence St.,
Lowell, Mass.

(To many readers, Jean Parker's bathing suits brings thoughts of tree-clustered swimming pools along country lanes. It's all in the point of view.—The Editor)

Beery Steals The Show

• • Dear Mr. Beery:

A certain Sunday was a great day for me. In fact, it was the happiest day that I have ever lived. In the afternoon of that day I was in the big Ringling-Brothers-Barnum and Bailey circus tent and saw that wonderful show. Seeing a circus is my greatest amusement, so I never miss such an opportunity. That was all I expected to see, so I was not prepared for the greater surprise—and a very happy one, too—that came to me a short while before the circus started.

I heard the crowd suddenly start applauding and then I saw you with your lovely little girl in your arms coming up to your seat. It was really you, too, with that same wonderful smile that has won the hearts of all movie fans. You don't know how happy you then made me because you enabled me to see you in real life for the first time. What a treat that was!

After having seen you on the screen for many years and wanting to meet you—especially after seeing you in the moving picture of *Treasure Island*, one of my favorite stories—I was at last able to see you in person. To see you there was far more wonderful than the circus, so the circus was for a while entirely forgotten by me. You sat a little to the right and a few rows in front of my seat, so I was able to see the top of your head all the time. I certainly got more than my money's worth on that day. Therefore, I want to thank you for having been there because you thus made that day for me a most wonderful one that I shall never, never forget.

Thanking you for your kind attention, also for all the happiness you have brought into my life, I remain, with kindest regards and best wishes,

George F. Young,
Box 543, Arcade Station,
Los Angeles, Calif.

(Reader Young might well keep an eye on Metro productions, wherein Baby Beery will doubtlessly appear in the future.—The Editor.)

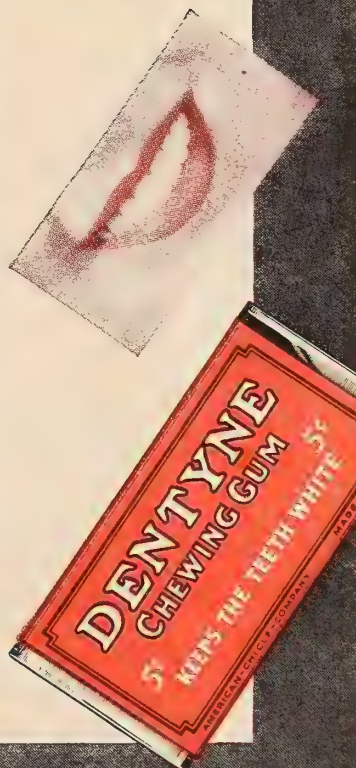
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52

Harry Carr's Shooting Script

(Continued from page twenty-three)

is the weather—it might rain and ag'in it might not; sometimes it looks like rain and it turns out to be only a fog and anyhow we have cool nights in summer. . . .

Flops and Floppers

IT took Maurice Chevalier quite a lot of words to get over a very simple idea. Going back to Paris with his reputation in shreds, he said that he did not find pictures adapted to his temperament. In other words he was a flop.

I can't think of a single instance in Hollywood where any of these footlight heroes have made good.

Fannie Brice was one of the worst pay-offs in the history of films. Leon Errol and Eddie Cantor have never really hit. Ed Wynn, the Fire Chief, makes all the movie producers shudder at the mention of his name. Even Snuzzle Durante has been a disappointment.

Harry Richmond and Texas Guinan were New York raves when they tried a whack at films—and left the auditors in tears. Texas, as a loving mother, mourning over a wayward son, unconsciously supplied comedy.

The stage stars who have made good in pictures have usually been those who were picked just before they were ripe; not as they were ready to fall off the tree.

The New Villain

BARTON MACLANE, who knocked them kicking in *G-Men* with the best villain stuff in years, had never played a heavy until he came to Hollywood. He had been knocking around for some years with indifferent success on the stage. On account of his work as Brad Collins in *G-Men* he is fixed for life in Hollywood. He is a quiet, rather poetic fellow who lives with his father and two sisters on a little ranch in San Fernando Valley.

High Hat

THERE IS ONE department store in Los Angeles where most of the movie stars trade. The film gels refuse to buy anything that has been advertised in the newspapers; so the store keeps a corps of special clerks with Oxford voices who telephone around to the secret telephone numbers when new nifties come in. The average price of corsets sold in this store is \$90 and an average of four nighties at \$125 are ordered over the phone each week.

Don't Say "Hooper"

CLIFTON WEBB also bursts into movie fame with eighteen trunks, a contract to play opposite Joan Crawford in *Eligance*, a near-nervous-breakdown and a stern resolve to bash any critic who calls him a hooper. He insists he is an actor or something of the kind. These new ones are coming in too fast for me. The craze for new names means of course that none of the names knocks any one over.

Spanking The Immortals

I AM CREDIBLY informed that Miss Shirley Temple, the famous movie star, is now paddled where it will do the most good ever so often. Mostly for wise cracks. Her parents are determined that Shirley will come out of the studios the same kind of little girl that she went in. If all the other Hollywood stars were spanked for wise cracks there would be no use for dining room tables; they would all eat standing up. And it would be a happier world.

Hooper

THIS HOOFER, Wallace, can at least congratulate himself to this extent: he is the only one wearing a medal for having made a sucker of Mae West.

During his entire toe-tapping career, he has probably never before rated a nine-line item in any newspaper. For more than a month he was able to chase Hitler, the Roosevelt administration and Admiral Byrd off the front page. Huey Long and Sister Aimee McPherson are just pikers by comparison.

The Magic Formula

"IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT" disturbs the sleep of all the producers of Hollywood. No studio can put on a picture of any kind without trying to imitate the technique of that delectable little drama.

The most obvious effort was in Jean Harlow's *Reckless*. To the towering indignation of M-G-M this picture was rather badly mauled by the critics. Jean Harlow was broken-hearted.

Where they missed fire was that they did not make the audience feel the depth and sweetness of a great love story under the frivolity. *It Happened One Night* was light, gay, jeering and had a certain insouciance; but, children, don't forget that it had the best love scene of any picture made this year—or for many years.

New Star Twinkles

M-G-M POCKETED its chagrin with philosophy—grateful that the picture gave them a new star.

Rosalind Russell is the best bet I have seen come to the screen for a long time. To me she is a good deal like Frances Dee and somewhat more vital. M-G-M sees in her another Myrna Loy.

Either way she has the goods . . . a grave, quiet girl who can get over her stuff without doing too much. When I was in the movies, actors filled me with despair because I never could persuade them to stand still and do nothing—until there was something to do.

Whether in a picture star or a stenographer, there is nothing more annoying than an insistent personality—determined to be noticed.

Miss Russell's next will be *The Black Chamber*, with William Powell, which augers well for her future. Bill has a habit of adding the final shove toward his leading ladies and there's no question about her future now.

HOLLYWOOD

Alice Faye's Secret Romance

(Continued from page thirty-one)

"My friendship with Rudy has always been just a friendship," she insists. "It always has been and it always will be. I have the highest regard for him because he gave me my first start in pictures when he persuaded George White to give me a chance in the *Scandals*."

● AND NOW, to convince sceptics once and for all that this statement didn't cover a deeper interest, Alice says: "Nelson Eddy is the first man I have ever been deeply in love with."

They met at the Ambassador when Alice went to an opening to hear the music of Henry Busse's orchestra. A girl who frankly enjoys night life, music, and dancing, Alice always attends the popular Hollywood after-dark resorts. Eddy was there too, with another party. They met—and something clicked for both of them.

Alice had seen *Naughty Marietta* two days before, so she was in a position that all the girls who have thrilled to his superb performance have dreamed about. She had adored the picture and now, holding her in his arms as they danced, was the smiling young man whom she had seen in the ragged masculine, and immensely attractive costume of a rough woodsman on the screen. Is it any wonder that she was intrigued—and invited Eddy then and there to drop in at her home?

He came—it was her brother Bill's birthday—and met her jolly, vivacious mother, Mrs. Alice Faye, and her friends. There was Ping-Pong, and badminton. The Fays have a most un-Hollywood circle, with a carefree informal atmosphere in their lovely Beverly Hills house that is more than most of the palaces of the movie great, a real home.

Now Mrs. Faye says, "It looks like the real thing for Alice this time," when friends question her about Alice's interest in the singer. And she adds more seriously, "I like him immensely too. I think he's fine. And charming."

● TOGETHER THIS romantic pair go to movies, little neighborhood houses where they sit, intensely interested critics, watching musical pictures of all sorts, and foreign experiments in the talkie art. Alice—and Eddy, too—is tremendously interested in voices. Perhaps it was destined that her heart should go to a great singer.

Vallée, who discovered her and who is still one of her closest friends, captured a continent with his completely different way of crooning. Ray Prince, in whom she was interested quite recently, sings with Ben Bernie. Frank Parker, another friend, is a well known tenor on the air with Jack Benny. Now Nelson Eddy, whose splendid baritone has starred in grand opera, is top man.

Few of Alice's friendships with men have reached the ears of Hollywood's gossips because she knows, better than many a longer established star, how to keep her affairs of the heart a secret. When she goes to the Clover Club, the Ambassador, or the Trocadero, she is usually accompanied by a different man every night, cleverly leaving the gossip scouts up in the air.

Recently she was seen in the company of three men—three men and just the one girl. They were rumored to be Eastern

bankers, boys of an orchestra, old friends from New York. A local columnist printed paragraphs about them daily, and threatened once to break in on the party, button-hole them, and demand their names.

Even Alice's own publicity representative at her studio was not let in on the secret of their identity. "Who are they?" she would repeat. "Just friends—people I know."

"Their names?" She laughed tantalizingly. "I won't tell you!"

● AGAIN RECENTLY she took with her to New York a German Schnauzer, a present from Rudy Vallée. She returned with a different dog, a small Boston bull terrier. Friends naturally demanded the name of the chap who had presented it—and who must be, from this indication, her current interest.

"I won't tell you," she smiled. And she didn't.

Perhaps this thoroughly feminine reticence is what attracts Eddy more than her beauty or charming personality, for he admits without hesitation that Hollywood's ladies completely terrify him.

They can't seem to understand that a man likes to pick out his own companions—"I like a sweetness and reticence about such things," he told one interviewer. And Alice, yellow-haired, blue-eyed, the center of an adoring family, despite her electrifying good looks has been sheltered by the constant chaperonage of an adoring mother.

Details about her reveal a girl who is amazingly wholesome and unspoiled despite Hollywood's adulation. Just the other day she bought herself a mink coat—one of her life's ambitions. It had always seemed to her that she would have reached the top of her profession—that point in her career when she could afford one.

She plays tennis, and held a championship in New York once for ice skating. She intends to try for opera—"when I'm fat and forty-five." She has a pet bulldog named Hunkadoola, which has been painstakingly trained to bring her a newspaper and her slippers. Brought to Hollywood to do a single song and dance act in the *George White Scandals*, she remained as a Fox contract player and has appeared in many pictures.

● HER FAN mail, recently, has included offers of marriage from an Argentine cattle man who promised a 500,000 acre ranch if she would marry him. A Frenchman held out a castle in the Alps and some jewels worn by a royal family if she would be his bride. A Royal Canadian mounted policeman gave her an opportunity to live in Last Chance, Canada, as his bride. But Alice just smiles and sends the boys an autographed picture.

"My chief amusement outside of film work is comparing voices over the radio," says this girl to whom song is life. "Frank Parker has a soft pleasing voice. Ray Prince has a good voice backed by a good band. Rudy Vallée has a distinct style. But Nelson Eddy—" Nelson's voice, you gather, just can't be described.

An engagement? Marriage? Alice is much too wise a girl to look that far ahead. Even though they go dancing or to the movies almost every night.



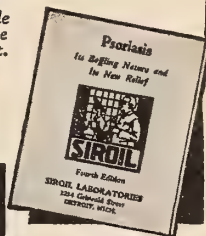
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Behind the Headlines in Janet Gaynor's Life

(Continued from page thirty-eight)

● INTERESTING In itself, this story undoubtedly intrigued many an ambitious girl who read it. Each one would have loved to have interviewed the big director and thought to herself Janet must be an exceedingly bright person to have accomplished it. They didn't know the story behind the interview which was:

Janet was then being beamed about Hollywood by Herbert Moulton, assistant dramatic editor of the *Times*. Herbert and Janet talked much of the career the latter hoped to have, and they decided between them, with Janet's big eyes and wistful appeal, she stood the best chance of gaining attention if she could exert that wistful appeal in a rôle that tore at the heartstrings. As they discussed her future, they waxed more and more enthusiastic, as young people in love will.

Herbert decided that perhaps an interview, which he with his position could arrange, might implant this idea in an important director's mind. It was easy enough for him to arrange such a stunt with Edwin Carewe who, although totally uninterested in Janet, was alert enough to the value of publicity to please a newspaper man. Janet didn't get a job out of the incident, but at least her ambition was crystallized, and she took one more step in the ladder she was climbing.

Her next important headline was:

"JANET GAYNOR SIGNED BY FOX"

The news item which read that Janet Gaynor had been signed for a rôle in *Johnstown Flood* opposite George O'Brien, caused a very slight ripple in Hollywood. She had been in pictures less than a year, and few people yet knew who she was. The story behind this was that Janet's big chance had been arranged through a meeting with Irving Cummings, brought about by young Mr. Moulton.

● MR. CUMMINGS would have passed the introduction by with simple courtesy if he hadn't detected a spark of something in Janet's eye. Well, *Johnstown Flood* did the work. Janet was good in the picture, and from then on, although the going was slow, she had pictures to play. There was *Shamrock Handicap* and *Peter Grimm*. All the time Janet and Herbert, their heads together, were planning and plotting her career.

The next headline is:

"JANET GAYNOR IN SEVENTH HEAVEN"

On October 17, 1926, Frank Borzage, the brilliant director who has "discovered" so many stars, chose Janet for his forthcoming picture. He also chose a tall, light-hearted, black-haired lad by the name of Charlie Farrell to play opposite Janet. The story behind this you know almost as well as I do. Janet and Charlie met and fell in love. It was bang! love at first sight, and the romantic mood of the picture, *Seventh Heaven*, helped their romance along. There's always romance of some kind in a Borzage picture. (Wasn't it in *A Man's Castle* that Loretta

Young and Spencer Tracy fell in love?) I don't believe Janet deliberately meant to hurt Herbert Moulton, but, as is inevitable in such cases, she did.

● FROM NOW ON, Charlie occupied top spot in her affections. You remember when the picture opened amidst a blaze of lights at the Carthay Circle on May 6 of the following year, you read that the two stars attended together. Perhaps you wondered what had happened to Herbie Moulton. The true story is that the studio ordered Janet and Charlie to go together, and they needed no particular urging. Herbert, who had so carefully nurtured Janet's career, was most upset. He had a showdown with his fiancée and the next day Janet announced her engagement to young Mr. Moulton was broken.

Our next interesting headline is:

"WHAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH JANET GAYNOR?"

On January 13, 1928, a facetious writer in the Los Angeles Examiner inquired, "Is Janet Gaynor suffering a nervous breakdown or merely a bad cold?"

"Has she returned to Florida, or is she still convalescing with relatives in Georgia?"

"Did she collapse suddenly on the studio set, pulling out strands of hair, or was the picture suspended because of the holiday season?"

A very funny yarn which set everyone in town to chuckling. The real story behind this was that Janet and the studio were having a knock-down-and-drag-em-out fight. Little Miss Gaynor, three years after her gushy interview as an unknown screen aspirant, is now a star with the temperamental prerogatives of a star.

She was fighting for more money, and, b'gosh, she wouldn't work until she got it. She did get it. With approximately four years on her contract to go, she was awarded an amount double her previous salary and the promise of a trip to Europe. (You may note that little Gaynor is coming right along!)

Meanwhile, there is a new romance in her life, but most people are not to know about it until comes the headline on May 14, 1928:

"TROTH TO OAKLAND ATTORNEY DENIED"

Lydell Peck was the man in the case, and while he and Janet were emphatically denying there was romance in the air, he was actually waging a hot and hectic courtship, taking a plane to Hollywood from Oakland on every possible occasion. He had wealth and position, and Janet found him most intriguing. However, she kept him dangling for almost a year, and meantime, comes the headline:

"ACADEMY AWARD GIVEN GAYNOR"

Emil Jannings and Janet share honors for the year 1928. Interesting to note that Jannings, then hailed as one of the great actors of the world, has long since

HOLLYWOOD

left Hollywood while Janet continues to thrive in her sweet ingenuish characterizations. Do you remember the line in the papers which started from and bore out predictions of others:

"AND SO THEY WERE MARRIED"

Suddenly, Janet and her mother took a plane to Oakland where, on September 12, 1929 at 9:30 A. M. at the home of the bridegroom's father, James Peck, in Oakland, Janet and Lydell formally pledged their troth in an Episcopal service. It would be unfair to relate, at this time, the intimate story of fights, reconciliations, and jealousies in the months preceding which involved certain individuals close to Janet.

Six months later:

"JANET DENIES MARITAL RIFT"

In February, 1930, was printed, "Denying rift with her husband, Mrs. Lydell Peck sailed for Honolulu with mother yesterday less than ten minutes after her co-star in many romantic films, Charles Farrell, had cancelled passage on same boat. They met on the Hawaii-bound ship, neither knowing the other was there. Farrell said he would have to postpone his trip, 'It would not look well for us to sail on the same boat.' Janet protested, but in a few minutes Charlie cancelled his passage."

You may have thought the meeting of Mr. Farrell and Miss Gaynor had some significance, but in truth it did not. It WAS just an accident, although it caused talk throughout Hollywood which remembered Charlie's and Janet's romantic days and which sensed that Janet and Lydell were unhappy. The real story behind Janet's sudden Honolulu trip was NOT a marital rift, although she and Lydell had had a tiff, but another stubborn battle upon her part to control her film destiny.

She had been assigned to *Liliom* under Frank Borzage. On the morning the picture was to begin, everybody showed up but Janet. She was boarding the Honolulu boat. Janet was getting pretty high-handed and difficult. This has never been published before, but it was about this time she wrote a letter to Winfield Sheehan and asked that she work in no more pictures under Borzage. Henceforth, she told Mr. Sheehan, she wanted to stand alone and show that her success was not dependent upon Borzage direction.

In December, 1932, the story broke, and you read:

"GAYNOR AND LYDELL SPLIT"

The story behind all this was, of course, incompatibility. Being married to a film star is a pretty tough proposition. Janet's income from pictures was so great that she couldn't afford to give up her work and go and live quietly as Mrs. Lydell Peck in Oakland, and so Lydell had made the concession and come to Hollywood. He gave up his embryo law practice and went to work at a studio. Went to work, did I say? He tried to work. He never did get the hang of things. He was a lawyer, not a writer. He had several jobs, but no one ever

AUGUST, 1935

knew how to classify them. You heard he was assistant supervisor or supervisor or writer. I don't believe Lydell knew what he was, and no studio ever did. He was just a film star's husband.

The love the two had for each other simply couldn't survive the situation. The breakup of Janet's marriage could not have been any one person's fault. And so came the headline:

"JANET TELLS IT TO THE JUDGE"

On April 8, 1933, she appeared in court and testified—and her testimony was corroborated by her mother—that among the things Lydell did which annoyed her so that she wanted to separate from him were: 1. Reading aloud and gloating over her unfavorable fan mail. 2. Appearing suddenly and unannounced in her dressing room and peeking about suspiciously. 3. Maintaining a suspicious attitude toward her fidelity.

Our next headline is:

"JANET, CHARLIE ARE REUNITED"

With her divorce and marriage a thing of the past, Janet had waded into work at the studio with a new vim. In an effort to find good romantic partners for her, Fox assigned Charlie Farrell to the picture, *Change of Heart* from the Kathleen Norris novel. Next they gave her Lew Ayres in *Servants' Entrance* and Warner Baxter in *One More Spring*. But the Farrell-Gaynor effort was evidently the most popular for fan letters poured in asking to see them together once more. Probably Janet and Charlie will go on making pictures together indefinitely.

The headlines have been less frequent this last year for Janet hasn't crashed the newspapers in a big way. However, gossip columns have carried items of her interest in Doctor I. G. Veblen, New York dentist. He came rushing out to spend Thanksgiving with her. An engagement was expected. And then nothing happened. This WAS a real romance for a time. A close friend of Janet's told me she thought she was in love with him and then, as has happened with other men who occupied more important spots in her life—Herb Moulton, Charles Farrell, and Lydell Peck—she lost interest.

What is ahead of Janet? She has come through ten exciting, glamorous, at times unhappy, heart-breaking years in Hollywood. She now lives quietly with her mother in a roomy mansion on Alta Loma Drive, midway between Hollywood and Beverly Hills. She's gone quite athletic the last few years, playing a great deal of tennis, golf, badminton, and swimming at the beach.

BEHIND THE HEADLINES IN HEPBURN'S LIFE!

Another "behind the headlines" story is the big feature of the next—the September—issue of HOLLYWOOD Magazine, on sale at all newsstands, for 5c.

Muriel Babcock takes you back of the stories you've read in the papers, and tells the truth about this glamorous actress.

Watch for it next month in HOLLYWOOD!



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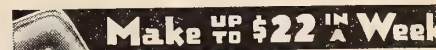


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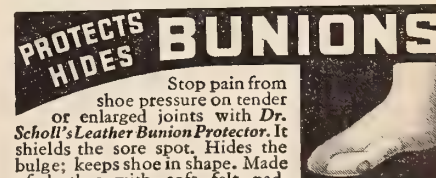


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Previewing The New Pictures

(Continued from page thirteen)

In building the sets, the largest crew ever employed was used, and the actual building covered a period of two months. A hundred thousand dollars worth of flowers, real and artificial, were entwined in every bush and branch. Several large fountains which gush forth tons of water were erected, and require two men to operate them.

Much of the shooting has been done behind barred doors. This is partly in

deference to Bing Crosby, and partly due to the fact that the mechanical units require plenty of room and no crowds. Most of them would like to hear Bing sing and see Oakie cut up. Both lads add interest to any production.

The Big Broadcast of 1935 will take almost three months to complete, and will cost the pretty little sum of two and a half million dollars. "That," states Mr. Taurog, "is a conservative estimate."

Topper's Reviews

Ellis, Carminati in—



PARIS IN SPRING—(Paramount)—Is a light musical show that gets somewhere simply because it doesn't try very hard. Mary Ellis sings. Tullio Carminati capers about in a gay, sophisticated way. A sprinkling of deft and clever touches by Director Lewis Milestone lifts the film out of lurking ruts. Gordon and Revel contribute several fair tunes and the dialogue is above par. A good evening's entertainment if you don't expect very much.

Arlen, Stephens, Cabot, Bruce in—



LET 'EM HAVE IT—(Reliance)—Another federal agent picture, this film deals with actual technique more than has any of its predecessors. Unfortunately, items such as suspense and interest are neglected and the film consequently misses being a major hit. There is too much Virginia Bruce and too little rip-snorting fighting. Among the lesser lights Gordon Jones and Eric Linden will please. You probably will see much more of Jones in the future—he has a definite personality.

You Can Tell By His Face

(Continued from page eighteen)

Temple, McCrea in—



OUR LITTLE GIRL—(Fox)—Is Shirley Temple's latest production, and for that reason alone is acceptable entertainment for countless millions who worship at the child star's throne. Shirley is the small daughter of Joel McCrea, a young doctor. Story deals with her ability to keep McCrea and his wife, played by Rosemary Ames, together when his career endangers their marital bliss. Lyle Talbot is the other man in the triangle.

Ralph Bellamy, Karen Morley in—



THE HEALER—(Monogram)—Ralph Bellamy, Karen Morley, Judith Allen and a good cast try to make this picture top entertainment. They can't overcome the ancient story of the country doctor who performs the miracle man act. Nevertheless, the picture emerges as fair entertainment with Judith and Mickey Rooney grabbing major honors. Bellamy, Robert McWade and J. Farrell MacDonald turn in good performances. We've seen those forest fire scenes somewhere before.

HOLLYWOOD

NEWS

Jean Harlow's House for Sale (Is a Merger in View?) . . .
Mary Pickford and Rogers May Yet Marry . . . Ruth Chat-
terton Returns to Make Two Pictures . . .



All-star kiddies going for a walk! Mickey Rooney, Freddie Bartholomew, Jackie Cooper and Cora Sue Collins prove that they're pals

• •

A Mansion For Sale

AWAKENED TO THE uncertainties of a screen career, Jean Harlow is putting her affairs in order and revamping the plans for her future—plans that provide for a continuance of her current state of single-blessedness.

The eight-room Colonial mansion she built on a Beverly Glen hilltop just before her ill-fated marriage to Hal (Cameraman) Rosson, has been placed on the market, and, when it is sold, Jean will lease a much smaller house or apartment. She has discovered that the original cost of the multi-chambered abode was trivial as compared to the cost of upkeep.

• •

Plotting Marriage?

THE FUTURE PLANS of two screen notables—Mary Pickford and Charles (Buddy) Rogers—hinge on the success or failure of Buddy's current comeback try.

Should the talkie public take Buddy back to its bosom, and restore him to the lofty box-office pedestal he occupied when he deserted cinematic stardom four years ago to wield an orchestral baton, Mary Pickford, who already has announced her intention of giving up acting in favor of producing pictures, contemplates featuring him in a series of pictures to be made under her personal supervision.

And, despite their joint denials of a romance, there are those who insist Buddy will lead Mary to the altar should he re-establish himself as a talkie artist.

Mary's divorce from Douglas Fairbanks becomes final in 1936.

AUGUST, 1935

Chatterton Flies In

BACK IN HOLLYWOOD after a brief tour of Southern Europe, Ruth Chatterton has plunged into preparations for her stellar rôle in *Feather in Her Hat*, the initial vehicle under her new contract with Columbia. It will mark her first screen appearance in more than a year and a half.

While abroad, la Chatterton spent blissful days in the company of Jose Iturbi, noted pianist and her current heart throb, and now wagers are being made that the pair will wed as soon as Ruth's divorce from her second mate, George Brent, becomes final in October.

In New York, Ruth took possession of her specially-constructed cabin plane, in which she completed the journey to the film capital. A pilot's license was granted her by the U. S. Department of Commerce following an intensive course of training she secretly underwent just before leaving on her vacation.

• •

The Artistic Mr. Cagney

THERE SEEMS TO BE no limit to the artistic ambitions of Jimmy Cagney, pride and joy of New York's Hell's Kitchen, who, having mastered three distinct branches of the Arts—and don't forget the capital "A"—now craves a career in grand opera.

No sooner had Jimmy cinched his berth as a screen star, than he turned to painting water front scenes, and with such great success that the better New York art exhibits now include samples of his handiwork.

Next Jimmy turned to singing, and now he's taking voice culture so seriously that he's made his maestro his boon companion, dragging him out nightly to this or that musical event.



Snapped at Raquel Torres' swimming and tennis party were Nancy Carroll, Jack LaRue and Virginia Pine. They preferred to watch other stars swim



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NEWS

Ann Harding's Romance With Major Hits Snag . . . A Snicker at Una Merkel's Expense . . . It's Hard to Keep Up with Merle Oberon's Heart Affairs . . .

Marriage For Ann Harding?

ANN HARDING's intimates are taking with a grain of salt the blonde star's announcement that plans for her marriage to Major Ben Strawbridge, U. S. A., her childhood pal, are definitely off.

Here is the real "inside" of the Harding-Strawbridge heart affair as it has been told by those in a position to know:

Physically and mentally exhausted from too many arduous screen rôles, and constantly harassed by ex-husband Harry Bannister's legal actions to obtain sole custody of their little daughter, the actress fled to Honolulu for a rest amid army folks who have been dear to her since infancy.

Ever since her divorce from Bannister, Major Strawbridge has been paying court to Ann, hopeful that she would relinquish her career and take her place at his side in a military post. During her Hawaiian sojourn, the tired, sick Ann acquiesced. They were to be wed as soon as Ann finished current studio contracts.

Returning to Hollywood, her health greatly improved, Ann found waiting her a new court action by Bannister, and she threw herself into the fight with renewed vigor, for nothing in life means as much to her as does six-year-old Jane Bannister.

Notified that she had changed her mind about the nuptials, Strawbridge hurried here to plead with her. Ann was adamant in her counter-proposal—that she carry on with her picture work, and that the major must retire from the army. The latter shook his head.

"But they're too much in love with each other to let it go at that," explained one of Ann's friends, "and as soon as Ann has emerged victorious from the court battle, she and the major will take up their plans where they dropped them."



Maxine Reiner, featured Paramount player, wearing one of the new Gantner and Mattern swim suits so popular in Hollywood this season

Hotcakes For Una

UNA MERKEL hired a new cook the other day and therein lies a story. After a week of eating her favorite hotcakes every morning, Una just happened not to be hungry. When the customary hotcakes were placed in front of her, Una called the houseboy and told him to tell the cook that she did not feel like eating them that day. Instead the houseboy took it upon himself to say that his mistress did not like them. A moment later an upset cook was in the breakfast room standing by Una's side.

"Miss Merkel," she remonstrated, "I don't think it's quite fair of you to criticise my hotcakes. After all, are all of your pictures—hits?"

Oberon's New Beau

WITH THE LESLIE HOWARDS again reconciled, a second purported Merle Oberon romance—her palsy-walsying with David Niven—ceased to be a topic for Hollywood gossipers when the widely-publicized betrothal between the exotic European star and Niven was exposed as a publicity stunt to introduce the young British actor to American talkie fans.

So now the path has been cleared for the rich Howard Hughes' phone calls to the Oberon beach home, and that the oil magnate-picture producer is meeting with some encouragement is borne out by his almost nightly appearances at Merle's side at one of the better dine-and-dance places.

HOLLYWOOD

Cecil B. DeMille, a Gentleman Roughneck

(Continued from page thirty-three)

that impressed me about him, long before I had met the man, was a story I read telling how DeMille once got the effect he wanted from an actor by socking the man on the nose.

The chap was supposed to register great anger, controlled only by supreme will power. He couldn't put it across. Finally DeMille walked up and socked him. Then he stepped back, called out! "Camera!" and had the finest closeup of a man fighting for control of his temper you've ever seen on the screen. After the scene, DeMille apologized, and later made the actor a gift. They became great friends.

● WELL, THE END justifies the means with a roughneck who has the brains of a gentleman! All great leaders, you'll find, have the courage to be brutes if it gets what they want.

What gives him this toughness? That actor might have hauled off and smacked DeMille for all he was worth, and a jolly good mix it would have been. The point is, I think, that DeMille has a toughness of the spirit.

I remember my old nurse, back in the West Indies, who had the same sort of fighting spirit. She could make lazy negroes toe the mark as nobody twice her size could have done, by brandishing a fist. More than once she waded into a pitched battle and came out very well indeed. Why? Nerve, and the will to get what she wanted.

I've gone sailing with DeMille on his yacht, and I've gone on trips without him on that fine boat of his. He, in fact, gave me the boat bug, and I was not content until I acquired one, the *Wanderlure*.

And what strikes me as a revealing observation is the attitude of the crew when DeMille is not on board. They don't enjoy the voyage half so well without the owner aboard. A voyage without him lacks—well, importance. Watch the same crew when he is on a trip, and you sense the difference. They know a leader when they see one, and no man likes anything better than to do a snappy job for a discerning leader.

I used to wonder where he found the endurance to work endless hours during a production. Gradually I found out. At his home he will get up early and go for a swim in icy water. I've seen his dive into the sea from his yacht when the rest

of us wouldn't for a moment relish such a cold plunge.

● NOW FOR THE other side of the picture—the "gentleman" side. Anyone who has been a lucky guest either at DeMille's beautiful home in Hollywood, or on his yacht *Seaward*, or at his ranch "Paradise," will agree that no one could be a more gracious host. His is real entertainment, and it is all so effortless.

It is not done on the lavish scale you see in his picture. If you imagine him entertaining in a golden hall with tables groaning under a thousand delicacies, such as you see in his lavish film banquets, you are far from the truth. He entertains small groups, with the dinner courses well spaced, the choice wines moderately served.

He has the knack of making all classes feel at home within such a circle, and is a genius for melding a group into a congenial whole. Then he likes to sit back and appear to be allowing the others to carry the conversation, while in reality he is guiding it skillfully himself. He has an almost feminine sense of the appropriate. For instance, if you prefer a certain brand of cigarettes, you'll find those cigarettes ready for you when you visit him.

Incidentally his ranch "Paradise" is truly well named. It is a game preserve—no fire arms being allowed on the premises. Every kind of bird and animal seem to be free to wander. There are peacocks and rabbits and the deer are so tame that they walk right up to the verandah and lie in the shade of the orchards and trees around the ranch house. I mention this to show that DeMille is a true lover of animals—this alone makes him a gentleman to my mind.

DeMille likes to discuss his pictures with the group of the players he has selected, getting them into the spirit of the play before a camera turns. In these talks the real perception of that brilliant mind comes out. He imbues us all with the spirit of the characters we are to play, yet does it so subtly that we grow into the parts without visible effort.

Thus the roughneck is blended with the gentleman. The result is the perfect director—a stevedore with the ideals of an artist, a brute with the soul of a composer.

NEXT MONTH

Shirley Temple's home life is revealed for the millions of her fans all over the world. Just how Mamma and Papa Temple propose that the actress shall remain a normal little girl, and interesting sidelights in her busy young life, are related in an article entitled

BRINGING UP SHIRLEY TEMPLE

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Joan Debunks the Bennett Legend

(Continued from page thirty-four)

came a player of note. Every generation since then has contributed its quota of actors and actresses. The family name changed to Wood, but the family profession remained the same. Some of the Woods became stars in London's great theatres, others were pantomimists and strolling players, gypsies of the theatrical hinterlands. But they all cherished the family's traditions. So does my mother—and, thanks to her, so do we.

"My great grandfather, William Wood, married Sarah Campbell, a descendent of the Duke of Argyll and made of her a strolling player like himself. They played in England for many years and then came to America with their five sons and their daughter, Rose Wood, who was my grandmother. All of their children became prominent on the stage here, Alfred, the oldest son, as a musician, the others as dancers and actors.

"My grandmother, Rose Wood, was one of the great stars of her day. She made her stage debut when she was only eight years old, dancing in the entr'actes of the big plays. As a young woman, she toured the theatres of early California. Later, for many years, she was a New York star. She played with the Drews, the Barrymores and with Joseph Jefferson. Her cousins, Rosina and Theresa Vokes, were English actresses of distinction and were also well known in New York.

"My mother's father, my grandfather, was Lewis Morrison. He was a star in his own right in New York for more than thirty years. He also co-starred with James O'Neill, Forest Salvini and Edwin Booth. One of my earliest memories is of the huge oil painting of him as Mephisto, which hung over the great fireplace in the old Morrison home. It was burned in the fire which destroyed the house.

● "My MOTHER, Adrienne Morrison, was far more celebrated on the stage than Richard Bennett at the time of their marriage. True to the traditions of the family, she had made her debut at fourteen and built her whole life around the stage. Among her best known successes were *Damaged Goods*, *Kick In* and *The Squaw Man*. She was very active on the New York stage until just before Barbara's birth.

"With such a wealth of theatrical tradition on my mother's side of the house, is it any wonder that it was from her, rather than from our father, that Constance, Barbara and I derived our principal interest in acting? And is it any wonder that we resent, sometimes, the stories about 'The Bennetts' which fail to mention her or the theatrical background which she brought to 'the family'?"

"As children, she often told us about the histories of the Wood and Morrison families. And I think that her stories were largely responsible for our first ambitions."

Those ambitions, however, were never allowed to interfere with the educations of Constance, Barbara and Joan. Adrienne Morrison was determined that they should choose their own courses, that they should find happiness by following their own inclinations. It was their mother, not their father, who insisted that they should be sent to the finest

schools, that they should have a chance to travel, that they should be fitted to face life without being shackled, perforce, to the family's time-honored profession. At the same time, however, she was careful not to place any obstacles between them and theatrical careers.

"As little girls," says Joan, "we 'played theatre' more often than we played any other game. Connie was usually the star, Barbara was the supporting cast and I was the playwright and stage director. We went about our play as seriously as old-time troupers staging Shakespeare, and it was our mother, rather than our father, who encouraged and helped us. In spite of the fact that she never urged us to become professional players, I don't think she could ever forget that tradition demanded that each new generation of the Wood and Morrison families must be represented on the stage.

"Father to us has always been a brilliant, stormy genius, glimpsed on rare occasions between his stage engagements and then to be treated with all due respect paid to his mood of the moment. It was mother that we went to with all of our problems for guidance and aid. And she was never too busy to help us. Mother is, by nature, one of those people who are born to help others.

"There is a very close bond between us and there has always been. We have followed her ideas rather than father's.

● "SHE HAS always taken—and still takes—an active interest in our careers. She makes it a point to see every picture in which I appear as soon as possible and I know that after its showing, as inevitably as day follows night, I shall receive a long letter from her, criticizing my performance and suggesting ways and means by which I can improve my work.

"Our reputation for independence and willfulness is deserved, I suppose, but I'm frank to admit that I usually follow my mother's counsel. The theatre is so much a part of her that she knows, by instinct and inheritance, what another would toil a life-time to learn.

"And she has taken the same active interest in our off-screen lives. I have always gone to her with my troubles and she always helps me to find a way out. If it is true that I am deeply grateful for the actual opportunity that father gave me, on the stage, when I was down on my luck, it's equally true that I'm everlastingly grateful for the moral encouragement that mother gave me at the same time.

"And if it's true that I usually am a bit amused by the dramatic legends that publicity writers have built around 'The Bennetts,' the temperamental father and the temperamental daughters, it's also true that I resent the lack of any mention of our mother. I think mother has been amused, rather than resentful..."

And Joan displayed a telegram which she had received, following the New York preview of *Private Worlds*, from Adrienne Morrison, who, divorced from Richard Bennett, is now Mrs. Eric Pincher of New York. It read:

"To my motherless daughter, huzzas! She transcends the family 'stahs.' Her voice reminiscent Of Bennett pere's isn't— So who cares for publicity blahs!"

HOLLYWOOD

What Is Joan Crawford Really Like?

(Continued from page twenty-two)

beautiful enough and intelligent enough to take Bob Montgomery away from Joan. Dozens of tests were studied. Suddenly Gail Patrick came on the screen.

"At least let's give her a chance," pleaded Joan. "She's never played a part like this before. It might be the one chance she's been waiting for, that will put her right on top."

Beautiful young stars are not in the habit of going to the bat for equally-beautiful young stars, to play in their pictures. But Joan Crawford did more than that. Gail came out and made a successful test. Ordinarily the studio would have sent down and bought her wardrobe at some exclusive shop. Joan asked Adrian, as a favor, to design something especially suitable for Gail. Next Joan talked to the make-up man, the hairdresser and even asked the cameraman to give Gail every consideration in lighting her.

When Gail Patrick went to Joan and tried to thank her, Joan would have none of it.

"If I helped in any way, I'm very glad," said Joan. "There was a time when I would have been so grateful if there had been someone to help me a little. I know what it means when a person wants so badly to make good. What little I could do gave me a great deal of pleasure."

● WHEN JOAN herself isn't drawn to some worthy person who needs guidance and understanding, they manage to seek her out. I've really wondered what it is that inspires people to go to her above everyone else. With hundreds of famous and influential stars in Hollywood, why do these needy ones just go to Joan? What is the bond that exists between her and all humanity? What is it about her that makes her stand out as a solitary figure of tolerance, interest and kindly understanding?

Personally I think it is because Joan is so in tune with all living. There are certain things she feels. They come to her with so little effort, yet are so genuinely sincere, she must apply them where they do the most good. Having known great hardship, unhappiness and despair in her earlier life, Joan stands forth as a great oasis of refuge today.

Many people have come to me voluntarily and told me of the wonderful things Joan has done for them. Many of them she has never seen, but has helped indirectly. Because it embarrasses to have people thank her, Joan prefers keeping them at a distance. I'm not betraying any confidences when I mention a few of these cases. Naturally I will not print their names. But I almost think they would be happy if I did. They are so grateful to Joan, they would gladly shout her praises from the housetops.

There was the little stenographer who came to Joan, with the oldest problem of all. Married to one man, but separated from him and in love with another who was to be the father of her child, what should she do? Should she tell her husband the truth, or should she keep her secret? Upon Joan's decision the future of a human life hung in the balance. It was a great responsibility and Joan knew it. She thought the matter over carefully and then tactfully brought the three interested parties together. What

actually was said will never be known. But today the girl is happily married to the man who is the father of her child.

● A YOUNG inspirational artist, suddenly found himself faced with a great unhappiness. A woman had come into his life, completely dominating him. Paint, brushes and easel were easily forgotten. He was so madly infatuated he could neither eat nor sleep. And just when his very life depended on the woman's love, she walked out on him.

Desperately he planned suicide. Fate somehow brought him a chance introduction to Joan Crawford. She immediately sensed that he was brooding over a great sorrow. Into kindly, understanding ears, he gradually poured his story. Joan talked to him for hours. She begged him to forget his troubles in work and give himself one more chance. Doubtfully, he gave his promise. Today he paints with a new lease on life.

Some time ago Joan started a picture with a leading man, who had just arrived in Hollywood. It was bad judgment on the part of the studio, to give him such a responsible assignment for his first picture. After three days he was taken out of the part. It wasn't Joan's fault that he was inadequate, yet she felt terrible. She sent him a note and expressed her regrets. Then she heard that the actor had lost heart and was trying to get out of his contract.

Immediately Joan sought him out. She tried to reason with him. She suggested that it would be so much better for him to get experience in small parts and then in his first big rôle, score a great hit. The actor took her advice. You know him as well as I do. I know Joan would grieve if I were to mention his name, so I will only say that he is one of the best actors of today.

● JOAN'S DRESSING room and set are a haven of refuge. They are always crowded with girls who have beauty problems, who ask Joan how they should do their hair, how they can lose weight, what colors would look best on them. To all these she lends a willing and patient ear. Somehow she manages to find time for them and yet accomplishes the hundred and one things that comprise her professional and private life.

When the Chatterton-Brent divorce was announced, Joan spent the full day trying to locate the first lady of the screen and sent the message, "Just to let you know I am thinking of you." When the daily headlines announced Russ Colombo's tragic fate, Joan was one of the first to call "Fieldsie," Carole Lombard's secretary, and say, "How is Carole? Please ask her if there is anything I can do."

Having been touched by life and emerging as a tender, compassionate person, a great understanding has been born. With an all-consuming passion for creation, Joan has been able to accomplish miracles in her own life, with enough burning enthusiasm left over to share. In a city like Hollywood—a city of heart-break, where the pursuit of artistic expression breeds selfishness, indifference and superficiality, it is a great tribute to a great woman, when she can be called, "Joan, of the understanding heart."



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Richard Dix And His Three Bosses

(Continued from page twenty-nine)

pay her way by teaching English and drama at the Oakland high school.

“VIRGINIA'S OFFICE was in my suite of rooms at the studio. She had been my secretary but a short time when one morning I dropped into her office to ask her to handle a business matter for me. I had a number of things to do but she proved so interesting to talk to that I remained for about an hour and a half. As I sat there I wanted to invite her to lunch but I couldn't muster the courage to do so.

“Finally I left for my dressing room, still wanting to invite her. There I argued it out with myself, using more arguments than Emily Post ever could think about as to why it wouldn't be proper. I left my dressing room firmly convinced that I wasn't going to invite her to lunch, walked into her office and said, ‘Say, how about having lunch with me today?’

“She accepted and the next day I took her to lunch again. This went on for several days with the shadow of Emily Post constantly counseling me that I shouldn't be entertaining my secretary. Virginia, of course, also knew her Emily Post but I always found business matters that had to be discussed over the luncheon table.

“She had been my secretary about five months when my contract with the studio ended and I was undecided about my future plans, so I had the unwelcome task of telling her I no longer needed a secretary. I invited her to take a vacation on my ranch but couldn't convince her it would be any less proper for her to accept as my guest than as my secretary!

“She is the most honest and frank girl I have ever known. I invited her to attend a preview with me, the first she had ever attended. When I called for her she had on a lovely frock in my favorite shade of blue. I remarked about it and she said, ‘Oh, it isn't mine. A girl friend was over this afternoon and when I told her I was going to a preview with you she offered to lend it to me!’

“WHEN DID I propose to her? About four or five months after I met her—and she promptly turned me down. She was afraid we were being a little hasty and that we should take more time to think it over. Then my film contract ended and I went to New York. I was determined to become a wanderer, to tour the world and forget all about the picture business. But in New York I was terribly lonely—I couldn't forget her. I telephoned her, asked her to come there and marry me and she agreed to.”

They were married in June, 1934, by the same justice of the peace in Jersey City that had married Virginia's parents. After the ceremony they prepared for the world tour but Rich noticed something was troubling Virginia and asked her about it.

“Rich,” she began timidly, “I hope you won't think I'm terrible but I have something I'd like to ask you. There's something I'd like you to do—but please don't be disappointed in me.”

“Honey,” he cried, “I'll do anything in the world for you. Whatever is troubling you?”

“Please, couldn't we go home instead of around the world?” she asked shyly.

Needless to say they returned to Hollywood, traveling by boat through the Panama Canal. That was their honeymoon. They went to Rich's home in Beverly Hills and for a time Virginia endured the easy-going, haphazard house-keeping that was a holdover from her husband's bachelor days. Then one day she again timidly approached the president of the “firm.”

“Rich, dear,” she said hesitantly, “do you mind if I put in a little system here?”

“Mind?” Rich replied affectionately. “I wish you would. It's your home, do just as you please.”

She immediately took charge with results that leave Rich speechless in his efforts to describe.

“For one thing,” he said, “she does all the marketing. You know my real name is Brimmer and our joint checking account is in that name. At the markets they know her as Mrs. Brimmer and not as Mrs. Richard Dix so there is no chance of boosting prices because she is the wife of a movie star. And believe me, that's something.”

● THE HOUSE is run for Rich with a system comparable to the most modern business methods. Virginia has a full appreciation of the demands made upon Rich's time by his picture work and of the problems confronting him. Late dinners caused by long drawn out studio conferences disturb her not at all and she is always ready to go where Rich wants to go on a minute's notice.

Their marital firm is a business offering huge profits in happiness and contentment. And the only thing bordering on a depression they've ever experienced is the feeling they have when they are unavoidably separated by Rich's picture work. This happened during the filming of his latest RKO-Radio picture, *Peacemaker* (tentative title), when he often had to work late at night and she was at the ranch. But “inter-office memos” helped that—with Rich writing little notes complaining about the food Jenny, the cook, gave him, as his way of letting Virginia know he couldn't eat he was so lonesome for her.

● A Few weeks before the blessed event was due, Rich signed an unusual contract with British Gaumont to make a picture in England. It specified he was not to sail for England until thirty days after the baby's birth. In the event the baby was not in good health at birth he was not to be required to assume the the contract until such time as the infant's life was entirely out of jeopardy! When the blessed event became twins, he argued in vain that logically the thirty days should become sixty.

When we talked to Rich he was embarrassed and indignant about a story that had been published concerning the nursery he was building in his Beverly Hills home.

“Do me the favor of correcting that silly story, won't you?” he asked. “It said we were installing all manner of contraptions in the nursery, including a crane that would automatically lift the babies out of the tub and onto the dressing table. For one thing, Virginia wouldn't think of letting anybody but herself, let alone a mechanical contri-

HOLLYWOOD

vance, handle her babies. We are putting no fancy gadgets into the nursery."

For months after their marriage Rich did not make a picture and he and Virginia were inseparable. Which should be quite a shock to the "experts" who say husbands and wives should frequently go their separate ways to be happy. Instead of arranging golf dates with cronies of his bachelor days, Rich plans trips to the desert and other diversions that Virginia can share and enjoy with him.

"Strangely enough," said Rich, "just before you got here I was sitting over there chatting with a friend about the same things we have been discussing. My entire viewpoint on life has been changed since I married Virginia. She has brought an orderliness and balance into my life and in every way she has made a new man out of me."

They had been married for some months when Rich remarked to Virginia that he had not had a drink of intoxicating liquor since their marriage. The realization of this fact was a tremendous surprise to him.

"Virginia did not ask me not to drink," Rich said, "and I didn't consciously avoid taking a drink. I just never thought of it and the only explanation is that I do not need artificial stimulation because I am getting real stimulation from her! I guess I'm fated to become a family man."

Richard Dix doesn't yet know the half of it, for Virginia has been confiding to her intimate friends that she doesn't believe in bringing up a pair of boys without a sister. But then, what is one more boss in a man's life—particularly when he likes it?

—DAN MEADE

Bing Crosby's Song of Love

(Continued from page twenty-six)

I SURRENDER DEAR

*We've played the game of stay a-way
But it costs more than I can pay.
Without you I can't make my way—*

The Three Rhythm Boys had left Whiteman and were singing at the Coconut Grove. They were the tops. The place was crowded every night with girls who looked acquisitively at the singers and with men who looked daggers at them. The Three Rhythm Boys were having fun.

Bing had developed an intriguing technique of singing with a dead pan, but he was having more and more trouble with it. There was a certain blonde that came in often. Her name was Dixie Lee. Bing was disturbed by her. He'd wise-crack and she'd feed them back doubled and redoubled. He'd give her a big build-up and she'd tear him down, but in a nice way. He really got bothered when he realized that he was looking for her every night. He didn't like to do that. It was nicer when he knew that the girls were looking for him. Who was this Dixie Lee, anyway? Well, for one thing, she was the one who'd smiled that funny, soft smile that other night and told him she didn't go for playboys—nor would she want to be just one of an admiring group around a cocky bantam.

"Meanin' me?" Bing had asked.

"Meaning you."

"Okay, lady!" he answered with elaborate nonchalance. "You know how I am and I don't change for anybody. S'long!"

But that wasn't the end of it.

Bing thought he wanted it to be.

Dixie thought she wanted it to be.

But love is different somehow. It doesn't act the way you think it ought to. They were both miserable. Here was Dixie Lee, an accomplished young actress with her future before her and dozens of men begging to see her every night. Here was Bing Crosby, the sensation of the year in Los Angeles, with all the girls in town trying to catch his eye as he moaned those sweet sentiments into the mike. And here they each seemed to have fallen in love with the unattainable—somebody who wouldn't even give them a rumble.

And they had their pride—both of them. So they stayed away. She didn't

come to the Grove and Bing quit calling up. And so, also, did they suffer like the very devil—for such is the way of love.

BUT THERE came a night when Dixie was invited out. She wanted to see Bing, but she'd rather have died than let him know it. Her escort was rather surprised when she suggested the Grove because he thought she'd formed a sudden and lasting dislike for it. But Dixie, well, she felt, it was a public place and she could look and listen and pretend not to like it, but still see and hear the boy she wouldn't even admit to herself she was in love with.

That was all well and good, but Bing! —Bing when he saw his adored one come in the room on another man's arm—well, his reserve just folded like a collapsible chair. It was a sad, sad story, but she didn't seem to even notice him until . . .

*"I surrender, dear. I may seem proud
I may act gay*

*It's just a pose, I'm not that way
'Cause deep down in my heart I say
I surrender, dear.*

*Little mean things we were doing
Must have been part of the game,
Lending a spice to the woo-ing
But I don't care who's to blame,
When stars appear, and shadows fall
Why then you'll hear my poor heart call
To you, my love, my life, my all. . . .
I surrender, dear. . . ."*

At first she tried to pretend she didn't understand but when Bing hit the chorus no one could miss. Dead-pan? No actor on earth could have chewed up the scenery the way Bing chewed up that mike.

But then why not? After all, it was his proposal!

In the days ahead they were both going to need the memory of that evening—especially the rest of it, which is none of our business. Though they didn't know it—who does?—there were years to come of even more amazing potentialities and with even greater theme songs to point the course of time in Bing's life. . . .

But then, we'll tell you about that—singing through the trials and tribulations and ultimate triumphs—next month. . . .

(To Be Concluded)

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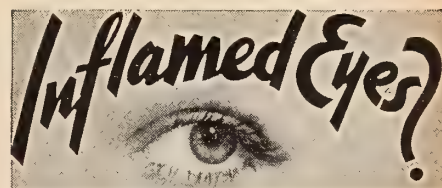
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Parade of Shadows

(Continued from page thirty-two)

stops and there is no sound but the faint
murmur of approaching day, and the
heavy breathing of the young subalterns.

● A Cock crows in the yard outside,
and is answered a moment later by
the ruler of the some other roosts not
far distant. Someone moves in the room
above me; a dull indeterminate sound.
I am reminded of my school days when,
waking early, I would hear the maid ris-
ing and a cold fear—a presentiment of
imminent danger would creep over me.
I always knew when there was trouble
in store for me at school, even before
I had committed the fault for which I
was eventually punished.

On Sundays at home the maid slept
late and it was my mother whom I would
hear moving early. On these cold dark
winter mornings I would lie in bed and
think how good it was to be so still and
safe, while my mother and sister went
out into the raw damp air to take the
Holy Sacrament at St. Luke's Church.

My mother's room was next to mine.
My sister's at the end of the house, and
my brother's upstairs, above my mother's
and overlooking the garden—the garden,
with its high red brick wall covered with
soft moss, ivy and rambler roses—the
garden where, under a shady old elm
tree, we had read Grimm's Fairy Tales
when we were children—the garden
where, every spring, snowdrops, cro-
cuses, bluebells and violets contested for
supremacy; where hollyhocks and sun-
flowers, geraniums and daisies all slept
so peacefully on warm summer nights;
where "Rags," our fox terror, ineffectual-
ly chased lawless sparrows and stray
blackbirds when they visited us after
soft rains had made our lawn a happy
hunting-ground.

● MY BROTHER'S room, like mine, is now
empty—empty but for its memories,
and he will not come back to it. On his
bed sits a legless brown toy horse and a
white toy monkey with only one eye—
the other eye, a boot-button, had been
lost and never replaced. As a child he
had loved these toys dearly, and now
they sit on his bed, waiting. Through
days and nights, for weeks and months

they sit waiting. But he will not come
back. I had told them so when I was
last home on leave—but they did not
believe me and still continue to wait for
their master.

In the closet in my brother's room there
hangs several suits of his clothes, a
heavy top coat—an old hat lies on a
shelf, and an odd assortment of boots
and shoes are neatly arranged in a cor-
ner. My mother is the epitome of tidi-
ness, and she keeps my brother's room
spotless and just as he had left it.

I had spent much time alone with my
mother on my last leave. Like two peo-
ple in a dream, we had talked of my
brother, my mother and I. Like strangers,
we were over polite to one another,
over considerate of each other's feel-
ings, and neither of us knew, or dared
to ask, how deep was the pain of our
individual and unspeakable loneliness
for him.

Once more the rumble of heavy artil-
lery. I listen for awhile, a little appre-
hensive. Is it our guns or theirs?

"Mother—mother darling, can you hear
me?" I whisper "Listen, my darling, I
want to be a little boy again and forget
all this—just for a moment I want us all
to be as we were. I want to think with
my whole being of tea in the garden on
Sundays in summer. Of the woods at
Easter so full of flowers, and you, of
them all, sweeter and more tender than
any. Of cold nights in winter when you
used to light the fire in my room, turn
out the lights and sit on my bed and
talk until sleep came to me. Oh mother
darling I love you terribly, so terribly—

● THERE IS a knock at the door. I hide
my head beneath my army blanket.
My servant comes in with my riding
boots and a cup of tea which he places
beside my bed.

"Six-thirty, sir," he says.

"I make a movement to denote that
I hear him. When he goes I cry with-
out restraint, until slowly, almost im-
perceptibly a great peacefulness comes
to me. And yet—I know that I shall
never see my mother again. She died
suddenly a few days later.

Cantor vs. Cagney—It's to the Death!

(Continued from page thirty)

● CANTOR SIGHED, then turned toward
the door of his bungalow office,
where his daughter Marjorie was ham-
mering a typewriter, and yelled:

"Marjorie!"

The dark and pretty Marjorie entered,
smiling.

"Yes, Dad?" she questioned.

"How many pictures of Cagney are
there in our house?" he demanded.

"Each of the girls have one, except
Janet, and she doesn't like him—"

"Good," snapped Cantor, "Remind me
to buy Janet a nice present. So there
are FOUR pictures of Cagney, yes?"

"No," corrected Marjorie. "There are
FIVE. I got a new one this morning
and hung it over your desk—"

"FIVE, HUH?"

"Five at home, and the two I just
hung up here in the office—"

Cantor RAN out of the room into the
office, to see for himself.

During his brief absence Marjorie con-
fided that little Janet has "a terrible
crush on Crosby and is ever so sorry
that Daddy can't sing like Bing."

"And Janet knows all THAT guy's
songs, and sings 'em," said the belliger-
ent Cantor, "But she doesn't know one
of mine—NOT ONE! And I was plug-
ging songs when Crosby was—well, do-
ing whatever Crosby was doing when
I was plugging songs. But it's this Cag-
ney guy that's the bane of my ex-
istence. He's all I hear at home.

"Can you blame me for planning his
assassination?"

● MARJORIE HAD returned to her type-
writer, and while on the subject of
his children, we asked Eddie to tell

HOLLYWOOD

just what Marjorie was doing in the office.

Cantor's face lighted with a smile of love.

"Marjorie," he said, "Is my right arm. She is the deep dark secret of what success I've had on the radio. She helps me with all my scripts; she keeps me down to earth, and her good taste keeps my gags in good taste. She listens to every radio program, and knows just what has been said or sung, and by whom. And let me tell you, and I mean it in all seriousness, I've getting back every dollar I've spent on my kids, and with interest. They are all helping me. Believe me when I tell you that my kids play an important part in the production of my every picture. I'll tell you why.

"They read the script, all of them, and now and then one will shout 'Daddy, I KNOW the VERY person for THIS part.' And again, one will yell 'Dad, DON'T play this scene. Soandso did the very same business in Whatisit.' Very often, in my enthusiasm for a piece of business, I'll get myself into a situation, and forget to show how I got out of it, depending upon the audience to use its imagination. But the girls will stand up and demand to know JUST HOW I got out of it. Then I know that an added sequence is necessary."

● CANTOR DROPPED his hands suddenly and stopped orating. Then his eyes fell on that inevitable photo of Cagney. The warlike glint returned to his eyes.

"Something else about Cagney," he stormed. "Right when it looks like maybe they have him under control, he comes out in a murderous film called *G-Men*. I gotta admit it's a grand picture, but look what it's doing to my home! These youngsters are dividing their time between dolls and imaginary machine guns—and all the time they're seeing themselves as Cagney, or his best girl friend.

"The story was good enough to stand by itself, but no—they had to make something of it by using that guy Cagney. Now, instead of the kids imagining me as a fearless government man, they're back on that roughneck again, praising him to the sky!"

Cantor walked over and picked up a volume on the history of poisons, muttering, "I'm gonna get that Cagney—the home wrecker!"

Now, here's a tip for Cagney. His life is safe just so long as he declines to autograph a picture to a boy called "Cubby." Cantor won't make a move until he obtains that picture, and I'll tell you why. Arthur Baer, of St. Louis, Mo., is Cantor's closest friend, and greatest pal. Their friendship is such that for twelve long years, without a miss, Eddie and Arthur have touched glasses at the witching hour of the New Year. Not a break in all those years until 1935! Eddie was in Europe, and Arthur couldn't get away to join him. So they touched glasses via radio and long distance telephone and wished each other well for 1935. But Arthur Baer has a son, "Cubby," who, insofar as Cantor is concerned, is the one and only small boy on earth. He is "Cubby's" "Uncle Eddie."

"Cubby" had written Cantor demanding an autographed photo of his favorite actor—Jim Cagney.

"Of course," Cantor gritted "He WOULD have to ask for THAT mug's mug! And the worst of it is that I can't kill him until I get it."

—HARRY T. BRUNDIDGE.

Maureen O'Sullivan Tells Her Marriage Plans

(Continued from page twenty-seven)

enjoyed that first one tremendously, and since John is writing the next one, I'm hoping he'll do right by me." She admitted, "It's always been my ambition to stand in a jungle scene with one hand on the back of a ferocious-looking but very friendly lion.

"I was given a contract after this part," she continued, "and since then I have appeared in everything from costume dramas to comedy. I adore doing different kinds of parts, and the only ones I hate are drawing room dramas of 1935, where I am the girl who is handy when the hero finishes with the dark, dangerous female. There's nothing you can do with parts like that!"

● GRINNING, SHE said, "I've enjoyed being in so many good pictures lately because it disproves a certain hoary Hollywood tradition. You know—that you have to play politics and do all kinds of things to get good parts. I haven't lifted a finger."

She hates other things besides Hollywood traditions. For instance, interviewers who insist that she has an Irish brogue and who quote her as speaking like a hill-billy colleen. Her voice is without accent, and she uses no slang at all, neither American nor Irish. Her eyes are blue and her face has the same freshness that is characteristic of her personality.

She hates, too, hearing directors and producers wonder whether she'll be "adequate" in a certain rôle. Even after her performances in *Richelieu*, *West Point of the Air*, and *Anna Karenina*, she says, they assign her to parts and then begin worrying. In Hollywood you see nobody's apt to think you're important unless you act important. Maureen doesn't.

She is even willing to smash the old tradition that an actress is sensitive about her age. "I'm twenty-four," she told me. "I always thought I was two years younger, but when I happened to mention to my family that I'd be twenty-two my next birthday, they laughed at me. Perhaps I got confused by a press-agent's story about my age, and believed it."

This magnificent unconcern over the two added years was possible because she believes that any age at all will be fun, when she gets there. "I'm looking forward particularly to being thirty," she said seriously. "I think that's the most glamorous age in a woman. When I'm thirty I can imagine myself wearing a pink knitted sports suit, bending over a rose bush in a lovely garden. There'll be a quiet, charming house in the back-ground, and two or three children, my children, in the house."

She is definite, you see, even about the most poetic of her plans. (She writes verse herself—fresh lovely lines with all the song of Ireland in them.) And just as definitely the husband who fits into the background of that picture is John Farrow.*

—MARK DOWLING.

*John N. B. Villiers-Farrow, born Sidney, Australia, Feb. 10, 1904, son of Col. Joseph Rashmore Farrow. Author of many film plays including *Ladies of the Mob*, *Wolf Song*, *Seven Days Leave*, *The Registered Woman*, *The Common Law*. Farrow is five feet eleven, weighs 165 pounds, and is under contract to M-G-M, where Miss O'Sullivan is featured.



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STAR GAZING IN HOLLYWOOD

● **TOO BAD**, if something should happen to Katharine Hepburn. There is the evidence, on our desk pad. It says: "Shoot Hepburn today."

Today we are going to shoot her, but only with a color camera. Edwin Bower Hesser, owlish behind his horn rims, is ready and set up with his machine. We are going to take her photograph for the first time in natural color, for a cover on this magazine. Miss Hepburn is as curious, as anxious to make the venture a success, as a bright-eyed child.

She has put on the bright gown she wears in "Break of Hearts," which on the screen shows black and white. Actually, it is a stunning affair in broad green stripes of rustling satin. Her hair isn't red at all, but that shade which Kathleen Norris ascribes to her favorite heroines—"tawny." Soft, curling to her shoulders, catching coppery lights from the big lights on the RKO set.

We look at her when Hesser has her focused. No one has suggested a pose; she falls with utter ease into one that is charmingly graceful. Charles Boyer, her leading man, comes in. Hepburn wants him in the picture.

She has no angles to avoid; her face looks as well one way as another—sharp shadows, strong lines, deep set eyes, skin as soft as a baby's, and as unwrinkled. It is hot under the lights, and we suggest that she step away from them until all is ready.

"Oh, no, I like those hot lights. They're invigorating! Pep me up. I seem to draw strength from them," she asserts. "That's why I like movies—those warm lights."

She asks questions about the process, fires intelligent queries, right across the plate, like Dizzy Dean's fast ones. Hepburn's faculty for instant comprehension never fails to astonish.

"How about trying one in my silver lame dress?" she asks. And runs—she seldom walks—to the dressing room. Two hours have gone by forgotten.

Well pleased was Miss Hepburn with the results of the day's shooting, and well pleased, too, are the editors of Hollywood with their front cover on this issue, giving you for the first time, a snapshot of this favorite star as she looks in real life.



● **SHOOTING CLAUDETTE** is another delightful event.

She wears white serge slacks, white shirt as she enters the studio. Her new style of hairdress excites immediate attention. Claudette is proud of it, and rightly so. Her hair is red!

Where Hepburn gives a toss of her head and lets the long, fine spun locks fall where they may—Claudette's coiffeur is distinctly stylized. But red—yes red hair; what a surprise!

"And why not?" asks Claudette. "One changes costumes—why not hair?"

Brunette, blonde, or titian, it matters not—Colbert would still entrance. She is very shapely. Her eyes and lashes stand out as characteristics to be remembered.

Claudette has an odd fixation about herself.

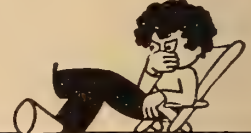
She insists she is not beautiful. She utterly believes it. Many times before, this has come in sundry conversations; now, since her features are to be photographed in color, her attention focusses like a lens upon this absurd belief. She cannot, of course, come around behind the camera and look

at herself on the ground glass, or she would be forever convinced that the contrary is true.

"My mother should have been the actress, not I," Claudette says. "Look, I'll show you. Where's my bag?" From it she brings out a snapshot of her mother and herself. Claudette is laughing, eyes crinkled almost shut, enjoying something hugely. Her mother's smile is beautiful—Claudette's is a great big grin.

"See?" she demands. And wonders why none of us are convinced.

This deep rooted belief helped make her a great actress. She refuses to consider that she is pretty, therefore she must win what laurels she may with wit and charm. This she set out to do, and how well she succeeded!



● **GREGORY LA CAVA**, her director in "Private Worlds" and in her forthcoming Columbia production, "She Married Her Boss," gives us another view of Claudette the un-beautiful. She has, he says, no bad angles to her face; they just go ahead and shoot the action. Most stars will permit themselves to be photographed only from certain directions. This misfortune spoiled one team when both the actor and actress insisted on showing only the left side of their faces—and the director could never get them to look at each other!

La Cava likes discourses, and is a brilliant conversationalist. Four of us sit down to dinner at his old-fashioned American home—Gregory, Scoop Conlon, my wife, and I—to try his favorite dish, French Ragout, and to talk later until all hours on his favorite subject, the wherefores of human behavior.

An Italian (he calls himself a Wop), La Cava is the image of a paddy Irish bog trotter, with a fringe of sandy hair around a bald pate. His sense of humor is as broad and deep as that of W. C. Fields, his closest friend.

During the making of "Private Worlds" he decided that Claudette Colbert was taking their picture of insanity too seriously. To save her from the heebie jeebies, La Cava pulled one of his typical "ribs." He donned a huge and frowsy black wig, and sent his assistant to Claudette's dressing room with word that La Cava had gone looney and a new director had taken his place.

The startled and alarmed Claudette came out to see this strange new boss.

Hiding his face with his hand, the man in the wig told her what a nut La Cava was, and how she, Claudette, would toe the mark from now on because he wasn't going to be as easy going as that crazy Wop. Claudette was about ready to blow up when she saw through his disguise.

The joke served its purpose. La Cava had brought everyone back into the spirit he wished to catch in his picture.

Jack Smalley

Managing Editor

BEECH-NUT GUM

a single stick
will convince
you ... *it is*
*"Always
Refreshing"*



To knit and spin
was not much fun
When 'twas my sole
employment
But now I smoke
these Chesterfields
And find it real
enjoyment



Mild... and yet.. They Satisfy

Hollywood

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Natural Color
Photograph of
Shirley and
Mrs. Temple
See Page 8

BRINGING UP SHIRLEY TEMPLE
BEHIND THE HEADLINES IN HEPBURN'S LIFE

Enjoy
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of mouth and lips



PRINCESS CHARMING (UNTIL SHE SMILES)



"Pink Tooth Brush"—

Makes her avoid all close-ups
... dingy teeth and tender gums
destroy her charm.

A WOMAN smiles—and her face glows with a touch of splendor.

(Dazzling white teeth set in firm, healthy gums help create that lovely moment.)

Another woman smiles, and her charm vanishes before your eyes.

(Dingy teeth and tender gums halt your attention with an unpleasant jolt.)

"PINK TOOTH BRUSH" IS A WARNING

The explanation of "pink tooth brush" is remarkably simple. It's because almost no one nowadays eats the coarse, fibrous foods so stimulating to the gums. Our

modern, soft-food diet allows them to grow tender through sheer inaction. And that's why the warning tinge of "pink" appears so often—why modern dental science urges Ipana and massage.

Dental science says you must massage the gums as well as brush the teeth. So rub a little Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth. Ipana, massaged into the gums, helps restore healthy firmness.

Change to Ipana and massage. For, with healthy gums, you have little to fear from the really serious gum troubles

—from gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and pyorrhea. And the brilliance of your smile, the whiteness and beauty of your teeth, will make you wish you had changed to Ipana and massage long ago.

WHY WAIT FOR THE TRIAL TUBE?

If you like, send for the trial tube. But why not begin today—now—to secure the full benefit of Ipana from the full-size tube? It gives you a month of scientific dental care... 100 brushings... and a quick, decisive start toward healthy gums and brighter teeth.



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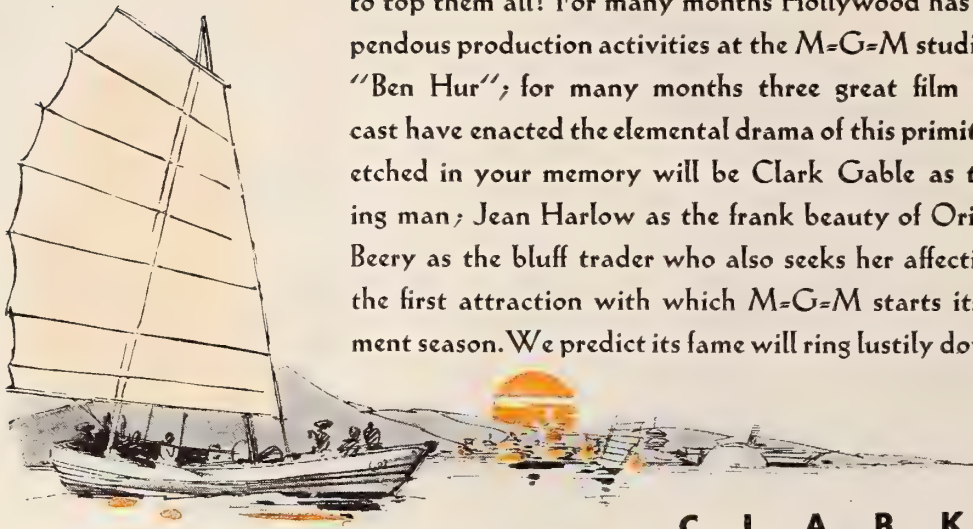
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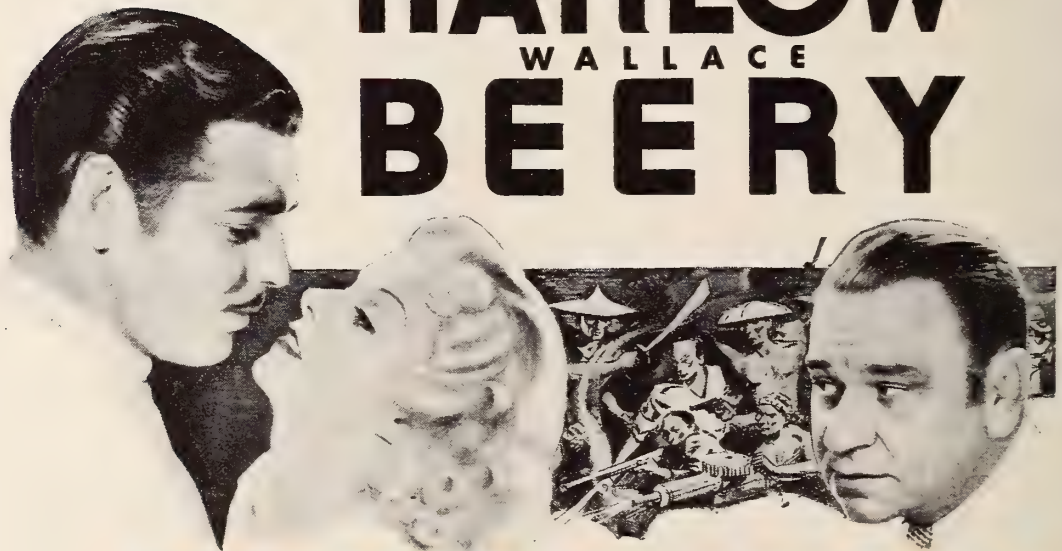


A CHALLENGE TO ALL SCREEN HISTORY!

Think back to your greatest film thrill! Recall the mightiest moments of romance, action, soul=adventure of the screen! A picture has come to top them all! For many months Hollywood has marvelled at the stupendous production activities at the M=G=M studios, not equalled since "Ben Hur"; for many months three great film stars and a brilliant cast have enacted the elemental drama of this primitive love story. Deeply etched in your memory will be Clark Gable as the handsome seafaring man; Jean Harlow as the frank beauty of Oriental ports; Wallace Beery as the bluff trader who also seeks her affections. "China Seas" is the first attraction with which M=G=M starts its new Fall entertainment season. We predict its fame will ring lustily down the years to come!



C L A R K
GABLE
J E A N
HARLOW
W A L L A C E
BERRY



CHINA SEAS

with
Lewis STONE • Rosalind RUSSELL
Directed by Tay Garnett • Associate Producer: Albert Lewin

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

HOLLYWOOD

Hollywood

The News Reel of the Stars

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Today in Hollywood

Was It a Prophecy?

Storm Over the Andes, an exciting South American war picture being shot at Universal, will go down in tradition as another jinx film production. Cesar Romero started the jinx off by injuring a knee. He was replaced by Antonio Moreno, who does both the English and Spanish versions.



Jack Holt

Several days later Charles Stumar, ace Universal cameraman, was shooting a dramatic headquarters scene in which a short wave radio was bringing the last gasping words of an army flier as his plane was falling in flames over the enemy lines. It was a long, tense scene, convincingly done by Jack Holt and Mona Barrie. As it ended success-

fully, Stumar wiped his brow and said:

"Whew! I could almost feel myself falling in that ship!"

Twenty-four hours later an airplane cracked up near Triunfo, 50 miles from Hollywood, where the company was going on location. The dead: Harrison Wiley, the art director, and ace Cameraman Stumar. Cause: 'The plane lost a wing in brushing a tree-top.

• •

Shirley Speaks Up

WINFIELD SHEEHAN has a notable collection of cutouts from films. The latest addition to his collection is one that has to do with Shirley Temple and John Boles. It was caught in a projection room during the running of "rushes."



Fay Wray

It seems Boles and Shirley were having a very serious scene in the picture *Curly Top*.

Suddenly Boles blew up in his lines.

Right from the screen Shirley was seen stamping her little foot, pointing a finger at Boles, and saying, "Ah! Phooey!"

• •

Fay Wasn't Fooled

WHEN FAY WRAY, who was born in Alberta, Canada, received her American citizenship papers, one of her friends invited a group in at cocktail hour to mark the occasion. Of especial significance was an American flag which the hostess hoisted in front of her home to greet Fay.

Glancing down the street, she saw dozens of flags draped in front of other homes. Turning to Fay she said, "I didn't know the good news had spread so rapidly."

"It hasn't," Fay replied cheerfully. "Maybe you hadn't heard. This is Flag Day all over the nation."

Hollywood's News Reel



Claudette Colbert has two leading men in her new Columbia film: Melvyn Douglas, (left), and Singer Michael Bartlett



Excited onlookers at the Uplifters Club polo tourney were Dolores Del Rio, Constance Bennett, Irene Dunne and Mary Pickford



After the tourney: Jimmy Rogers, Dolores Del Rio, Will Rogers, Lucien Hubbard, and Spencer Tracy surveying the trophies

The New Dietrich

NOW THAT MARLENE DIETRICH has shed the Trilby mask she wore throughout her association with Director Josef Von Sternberg, and introduced her real self to Hollywood, the talkie capital is taking the German star to its bosom with an unprecedented enthusiasm. The chilly aloofness that Marlene assumed at Von's insistence has given way to a natural charm.

• •

Where To See Stars

TIP TO HOLLYWOOD visitors from a lady traveler—she dropped in at the House of Westmore in Hollywood for one of those facials so restful to the star gazing wayfarer in our midst, and in ten minutes saw more stars come in for manicures, hair dressings and shampoos than she had seen during three weeks in the colony. Bette Davis came in a light blue tailored suit to have her blond hair waved, Dolores Del Rio, an exquisite vision with her creamy olive skin and a white costume, came for a shampoo, and sat down beside our traveler to wait her turn. Linger for a few minutes afterwards, she rubbed elbows with Marlene Dietrich who was just coming in, and gazed in rapt admiration at jaunty Carole Lombard. If you're coming to Hollywood to see the stars, here's a tip worth following!

• •

Jackie A Real Fan

JACKIE COOPER's week-ends are real postman holidays.

Permitted to attend the movie houses only on Saturday and Sunday, the child star makes the most of his schedule, often viewing as many as six pictures in the two days.

Jackie's favorite screen fare is the Western, and he insists that he's going to be another Tom Mix when he grows up.

• •

A Gilt-edged Deal

SPEAKING ABOUT THE high cost of living, the Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitneys, who came to California on a visit, rented Colleen Moore's home in Bel Air for ten days.

Their rent was \$300 per day. It figures well over \$100,000 per year.

Elissa's Pet Rose

THE SECRET OF that lone yellow rose that continually lifts its head outside the bay window of Elissa Landi's living-room has finally seeped out.

In the glassed-in greenhouse on Elissa's Bel-Air estate, her gardener nurtured dozens of young rose plants, and as the bloom on the bush beneath the window in which she spends so much of her leisure begins to fade, he digs it up and replaces it with another.

• •

Norma As Juliet

HOLLYWOOD will shortly experience the thrill of seeing Norma Shearer, in the flesh, in *Romeo and Juliet*.

Before sending his famous wife before the cameras as star of the historic Shakespearean piece, Irving Thalberg plans to rent Hollywood Bowl with its 30,000 seating capacity for an outdoor staging of the drama.

• •

Tone-Crawford Rumors

FEW RECOGNIZED JOAN CRAWFORD and her fiancé, Franchot Tone, as the famous pair strolled into Coconut Grove one recent evening, what with Joan having shed the widely-photographed long bob as a step in her new-found craving for simplicity in dress, and Franchot having taken on an extra twenty pounds of avoirdupois during his *Mutiny On the Bounty* isolation on Catalina Island.

Revived rumors that Joan and Franchot were wed "somewhere in Mexico" early in the year have failed to ruffle the couple's usual calm, Joan merely pushing the chatter aside with a laugh, and the gallant Franchot retorting:

"I only wish it were true!"

• •

Name Your Pastime

THE GAMEROOM Carl Brisson has installed in his new Bel-Air home is something for the folks to talk about, containing as it does every conceivable pastime, including billiards, roulette and ping-pong tables, a miniature race track with electrically-operated horses, deck games and a complete motion picture projection outfit.

HOLLYWOOD



**until death
do us part**

Gary Cooper and Ann Harding in a scene from the Paramount Picture "Peter Ibbetson" directed by Henry Hathaway

Romeo and Juliet!...Antony and Cleopatra!...Tristan and Isolde!...Dante and Beatrice!...Heloise and Abelard!...Lovers all—out of the scores upon scores of lovers who down through the ages have fired the imagination and the creative artistry of bards and minstrels, poets and playwrights, painters and writers.

Without end are the enduring love stories of the world—those transcendental, inspiring romances that reach into the hearts, souls and minds of people—to lift humans out of themselves for one brief, thrilling instant in the scheme of things and make them kin to the gods in Paradise!

Taking its place alongside the immortal love romances of all time is the touching, tenderly beautiful story of Peter and Mary in DuMaurier's glorious tale, "Peter Ibbetson." Here was a love truly beyond all human understanding—a love that endured through childhood, manhood and old age—a love that flamed with a brilliant intensity—a love that burned even beyond the grave.



As a novel, "Peter Ibbetson" left an indelible imprint on all who read it. As a stage play, and then again as an opera, idealized with music, it entranced those fortunate enough to have witnessed its performance. Now it is being brought to the screen by Paramount, with a devotion to casting and direction that promises to further deify, if possible, what is already recognized as an immortal work.

Gary Cooper has been chosen to portray the sincerity and manly manliness of Peter Ibbetson, while Ann Harding has won the coveted role of Mary, who was the Duchess of Towers. The screen play has been placed under the lucid and understanding direction of Henry Hathaway, who guided the destinies of "Lives of a Bengal Lancer."

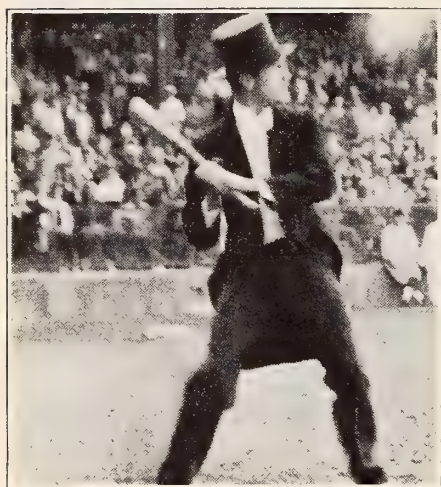
As a living, breathing canvas that recreates the glamorous scenes and the passionate interludes of Du Maurier's story, the photoplay "Peter Ibbetson" gives every promise of presenting another screen masterpiece in this story of a love that will last through all eternity.

(Advertisement)

Hollywood's News Reel

May Try Stage

WHEN HERBERT MARSHALL finally moves his make-up kit to New York to fulfill that oft'-postponed stage contract, Gloria Swanson, his heart, will go along to give more serious consideration to the flood of Broadway offers that have come her way in recent months.



Casey (1935 model) at the bat! Billy Bakewell smacks a home run and runs the bases in a limousine . . .

The Famous Baseball Game

LEAVE IT TO Billy Bakewell to show the local boys a thing or two about baseball with a capital "B." It was during the benefit game between Hollywood's leading men and comics. Billy was called to the plate when it came his turn to bat and while everyone waited breathlessly to see what the "great" Bakewell would do—no Bakewell appeared.

Suddenly a beautiful Rolls Royce limousine, piloted by a liveried colored chauffeur, drove onto the field and up to home base. Out stepped our hero looking as though he had just left the Trocadero. He was nattily attired in the latest in dress clothes, high hat and all. Marching up to the plate, he waited for the pitcher's delivery—then swinging mightily, he connected, driving the ball far into the outfield.

Stepping back into his conveyance, he ordered his man to drive to first base—then second—third, and finally, "home James." The first home run ever to be made in a Rolls Royce in the entire history of baseball! And of all things—his team mates threw themselves upon him and finally Mr. Bakewell found himself standing in front of 12,000 spectators with nothing to cover his athletic figure save his shoes and shorts.

Stop It, Girls

THAT COY LOOK now adorning the Irish countenance of Pat O'Brien is caused by the flood of mash notes pouring in from feminine fans as a result of his romantic rôle in *Oil for the Lamps of China*. Pat swears they're the first missives of that type he has received in his years of histrionic effort.

• •

Multiple Adoption Scheme

TOPS IN PUBLICITY schemes is this:

A publicity agent approached a famous man and wife comedy team and guaranteed to give them front page publicity in every worthwhile newspaper in the country.

"Who do you want us to kill?" queried the male of the team.

"No one," said the publicity purveyor.

And then the stunt was explained.

Very simple. All the comedy duo had to do was to make formal application to the Canadian Government to legally adopt the Dionne Quintuplets!

• •

Hank's Swansong?

THAT HENRI, Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudraye, said his final adieu to Hollywood before taking his departure for France a month ago is the word being passed on by the chatters.

ON THE COVER

HOLLYWOOD Magazine goes completely Shirley this month, with Miss Temple and her mother on the cover, and with our little star's "bringing up" discussed in thorough fashion by Miss Rhea. This was Shirley's first experience before a natural color camera, but she lost not one whit of her charming aplomb and held perfectly still as Edwin Bower Hesser directed. Mrs. Temple was somewhat harassed, however, by Shirley's active curiosity over everything that went on, and if there is a hint of a strained expression on her lovely face, remember that being the mother of a child so astonishing as Shirley is no simple matter. But how capably Gertrude Temple manages is told in detail in the story found on page 22.



Others guilty of participating in the burlesque ball game were Wally Ford, George Raft, James Cagney, John Boles, Lee Tracy. The game ended in a tie. (See story)

They HAVE ALL GONE

Individuality is what gives vitality to pictures.
These stars are now with GB . . . because
GB Productions have individuality,
glamour, and a tone all their own.



GEORGE ARLISS



ROBERT DONAT



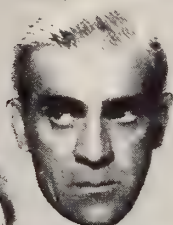
JESSIE MATTHEWS



MADELINE CARROLL



JACK HULBERT



BORIS KARLOFF



FAY WRAY



NOVA PILBEAM



CLAUDE RAINS



WALTER HUSTON



MADGE EVANS *



PETER LORRE



MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN *



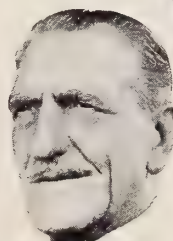
LUPE VELEZ



RICHARD DIX



CONRAD VEIDT



C. AUBREY SMITH



HELEN VINSON



CICELY COURTNEIDGE



BARRY MACKAY



TOM WALLS

Watch For These Pictures!
THIRTY-NINE STEPS
THE CLAIRVOYANT
TRANSATLANTIC TUNNEL
THE KING OF THE DAMNED
THE MORALS OF MARCUS
RHODES, THE EMPIRE BUILDER
KIPLING'S SOLDIERS THREE
PASSING ^{OF THE} 3RD FLOOR BACK
MODERN MASQUERADE
SECRET AGENT
DR. NIKOLA
KING SOLOMON'S MINES
FIRST A GIRL
BORN FOR GLORY
ALIAS BULLDOG DRUMMOND
A GEORGE ARLISS SPECIAL

 **TOPS 'EM ALL**

WARREN WILLIAM PREFERS NATURAL LIPS UNUSUAL TEST SHOWS



HERE'S WHAT WARREN WILLIAM SAW



Popular star picks Tangee lips in interesting test



● That patrician manner of Warren William would set almost any heart aflutter. And when he, too, prefers natural lips to the painted kind, isn't it enough to make you want to use Tangee?

For Tangee will never, never make you look painted. It can't. For the simple reason that it *isn't paint*. Based on the magic Tangee color principle Tangee is an orange lipstick that *changes, on your lips*, to the one shade most becoming to you. For those who require more color, especially for evening use, there is Tangee Theatrical. Tangee comes in two sizes ... 39c and \$1.10, or send 10 cents for the special 4-piece Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK
USE TANGEE CREME ROUGE
WATERPROOF! ITS NATURAL
BLUSH-ROSE COLOR NEVER FADES
OR STREAKS EVEN IN SWIMMING



★ 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY F95
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City
Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). 15¢ in Canada.

Check Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

Name _____ (Please Print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____

HEARTBEATS—AND SKIPS



Pitter-patterings of Lyda Roberti and Bud Ernst, radio announcer, culminated in a fly-away marriage in Yuma, Ariz.



Among the warm romances of Hollywood is the heart fluttering of Pinky Tomlin, the Oklahoma lad and Maxine Doyle



PITTER PATTER

Lee Tracy's heart, cracked when his three-year betrothal to petite Isabel Jewell crashed on Cupid's rock-pile, is pit-a-patting again, with charming Estelle Taylor as the cause of the throb.

• •

That diamond solitaire blonde Mae Murray has been sporting for several weeks was placed on her finger by none other than Slapsie-Maxie Rosenbloom, prizefighter.

• •

Barbara Weeks and Guinn (Big Boy) Williams are again going places together.

• •

Henry Fonda, Margaret Sullavan's first husband, is the big moment now causing Wendy Barrie to forget all about Woolworth Donohue, millionaire cousin of Barbara Hutton.

• •

Comedian Bert Wheeler has slipped a weighty diamond on the proper finger of Sally Haines' left hand.



BLESSED EVENTS

The first-born of the Jack Durants (Molly O'Day) has been named Suzanne Dobson Durant.

• •

The new six and one-half pound daughter at the home of the George O'Briens (Marguerite Churchill) found a portable nursery.



BUSTED EVENTS

Colleen Moore's search for marital bliss received another set-back, when she filed suit in the Los Angeles courts for a divorce from Al Scott, rich New York broker, whom she charged with harsh acts and jealousy. The couple were wed in Fort Pierce, Florida, in 1932, two years after Colleen had won her freedom from John McCormick, film executive.

• •

Elinor Fair charged Thomas Daniels, good-looking Los Angeles broker-aviator, with a "vile temper" when she sued him for divorce, marking their second visit to the domestic relations tribunals since their elopement to Yuma, Ariz., early in 1934. Daniels won an annulment, alleging Elinor deserted him five hours after the ceremony. Two months later, they were rewed in Las Vegas.

• •

Merna Kennedy waited until her mother, Mrs. Maude Kennedy, and P. C. Gernert, Beverly Hills business man, were off on their honeymoon before calling quits to her own marriage to Busby Berkeley, dance director. She has sued Busby for separate maintenance, charging extreme mental cruelty, and demanding \$3,000 a month alimony.



BELL RINGERS

A romance that had its inception when Esther Ralston served as Wilburt W. Morgan's foil for his first screen test has culminated in their marriage.

• •

Lily Damita's marriage to Errol Flynn proved catching to this couples' close friend, Lyda Roberti, who married Bud Ernst.

HOLLYWOOD

**"YOU'RE EASY ON THE EYES, JEANIE—
I COULD LOOK AT YOU FOR LIFE"**



**Romance comes
to the girl who guards
against COSMETIC SKIN**

SMOOTH, LOVELY SKIN wins romance—and *keeps* it. So how foolish it is to let unattractive Cosmetic Skin destroy the loveliness that should be yours!

***Cosmetics Harmless if
removed this way***

It is when cosmetics are not properly *removed* that they choke the pores—cause the ugly pore enlargement, tiny blemishes, blackheads, perhaps—that are signs of Cosmetic Skin.

Lux Toilet Soap is especially made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its ACTIVE lather goes *deep* into the pores, gently removes every trace of dust, dirt,

stale cosmetics. Use all the cosmetics you wish! But to protect your skin—keep it lovely—use Lux Toilet Soap **ALWAYS** before you go to bed at night and before you renew your make-up during the day. 9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap!



USE ROUGE AND POWDER?
YES, OF COURSE! BUT
THANKS TO **LUX TOILET
SOAP** I'M NOT A BIT
AFRAID OF COSMETIC SKIN

**JOAN
BENNETT**

Topper's Reviews

If Topper Waves His Hat It's Grand! Otherwise—

Capsule Guide



BECKY SHARP—(RKO-Pioneer)—Miriam Hopkins romps through this famous classic in the rôle of an adventuress who lives on nothing a year. Miriam's portrayal is splendid enough, but of course the astonishing color effects of an improved Technicolor capture all eyes. The flight from the ballroom as Napoleon advances on Waterloo is a tremendous dazzling scene which definitely reveals the endless possibilities of Technicolor in future films. All in all, the color effects are spectacular and pleasing.



ANNA KARENINA—(M-G-M)—Garbo scores a tremendous hit in the title rôle of the great Tolstoy novel—the same story she made years ago with John Gilbert. This version, with Fredric March, makes up for its lack of the reckless passion of the woman for her lover, by presenting a Garbo whose depth of feeling and emotional power has matured to a point as close to perfection as we shall ever see. In the film with Gilbert, their off-screen romance dominated. In this, Garbo is alone; a tragic figure whose inevitable progress toward her doom form a moving pageant of emotions that grip the imagination.



LOVE ME FOREVER—(Columbia)—Is Grace Moore's second screen triumph. Once more her astonishing personality captures her audience, and again her magnificent voice drives operatic numbers into the hearts of her listeners. Leo Carrillo is particularly worthy of mention in the principal male rôle. Indeed, he nearly steals the picture from the singing star. He is at his best in the rôle of a music loving gambler who would sacrifice everything to give Miss Moore's talents to the world.



PAGE MISS GLORY—(Warners-Cosmopolitan)—Is an amusing yarn on how a chambermaid won a beauty prize and became the toast of a nation. Marion Davies once more is the versatile comedienne who captures major honors. Pat O'Brien is back in his wise-cracking, fast-talking rôle and he does it with a vengeance. As Miss Davies' manager he fights off flocks of reporters and tries to keep her from marrying Dick Powell, a make-believe Lindbergh who is the national flying hero. Mary Astor, Lyle Talbot, Frank McHugh and Patsy Kelly complete the excellent cast. The story is weak, but you won't care.

Broadway Gondolier—(Warners)—Dick Powell, Adolph Menjou, Joan Blondell and Louise Fazenda in a rollicking musical. *Tasty stuff.*

Mad Love—(M-G-M)—Peter Lorre as the sadistic surgeon in a fantastic thriller. Guillotines and midnight operations. *Bad medicine.*

Lady Tubbs—(Universal)—Alice Brady dominating a sparkling comedy that also features Douglass Montgomery and Anita Louise. *No chaser needed.*

Man on the Flying Trapeze—(Paramount)—Only the title and W. C. Fields to save this picture from boredom. Fields is very funny. *You may gag on it.*

Hard Rock Harrigan—(Fox)—George O'Brien and Fred Kohler as virile tunnel men in a mountain yarn. Nice melodrama. *Tones up the system.*

Ladies Crave Excitement—(Mascot)—Norman Foster pulls scoops out of the hat for his newsreel company. Entertaining and exciting. *Leaves no bad taste.*

Escape Me Never—(British and Dominion)—Elizabeth Bergner in a powerful and poignant drama about unhappy love. *A grown up picture.*

Farmer Takes A Wife—(Fox)—Janet Gaynor smashes through in a story about the Erie Canal in its hey-day. You'll praise Henry Fonda.

Redheads on Parade—(Fox)—John Boles, Dixie Lee, and Jack Haley in a fast moving burlesque on the movie industry. *Take it—or leave it alone.*

Front Page Lady—(Warners)—Bette Davis and George Brent in a newspaper yarn the way the public likes to think reporters act. *Nice entertainment.*

Escapade—(M-G-M)—William Powell and Luise Rainer, Metro's fascinating European find, in a gay story of pre-war Vienna. *They're both excellent.*

She—(RKO)—Helen Gahagan and Randolph Scott in a runner-up to *King-Kong* that features above all else some amazing trick photography. *Very different.*

No More Ladies—(M-G-M)—Robert Montgomery and Franchot Tone hold down two corners of a love triangle with Joan Crawford. *Spicy and jolly.*

The Scoundrel—(Hecht-MacArthur)—Noel Coward and Julie Haydon in a psychological picture that packs a terrific emotional wallop.

Break of Hearts—(RKO)—Katharine Hepburn, Charles Boyer and John Beal in a hectic marriage blowup. They're all excellent. Film just misses being tops.

Under the Pampas Moon—(Fox)—Warner Baxter as the rollicking Gaucho of the Pampas. He rides and sings into your heart. *A sure-fire family remedy.*

Murder Man—(M-G-M)—Stars Spencer Tracy and Virginia Bruce in a fast moving, unusually plotted yarn of a police reporter who reports a murder mystery. The climax daringly upsets Hollywood rules, and to disclose it would spoil the splendid evening's entertainment that awaits those who see *Murder Man*.

G-Men—(Warners)—James Cagney leads the federal agents in a smashing drive on gangsters. Swell entertainment and jammed with fast action.

College Scandal—(Paramount)—Arlene Judge, Wendy Barrie and a batch of juveniles in a grand college murder mystery. So good it surprised the producers. *Don't miss this.*



Do You Know

What Shade of Powder, Rouge and Lipstick Will Accent Beauty in Your Face ?

★ POWDER

Max Factor's Powder makes your skin satin-smooth...its subtle color harmony shades add alluring radiance. Protects as well as beautifies; aids your skin to be fine-textured and young-looking.

★ ROUGE

The flattering color harmony shades of Max Factor's Rouge are lightest...maintain their true color. Blends easily, smoothly; gives your skin a delicate, natural glow that lasts for hours.

★ LIPSTICK

Being moisture-proof, Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick may be applied to the inner as well as the outer surface of your lips giving them an even, harmonized color.

DO YOU know how red a rouge, and what shade of red will accent youthful beauty in your face? Do you know what shade of powder will enliven your skin and give it new alluring beauty? The answer lies in a secret known to lovely screen stars, and a discovery of Max Factor, Hollywood's genius of make-up. From his vast experience in creating make-up to meet the exacting demands of the camera, Max Factor has developed the new art of color harmony make-up consisting of powder, rouge, and lipstick blended to emphasize beauty.

Color harmony make-up will accent beauty in your face just as it does for glamorous red-haired Binnie Barnes and other beautiful stars.

If you are a blonde, it will give your face an exquisite romantic charm; if you are a brunette, it will make you fascinatingly beautiful. Color harmony make-up is as effective on one type as another, and may be used with enchanting results by the girl of fifteen, or the matron of fifty.

Would you like to see for yourself what an amazing change color harmony powder, rouge, and lipstick will make in your face? Would you like to have Max Factor give you a personal make-up analysis, and send you a sample of your color harmony make-up? Would you like a helpful illustrated book on "The New Art of Society Make-Up"? Just mail the coupon below, and all of these will be sent to you.

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP—Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick in Color Harmony

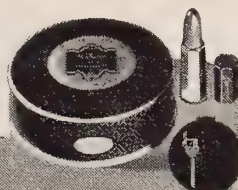
Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood:
Send Purse-Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade;
also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage
and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and Rouge
Illustrated Instruction book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up". . . FREE.

5-9-96

NAME _____
STREET _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE
Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEAD
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
SKIN Dry <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here.
Only Normal <input type="checkbox"/>		



YOU will find Max Factor products at your favorite store. A large box of Max Factor's Face Powder is only one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge is fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Use Max Factor's Make-Up and discover what the loveliest women in the world already know.

©1935 by Max Factor & Co.

Beautiful Eyes

ARE YOURS FOR THE ASKING
WHEN YOU ASK FOR

Maybelline

says DOROTHY HAMILTON
Noted Beauty Authority of Hollywood



Dorothy Hamilton, heard every Sunday afternoon in the "Maybelline Penthouse Serenade" over N. B. C. network

NOTICE your favorite screen actress, and see how she depends on well-groomed brows, softly shaded eyelids, and long, dark, lustrous lashes to give her eyes that necessary beauty and expression. More than any other feature, her eyes express her. More than any other feature, your eyes express you. You cannot be really charming unless your eyes are really attractive... and it is so easy to make them so, instantly, with the pure and harmless Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids.

After powdering, blend a soft, colorful shadow on your eyelids with Maybelline Eye Shadow, and see how the color and sparkle of your eyes are instantly intensified. Now form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Then apply a few simple brush strokes of Maybelline mascara to your lashes, to make them appear naturally long, dark, and luxuriant, and behold how your eyes express a new, more beautiful YOU!

Keep your lashes soft and silky by applying the pure Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream nightly, and be sure to brush and train your brows with the dainty, specially designed Maybelline Eyebrow Brush. All Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be had in introductory sizes at any leading 10c store. To be assured of highest quality and absolute harmlessness, accept only genuine Maybelline preparations.



All Maybelline Preparations have this approval



BLACK BROWN BLUE



BLACK OR BROWN



BLUE, BROWN, BLUE-GRAY VIOLET AND GREEN



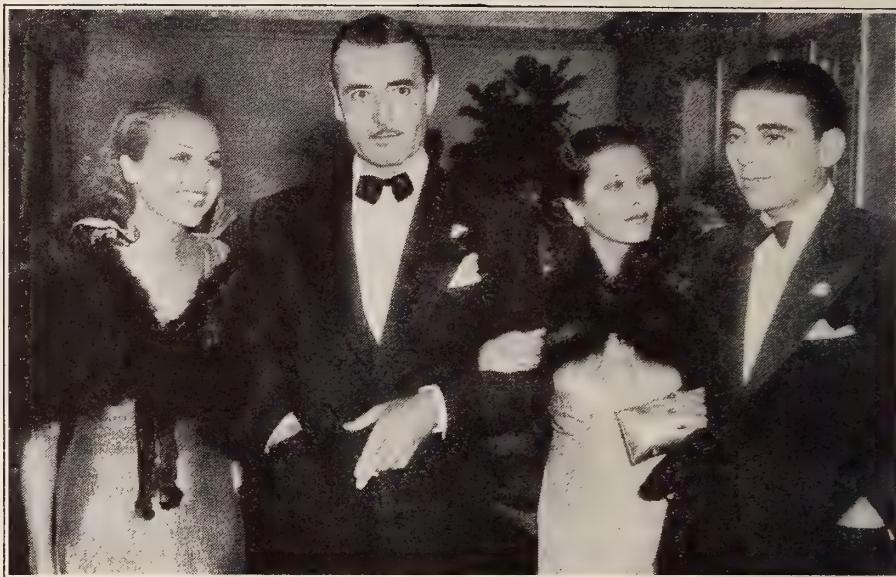
COLORLESS



BLACK OR WHITE BRISTLES

FAN MAIL

Edited by Harmony Haynes
Film Player and Novelist



Cornered at the famous Trocadero night club: Renee Torres and Jack Gilbert; Raquel Torres and husband Stephen Ames

Truth About Fan Clubs

Being a member of a number of fan clubs, including the Federation of Fan Clubs, we have been able to follow developments in this field for years. No one can even guess the total membership of fan clubs all over the world. Practically every important star has fan clubs which regularly meet and enjoy the goodfellowship found in such organizations.

But unhappily fan clubs have a bad name with studios. A promotor could start a fan club, solicit dues, ask the star for financial help, and clean up. This racket reached such pernicious lengths that Paramount, for one, has forbidden its players to sanction clubs. Clubs were used as commercial selling

organizations for everything from soap to perfume, with the membership lists sold as sucker lists. Racketeers who operated these clubs made as much as \$10,000 a month.

Beware, therefore, of a club which charges more than a nominal fee for membership. Don't join them.

You Are Personally Invited

In starting this new department in Hollywood Magazine we are determined that it will be of the fans, by the fans, and for the fans. It is your own department.

No other magazine has ever attempted a fan mail department such as this, where the millions of fans may

[Continued on page 16]

FAN MAIL DON'TS

1. Don't gush over stars. Stars would rather have sincere criticism, even if it is adverse, than undue flattery.
2. Don't ask for a personal reply. If your letter is worthy, you will receive a reply without requesting it.
3. Don't ask for pictures without enclosing money to pay for it. Stars receive, on the average, ten thousand requests for pictures each week.
4. Don't write begging letters. The stars are all charitable but they cannot possibly help all who ask for help.
5. Don't ask for clothes. In most cases the clothes worn in pictures belong to the studio.
6. Don't send valuable papers to the stars, such as receipted bills and mortgages, in an effort to prove that you need financial aid. These papers might become lost.
7. Don't send valuable gifts to stars. It is the thought behind the gift and not the value that the stars appreciate.
8. Don't ask the stars to marry you. Sounds like a silly "don't" but stars receive proposals of marriage by mail, daily.
9. Don't ask the stars to get you a job at the studio. Jobs are taken care of by studio executives—not stars.
10. Don't ask for home addresses and personal telephone numbers.
11. Don't try to sell things to the stars. They will not buy through the mails.
12. Don't send scenarios to the stars. They do not buy stories.

ALABAMA GIRL WITH PERFECT TEETH SAYS:

**"Only Listerine Tooth Paste for me...
it keeps teeth so white and lustrous"**



You're looking at Miss Josephine Kidd of Birmingham, Ala., who came to New York on a flying visit but stayed to pursue a successful career as a photographer's and artist's model. Her fine, white teeth—perfect, if you please—won her first job for her.

"Our family has used Listerine Tooth Paste for years," says Miss Kidd. "I think it is the most effective and safest dentifrice I ever used. I give it most of the credit for the healthy condition of my teeth and gums. And it's *so* economical!"

If you've not tried Listerine Tooth Paste, do so

now. You will be delighted to find out how quickly and how thoroughly it cleans teeth without harming precious enamel. You'll like the sparkle and lustre its modern polishing agents impart to tooth surfaces. And you will welcome that marvelous feeling of mouth freshness that follows its use. LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Missouri.*

TO USERS OF TOOTH POWDER

Your druggist has a new, quick-cleansing, gentle-acting, entirely soapless tooth powder worthy of the Listerine name.
Listerine TOOTH POWDER 2½ oz. 25¢

REGULAR LARGE SIZE 25¢ DOUBLE SIZE 40¢

What!



SHAMPOO THE HAIR Without SUDS?



Yes, foremost Beauticians advise
this SOAPLESS Oil Shampoo
for a truly beautiful head of hair

NOTE TRIAL OFFER BELOW

Are you still using old shampoo methods? Still working up a lather; and rinsing your hair endlessly—only to find it growing duller, darker, more lifeless? Then a delightful surprise is awaiting you... A single shampoo with Mar-O-Oil will amaze you. Your hair will instantly become soft and wavy. The true color will glow with a beautiful warmth. A lovely sheen will make alluring highlights dance in your hair. And, if you are bothered with dandruff, watch what happens to it! Mar-O-Oil makes this startling change because it is actually a super shampoo, scalp treatment, and tonic ALL IN ONE. Yet it is easier to apply, easier to rub in, and easier to rinse out... Get a bottle of Mar-O-Oil from your drug or department store. If you do not find it the finest shampoo you have ever used, your money will be refunded in full. Or, mail the coupon with 10c, in stamps or coin, for a regular sized 25c bottle. If you have your hair done at a Beauty Parlor, ask for a Mar-O-Oil Shampoo your next visit.



Magnified hair shaft showing dirt film left on it after improper shampoo.



Magnified hair shaft shampooed with Mar-O-Oil. Note how clean. Not a trace of dirt film left.

* MAR-O-OIL

Soapless
OLIVE OIL SHAMPOO

GENEROUS TRIAL OFFER

J. W. MARROW MFG. COMPANY
Dept. 95, 3037 N. Clark St.
Chicago, Ill.

Please send me your regular sized 25c bottle of Mar-O-Oil for which I enclose 10c in stamps or coin.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____



Fan Mail

(Continued from page fourteen)

obtain true, unbiased information, concerning clubs, obtaining autographed photos, getting answers to letters to the stars, explaining frankly the do's and don'ts of fan mail writing, all covering, in fact, everything pertaining to this custom which brings more than five hundred thousand letters through the Hollywood postal offices and branches every week.

• • •

Do Studios and Stars Want Fan Mail?

Just because of what we have said about certain types of fan clubs, don't think that studios and stars do not want fan mail. Your letters are indeed welcome, even though costs are tremendous. These letters are a barometer of public opinion. As such they are invaluable.

More, the stars actually obtain helpful ideas from fan mail. Gary Cooper once told me of a fan who for eight years has guided and helped him with constructive criticism. Claudette Colbert has a fan who for five years has written weekly. They have become intimate friends.

• • •

Make Your Letter Interesting and Different

The unusual letter is the one that appeals to most stars. It must be well-written and interesting. It should have a purpose. Tell the star something worth while and your chance for an answer increases immeasurably.

Sir Guy Standing received a letter that is an example of something guaranteed not to get an answer. It was from a fan who had seen Sir Guy in *Car 99*. The writer, apparently fascinated by a clever smoke screen device which allowed gangsters to hide their fleeing auto in billowy clouds, asked Sir Guy how he could build one in his own car. The letter, as you may suspect, was from Chicago!

Sir Guy chuckled heartily over the letter, but after that he IGNORED it! If you want an answer, say something that makes one worth while.

• • •

HOLLYWOOD Magazine receives hundreds of letters every month from appreciative fans. We invite them from all of you, and promise that they will be carefully read. They may be addressed to the stars or to the editor, dealing with any subject related to the film industry. Culled from this month's mail bag are the following excellent letters:

A Friendship Renewed

Dear Lyle Talbot:

I have been wanting to send you congratulations for some time but fan letters sent to the studios sometimes have

strange ways of getting lost in the shuffle, so I thought perhaps HOLLYWOOD Magazine might help me out—because, believe it or not, this really is a fan letter. Can you imagine me writing you a fan letter? When we played stock together in Memphis not so many years ago, we both would have howled at the idea. And yet, why not? You were such a good actor, and such a very swell fellow to work with that everyone is tickled pink.

I've heard from several of our old pals who have seen you since you've been in Hollywood, and they all say you haven't changed a bit—the same old Lyle—happy and fun-loving, and working hard.

We are all holding our thumbs for you, and wishing you loads more success.

Can you still do magic tricks?

Elizabeth Carmichael,
1404 E. Jefferson Ave.,
Detroit, Mich.

• • •

To old friend Carmichael, Lyle Talbot has asked us to send best wishes. Reminiscences came fast over a lunch table as Lyle read this letter. He was pleased to hear from an old acquaintance, for Actor Talbot has not forgotten stock company days.—Editor.

March Clicks Again

My dear Fredric March:

The other night I was busily engaged with a juicy steak in a Hollywood restaurant, with one ear cocked on your fifteen minute radio interview (the proprietor had humbly asked if I'd mind!) It was a nice interview, but I was fifty per cent absorbed in the steak until you mentioned your playing of a dual rôle in *Les Misérables*. Immediately I forgot the steak, the shoe string potatoes that went with it, and the strawberry pie that came after. Because—

Recently I came away from *Les Misérables* in transports over a superb piece of acting. Not your Jean Valjean, nor Laughton's Javert. I just took those for granted. It was the forlorn half wit, mistakenly arrested and brought to trial as Valjean—the bewildered vagrant trying to prove the innocence he feels in his befuddled soul and brain. But I had got in too late to read the cast and could not even guess what magnificent actor, new to Hollywood, was making his début back of those whiskers!

What a characterization! The futile gestures—the goofy glint in the eyes—the foolish pleasure at being the center of attention—the helpless awareness of injustice—the inarticulate baffled rage! The whole tragedy of a life, right there before the eyes!

J. G. Anderson,
Long Beach, Calif.

• • •

Reader Anderson was unusually shrewd as an observer to note that in this scene Actor March was doing his finest piece of work. Many a competent critic overlooked praise in this respect.—Editor.

HOLLYWOOD



"In no other napkin can you find these exclusive Kotex features"

Mary Pauline Callender
Author of "Marjorie May's 12th Birthday"

"CAN'T CHAFE"

The new Kotex gives lasting comfort and freedom. The sides are cushioned in a special soft, downy cotton—all chafing, all irritation is prevented. But sides only are cushioned—the center surface is left free to absorb.



"CAN'T FAIL"

Security at all times...Kotex assures it! A special channeled center guides moisture the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk. Ends twisting. The Kotex filler is 5 times more absorbent than cotton.



"CAN'T SHOW"

The sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown reveals no tell-tale lines when you wear Kotex. The ends are not only rounded but flattened and tapered besides. Absolute invisibility—no tiny wrinkles whatsoever.



And Now! 3 TYPES OF KOTEX

to suit different women
and for different days

Each type offers all of the exclusive
Kotex features

NOW a way has been found to give you greater comfort at times when comfort means so much.

There are certain days when you require more protection than on others. That's why the Kotex Laboratories developed three different types of Kotex... the *Regular*, the *Junior* (slightly narrower), and *Super* which offers extra protection.

Select Kotex, day by day, according to your own personal needs, perhaps one type for today, another for tomorrow. Some women may need all three types of Kotex. Discover for yourself what a difference this can make in your comfort and protection.



IN THE BLUE BOX Regular Kotex

For the ordinary needs of most women, Regular Kotex is ideal. Combines full protection with utmost comfort. The millions who are completely satisfied with Regular will have no reason to change.

IN THE GREEN BOX Junior Kotex

Somewhat narrower—is this Junior Kotex. Designed at the request of women of slight stature, and younger girls. Thousands will find it suitable for certain days when less protection is needed.

IN THE BROWN BOX Super Kotex

For more protection on some days it's only natural that you desire a napkin with greater absorbency. That's Super Kotex! It gives you that extra protection, yet is no longer or wider than Regular.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX

SEPTEMBER, 1935

QUEST the Positive Deodorant Powder for Personal Daintiness

The perfect deodorant powder for use with Kotex... and for every need! Quest is a dainty, soothing powder, safe to use. Buy Quest when you buy Kotex—only 35c.





Harry Carr, noted columnist and featured HOLLYWOOD Magazine writer, snapped during a chat with Cesar Romero

Shooting Script



Gladys Swarthout, photographed at a recent filmland party, will soon make her screen debut. Seated beside the famous opera singer are Edwin G. Robinson; her husband, Frank Chapman; and Frank Morgan. Francis Lederer is standing

Becky Sharp

IF THE STANDARDS of color photography such as are shown in *Becky Sharp* can be maintained in the ordinary run of pictures, it looks as though the movies are due for another revolution as sensational as the advent of the talkies.

It was a superb spectacle and the color lifted the drama into heights seldom achieved in black and white.

Mamoulian, the director, recognized that color has an emotional value of its own; that scarlet and crimson are emotional colors so he dashed red uniforms all through the ball room for the scene of the night before Waterloo.

The main obstacle to general use of color is the expense; the footage costs two to three times as much as ordinary film and the equipment is almost prohibitive. A color camera costs \$15,000—the kind that uses three colors. But then, the Harry Payne Whitney millions are back of *Becky Sharp*.

Regular Prince

His Highness, Prince Sigvard Bernadotte, who tossed over his chance to be on the throne of Sweden for a nice girl and a job at M-G-M is still a prince by virtue of the way he behaves. Having faithfully plugged along as a technical director on a *Tarzan* picture, he is turning actor in the same picture. The royal boy will get along. He is not spoiled, and he seems to have a consuming ambition to succeed.

Naval Warfare

Lupe Velez and her Johnny have bought a sailing yacht, and the remainder of their battles will be carried on by sea. Back seat driving in a sail boat usually leads to murder or some such violence. But on the other hand there isn't much to throw during domestic outbreaks on a yacht—except boat hooks, belaying pins and life boats.

Dick Comes Back

We have kissed Dick Barthelmess a fond goodbye many times; but he always comes back with colors flying.

The back end frontwards way of presenting the story in *Four Hours to Kill* kept it from being a really topside picture, but Dick has never done anything finer than the character of this condemned murderer waiting in a theatre for a train to take him to the gallows.

Nerve

Being as how an old California story, *Adios*, all but wrecked Barthelmess on the screen, one offers prayers for Rose of the Rancho in which Gladys Swarthout will soon make her screen debut.

Stories of the rancho days of California are dangerous. For those who live here, they have compelling charm but for some reason they do not seem real to audiences in other parts of the country.

I understand that this one which of course is to be a singie, was mostly filmed at the old mission San Juan

Baptista where the events of the story are supposed to have happened. In real life the Rose was Antonia De Castro, a famous belle who is buried in the shadows of the mission.

Green Pastures

The Warner Brothers have surprised every one by buying *The Green Pastures* at the whacking price of \$100,000, and by selecting Max Reinhardt to direct it.

Although Herr Reinhardt is an artist of the highest worth, I don't see how any foreigner can understand the peculiar psychology of the down-South Negro, and to straddle the fine line between simple faith and farce.

That would seem to have been a job for King Vidor.

Doug and Mary

Another meeting between Douglas and Mary occurred when they joined with other stockholders to consider the situation confronting United Artists.

Douglas for awhile considered taking \$750,000 in cash to step out of United Artists. Apparently he has changed his mind. Meanwhile, Mary scorns to quit. She refuses to cut the last tie that binds her to her career.

Mary has all kinds of plans as a producer. So far they haven't gotten anywhere, but the recent United Artists shake-up probably will force her into action.

I have always felt that Douglas would end up on an English country estate with a butler who wears large buttons and had mutton chop whiskers.

[Continued on page 48]

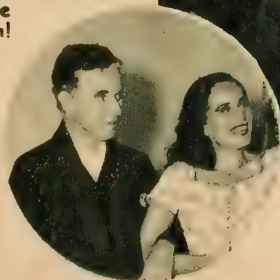
Charlie Rhodes, Candid cameraman, in the rôle of Hollywood's EYE-WITNESS



I had to crash the District Attorneys' convention to snap this picture showing a couple of my favorites as pals of the law! Lyle Talbot and Mae West with District Attorney Byron Fitts, of Los Angeles county. In circle: Johnny Weismuller and wife, Lupe Velez at the prize fights



Stuart Erwin had nothing but dirty looks for Russell Gleason when Russ stepped between Stuart and June Collyer at Pat O'Brien's barbecue party. I got this picture and ran!



Hugh Herbert's finger gestures provided a lot of laughs at the Warner party. I caught a shot of him teaching the art to Joan Blondell and William Gargan, on the left. In circle, Charlie Chaplin with Paulette Goddard at a recent party



When Alan Mowbray threw a party for officers of the H. M. S. "Danea", a lot of film folk went nautical. Here you see Constance Collier, Herbert Marshall, Merle Oberon, Gloria Swanson and host



I found many unusual costumes at a party given by Countess Di Frasso. She is pictured here with Marlene Dietrich, the swan





"All my life, I've had a hunger
in my heart . . . a hunger to
love and be loved."

You'll cheer these 5 HIT SONGS
by RAY HENDERSON
America's Number 1 Songsmith!
"When I Grow Up"
"Animal Crackers In My Soup"
"The Simple Things In Life"
"It's All So New To Me"
"Curly Top"

Preview

from the latest hits of

**"Curly Top" is tops for Shirley! SHE
DANCES AGAIN . . . SHE SINGS 2 SONGS
in this excitingly different story!**

"SURPRISE!" SHIRLEY SEEMS TO SHOUT
GLEEFULLY. For what a joy package of surprises
this picture will be!

"Curly Top" is completely different in story and
background from all the other Temple triumphs.
This time, Shirley plays the mischievous, lovable
ringleader of a group of little girls, longing for
happiness and a home. Once again, she dances—
she sings—in that winsome way which captured
the heart of the whole world.

And . . . SURPRISE! . . . Rochelle Hudson, as
Shirley's faithful sister, sings for the first time on
the screen, revealing a rich, beautiful voice in a
song that will be the hit of the year. Her song
duets with John Boles—their wealthy and secret
benefactor—lead to a love duet that ends in perfect
harmony!

"Curly Top" is tops for Shirley . . . and that
means tops in entertainment for the whole family!

Shirley TEMPLE IN 'CURLY TOP'

with

**JOHN BOLES
ROCHELLE HUDSON
JANE DARWELL**

Produced by Winfield Sheehan
Directed by Irving Cummings

"Spunky—if you don't stop sneezing,
you're going to catch p-monia. You
really ought to have a hot lemonade."



Flashes

your favorite stars!

by Jerry Halliday

**JANET GAYNOR
AND
HENRY FONDA
IN
The FARMER
TAKES a WIFE**

Charles Bickford Roger Imhof
Slim Summerville Jane Withers
Andy Devine Margaret Hamilton

Produced by Winfield Sheehan
Directed by Victor Fleming
Screen Play by Edwin Burke

From Max Gordon's Stage Play • Authors:
Frank B. Elser and Marc Connelly • Based on
the novel "Rome Haul" by Walter D. Edmonds

A STAR OVERNIGHT

... Henry Fonda zooms to stardom as the son of the soil who works on the canal to earn money for a farm.

JANET GAYNOR SCORES

the greatest performance of her career as the fiery canal boat girl who accuses the man she loves of COWARDICE!



FOX

YOU... who loved "State Fair"... HAVE ANOTHER TREAT COMING!

Set in a dramatic, colorful era of American life now shown for the first time... when the speed of the railroad doomed the picturesque waterways... this story is a refreshingly new, vital, heart-warming tale of simple folk on the great Erie Canal, when it was one of the world's wonders, the gateway through which civilization took its Westward march... when its lazy waters rang with the shouts of swaggering boatmen, bullying their women, brawling with their rivals.

Through it all threads the romance of a kissable little miss who hides her sentimental yearnings behind a fiery temper... while a dreamy lad, homesick for the soil, contends for her affection with the mighty-fisted bully of the waterways.

Ask your theatre manager when he plans to play it!

BRINGING UP



Shirley's bottle of cold milk is the drink that refreshes her during work at the studio



Shirley's friends find the little star good company on the set. Below, Shirley shines up to her director, David Butler



"**Y**OU MAY DRINK," said Mrs. George Temple, firmly, "down to there—no farther."

"There" was marked by a row of lettering on a bottle of Coca-Cola in the hands of a diminutive, curly-headed individual nattily attired in a man's overcoat approximately eight sizes too large, a derby hat ditto, and a pair of spectacles which, for the same reason, kept sliding down over a very neat but ineffectual nose.

Came muffled tones from small lips already busy with a straw: "Yes, Mommy."

Glub. One inch gone already. . . . Glub. The row of letters was reached all too soon.

Glub. "Shirley Temple! How much did I say you might drink?"

The derby-hatted one relinquished the bottle, regretfully—"You SAID only down to the letters, but I slipped a little. . . ."

Mrs. Temple bit her lip. "I see. . . . Well, slips do happen, sometimes, but—" meaningly, "they must not happen too often."

"Okay, Mommy," said Miss Temple and, tilting the derby over one eye, she shuffled back on the *Curly Top* set, kicking the overcoat out behind as a duchess would her train.

There ended my first graphic example of how Gertrude Temple is bringing up Shirley. I made an entry in my notebook:

Rule No. 1: She has been taught to OBEY.

All of this happened as they were shooting that scene in *Curly Top* wherein Shirley dresses up in overcoat, hat and spectacles belonging to a trustee of the orphan home where she is living—Trustee John Boles, to be exact.

Being a Shirley Temple fan, I have seen all of her pictures, but I never have seen that kid look quite as bewitching as she did in that outfit, spectacles and all. Everyone else on the set thought so, too. Correction: Practically everyone. Shirley, herself, was more interested in an intricate picture coloring project which engaged her attention between shots, and while Mrs. Temple may have thought her daughter looked more than a bit on the adorable side, she kept the idea well to herself.

● SHE BELIEVES in doing that. "I never praise nor compliment Shirley about her work or her personality," she has told me more than once. "I want to keep her natural and sweet. I praise her for being a good little girl but that is all. She isn't vain and affected, now, and I intend to see that she doesn't become so."



BREEZY POINT LODGE
BREEZY POINT, MINN.

*If you have seen that
my favorite star catches a beauty
probably it's so with me.*

HOLLYWOOD'S Publisher, Capt. W. H. Fawcett, is not afraid to play favorites when it comes to Shirley Temple!

At this point, I made another entry:
Rule No. 2: Shirley is not spoiled with praise.

Mrs. Temple and I sat quietly on the sidelines a good deal during the filming of *Curly Top*. That is, she sat there all the time when Shirley was working and I when I could. We would talk casually, she and I, sometimes about the picture but usually about Shirley. Any mother likes to talk about her children. Gertrude Temple—rather tall, symmetrically built; black-haired, blue-eyed; a pleasant, unassuming person—is no exception, of course. But I don't think you can be with her an hour without realizing that her joy in motherhood is because Shirley is a winsome, healthy and happy little girl and not because she is a great screen star.

"Of course, Shirley's success in pictures has made life financially easier and more comfortable for all of us. Of course we are thrilled and proud. Of course I am glad it happened. But still, I am a domestic sort of person. I like to keep house and go to market and make my little girl's clothes and I could do it all again if it became necessary," she said on one of these occasions.

"What could make it necessary?" I asked her.

She answered quickly. "Why, Shirley's leaving pictures, perhaps." She hurried on as I started to protest against this calamity. "Don't misunderstand me. I cannot see that this will ever happen. Nevertheless, we would take her away from the camera forever if we saw her career—it seems funny to attach such a high-sounding word to such a little girl, doesn't it?—was injuring her in any way. If we saw it was threatening her health or happiness. If we saw it was making her vain or unnatural. If we saw it was de-

HOLLYWOOD

SHIRLEY TEMPLE

by Marian Rhea

priving her of her right to a normal, wholesome life. . . ."

She paused, and I jotted down Rule No. 3 for bringing up Shirley to wit: *Health comes first.*

"At present, this career is all to the good," she went on. "Shirley adores coming to the studio. Any child loves make-believe and that is all it is to her. Out there on the set—" with an eye toward a group composed of Shirley, derbied and overcoated, Etienne Girardot, playing a cantankerous asylum superintendent, John Boles, handsome as usual, and a couple of others—"they are playing a game. Listen!"

"Now, Mr. Girardot is going to pretend he is a bad old man and mean to little girls," Irving Cummings, the director, was telling Shirley.

● SHIRLEY THOUGHT that was a fine idea. "An' I'll pretend I feel bad about it," she informed him.

That's all there was to it. Cameras swung into place. The whistle blew. The game was on. In a minute, however, something happened. Shirley's glasses fell off, a mishap which tickled her funny bone smartly. Chortling mightily, she picked them up and put them on, only to have them slide off again.

She rocked with laughter. "Those ol' glasses, they jus' fall off all the time!" she informed those assembled.

"But you'll TRY to keep them on?" insinuated Director Cummings.

"'Course I will, but I don't think it'll do a bit of good," she told him. She appeared to be right, too. Plop went the glasses on the floor again.

"Jus' can't do a thing with 'em," remarked Shirley, guilelessly.

At this point, however, Mrs. Temple took a hand.

"Shirley," she said, quietly, "aren't you wiggling your nose just the least little bit?"

Shirley considered. "I don't THINK I am," she said, judiciously.

"Well, you'd better make sure," her mother told her. . . .

The glasses didn't fall off any more.

Mrs. Temple turned back to me. "She's an awful tease," she said. "She's doing things like that all the time, the little minx. However, she really is a pretty good little girl. She always has been. She was no trouble when she was a baby and has never been destructive nor sulky nor deceitful.

"I have," she said, "a theory as to the reason for her tractability. You see, she was a wanted child. My two

boys were practically grown and I longed for a little girl to care for and enjoy. So I had Shirley. I think that the basis of her unusually sweet disposition is the fact that so much affection was waiting for her.

"Faults? Her major one is that delight in teasing someone. You saw how she carried on with Mr. Cummings about the glasses. Well, she teases her brothers in the same way. She is inclined to bother them when they are studying and she wants to tag along when they are going places, much like any small sister does. They don't like it, sometimes. She's not a star to them. She's often a little nuisance.

"She has a dog, too, by the name of Roddy, that she seems to think should have the same privileges—perhaps more—than members of the family. But I disagree with her about that and so Roddy keeps his place.

"It is hard to correct her because her misdemeanors are such little ones, after all. But I know I must. I know that if she is a willful, spoiled little girl the fault is mine, not hers. I can always reason with her and the fact that she is inevitably so very, very sorry when she has been wrong makes things easier."

● THIS SEEMED to be about the time for another notation. I made it still smiling over the spectacles episode.

Rule No. 4: *Shirley is not allowed to get away with anything.* Meaning she may like to tease, but she doesn't fool her mother.

I changed the subject, then, and asked about Shirley's future. "What kind of a life do you want her to have? What do you want her to do?" I queried.

She answered slowly. "You may be surprised when I tell you I haven't so many concrete plans. How can one look ahead very far in any but a general way?

"It seems to me that Shirley can go on as she is now, perhaps indefinitely—going to school here on the lot when she is making a picture, perhaps having private teachers when she is not. Of course, I don't see how we can send her to public school if she continues to be a star, because the public does not—cannot, I suppose—treat such people naturally.

"But she can get her education just the same. And she can travel, at least by automobile. To go places by train or boat is simply too strenuous. People love her and [Continued on page 65]



Resting for a day at a nearby farm, Shirley found the pig pen a point of major interest



Circus day was a big event for Shirley, but Father and Mother Temple enjoyed it, too. Below, Shirley in a scene with John Boles





JEANETTE MACDONALD'S MOST THRILLING MOMENTS

The moon shone down on the sauerkraut supper . . . Jeanette, the child, arose to sing, and then she discovered stark terror!

by
**ELIZABETH
BORTON**

The Command Story

IF ONE'S LIFE story and character are really and essentially just the story of his personal discoveries, then my life began when I was about four banging on a toy piano on our front porch, with Mr. Natick, the paralyzed man in the wheelchair, on the porch of the adjoining house, looking on," said Jeanette MacDonald.

One of the most versatile and sparkling of cinema's singing actresses, Jeanette, in satin lounging clothes, with the scent of many dozens of cut roses close around her in the warm, luxuriously furnished room, is difficult to associate with the sort of childhood she describes—Elk's suppers at which she sang as a child and sauerkraut high school festivals.

Yet the light of candid humor in her green eyes, her careless sincerity, her laughter—these make you believe her. Besides, there is a sort of detail which marks any story as authentic. So Jeanette MacDonald's account of her personal discoveries is vibrant with truth and with a half-amused, half-tender interest in herself. . . .

"I never made the discovery that I had a voice or could be a singer. I always sang. I was something of a child prodigy . . . not the dreadful kind,

really. Not the pale, limp kind, who understand Wagner when they are three and win chess tournaments. No, I had a fresh clear voice and my adoring older sister taught me, parrot-fashion, to warble things like the 'Jewel Song' from Faust, and 'The Kiss.' I also sang 'John Took Me Round to See His Mother,' and other numbers that the gentlemen used to like. I can see them, clapping, their fat cigars in their

This Command Story is the editor's compliance to your written demand. Write now, naming your next subject

mouths all the time. I sang for church festivities, and for the Shriners, and the Woodmen of the World. They thought I was wonderful.

"But, I remember so vividly—even before I was a prima donna of eight, in demand at banquets—the moment when I decided that I would be a successful singer. It was on the porch, playing my toy piano. I was singing, and poor Mr. Natick lay with closed eyes in the wheelchair where he lived.

I didn't think it extraordinary that he never walked. I accepted him as he was, inactive, thoughtful—a sort of a man on wheels. Poor soul. My mother came out to shh me. 'You'll bother Mr. Natick,' she said. 'Be quiet.' But he opened his eyes and said to her, 'Oh, let her sing. I like it. And besides, she is going to do things with that singing some day.'"

● **AROUND HER** As we talked were the clean pale walls of her beautiful living-room. She has recently moved into Brentwood, into a new home. The rose-red carpet threw a glow like firelight into her animated face. Outside the sun shone on the sweep of green lawn and the blue water in her swimming pool.

"Curious, isn't it," she mused, "that I can't remember when my ambition began really, but I can remember Mr. Natick, on the little porch in his chair, and his thin pallid face. . . .

"Little by [Continued on page 64]

A New Log of THE BOUNTY



Charles Laughton, as Captain Bligh, is 55 pounds lighter than he was as Ruggles



The new Bounty, under sail off Santa Catalina, thrills the heart

Clark Gable, mate of the Bounty, calls the crew

by JACK SMALLEY

A NEW TALE, of another *Bounty*, could be written around the adventures of that sore-beset crew filming this grand tale for Metro, for all of them, from Director Frank Lloyd on, have stories to tell of trials and tribulations.

But it all is well worth it, for without question here, in *Mutiny of the Bounty*, will be one of the greatest pictures ever contrived. I have lately returned from a cruise on this new *Bounty*, royally entertained by its builder, young James Havens, and found everyone as pleased as Punch with what has been accomplished.

And strange it is to compare the new *Bounty* with the old. One hundred and fifty years have gone by since hammers first rang in Spithead as His Majesty's ship, the *Bounty*, was building. Three years it took to finish her—the new one, even with the delay of a shipyard's strike, was done in three months, and had modern engines installed to boot.

[Continued on page 63]



The author sights the swivel gun at a shark off the Bounty's poop



Looking down from the mainmast upon Gable, Laughton, and others in the cast of the *Bounty*



High drama—that dagger signals Tone that the verdict is death



HOLLYWOOD SPOTLIGHTS

Indian Uprising

It had been a long, hard day for Ralph Bellamy, Chester Morris, Johnny Mack Brown and their wives at the San Diego Exposition, what with signing autographs, visiting the Hall of Fame and the hundreds of attractions. Somewhat wearily the distinguished group arrived at the Indian village for an impressive ceremony. Ralph Bellamy was to be given an Indian name and made a brother of the tribe by Chief Thunder Cloud. It was a proud moment for Ralph when he became "Chenowah," meaning warrior and poet, after a noted Sioux Chief. After the ceremonies at long length were concluded, Mrs. Bellamy plucked her husband's arm.

"Chief Chenowah," she said plaintively, "can Squaw Tired-Of-Walking go home now?"



A Million For Shirley

Those who are worrying about Shirley Temple's future, and fearing that the inevitable approach of awkward adolescence may cut short all too soon her chance to earn her just rewards, may rest content. Happily enough, Shirley Temple has become a name of great magic in fields commercial, and what with Shirley dolls, dresses, cut-out books, toys, picture books and so on, royalties paid the child are reaching astonishing proportions. She is, in fact, a major industry. Thousands of people gained employment because of her popularity; in one year her reve-

nues from manufacturers has reached \$350,000, and next year should place her in the millionaire ratings of Dun and Bradstreet. A doll book paid her \$15,000 the first two weeks it went on sale, making her salary of \$1,200 a week look like small potatoes.

These tidy sums are thriftily put away by Banker George Temple. Shirley, meanwhile, has her own notions of finance. During the filming of *Curly Top*, John Boles gave her a nickel. Having no pocket, she had to give it to Mother Temple to keep for her. Then she approached John, whom she adores.

"Mother got my nickel," she said. "Isn't it too bad? Now I haven't any nickel." She waited. "I said I haven't got that nickel any more, Mr. Boles."

John took the hint. She got another nickel.



Familiar Eyes

They were taking tests on the Universal lot. A number of young men and women who were lucky enough to rate screen shots were going through their scenes.

Finally a petite, black-haired girl stepped before the camera and began enacting a brief scene. There was a career at stake and she was just a little nervous. She was supposed to drop her hat on an end table and her purse on a chair. She reversed the procedure, and the purse knocked off an ash tray with a loud bang.

They went through the scene again, but this time her voice cracked with

nervousness. They gave her a glass of water, and she promptly romped through the scene in great style.

She was just an extra, taken from the ranks of *Storm Over the Andes*, but there was something instantly recognizable about her. Especially her eyes. Jack LaRue's eyes, unmistakably. There was the key to her identity—she was Emily LaRue, Jack's "Kid" sister. Universal thinks it has a "find."



Mundin's Mutiny

Herbert Mundin, that clever H'English comic (Barkis is willing!) is playing the cook aboard the *Bounty*. While the company filming the *Mutiny* was "marooned" on the Catalina isthmus for three weeks, Herbert begged and begged for permission to hire a boat and cross over to Long Beach. After a week of pestering, Director Frank Lloyd finally asked him why he was so insistent. Clark Gable and Charlie Laughton, Lloyd pointed out, were making no such demands, and they, too, were men of affairs.

Mundin finally confessed: "I want to go see a movie!"



Pie Comedy

Joan Crawford got a yen for some of that pumpkin pie her mother used to bake, and after talking about those yummy pies for several days during the filming of *Glitter*, Brian Aherne asked her why [Continued on page 63]



Pow-wowing at the California Pacific International Exposition in San Diego: Mrs. Bellamy, Chester Morris, Mrs. Johnny Mack Brown, Chief Thunder Cloud, Johnny Mack Brown and Ralph Bellamy



Nelson Eddy's "Glory Road"

NELSON EDDY, WHO sang the romantic leading part in *Naughty Marietta*, and made the most sensational hit that has ever been known, in one picture, by any romantic leading man, could be singing in the New York Metropolitan Opera Company! But he won't do it! *Because he doesn't think he's good enough!*

His fan mail has suddenly jumped from a small number of letters, which he had received from people who had seen him while he was on concert tours, to the astonishing number of nine thousand a month.

"I could go to the Metropolitan right now. I've had an offer to do it, but I know I'm not ready for it. I haven't had enough training and experience," Nelson Eddy said.

Think of that from the man who created such a sensational overnight hit in *Naughty Marietta*! It takes a man as truly great as Nelson Eddy is to believe in his own limitations as he does. He undoubtedly feels as Thomas Edison did—that there is no substitute for hard work. And Nelson Eddy has never tried to find a substitute for hard work.

"The work and study that I have done, was not only worth while, but absolutely necessary, for in order to become a concert singer, you must spend years in work and study," Nelson remarked.

● **YOU PROBABLY WONDER** if he prefers working in pictures because it gives him a much larger audience, than he would have on the concert stage or radio. It doesn't make any difference to him, as long as he can keep busy.

"I can't say that I prefer working in pictures to the concert stage or radio work," he said. "I like all of them. But the one thing I don't like about picture work is the forced idleness, between pictures."

"When I'm not working they tell me to go home and play. I don't want to play. I've been used to working twelve and fourteen hours a day, and when practically all my interest in life is work, when I have a lot of idle time on my hands, playing around doesn't appeal to me, for I have never been in the habit of wasting time."



Nelson enjoys outdoor sports, particularly yachting. But he finds his real contentment only in hard work. He is a lover of dogs

So you can see that the so called lucky break Nelson Eddy has had was really the result of hard work.

It is true that he had played only two small parts in the two years that he had been under contract to M-G-M before he was given the lead in *Naughty Marietta*. And many people probably wonder why a man of his talent was not given greater opportunity, in better rôles. They might think that the studio failed to recognize outstanding talent when they had it right on their own lot. But such was not the case, for they were well aware of the marvelous voice and the acting ability which Nelson Eddy possessed.

They were merely waiting for a suitable vehicle for him. One that would be worthy of his talents. And then they realized that they had found it in *Naughty Marietta*.

"I thought at one time that all you had to do to become a great singer was

to be able to sing the scales, a couple of ballads and an aria, and you had arrived," Nelson remarked as he lit a cigaret. "But I found to my sorrow that a repertoire such as that did not mean a direct route to the operatic stage. For I sang those two ballads and an aria, and when the audience called for an encore, I had to sing one of the songs over again, which was not so good."

● **YOUNG PEOPLE WHO** are studying singing will be interested to hear what he thinks about the greatest mistakes young, ambitious, students of voice culture make in preparation of their careers.

"Many young singers make the same mistake that I made," Nelson says. "They think that they can gain success without the proper amount of study, time and effort. And time is a very important element. You simply can't hurry [Continued on page 62]"



Bette Davis—

Duse of the Dunes



Just as intimately informal as this snapshot is our story about Bette, by a friend

WHENEVER YOU RING the doorbell at Bette Davis' house, you invariably feel a little tinge of nervous excitement; it's rather like that moment before you walk onto a set to play a scene, a mild form of "stage-fright." Upon being ushered into the living-room, where Bette and Harmon O. ("Ham") Nelson are waiting, you always try to "get the jump on them," by asking at once: "Good evening, my chuck, who are we this evening, and where do we live?"

The response to this abrupt greeting is apt to be anything from "How yo'-all, honey-chile" . . . "Ello, lad-die" . . . to "My deah Mr. Watson, chawmed!" That's all the cue that is necessary; then you should know what to expect. Since most of Bette's picture rôles are "character" and usually dialectic to some degree, she keeps her ear and tongue limber by practicing the speech attitude of her current part.

During the filming of *Cabin in the Cotton*, one almost felt that her Hollywood home had become a house in the "dear old Southland." The most extraordinary period, however, was the

Of *Human Bondage* era. To walk into a lovely room, where everything is so tastefully appointed, and to hear a crass cockney-accent being ejaculated was something of a shock as well as very amusing.

This sounds rather "amateurish" and "artistic" when read in print, but Bette has a good reason for this style of vocal and linguistic calisthenics. She has explained it thusly:

"If you have any feeling for dialectics, it isn't very hard to obtain a parrot-like reading of your lines. It just takes practice, but there is always one stumbling-block: you never know when a scene is going to be re-written, and at any time the director may give you some new lines, which you've never seen before.

That sounds logical enough, doesn't it? And it dispels the stigma of "little art theatre" which the reader may have induced.

● A SHORT TIME ago, we went with Bette out to the night-club where Ham's orchestra was playing. We sat at a table [Continued on page 61]

The Kibitzing Caddy » » » » » IRENE DUNNE



"You look like a strong, silent man. Pick them up, caddy"



"Haven't I seen you in the movies, lady?"



"Say, wat's the name of your latest pictchoor?"



Jack Benny's Television Blues

HE HAS A DATE every Sunday night with five million girls, but this does not make Jack Benny a gay Lothario. He can't see them and he certainly can't count their noses, yet we have it on the authority of NBC studios that Benny is the No. 1 date buster of the nation. When he's on the air the boy friends must shush.

What bothers Jack Benny about all this is not what the impatient boy friends think of their rival, but the fact that it won't be long before those girls will not only hear him, but SEE him.

You guessed it—television is rearing its ugly head in the peace of Benny's existence. He had it on his mind when we went to see him the other day at Metro, where he is in the spotlight as the main attraction of their super-feature, *Broadway Melody of 1936*.

When Mr. Benny of the Jell-O Benny's is troubled, a few wisps of pepper gray hair stand askew from where he habitually scratches his scalp a little NE of his right ear:

Television is bothering him, no question about it. He's been reading about the three big new television stations now building in Canada, not to mention the stations already going in this country.

"Believe it or not," says Jack, a semi-smile playing over his face, "but this television business has more angles

in it than a geometry book. Some of the angles offer a lot of swell possibilities. For instance, there is an excellent chance of improving on radio comedy. Up to now we have had to depend on innate humor and catchy delivery to get the laughs. Pretty soon we will have our faces to help us. At least, we hope they'll be of some help."

● BENNY LEANS over his chair and scrutinizes himself in a nearby mirror. He shakes his head sadly.

"I dunno," he says, "doesn't seem like my face should do me much good. Unless it comes to making faces. I used to be pretty good at that when I was on the stage."

He glances at the mirror again and



Jack Benny does a columnist in *The Broadway Melody of 1936*.
The dancers are dreams that will live in the picture

makes a couple of experimental stabs at face making. It is quite apparent that our radio hero is rusty along these lines with [Continued on page 60]



"I know—you're Irene Dunne! Sign here, please"



"You're making a big hit, Miss Dunne!"



"Don't be mad—here, have some of my apple"



A Kiss Wouldn't Be Amiss for Una

Poor UNA MERKEL! She faces a life of loneliness and despair. Never will she hear the patter of little feet, the gentle touch of loving hands. Never will she know the thrill of being swept away by strong arms into some romantic paradise. Never shall her boudoir reek with the perfume of a thousand orchids, her soul drenched in the magic beauty of pale moonlight. Alas and alack! Una is doomed to spend a screen life of unrequited love.

When Una started out on her acting career, somewhere along the way a scenario writer decreed that all comics must go through life sinless and sexless. Theirs must be a solitary existence. They must live on laughs and be a breed unto themselves. There must be no time for love. Never by the flicker of an eyelash, could they

betray a tiny extra heartbeat. While their glamorous sisters get round-shouldered from wearing diamonds, they must remain pure and unsullied, satisfied with sackcloth and ashes, with an occasional old wise-crack thrown in for good measure.

For years Una has stood patiently by, watching the Crawfords and the Lombards walk away with the Gables and the Coopers. While Dietrich held her men by simply peeking out from behind a veil and Harlow simply held them, Una has turned romantic eyes to Stuart Erwin, Ted Healy, Andy Devine, Nat Pendleton and Charlie Butterworth and never drawn more than a handpat. She has even looked forward with anticipation to the four Marx Brothers. But even here it has been written. She can look but she mustn't touch. She must remain funny

up to the bitter end. Now this all might sound quite serious if Una was pining away into an emaciated existence. But actually she is one of the happiest and loveliest young women in Hollywood.

She has more jobs than she can fill. Studios are constantly bidding for her services. Everyone who knows her, loves her. She's as popular with the gateman as she is with the executive head of the studio. And here's a little secret from one who knows. She has just as much sex appeal as the gals who go round with heaving chests and free wheeling.

● **ON THE SCREEN** Una may wise-crack herself out of seven reels of loving, but in private life she knows how to hold her man. And that is where she has the laugh on Hollywood screen writers. Someday they are going to wake up to the fact that Una is just about the most romantic thing, with or without greasepaint. If writers could take a peek into the Merkel household, they'd see Una playing a rôle, where wise-cracks have no part.

Ronald Burla, who married Una on her parent's anniversary, is the perfect man in her life. She has been married for over four years and is ideally happy. Ronny still sends her corsages and they go dancing on Saturday nights. By profession he is an aeronautical engineer. Their careers are so widely different, there isn't a chance of getting bored or being in each other's way. With Una's father and mother, they all live under one roof. They take occasional trips together and their devotion has long been Hollywood legend.

Of course Una doesn't take her kissless screen life seriously for a moment. She's so darn glad to be working and grateful that there's such a definite spot for her talents. But she would like a chance at something romantic on the screen, simply because she is versatile enough to play those parts, too. Una knows she can play them. She started out in life playing the sweet young thing on the stage. But Hollywood's present to her was a nice fresh wise-crack, all done up in Cellophane. And Una has been handing them out ever since.

In true Merkel fashion and with true Merkel humor, Una's remarks on the situation, prove how she feels about it all. Just so you won't get the impression that Una herself is dissatisfied at playing [Continued on page 60]



Just when Una thinks she may get a kiss at last, they stick a door between her and Franchot Tone . . . what a life!

HOLLYWOOD



Gene Raymond's Marriage by Mistake

ALL over the country girls wept and gnashed their teeth to read in the newspapers that Gene Raymond was marrying a San Francisco girl. In futile rage they tore up his pictures, they sent back his autographed photos, they deluged him with protests.

Knowing that it was all a dreadful mistake, we investigated the matter when Gene, a very harassed young man, returned to Hollywood to face the stacks of outraged letters penned by broken-hearted fans.

Standing bewildered among this heaped up fan mail, and sadly regarding the wedding presents which came from his more approving following, the usually jovial Gene didn't know whether to laugh or cuss.

For Gene may often have been a best man, but never a groom; he has never had a date with a girl and a parson, and it will be a long time before he gets down to the serious business of going benedict.

It all started when a girl who gave the name of Helen Zah called the city editor of a San Francisco newspaper and said she was to be married to Gene Raymond, giving a time and place. There wasn't a whole lot of time to waste checking a "scoop" like that. So the editor rushed the story to the Associated Press and United Press.

Gene wasn't in Hollywood, nor was his publicity expert. So the search turned east, and the wires turned hot. Finally they found his agent in New York, and got a promise for a statement very shortly.

The agent called Gene, roused him out of heavy 2 a. m. slumbers, and told him what the young San Francisco lady had said.



Wedding presents to a bachelor! Gene was appalled and dismayed. What to do?

Love's Labor Lost

Paul Kelly



Gene's denial was elegant. It was concise. It was classic.

"Who is she?" he demanded in astonishment.

● THAT SHOULD be denial enough for anyone, but in case it isn't Gene Raymond gives you his solemn word that he has never contemplated marriage, that he still isn't thinking of wedding bells, and that he positively, absolutely is not married now.

All of which didn't solve the problem of the various and sundry wedding presents which deluged his apartment following Helen Zah's playful announcement. Gene thought it over for awhile and then decided he would send the many gifts back to his well wishers. It was something like being left at the altar in a ceremony that had gone floeey.

The clock might come in handy, but of course he already has several around. He isn't an Englishman, so the tea set is rather extraneous. The plain and fancy cigaret boxes would make elegant ornaments for his apartment, and so would the paintings of *A Moment at Sunset* and *Niagara Falls at Daybreak*. But the knitted bootees! They stop him. They confuse him. After all, Gene is pretty human and he can blush along with the best of us.

The fan [Continued on page 59]

WHY I AM A NORMA SHEARER FAN *by Sally Eilers*



Norma Shearer's magnetic personality holds sway not only over millions of theatre goers, but Hollywood notables themselves. Sally Eilers tells you why



Only recently the mother of a second child—this time a daughter—Norma Shearer is again making plans for her return to the screen. In circle, Sally Eilers

THERE ARE very few people in the world who live completely within themselves. Most of us have ideals—someone we create with the perfections we hope to compensate in some small degree for our own imperfections. We live, I believe, not so much in what we are, as what we desire to be.

Norma Shearer is my ideal actress. Ever since I first saw her in *He Who Gets Slapped* with the late Lon Chaney, she has been my favorite. I met her for the first time during my extra days—when I was called to the set of one of her early films, and from that time on my admiration became something more than a "fan crush"—until today it is an almost idolic worship for a person who embodies all of the perfection I have ever hoped for.

This confession will, I am sure, come as a complete surprise to Norma Shearer herself, if she should happen to read it. It is because I stand in such real awe of her, I could never have her as a personal friend. The horizon recedes as we advance toward it. An ideal is like that—you can never come too close to it.

You remember Norma Shearer's *Let Us Be Gay*. Perhaps, you will remember I played one of the principals in that cast. That was my first opportunity to meet her personally. She was kind and gracious to me. She still is—today—when we meet at the homes of mutual friends. She never neglects coming over to speak to me—and I—well, I'm like any fan who suddenly comes face to face with their favorite film star—I just can't talk.

A typical instance of that occurred at a Mayfair party. It will seem amusing to you, but I assure you I was most embarrassed. She approached me in her usual, congenial manner, greeted me graciously and commented on how nice I looked. I blushed profusely, spluttered about for words, and finally stammered:

"—er—you're welcome!"

Imagine my confusion if you can.

● HAD It been someone else other than Norma Shearer, I'm certain I could have managed something more eloquent—but, well—it was Norma Shearer.

Certainly as an actress she has been given no more applause or commendation than she deserves. Every inch of the way she has proven herself. She has never waited for breaks to come to her. She has worked with a tireless energy toward the goal she herself has set—and she has attained it through that self alone.

It is a pleasure to work with her on the set. She never tries to take advantage of her position as

[Continued on page 58]

*Stars
Own
Stories*

I GOT *Stung* by JACK OAKIE

Oakie was sick of going to parties;
He went to the doc to fool the smarties.
Roses are red and pretty when banked;
But read how he had his tonsils yanked



WELL, IT STARTS when I get invited by the studio to go to one of those "Come-to-dinner-and-bring-your-fiddle" parties. "Nuts!" I figures, "Mrs. Offield's little boy is going to get sick right now!" So I go to a saw-bones.

I open my face—the face of a thousand mugs, they call it—and pointed down my gullet. "Doc," I says, "Doc, take a gander down this beautiful hole in an otherwise perfect anatomy and tell me what's the matter with it. I feel awful." Matter of fact, I feel swell, but then he doesn't know that so he puts on his specks and peers down my gullet, nearly getting blinded by my famous, flashing white teeth.

"Hm-m!" he says, "Hm-m!"

"Okay, Doc!" I answer, taking his nose out from between my molars. "That'll do. Just give me the bill and I'm on my way. This'll square me for not showing at the party, see?"

"Hm-m!" he cracks again, "Young man, you've got streptococci!"

"Stripped of what?" I ask, feeling to see if my shirt's buttoned.

He glares at me silently.

"You're cock-eyed, yourself, you old buzzard," I flips, not getting the drift of all this, yet.

To me, it's still a gag to get out of a party.

He blinks a couple and parries with, "You're a very sick man, Mr. Oakie. I'm afraid we'll have

to cut. I'll call the the hospital right now."

"Say," I query, "what goes on? Whose gag is this, yours or mine? You may be oke as a butcher, but I'm First Comic on this bill and you can't go topping my lines. . . . Whaddaya mean, a hospital! I'm all right."

"I'm sorry to say you're not all right. Your throat is a hot-bed of streptococci and I won't answer for your life if we don't operate on your tonsils at once!"

"Now, doc," I soothe him, beginning to feel a little greenish all of a sudden, "you wouldn't kid an old pal, would you?" I try to chuckle but it sounds like a sucked straw in the bottom of a soda glass.

● INSTEAD OF answering he presses a button and in a minute a swell looking dame in a uniform with straw colored hair ankles in. Imagine an old dodo like him with such a sweetheart working for him!

"Hi! Toots!" I says, slipping her a free wave, but she doesn't give a rumble, doesn't even see me—just looks respectfully at the pill pusher while he tells her to reserve a room for me in the hospital—the fourth floor.

"What's that? The maternity ward?" I cracks, but instead of giving me a laugh they just look at me silent, like I was already a corpse in a medic school with the guy with the beard saying, "Gentleman, take a squint at this stiff. In all my experience, this is the most peculiar example I have ever seen—"

Well, anyway, it isn't the first time I have played to a cold house, so I grabs a cab to the slaughter house, buying myself a fist-full of nickels on the way. Just before I sign the register where you admit it's your own fault if you kick off, I wander into a phone booth and call the gang. What's the good of going to a hospital if you don't tell people about it?

Bill Fields make me promise not to marry the nurse and says he'll be right over with a case. Gracie Allen tells me about the time her brother swallowed the instruments and had to have an appendix operation to get them out. And Gary Cooper says it doesn't hurt much if you live. So I'm feeling swell when the nurse comes for me. A guy never knows what a heartless bunch his friends are till his tonsils start to fight!

● THEN THEY take me into a room with a bed in it that's covered with cranks and gadgets. Looks more like a model T Ford crossed with a cotton gin than a bed to me. The nurse tells me to disrobe. On the level! That's what she said—disrobe!

"Disrobe, man?" I squawk, "where's Jeeves, my faithful valet?" I haven't got a valet, but she don't know that and I figure maybe it'll impress her, but all she does is slam the door. I found out one thing in there. In a hospital you aren't Joe Glutz or Jack Oakie—you're just "the tonsillotomy in 424" or "the appendectomy in 407." Well, about then I begin to feel like an old piece of [Continued on page 49]

Stars
Own
Stories

Bing Crosby's

SONG OF LOVE

Just one more chance, to prove it's you
Alone I care for,
Each night I say a little prayer for
Just one more chance.
Just one more night to taste the kisses
• That enchant me,
I'd want no others if you'd grant me
Just one more chance



Dixie Lee and the twins

BING HAD SUNG his way through life from the pirate days in the big orchard out in Tacoma to the night when he sang his song of surrender to Dixie Lee at the Coconut Grove. They were married a short time later while Bing's following was growing even greater. And then a discordant note crept into their lives.

Bing gradually became aware of the fact that two don't live as cheaply as one. He hit the Grove for a raise which he and his co-singers felt they deserved. They were big attractions. A bitter fight ensued and the boys walked out into a world that seemed in conspiracy against contract busters. The other two finally gave in, but Bing had Dixie to encourage him, to fight shoulder to shoulder with him and defy the world to hurt them. But no song came to his rescue and they got poorer and poorer.

At length they realized their fight was hopeless, but rather than give in to what they both felt was injustice, they moved to New York instead of surrendering. The fates were with them again—or so it seemed. Another song came along, another song with one of the weirdly symbolical titles that seemed to haunt Bing's life. This time it was his plea to the Fates for—just one more chance. One more chance to prove he had what the world wanted—that inimitable voice.

Both he and Dixie were overjoyed when he got his chance on the air. For

by
**WILLIAM
ULMAN, Jr.**

days he rehearsed and kept his fingers crossed. They were awfully broke and that job meant everything to them.

The morning the broadcast was to go on the air Bing woke into a gloriously happy day—flooded with sunlight and the love of Dixie—but he couldn't swallow! The singer's Nemesis, a sore throat, had him collared. Frantically, he begged the station to let him off that night—he couldn't even croak—but not to let him out entirely. They understood sore throats and they liked Bing so they reluctantly put in a substitute.

● **THE NEXT** day the throat was worse. The Crosbys were really worried. Nationwide hook-ups don't wait indefinitely for comparatively new singers to get well. It costs too many thousands of dollars to be sentimental about those things. . . . This

time it was Dixie who pleaded for just one more chance. She went to the station, realizing it was no time to bother with telephones or wires.

"Sorry, Mrs. Crosby, but I don't see how we can hold it up again."

"But Bing will be better tomorrow! I know he will! And, well, frankly—we need the money pretty badly right now. Just give us one more chance!"

"I don't see how—" he began, and then he saw the look in her eyes—and Dixie has high-voltage lamps, "—well, what does the doctor say about his throat?"

Dixie shook her head. "There isn't any doctor. I take care of this family!"

"Well, Doctor," he smiled, "will the patient be ready to sing tomorrow night—without fail?"

Dixie nodded solemnly, "Without fail!"

While Dixie sprayed her husband's throat that night she was singing her own version [Continued on page 54]



A musical life story about a famous crooner, this authorized biography will send old tunes rippling through your mind and bring you a stirring picture of Bing Crosby's life

PREVIEWING THE NEW PICTURES

by JACK GRANT



Portraying a scene from *The Last Days of Pompeii*, this photo shows Preston Foster coming to the aid of the soldiers to subdue Bruce King, the giant Scythian captive, who has attempted to escape from the arena. In circle, Ann Harding, John Halliday and Gary Cooper during the shooting of the famous story, *Peter Ibbetson*



THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII (RKO - Radio).

Preston Foster had just suffered his eleventh injury the day we looked in upon producer Merian C. Cooper's latest screen spectacle. It was a cinch, which in this instance is not slang, but a saddle cinch that broke when the two-hundred-pound Foster, wearing an additional seventy pounds of armor climbed aboard his horse. He suffered a nasty and painful spill and only by quick thinking escaped being trampled by another charging horse.

Such accidents are frequent during the making of any such great spectacle as *Last Days of Pompeii*. In fact, the superstitious—and who in Hollywood isn't—regard the presence of a jinx as an omen of good luck. All big successes, they say, have been jinxed in production. Strangely enough, the records seem to prove it.

According to Foster, the mere wearing of seventy pounds of costume is bad luck. His helmet alone weighs nine pounds and if you don't believe that is heavy, you don't need to ask Mr. Foster. Try carrying it around on your own head all day. When he counts eleven injuries, he is not counting just bruises and cuts. A brawny bit of a man, standing six feet two, he was badly battered up during the three months of shooting. We know. We saw the bruises.

Yet Foster has no complaints. His starring part of Marcus, humble blacksmith who becomes champion gladiator and wealthiest man in Pompeii, is one of the most lengthy in Hollywood history. He is in every scene, almost every set-up.

The story is not an adaptation of the classic Bulwer Lytton novel of the same name. It is an original by James Ashmore Creelman and Melville Baker. Screen play by Ruth Rose. The director is Ernest B. ("Monty") Schoedsack, long and lank partner of producer Cooper in other ventures (*Grass*, *Chang*, *Four Feathers*, *King Kong*).

Both are noted for attention to historical accuracy and months of research preceded the filming. Entire sections of the city of Pompeii were painstakingly recreated from reconstructed drawings based upon the archaeological remains. Largest of the sets are the Temple of Jupiter—occupying three full sound stages (30,000 sq. ft.) on the RKO Pathe lot—and the arena, a giant structure requiring an acre of ground. Yet the greatest trouble was caused by ancient Roman coffee urns. They look so much like modern coffee dispensers in use in one-arm restaurants today, it is feared they may seem an anachronism.

Contrary to popular belief, Pompeii was destroyed not by lava from the erupting Vesuvius, but by a fine volcanic ash which, when cooled, hardened to form a horrible tomb. The complete destruction of the city is best described by the fact that the ruins remained undiscovered from the First Century to the year 1594 and systematic excavations did not really begin



With a bevy of beautiful girls and a \$65,000 replica of a night club as a background, June Knight does a dance number in *Broadway Melody of 1936*. The cabaret scene is perhaps the most expensive one of its type ever constructed in a film studio

until 1763. The Hollywood-built Pompeii will be destroyed by the same means.

Thousands of extras found employment in the picture, for the Romans owned many slaves and households were filled with such servitors. There is a record of one Roman owning 4,116. This man, historical accuracy or no historical accuracy, was not made a character in the story. There must be some limits even in a million-dollar production. Imagine, the single item of wigs ran to a total of 8,000 copies.

Other important players in the cast include Dorothy Wilson, promising English newcomer John Wood, Alan Hale, who played with a broken foot, young David Holt, Basil Rathbone, Louis Calhern and Gloria Shea. They wanted to star Preston Foster, but he refused by saying, graciously, "The entire cast is too good to star anyone."

• •

STEAMBOAT 'ROUND THE BEND (Fox). You'll never guess what we saw when we visited this set. Will Rogers crying! Not crocodile tears but the real thing. There has been no more startling news from Hollywood since the billboards announced "Garbo Talks."

The oddest part about it was that [Continued on page 52]

HOLLYWOOD

I TAKE A JUGGLING LESSON

from W. C. FIELDS

Baseballs, canes or words—Bill Fields can juggle them all. After reading this hilarious yarn, you'll be trying it, too

by ELIZABETH BORTON



"Don't hang on to what you catch," Fields tells Miss Borton. "Just sort of boost it"

IT WAS SORT of funny, how I came to take up juggling. Accidental, almost. This is how it happened.

I was driving over toward San Bernardino one day, and it was near dinner time, so I stopped and went into one of those little Italian roadside dining rooms—where you all eat at the same table, family style, you know. They had just brought me some soup and a basketful of rolls when a man came in through the door. Everyone looked up—there weren't many of us there—because he was muttering and roaring. First he'd mutter under his breath and roll his eyes around fiercely, and then he'd burst out shouting, in a very strong voice—strong but sort of hollow-sounding—

"Well, they thought they'd get away

with it, did they? Thought they'd sneak a pre-view over on me, did they? Well. . . ." And then he sort of started and shut up and looked behind him, and scrunched down, as if he expected somebody to kick him, and then he began muttering under his breath again.

He was a red-faced man, with sandy yellow hair, and little blue eyes, and a tremendous shiny nose that looked as if dogs had chewed on it, and it was all sort of swollen up. He had a highball, or what looked like one, in his right hand, and a light coat over his left arm. He sat down by me. I could tell then that it really was a highball he had. There was another man with him. A tall man, with a beery voice, and dark eyes. He had on a very peculiar-looking checked cap.

The red-faced man looked around and then he roared, "Well, isn't there any food around here? Where is everybody?" It's hard to explain about his voice. Once you hear it, you never forget it.

● THE WAITER rushed out and brought in some rolls, and soup. Then the strange thing happened. The proprietor's little boy plays the accordion there, and he often comes into the dining room, and plays during dinner. He came in, then, and started in to play one of my favorites—*The Skater's Waltz*. You know, it has a wonderful slow rhythm, and then a sort of a tidly-tiddly part. Well, the red-faced

man got up as if he had been electrified, and he grabbed six rolls out of the basket, and started making them fly around in the air, in perfect time to the music.

All the time he was roaring, "Stop him, somebody! Stop him, for the love of God!" But before anybody could stop the boy, he had started playing that tidly-tiddly part, and the red-faced man grabbed my roll out of my hand, and another one, and was juggling all eight in perfect time, yelling all the time, "Stop him, stop him! You're killing me! I haven't practiced this for a year!"

The boy was scared, and he stopped playing. The man with the nose collapsed into his chair, as if he was exhausted. He lifted up his highball and drank it all down, and then began sort of sighing. The man in the cap silently drew out a bottle, and filled up his glass again.

I leaned over and took my roll away from him. "What do you mean, going on like that?" I asked.

He smiled a funny quick, sly smile—he has little close-packed teeth—and he said, "It's the fire-horse in me. Can't overcome it. I used to start my act to that tune for thirty years." He took another drink.

[Continued on page 50]



SALLY EILERS GOES TO A WEEK-END PARTY

In her bag is a compact selection of dual-purpose clothes. Sally's convenient chart will give you many valuable wardrobe suggestions

by MARIAN RHEA

FASHION BULLETIN! JOAN CRAWFORD IS WEARING BLACK SILK STOCKINGS! NET, THEY ARE, IN MESH EXTREMELY FINE. SHE HAD 'EM ON OVER AT THE M-G-M STUDIOS THE OTHER DAY WITH A VERY TAILORED AND VERY PLAIN WHITE LINEN SUIT. . . . HER SHOES WERE WHITE, ALSO. . . . PUMPS.

KATIE HEPBURN IN FLAT HEELS FOR EVENING! THIS IS THE INFLUENCE OF THAT NEW GRECIAN FORMAL GOWN OF HERS. THE GOWN IS WHITE CREPE WITH NO DECORATION. THE SANDALS, WITH ONLY THE BAREST SUGGESTION OF A HEEL, ARE SILVER KID.

SKIRT LENGTHS, AFTER MUCH INDECISION, ARE GOING DEFINITELY UP! YOU SHOULD SEE MERLE OBERON'S NEWEST DAYTIME CLOTHES. THEY'RE FOURTEEN INCHES OFF THE FLOOR.

WHITE WOOL FOR EVENING GOWNS! ROSALIND RUSSELL ONE OF THE FIRST EXPONENTS OF THIS IDEA.

SWAGGERLY SPEAKING—THERE ARE THOSE PIGSKIN GLOVES THAT PEGGY WOOD WEARS WITH SPORTS THINGS. THEY'RE PLEATED AT THE WRIST, A FEATURE WHICH GIVES FULLNESS WITHOUT DETRACTING FROM THE STRAIGHT, FITTED LINES.

"HURRY," SALLY EILERS was saying to her maid one Friday morning when I dropped in, hoping she'd give me a cup of coffee, "the train leaves at nine-fifteen. . . ."

"Leaves for where?" I questioned. "The house party I'm going to," she told me. "It's going to be grand. . . ."

She took up her big white panama with the blue band, folded it up and put it in her dressing case. I gasped at such treatment, but she reassured me.

"Non-crushable," she explained.

While I breathed a sigh of relief, she picked up a piece of paper from her dressing table and began checking it off, as Freddie, her colored butler, brought in coffee and muffins.

"Let's see," she said, "brown accessories for this outfit I am wearing and for that gold and brown chiffon; white sandals for the white linen dress and pyjamas—" Then she interrupted herself.

"You know," she confided, "this planning a wardrobe for a house party is quite a problem. You must take along the right clothes and yet not too



All ready to get on the train! This taffeta frock and light weight woolen coat constitute Sally Eilers' idea of a costume for traveling. You can duplicate the coat by sending for Pattern No. 344

Here is a chart of Sally's wardrobe for the week-end!

	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
9 a. m.	(for the train) plum-colored taffeta dress, blue swagger coat, brown accessories	(for breakfast) blue pyjamas white linen sandals	(for breakfast) blue pyjamas white linen sandals
10 a. m.	same as above	(for tennis) white linen tennis suit	(for church) gold and brown chiffon dress brown accessories
1 p. m.	(for lunch) plum-colored taffeta dress	(for lunch at Country Club) white sports dress panama hat, white linen sandals, blue woolen coat	(for lunch) gold and brown chiffon dress
2 p. m.	(for tennis) white linen tennis suit	same as above	(for tennis matches) white sports dress panama hat, white linen sandals, blue woolen coat
5 p. m.	(for cocktails) blue pyjamas white linen sandals	(for cocktail party) rose and black cocktail ensemble, black accessories	same as above
8 p. m.	(for dinner) same as above	(for dinner at Country Club) same gown without hat and jacket	(dinner and train) plum-colored taffeta brown accessories blue coat

How to Plan Your House Party Wardrobe

many. You don't want luggage in such quantities that it suggests a world tour. The alternative is to 'double-up' and that is just what I think I am doing very successfully."

"How are you going about it?" I asked her. I've had my own week-end wardrobe problems. . . . Haven't you?

"I made a chart!" she announced triumphantly. "I outlined just what I am going to wear, when and with what!"

"What do you mean—chart?" I insisted.

"Just this," she explained. "First, I listed the kind of clothes I would need on such a party—it's for three days, you know—and then I chose things from among my clothes that would be correct for more than one occasion, and 'doubled up' on accessories."

● WE WERE DRINKING our coffee and eating muffins and jam, but at this point, I forgot food. I was learning something. . . . And you will, too, if you read farther.

"This is what I mean. . . . For in-

stance, you see what I am wearing. . . ."

I did. It was her plum-colored taffeta with fine blue criss-crossing, made with little round collar, and her brown kid pumps. Selby shoes, these—"Evelyn" model in the "Tru-Poise"



A "love game," perhaps, with a lovely player. Sally's little linen tennis suit is becoming as well as practical . . . and indispensable on a party

But to return to Sally's week-end clothes!

She was taking along her powder-blue pyjamas, trimmed in white and very jaunty with an Eton jacket and white scarf, also.

"I can wear these at breakfast time, or for cocktails or for almost any other occasion I wish," she smiled. "They're that kind of pyjamas. AND," she continued, pleasedly, "with them I can wear those white linen sandals which are exactly right for my white linen dress—another saving of space in my dressing case which would otherwise have to be used for an extra pair of slippers."

Speaking of her white linen dress, she showed it to me before Audrey (Audrey is her maid) packed it. I was crazy about it. The material was white linen, non-crushable, very heavy. It was made with epaulets and trimmed with big brass buttons and patch pockets.

A pattern for this dress, also, has been made up and is available to you through HOLLYWOOD'S Pattern Service.



Here is Sally, bound for the depot. Her frock is plum-colored taffeta and she wears a powder-blue woolen swagger coat and brown accessories. Shoes in inset are Selby's "Evelyn" model, "Tru-Poise" line

line. On the chintz divan were her brown Cellophane straw hat, brown gloves and purse, and blue wool swagger coat (a kind of powder blue) that goes with the taffeta.

"Well," she explained, "I can wear this hat, gloves, pumps and purse not only with dress which is suitable for the train, but with my gold and brown chiffon dress to church on Sunday morning.

"And," she went on, "I can also wear the blue coat with my white linen sports dress! Aren't I smart?"

I agreed with fervor. And what is more, these revelations on proper house party clothes were just beginning. However, before we go on—

If you like the blue swagger coat, you can duplicate it! A pattern is available through HOLLYWOOD'S Pattern Service, Pattern No. 344, for only 15 cents! Not only is this little coat extremely smart, but it is easily made, what with its loose, simple lines, and is adaptable to many kinds of material.



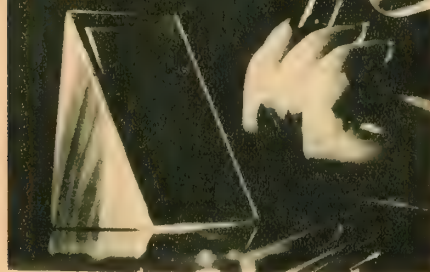
Powder blue and white pyjamas plus Sally Eilers equals something pretty to look at. These pyjamas are versatile, too—being equally smart for any hour of the day

Free!

THIS LOVELY NEW MAKE-UP MIRROR

Given to Induce
You to Try
**YEAST FOAM
TABLETS**

the dry health
yeast that brings
quicker relief from
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gestion and skin
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YOU'LL be delighted with this new kind of mirror that you can get absolutely free with a purchase of Yeast Foam Tablets. It's tilted at an angle so that you get a perfect close-up of your face without having to hunch way over your dressing table.

Set it anywhere and have both hands free to put on cream or make-up comfortably. Women say it's one of the grandest beauty helps they've ever seen. Send the coupon, with an empty Yeast Foam Tablet carton, for your mirror now before the supply is exhausted.

This offer is made to induce you to try Yeast Foam Tablets, the modern yeast that gives greater health benefits because it's dry.

Scientists have recently discovered that dry yeast, as a source of vitamin B, is approximately twice as valuable as fresh, moist yeast! In carefully controlled tests, subjects fed dry yeast gained almost twice as fast as those given the moist, fresh type.

Get quicker relief from indigestion, constipation and related skin troubles with Yeast Foam Tablets. You'll really enjoy their appetizing nut-like taste. And they'll never cause gas or discomfort because they are pasteurized. At all druggists.



NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.,
1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose empty Yeast Foam Tablet carton. Please send me the handy new tilted make-up mirror.

FG 9 35

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

What Sally Wore to the Tennis Matches



Pattern No. 352. Because of its extreme chic and versatility (it can be made without sleeves) and because it has been hailed as one of the most important additions to Hollywood sports styles this season, it has been necessary to ask 25 cents for this pattern.

● **WITH TENNIS MATCHES** scheduled at the Country Club for both Saturday and Sunday afternoons, Sally said she planned to wear this dress on both days with the panama, the white linen sandals and the blue swagger coat—more “doubling up” to make her week-end wardrobe adequate for every hour of the day and night!

A cocktail party and dinner dance were also to be held at the Country Club on Saturday, she said, and showed me what she was doing, “sartorially speaking,” about that.

“I am taking along my rose and black cocktail suit, which also has the power to blossom forth into a formal gown for evening,” she said. Still more doubling up! By this time, aren't you perceiving she is past mistress of this art?

This outfit included a floor-length dress of black, rough crêpe with dusty rose bodice, rose jacket and she wears it with a little black hat with tiny veil, and black and silver sandals — the “Mikell” model of Selby's “Styl-eez line.

[Continued on
page 42]

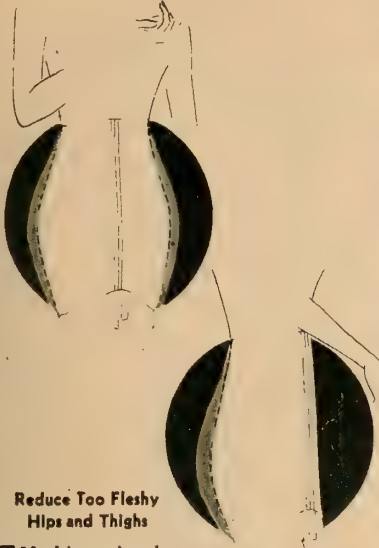
Sally in white linen sports dress and blue-banded panama is ready for tennis matches at the Country Club. She takes along the blue-woolen swagger coat that goes with the taffeta traveling dress, and wears the white linen sandals that go with her blue pyjamas. You can duplicate the sports dress or choose your own variation. Order Pattern No. 352



352

QUICKLY CORRECT THESE 4 FIGURE FAULTS

Perfolastic not only CONFINES . . it REMOVES ugly bulges!

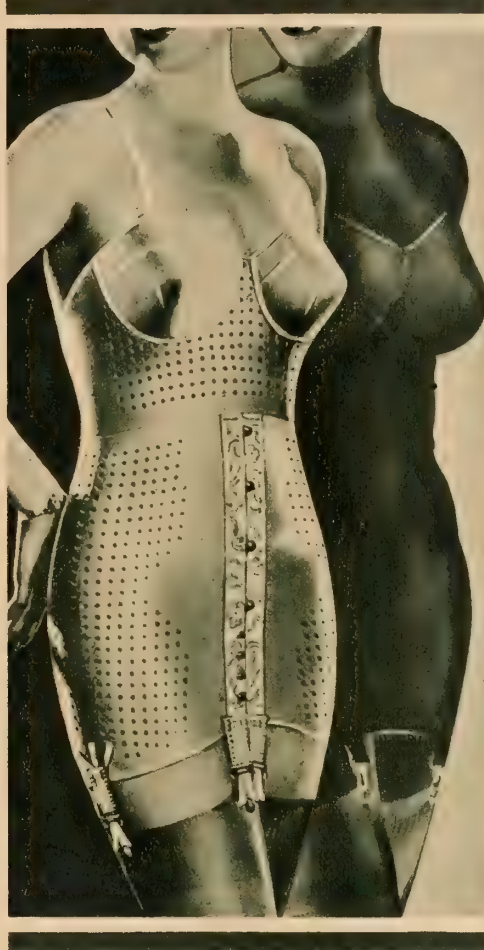


Reduce Too Fleshy Hips and Thighs

■ Nothing ruins the graceful lines of an expensive gown more than billowing hips . . they are quickly brought back to beauty with the gentle massage-like action of the Perfolastic Girdle.

The Bulge "Deniere" Reduces Quickly

■ It is so easy to overcome the after effects of too healthy appetites . . simply don a Perfolastic Girdle and watch the curves smooth out at the spots where Fashion says reduce.



Diaphragm Rolls Quickly Disappear

■ Until the development of the new Perfolastic Brassiere the woman whose figure was marred by unsightly "rib-rolls" had to reduce by expensive massage. Now the massage-like action does it.

Abdominal Fat Is Most Common of All

■ Prominent "rummies" are almost universally due to relaxed muscles and resulting fat. Perfolastic will correct the appearance at once and then surely and safely reduce it, without dieting.

Reduce your waist and hips 3 inches in 10 days . . . or no cost!

Thousands of women today owe their slim, youthful figures to the sure, safe way of reduction—Perfolastic! Past results prove that we are justified in guaranteeing you a reduction of 3 inches in 10 days or there will be no cost. We do not want you to risk one penny—simply try it for 10 days at our expense. You will be thrilled . . as are all Perfolastic wearers.

APPEAR SMALLER AT ONCE!

■ Look at yourself before you put on your Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere—and afterwards! The difference is amazing. Bulges are smoothed out and you appear inches smaller at once. You are so comfortable you cannot realize that every minute you wear these Perfolastic garments you are actually reducing . . and at just the spots where surplus fat has accumulated—nowhere else!

NO DIET . . DRUGS . . OR EXERCISES!

■ You do not have to risk your health or change your comfortable mode of living. No strenuous exercises to wear you out . . no dangerous drugs to take . . and no

diet to reduce face and neck to wrinkled flabbiness. You do nothing whatever except watch the inches disappear!

■ No longer will surplus fat sap your energy and steal your pep and ambition! You will not only be gracefully slender, but you will feel more like doing things and going places!

MASSAGE-LIKE ACTION ACTUALLY REMOVES SUPERFLUOUS FAT!

And how is it done? Simply by the massage-like action of this wonderful "live" material. Every move you make puts your Perfolastic to work taking off unwanted inches. The perforations and soft, silky lining make these Perfolastic garments delightful to wear.

"REDUCED MY HIPS 9 INCHES" WRITES MISS HEALY!

■ "Massages like magic", says Miss Carroll; "From 43 to 34½ inches", writes enthusiastic Miss Brian; Mrs. Noble says she "lost almost 20 pounds with Perfolastic", etc., etc. Test Perfolastic yourself at our expense and prove it will do as much for you!

DON'T WAIT! SEND TODAY FOR 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER AND SAMPLE OF PERFORATED RUBBER!

See for yourself the wonderful quality of the material! Read the astonishing experiences of prominent women who have reduced many inches in a few weeks! You risk nothing . . we want you to make this test yourself at our expense. Mail the coupon now!



PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

Dept. 79. 41 E. 42nd ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your

10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

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Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penns Postcard

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Silhouette belt by Hickory—STYLE 1300

The Silhouette Sanitary Belt by Hickory, by a patented process, is permanently woven to shape on the loom to make it conform perfectly to the figure. Silhouette cannot bind, curl, irritate or slip. You'll find it delightfully soft, light-weight, comfortable and dainty, yet dependably secure. Its easy-stretch, fine quality Lastex wears and wears. Can be boiled, washed, ironed— 65c



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A popular Hickory Shield Button Style—combination satin and boil-proof Lastex 50c

Sanitary Belts by HICKORY

Made in a wide variety of styles 25c to 75c

If your dealer hasn't the Hickory Belt you want, send us his name with your remittance. Please state style and desired size: small, medium or large

A. STEIN & COMPANY
1157 West Congress Street, Chicago

You'll like HICKORY DRESS SHIELDS, too

Sally's Club and Church Gowns



Cocktails should taste better in this costume. Sally in rose and black ensemble is a picture of chic. Later, she doffs hat and jacket and appears, in a dinner gown. Her silver and black slippers are the "Mikell" model of Selby's "Styl-eez" line



350

Off for church on Sunday morning, Sally wears her gold and brown chiffon and the brown accessories. You can make a dress like this one of Pattern No. 350

Sally Eilers Goes to a Week-end Party

(Continued from page forty)

● SALLY showed me, too, the gold and brown striped dress she planned to wear to church Sunday morning.

The dress was made with shoulder yoke, wide, interesting sleeves, elbow length and a brown taffeta girdle that tied in front with a bow. A pattern for this dress also, is offered you by Hollywood's Pattern Service, Pattern No. 350, for only 15 cents.

Coupon for Your Convenience

Hollywood's Pattern Service,
529 So. 7th St., Minneapolis, Minn.

Send me patterns checked. I enclose—in stamps or coin.

My size— My bust—

352—Spectator sports frock . 25c

344—Swagger coat 15c

350—Afternoon frock 15c

Fashion magazine (10c if you order a pattern) 15c

Name—

Street—

City—

LOVELY TO LOOK AT

*Sunny Golden Hair—
Arms and Legs Alluringly Smooth*

Make nature's own allurements *your* secrets of charm and attractiveness. Gain captivating appeal with natural-looking hair—smooth, blonde, silky arms and legs. Use Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. And notice how your friends admire your fresh, bright appearance.

BLONDES:—If your hair is dark, faded or streaked, rinse with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash to restore its natural golden beauty. Marchand's imparts sunny radiance to dull-looking hair, secretly and successfully.

BRUNETTES:—Make your hair more alluring. Impart fascinating highlights, a glowing sheen to your dark hair. Or lighten dark or fading hair any natural shade of bloneness desired. (You can do this as quickly as overnight with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Or gradually, if you prefer, over a period of weeks or months.)

BLONDES and BRUNETTES:—Have arms and legs seductively smooth. Don't risk "superfluous" hair removal. Whether on face, arms or legs, use Marchand's Golden Hair Wash to blend "superfluous" hair with *your* skin coloring and *add* to your dainty attractiveness.

Marchand's Golden Hair Wash in the new gold and brown package can be purchased at your drugstore. Start using Marchand's for head, legs or arms. *Today.*

TRY A BOTTLE—FREE! A trial bottle of Marchand's Castile Shampoo—**FREE**—to those who send for Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. (See coupon below.)

MARCHAND'S
GOLDEN HAIR WASH,
251 West 19th Street, NEW YORK CITY

Please let me try for myself the **SUNNY, GOLDEN EFFECT** of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. I am enclosing 50 cents (use stamps, coin, or money order as convenient) for a full-sized bottle. Also send me, **FREE**, trial sample of Marchand's Castile Shampoo.

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MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

From Office-Worker To a Well-Paid Hotel Position



Agnes Edwards, Office Worker, Without Experience, Becomes Executive of Apartment Hotel

"6 words—'Please send me your Free booklet'—meant the difference between success and failure to me. I was a good stenographer—but thoroughly dissatisfied with my salary and opportunities. Then I saw the Lewis Schools' advertisement, 'Hotels Call for Trained Men and Women,' and sent for their FREE book. Here was

everything I wanted—fascinating work, good pay, splendid opportunities, and I enrolled.

"Now I am Housekeeper of this Apartment Hotel. I owe my success to Lewis Leisure-Time, Home-Study Training."

STEP INTO A WELL-PAID HOTEL POSITION

Good positions from coast to coast for trained men and women in hotel, club, restaurant and institutional field. Hundreds of graduates put in touch with positions in last six months as Managers, Assistant Managers, Housekeepers, Hostesses and 48 other different types of well-paid positions. Living often included. Previous experience proved unnecessary. Lewis graduates, both young and mature, winning success. Good grade school education. Plus Lewis Training, qualifies you at home, in leisure time. Registration FREE of extra cost in Lewis National Placement Service, which covers country thru special arrangement with the more than 23,000 Western Union offices. Mail coupon NOW!

OPPORTUNITY COUPON

Lewis Hotel Training Schools,
Room LP-9860, Washington, D. C.
Send me the Free Book, "Your Big Opportunity,"
without obligation, and details as to how to qualify for
a well-paid position at home, in my leisure time.

Name

Address

City

State

Free for Asthma and Hay Fever

If you suffer with attacks of Asthma so terrible you choke and gasp for breath, if Hay Fever keeps you sneezing and snuffing while your eyes water and nose discharges continuously, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a life-time and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address

Frontier Asthma Co., 324-W Frontier Bldg.,
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"DARK-EYES"

"Swim or Cry" -- NEVER FADES OR RUNS
PERMANENT DARKENER for Eyebrows and Eyelashes
Absolutely Safe... Not a Mascara... One Application lasts 4
to 5 weeks. Trial size, 25c. Reg. size, 12 Applications, \$1.

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"DARK-EYES" LAB., Dept. 10-J, 412 Orleans St., Chicago, Ill.



3 Perfumes

SUBTLE, fascinating, alluring. Sells
regularly at \$12.00 an ounce. Made
from the essence of flowers:—

- Three odors: (1) Esprit de France
(2) Romanza
(3) Fascination

Send only

20¢

A single drop
lasts a week!
To pay for postage and handling send
only 20c (silver or stamps) for 3 trial bot-
tles. Only 1 set to each new customer. 20c!

Redwood Treasure Chest: Contains 4—50c
bottles of perfume selling at \$2.00 an ounce — (1) Hollywood Bouquet
(2) Persian Night, (3) Black Velvet, (4) Samarkand. Chest
6x3 in. made from Giant Redwood Trees of California. Send
only \$1.00 check, stamps or currency. An ideal gift. \$1.00!

PAUL RIEGER, 245 First Street, San Francisco, Calif.

MARY BRIAN'S BRIDGE LUNCHEON

Mary Brian's helpful hints
will go a long way toward
making your next luncheon
a real topic of conversation

by ANITA BLAKE



Mary pours a cup of tea for Lois Wilson
undismayed by three tables of bridge. Lois
marveled at her perfect planning

TOLUCA LAKE was clear and blue
below Mary Brian's lovely little
white house with the green
shingled roof, and its green shutters
were hospitably open on this warm
sunny day. She had luncheon pre-
pared for twelve, and her own plans
might very well help you in preparing
for your neighborhood bridge party.

Northern Lights was stationed at
the door, fitting most effectively into
the green and white picture. Northern
Lights is Mary's huge white Alaskan
husky, sent to her all the way from
Nome by an admiring fan.

At Northern Lights' first welcoming
growl, Mary herself appeared at the
front door to greet her guests. Mary
was wearing a red and white print
frock, youthful and becoming, not at
all flurried and flustered as some hos-
tesses might be who are having eleven
other girls in for luncheon. She had
prepared practically the entire menu
herself. If you wish to add a new touch
to your own little party, Mary's tips
should prove a great help.

She took me in to survey the living
room where three luncheon tables that
would later be bridge tables, were set
—one in front of the fireplace which,
with fire unnecessary on this sunshiny
day, was banked with greenery; one by
the window which gave a lovely view
of the lake, and one near the opposite
wall, underneath a watercolor land-
scape the work of Mary's own brush.

Everything looked very pretty, the
tables with exquisite linen luncheon
cloths, gleaming silver and amber
glass dishes.

YOU'LL LOVE TO MAKE "MARLOWS"!

At a smart summer luncheon in Hollywood, dessert consisted of LEMON MARLOW tinted in rainbow shades, and frozen in delicately colored paper cups. Tiny cakes with pastel frostings accompanied the Marlow.

At a Hollywood beach party, HOLLYWOOD HAMBURGERS, made after a recipe used in a tremendously popular little Hollywood hamburger shack, simply "Wowed" the party.

Write Hollywood Magazine's Food Editor, 529 S. Seventh St., Minneapolis, Minn., and ask for the FREE recipes for:

LEMON MARLOW Free
HOLLYWOOD HAMBURGERS Free
MILLION DOLLAR ICE CREAM Free

(A simple favorite recipe with many variations)

Other leaflets you'll want are:

Soda Fountain Treats You Can Make At Home 5 cents
Pickles Which Have Won Prizes 5 cents
Bridge Bites For Summer Hostesses 5 cents
Jellies and Jams Which Have Won Prizes 5 cents

DON'T FORGET TO INCLOSE A STAMPED, ADDRESSED ENVELOPE!

● MARY WENT on out into the kitchen where things were equally in order —melon cocktails in the refrigerator, all ready to go into their ice imbedded glasses; creamed fresh mushrooms and sweetbreads, with pimiento; asparagus bundles . . .

But then the door bell rang and Mary left the kitchen to welcome her guests. They arrived almost all at once and soon were seated and eating what everybody said was "extra and ultra delicious!"

The menu began with melon cocktails, then mushrooms and sweetbreads in cream on toast, asparagus bundles, jumbo olives, celery hearts, bread sticks and stuffed tomato salad, and, for dessert, lemon foam, macaroons and tea or coffee.

Mary used casaba melons, firm and sweet, for her cocktails, dicing them evenly, and squeezing a little lemon juice over the top.

After this, came the main course, and here is her recipe for the mushrooms and sweetbreads in cream, serving twelve:

- 6 tablespoons butter
- 6 tablespoons flour
- 3 cups milk
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ½ teaspoon paprika
- dash of white pepper
- 3 sprigs of parsley, cut fine
- 2 tablespoons chopped pimiento
- 1 pound small mushrooms
- 1 pound sweetbreads

Melt butter in big saucepan. Add flour and cook thoroughly. Add seasoning. Boil sweetbreads. Let cool and dice, being careful to eliminate fat and bits of skin. Fry mushrooms in little extra butter until golden brown. Add mushrooms, sweetbreads, pimiento and parsley to cream sauce. Heat thoroughly. Serve on thin squares of toast. Canned mushrooms may be used if desired.

● MARY USED only about half the stalks of her asparagus, making each piece only four or five inches long. She cooked it with a small amount of water, salted, in a covered pan. Vegetables shouldn't be cooked too long, she pointed out.

To give a decorative touch, she boiled eggs hard, removed the shells and cut them up in circles. Then she removed the yolk and slipped the stalks of asparagus into the white rings, serving two bundles on each plate.

Mary's salad for her luncheon was simple. She just peeled small tomatoes of uniform size, scooped out the inside, draining off the liquid and chopping the solid parts into pieces. With this, she mixed the following ingredients:

- ½ cup chopped pecans
- 6 tablespoons Miracle Whip salad dressing
- ½ cup chopped celery
- ½ pound Philadelphia cream cheese

Stirring this up carefully, so as not to make it too mushy, she refilled the shells.

SEPTEMBER, 1935

MEN'S EYES ARE MAGNIFYING MIRRORS



HOW DOES YOUR SKIN STAND THE TEST?

By *Lady Esther*

Every man instinctively plays the part of a beauty contest judge.

Every man's glance is a *searching* glance. It brings out faults in your skin that you never think would be noticed. Even those faint lines and those tiny bumps that you think might escape attention are taken in by a man's eyes and, many times, magnified.

How does *your* skin meet the test? If it is at all dry or scaly, if there is a single conspicuous pore in your nose or even a suggestion of a blackhead anywhere on your face, you may be sure that you are gaining more criticism than admiration.

Many common complexion blemishes are due to nothing less than improper methods of skin care. You want to be sure to *really* clean your skin. You don't want to be satisfied merely to remove the surface dirt. You want a method that will reach the imbedded dirt. At the same time, one that will *lubricate* your skin and counteract the drying effects of exposure to the weather.

The Care The Skin Needs

The care your skin needs is supplied, in simple form in Lady Esther Face Cream. This cream does more than merely "grease" the skin. It actually cleanses. It reaches the hidden, stubborn dirt because it is a penetrating cream. There is nothing stiff or heavy about Lady Esther Face Cream. It melts the instant it touches the skin and gently and soothingly penetrates the pores.

"Going to work" on the accumulated waxy dirt, it breaks up and makes it—*all* of it—easily removable. At the same time, as Lady Esther Face Cream gently cleanses the skin, it *also* lubricates it. It resupplies it with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and scalliness and keeps the skin soft, smooth and supple.

When you give the skin this common sense care it's remarkable how it responds. Blackheads and enlarged pores begin to disappear. Those faint lines vanish. The skin takes on tone—

becomes clear and radiant. It also lends itself to make-up 100% better.

Make This Test!

If you want to demonstrate the unusual cleansing powers of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream, just do this: Cleanse your skin as you are now doing it. Give it an extra good cleansing. Then, when you think it absolutely clean, apply Lady Esther Face Cream. Leave the cream on a few minutes, then wipe off with clean cloth. You'll be amazed at the dirt the cloth shows. This test has proved a source of astonishment to thousands of women.

At My Expense!

Let me prove to you, at *my* expense, the exceptional qualities of Lady Esther Face Cream. Let me send you a week's supply free of charge. Then, make the test I have just described—the clean cloth test. Prove the cream too, in *actual* daily use. In one week's time you'll see such a difference in your skin as to amaze you.

With the 7-day tube of cream, I will also send you all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. As you test the cream, test also the shades of face powder. Find out which is your most becoming, your most flattering. Learn, too, how excellently the cream and powder go together and what the two do for the beauty of your complexion.

To get *both* the 7-day tube of Lady Esther Face Cream and the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, all you have to do is mail me your name and address on a penny postcard or on the coupon below. If you knew what was in store for you, you would not delay a minute in clipping the coupon.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.) (16) **FREE**
Lady Esther, 2030 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.

Please send me without cost or obligation a seven day supply of your Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream; also all five shades of your face powder.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)

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Send for free demonstration lesson, together with big free booklet which gives you details and proof that will astound you. No obligation. Write letter or postcard today.

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SKIN OUT-BREAKS

Head-To-Foot Effectiveness



RASHES ECZEMA



FOOT ITCH

WHY writhe and squirm helplessly under the unbearable torture of itching? No matter what the cause, amazing Hydrosal will give almost instant relief and help nature to heal the sick, irritated skin. Millions have found it a veritable blessing for any kind of itch, eczema, rashes, poison ivy, bites, athlete's foot, pimples, prickly heat. Successfully used by doctors and hospitals for years. Now available to the general public for the first time. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping. Ask your druggist for HYDROSAL—liquid or ointment—30c or 60c size.

Hydrosal for Itching Skin

YOUR FACE CAN BE CHANGED



Straight regular features! Charming new beauty! They can be yours. Dr. Stotter (grad. of University of Vienna) reconstructs faces by famous Vienna Polyclinic methods. Unshapely Noses, Protruding Ears, Large Lips, Wrinkles, Signs of Age, etc., are all quickly corrected. Low cost. Write or call for Free Booklet "Facial Reconstruction," (mailed in plain wrapper.)

Dr. Stotter, 50 East 42nd St., Dept. 48-E, New York



FADED GRAY HAIR

Women, girls, men with faded, gray, streaked hair, shampoo and color your hair at the same time with my new French discovery—"SHAMPO-KOLOR". No fuss or muss. Takes only a few minutes to merely shampoo into your hair any natural shade with "SHAMPO-KOLOR". No "dyed" look, but a lovely, natural, most lasting color; unaffected by washing, or permanent waving. Free Booklet. Monsieur L. P. Vailligny, Dept. 19, 254 W. 31st St., New York City.

HOLLYWOOD'S

TRY THE HOLLYWOOD BEAUTY SYSTEM

A fresh appearance should be as important to you as it is to the stars. Here are some tips that will help you all around the clock

by MAX FACTOR

SEPTEMBER—THE MONTH of exciting changes. Possibly you're going to college. Or, more adventuresome yet, starting out on your own in the world. In either case your passport to success is your appearance. And if you want the kind of dependable good looks that will carry you through without a hitch from nine to five, you must have a system.

Hollywood does. Star and extra alike follow the beauty ritual as if their lives depended upon it. As a matter of fact, their professional lives do. Is yours less important? Can you afford to try the hit-and-miss technique with your greatest asset? No, you've got to be sure you are at your best every hour, every day. For it's dollars to doughnuts that the minute your hair is straggly that's the time the big customer comes in. And there's that "gone" feeling when the eyes of the boss fall on fingernails you've neglected!

No, if you don't want to "face the music," you've got to face your mirror and work out a system. The trick, you see, is to discover what makes each feature look its best—and then to keep it looking its best seven days out of the week!

Be frank about it. Start at the top—with your hair. You know the most convenient hair-do for office hours is the long bob, softly waved, with the ends pinned under in a neat line. For evening you can brush it out free as the wind and twist that extra braid *a la* coronet across the top of your head—but more about that later.

Now for your forehead. Is it high and narrow? Bangs or short "blow" curls would be a good answer to that problem. But if it's broad and low, sweep the hair back and keep it high.

● EYEBROWS ARE JUST as interesting as you make them. With a little training and the help of an eyebrow pencil you can double your attractive-



Marian Marsh keeps one eye on her mirror and frequently refreshes her make up

ness. Try it. What look do you want especially to have? Sophistication, for instance, is emphasized by a winged eyebrow that sweeps up at the end. The semi-circle variety—which makes a girl seem eternally surprised—belongs to the ingénue. But be careful for it's apt to cause the eyes to appear quite small. Straight brows denote strength and efficiency—although they're deadly on a square-ish face which needs to have them arched. The most romantic kind are the rounded brows which follow the natural bone structure. But whatever sort you

HOLLYWOOD

decide to have, you'll find that rubbing cleansing cream into them at night and shaping them with a brush will give you that look of special good grooming.

And the eyes—beaded lashes and obvious effects with eye-shadow have about as much place in an office as an evening gown. But that wide-awake, sparkling glance is all-essential. The new eyelash make-up will give it to you. It softens and darkens the lashes without making them hard looking. And there are shadows which are a mere overtone, intriguing but undetectable!

Your mouth needs the most careful study of all. It's senseless to go through life thin-lipped when you can have the full, lovely lips of youth by *drawing them in*. With the edge of your lip-stick outline your upper lip, raising it to the desired arch, but be sure you give your mouth a distinct form and no blurry lines. Fill in by blending the rouge with the tip of your little finger. Compress the lips together and there you have a symmetrical, excitingly new mouth. But if it's too large to begin with, hold the lip make-up a trifle inside the natural lip line and *emphasize the color on the upper lip a little more*.

● WHEN YOU'VE made absolutely certain you know how to play up each feature to its best advantage—then comes the first step in the beauty ritual. And that's having a box where everything you need for everyday use is right at hand. "But that doesn't sound important," you say. But it is! Every actress knows the value of having a box divided into compartments, one for the brush and comb, another for the daytime cosmetics, a third for the evening make-up and so on. That way they do not roll around in the drawer and get "snowed under" so that you forget to use them!

It's a wise plan to keep a "beauty kit" in your office desk too where you not only have the makings for a fresh make-up but a small bottle of cologne for those headachy hours and a vial of toilet water to brighten up the fag end of the day.

It's such little things that mark the difference between the superior type of business girl and the second-rater. The superior type looks bathed and brushed and thoroughly cared for. During office hours she avoids gay perfume and obviously decorated eyes like the plague.

Her lipstick is *natural*.

If she's a blonde she uses *brown* eyelash make-up and a *brown* eyebrow pencil.

Her nail polish is *normal pink* because she knows that blazing red finger nails are still poison in most offices.

● SHE IS TERRIBLY fussy about baths, shampoos and deodorants. And although she uses no perfume there's a delicate fragrance about her of some flower toilet water or sachet.

But in the evening—that's something else again. She does a dove-into-peacock transformation. Out comes her brightest lipstick. She uses that new lustrous or an African red nail polish—unless her hands are very tanned from summer. Then she sticks to the rosy color because it makes brown hands look younger. Her perfume has the illusive tang of the Orient. Her hair is brushed out in a way that would make her employer gasp. She looks and is a different girl—for that's what keeps her personality nimble and alive!

SEPTEMBER, 1935



She Cheats

(but the person she cheats is herself)

SHE cheats herself out of good times, good friends, good jobs — perhaps even out of a good marriage.

And all because she is careless! Or, unbelievable as it is, because she has never discovered this fact:

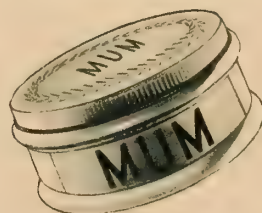
That socially refined people never welcome a girl who offends with the unpleasant odor of underarm perspiration on her person and clothing.

There's little excuse for it these days. For there's a quick, easy way to keep your underarms fresh, free from odor all day long. Mum!

It takes just half a minute to use Mum. And you can use it any time — even after you're dressed. It's harmless to clothing.

You can shave your underarms and use Mum at once. It's so soothing and cooling to the skin!

Always count on Mum to prevent the odor of underarm perspiration, without affecting perspiration itself. Don't cheat yourself! Get the daily Mum habit. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.

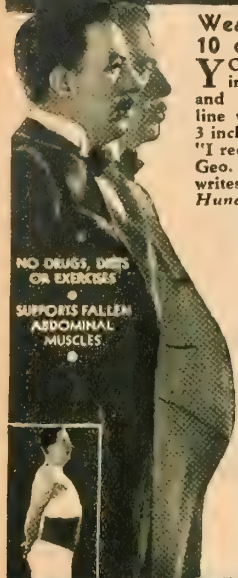


**MUM TAKES THE ODOR
OUT OF PERSPIRATION**

ANOTHER WAY MUM HELPS is on sanitary napkins. Don't worry about this cause of unpleasantness any more. Use Mum!

"I have REDUCED MY WAIST 8 INCHES WITH THE WEIL BELT!"

writes George Bailey



Wear the WEIL BELT for 10 days at our expense!
YOU will appear many inches slimmer at once and in ten days your waist line will be 3 inches smaller. 3 inches of fat gone or no cost! "I reduced 8 inches"... writes Geo. Bailey. "Lost 50 lbs." writes W. T. Anderson. . . . Hundreds of similar letters.

REDUCE your WAIST 3 INCHES in 10 DAYS

or it will cost you nothing! You will be completely comfortable as its massage-like action gently but persistently eliminates fat with every move! Gives an erect, athletic carriage . . . supports abdominal walls . . . keeps digestive organs in place . . . greatly increases endurance. Simply write name and address on postcard and we will send you illustrated folder and full details of our 10 day FREE trial offer!

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SEND FOR FREE 10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

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Complete course of voice culture (not singing) in one compact volume "VOICE AND How To Use It." Helps you to become radio announcer, entertainer, actor or public speaker. Prepared by eminent New York teacher.

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HAVE dirt and exposure robbed your skin of its youthful charm? Here's thrilling news! They mar only the outer skin—a dull, dark mask that can be melted away—safely and gently! Golden Peacock Bleach Creme helps nature flake off that outer skin that makes your complexion unattractive! It dissolves the coarse, invisible particles of surface skin. In

five short days the supreme thrill is complete—a clear, fresh, satin-soft skin that looks years younger and shades whiter! All surface blemishes and freckles vanish! Relied upon by thousands to keep young-looking and alluring! Only 55c at drug stores.

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 Dept. 99, 26 N. Ashland Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.
 Please send free booklet and 32 sample lesson pages.



Name _____ State _____ City _____

Harry Carr's Shooting Script

(Continued from page eighteen)

Ramon Produces

I have seen a lot of excited producers but not another one with the frenzied enthusiasm of Ramon Novarro, who has left the business of play-acting to manufacture a series of dramas. He writes the plays, makes the scripts, directs the camera work and the actors, and cuts the film.

And he might surprise us by doing all the jobs well. Since I knew him first as a very young boy there has been always some fine scheme buzzing around in his active brain.

Gosh

Warner Brothers swear they are going to make *Anthony Adverse* into a picture, no matter what happens, the publisher having come out to make arrangements. They had better make a picture like the Chinese stage dramas, where the plot goes on for months with a couple of chapters every night. I began to read *Anthony Adverse* in childhood's happy hours and not at the age of 93, so I feel I have a good chance to finish the book.

Too Much Hurrah

If they had picked out a good story for Anna Sten in the ordinary way and put her on in that; then looked for another, there might have been less gnashing of a set of lovely Russian teeth.

When Sam Goldwyn found her in Europe, he came back with the bag pipes squealing and all the cannon firing and himself in a state of excitement that was all but apoplectic.

Sam accumulated all the writing genius this side of Suez and nothing would suit him for the delectable Anna of less significance than another version of the doxology.

As might have been expected, La Sten and Goldwyn have parted professional company and Anna is nosing around for another job.

Barbary Coast

Barbary Coast which Miss Sten was to play—until the reform movement scared them away from it, is finally going into production with Miriam Hopkins, Edward Robinson and Joel McCrea.

How they are going to make a pure version of *Barbary Coast* that will get by the censors puzzles me.

I used to know the dirty old coast and all of the dens years ago when I was a kid reporter; and some of the gags that the girls worked to extract money from the unwary were very funny. They never were so much interested in taking in real suckers as tapping the wise guys who thought they were wise.

Another Chance

George Jessel and Harry Richman are both fiddling around with offers from Hollywood.

Although big shots in New York, they both retired from Hollywood on the occasion of their other tries with very much ruffled feathers. To be candid, their pictures were gosh-awful.

Girl Shows

Among other things that bore me to agony and tears are girl shows on the screen. And *George White's Scandals* bored me worse than most girl shows.

No director, no matter how good, with the assistance of a writer no matter how good will ever get to first base with the love story of two vaudeville hoofers.

And another thing we have seen girls tap tapping on wheels and on stairways and off stairways; flopping on their backs with their legs kicked up in the air. In fact everybody is fed up on girls and legs.

Lyda Roberti

I can darn near forgive George for the *Scandals*, however, on account of this Polish girl Lyda Roberti.

There is something terrific about her—with her wide tartar cheek bones and her big strong mouth. She hasn't had her chance yet—something crude and powerful and tragic. But this girl has depths that no part yet has sounded.

She is made for epics; not gargantuan giggles.

The Old Guard Goes

You see, children, here is how it was. The nice old grandmother suddenly threw off her hood and said, "The better to eat you with, my dear," and then she ate Hollywood.

Anyhow that is about what has happened to Paramount. The innocent-sounding re-organization seems to signify that Ol' Devil Wall Street is not only within the gates but intends to run the works personally and by hand.

Otterson, the new president of Paramount is a tycoon of the Western Electric which is a limb of General Electric; which is a twin child of the American Telegraph and Telephone. The old chief of Paramount, Adolph Zukor continues on in an advisory capacity. This is the first break in the sacred circle of the group of producers who made motion pictures; but it will not be the last. It will be noted that one of the executive board of Paramount is a representative of a British insurance company; English money seems to have captured at least a corner of the works.

Heirs Not Apparent

It has always been the ambition of the Old Guard of pictures to leave the power, the glory and the management to their sons.

With the possible exception of Junior Laemmle, not one of the sons of movie royalty is to be found headed for his father's shoes. What is much more probable is that the Old Guard will pass out themselves. Hollywood is on the eve of the most sensational shake-up of its history.

Nephews, Nephews, Nephews

Uncle Carl Laemmle nearly sold Universal not long ago but the deal fell through because the intending purchasers refused to take the nephews with the other studio equipment. Uncle Carl said firmly: "No nephews; no sale."

I Got Stung

(Continued from page thirty-three)

salami waiting to be sliced so I can climb up on the prop bed easy-like, figuring it may be a break-away on account of being so full of levers and cranks. But nothing happens so I just lay there feeling kind of heroic when a brunette with eyes that are good for convalescents comes in and hangs a board on the foot of the bed.

She starts out again without a word and I begin to burn. After all, if I'm going to get carved up for the first time in my life somebody ought to anyway talk to me!

"Say, talk-dark-and-beautiful!" I sal-lies, "I'm not dead yet. Hows about a little smile?"

"Oh! Aren't you?" she comes back, cool as a cucumber.

I'm still gasping over that one and wishing I'd gone to that lousy party instead of out-smarting myself this way, when a knock-out comes into the room with a big, white tray full of tools. She puts them down and comes over to the bed with one hand behind her. Then all of a sudden this treacherous femme whips the hand out and jabs a knife into my ear! Well, I like to died on the spot! You know, head-lines—"Jack Oakie Gets His From Homocidal Maniac," or "Hospital Murderess Whittles Oakie."

I LET OUT a yelp and she shushes me while she soaks up the gore on a blotter. Me, I'm supposed to just lay there and take it! I get nervous about the whole and near call it off right then. There's no telling what might happen to a guy in a place where they let powerful dames ramble around snipping chunks off a fellow too sick to defend himself!

"Say, nurse," I chirp, trying to make the best of it even if I am beginning to feel a little groggy and like taking a nap, "What is that you just gave me?"

"Twilight sleep, they call it."

I just groan. No telling what will happen next! The dumb bunny thinks I am going to have a baby! . . .

. . . The next thing I remember is trying to spit out the two baby wild-cats that are having an argument in my throat, but that only makes them mad-der. . . .

In the morning I wake up dreaming that Joe Penner has just cut my head off for walking on one of Suzabella's lines. After I dig the sand and rocks out of my eyes I look down at myself. Great-Day-In-The-Morning! I'll never forget that I have a white nightgown on with a red cross splattered all over the front! They are coming too fast for me! I am rocked back on my heels.

"Wah anh?" I ask the nurse.

"Oh, that! That's a nightgown Loretta Young sent you. I thought you'd like it so I put it on while you were still under the anesthetic. . . . Here's the card that came with it!"

I look at it. It is touchingly sweet and tender, like all my women are with me. . . . "Dear Jack: So now you can't talk back! Hurray! . . . Here's a little nighty I just ran up for *The Crusades*. Think you'll look just too, too divine in it. The gusset goes in front. . . . Loretta."

Later the nurse shows me a stack of thirty-two insulting telegrams from kind friends to whom I wish no bad luck—that is, not more than getting their tonsils out on their honeymoon!

SEPTEMBER, 1935

NATURALLY SKINNY FOLKS!



How Kelpamalt Helped Me Gain New Strength and Add The Powerful Extra Pounds That Enabled Me To Win The World's Championship!

Jimmy Braddock
THE NEW HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION

Reveals Secret of His Startling Improvement—How He Built up Iodine-Starved Glands—Recommends Kelpamalt to Every Weak, Skinny, Rundown Man and Woman who Wants to Add Extra Lbs. of Good, Solid Flesh, Rugged Strength and Tireless Energy.

The amazing story of James J. Braddock's smashing victory over Max Baer for the Heavyweight Championship of the World can now be told!

Braddock knew that without any considerable increase in weight he could not acquire the crushing strength and shattering power needed to win the contest. At the suggestion of a noted conditioner of famous athletes, Braddock turned to Kelpamalt, which experts in nutrition and health authorities all over the world hail as the finest weight and strength builder to be had.

In 6 short weeks, the new champion packed on 26 rugged pounds of good, solid flesh and acquired the driving, dynamic power behind his punch that spelled victory.

Braddock knew what he needed when he started Kelpamalt. For, this new mineral concentrate from the sea gets right down and corrects the real underlying cause of skinniness—IODINE STARVED GLANDS. When these glands don't work properly, all the food in the world can't help you. It just isn't turned into flesh. The result is, you stay skinny.

The most important gland—the one which actually controls body weight—needs a definite ration of iodine all the time—NATURAL ASSIMILABLE IODINE—not to be confused with chemical iodides which often prove toxic—but the same iodine that is found in tiny quantities in spinach and lettuce. Only when the system gets an adequate supply of iodine can you regulate metabolism—the body's process of converting digested food into firm flesh, new strength and energy.

Braddock says, "Never felt better—and I want to state that a big share of the credit for my victory—for the wonderful condition I was in—is due to Kelpamalt. I never had more endurance, felt stronger or tired less in all my experience in the ring. And the 26 lbs. which Kelpamalt helped me add, put real power and drive behind my punches. You can tell any skinny, weak, underweight man or woman Kelpamalt is the greatest weight and strength builder there is."—James J. Braddock.

To get NATURAL IODINE as well as 12 other needed body minerals in assimilable form, take Kelpamalt—now considered the world's richest source of this precious substance. Try Kelpamalt for a single week and notice the difference—how much better you feel, how ordinary stomach distress vanishes, how firm flesh appears in place of scrawny hollows—and the new energy and strength it brings you. Start Kelpamalt today. If you don't gain at least 5 lbs. in 1 week the trial is free.

100 jumbo size Kelpamalt tablets—four to five times the size of ordinary tablets—cost but a few cents a day to use. Get Kelpamalt today. Kelpamalt costs but little at all good drug stores. If your dealer has not yet received his supply, send \$1.00 for special introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address below.



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Add 5 Lbs. in 1 Week
Or No Cost
Thousands Once Ashamed of Their Bathing Suit Figure
Delighted with Lovely New Lbs. Gained on Kelpamalt

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Write today for fascinating instructive 60-page book on How to Add Weight Quickly. Mineral Contents of Food and their effects on the human body. New facts about NATURAL IODINE. Standard weight and measurement charts. Daily menus for weight building. Absolutely free. No obligation. Kelpamalt Co., Dept. 629, 27-33 West 20th St., New York City.

SEEDOL
Kelpamalt Tablets

KNOWN IN ENGLAND AS VIKELP

Manufacturer's Note:—Inferior products—sold as kelp and malt preparations—in imitation of the genuine Kelpamalt are being offered as substitutes. Don't be fooled. Demand genuine Kelpamalt Tablets. They are easily assimilated, do not upset stomach nor injure teeth. Results guaranteed or money back.

WHY BE FAT?



So needless to be fat and neglected when others are finding it easy to be slender and attractive the RE-DUCE-OIDS way.

She LOST 55 Pounds

Read what these women did to regain slender figures...

● Why put up with hated fat another day? Read what Mrs. L. R. Schulze, 721 S. Pleasant Street, Jackson, Mich., writes: "After being overweight almost all my life, I reduced 55 pounds with RE-DUCE-OIDS. I look ten years younger!... and never was in such excellent health as I am since taking RE-DUCE-OIDS."

OHIO NURSE LOST 47 Lbs.—Gladysse L. Ryer, Registered Nurse, V. A. F. Cottage 2, Dayton, O., writes: "I lost 47 lbs. with RE-DUCE-OIDS though I did not diet. Though I lost all this fat my skin is firm and smooth."

REDUCED 34 Lbs.—"I reduced 34 lbs.," writes Mrs. J. Fulfs, Honey Creek, Ia., "they are pleasant to take and dependable. I feel fine since I lost that horrible fat." Others write of reductions in varying amounts, as much as 80 lbs., and report feeling better while and after taking RE-DUCE-OIDS. Why not do as these women have done? Start today with easy to take, tasteless RE-DUCE-OIDS, in tiny capsules prepared and CERTIFIED for you by Scientific Laboratories of America. Not an experiment, successful for years. Ask your druggist.

FAT GOES... or Money Back!

● Our written guarantee: If you are not entirely satisfied with the wonderful results you obtain, you get your money back in full, promptly. RE-DUCE-OIDS will delight you or they cost you nothing. Don't wait, fat is dangerous! Sold by drug and department stores everywhere. If your dealer is out, send \$2.00 for 1 package or \$5.00 for 3 packages direct to us. (Currency, Money Order, Stamps, or sent C.O.D.) Plain wrapper.

FREE! valuable book

Tells "HOW TO REDUCE." Not necessary to order RE-DUCE-OIDS to get this book. Sent free.



GOODBYE, FAT!

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Send me the FREE Book "HOW TO REDUCE."

If you wish RE-DUCE-OIDS check number of packages here:

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

I Take a Juggling Lesson

(Continued from page thirty-seven)

"Are you a juggler?"

"I was. I got another job now. Better hours."

"What's your name?"

He said his name was Dukenfield.

Well, I couldn't place him, and he looked pleased at that, in a small-boy kind of a sneaky way.

I HAD ALWAYS wanted a specialty, you know—I can't tap dance, or play any musical instrument—and this seemed like an inspiration.

"What would you charge me," I asked him, "to teach me how to juggle?"

He drew himself up proudly, and then he looked around him, in a secretive sort of way.

"Six rolls, or three golf-balls or cigar-boxes, or hot-water bottles, bricks, and oranges mixed? Or canes?" He looked hopeful, like a child asking Santa Claus for something. His face was as red as fire, and his nose seemed to be swelling up with emotion.

"Hey," the man in the cap cautioned him. "Hey, you can't do that."

"Shut up. Why can't I? I ought to practice anyway. I never did practice hot water bottles, canes and bricks mixed! It'd be a pip. A lulu. A LOLLAPALOOZA!" He was roaring again. Everybody at the table was watching us.

"Why," I said, "I'd love to juggle anything!"

"You'll have to give up everything for your art," he whispered. "Especially liquor."

"But . . ." I looked at his highball.

"Pooh," he said. "I could juggle fifteen gorillas, double-time, if I quit drinking. But people wouldn't believe their eyes. So what would be the use? I might as well drink, and keep down my strength." He reached in his pocket and drew out a bunch of keys on a ring.

"Lookit," he whispered, looking all around again, as if somebody might be listening. "These are the keys to my liquor cabinets. There's one in my bedroom, and one in the dining room, and one in the kitchen, and one in the den, and one in the movable bar that I take out on the tennis court, and one in my car," he said. He took the keys off the ring, and began juggling them. It was grand.

"I Do THIS every now and then," he said, under his breath, confidentially, "and they all sit around with their tongues hanging out, hoping I'll drop a key. But I never do. No, I never do. Never do."

"Will you give me lessons?"

"I certainly will. Delighted. You'll be my first pupil. You better begin practicing at home, the way I did. With three empty tomato cans. Don't get distressed if you can't catch 'em at first. Nobody can. And don't wear tights. I hate jugglers that wear tights. Wear an old pair of trousers, such as you might have picked up near a railroad track."

I looked a little bewildered, I guess.

I asked him when I could have my first lesson.

"Come over to my house next Wednesday. Three o'clock. I'll get off from work early."

"Where do you work?"

"Oh, over here on Marathon Avenue. Hollywood."

"What do you do?"

"I kind of kid along. You know."

He gave me his address—somewhere in the San Fernando Valley, and I left.

I was afraid he would have forgotten, but he hadn't. I drove into the driveway near his house, and there he was, on the tennis court, in white flannels, about ready to serve. I stopped the car to watch. It was marvelous. He threw up five balls, and while they were spinning around like fury, he suddenly hit one of them with his racket, and the man receiving service was so mixed up he missed it. Then, while the other man was taking his position in the other section of the court, a servant rushed over to my friend and handed him a highball. Oh, it was Mr. Dukenfield all right.

"Hell-loOOOO!" he hollered, as soon as he saw me. "Got your cans?"

HE HAS a lovely big house—sort of an orange farm. He had someone take me inside, while he finished his tennis game. The bedroom was all done in cream and ivory—very feminine. I was surprised.

"He just rents this place," they explained to me. "The only thing in here that is Mr. Field's, is that afghan. He says it expresses him."

Well, it's a fierce afghan . . . all dark green and bright red and brown and purple . . . sort of a defiant afghan.

"Mr. Fields?"

"Yeah. His stage name."

Then I remembered. I knew I'd seen him somewhere.

I looked out of the window and saw him coming toward me across the tennis courts. He walks back on his heels, with a sort of a scared swagger that may break into a run any minute—if you can imagine. My, his face is red. Amazing. He had a highball in his right hand.

"Can't we start the lesson outside?"

I asked him.

"Lord no. You have to have a ceiling. You judge everything by the ceiling. That's why changing theatres is so hard. You judge your distance and your rhythm by the ceiling you know. Look." He picked up three apples off a dish and started them going round and round, whistling "The Skater's Waltz," softly.

"See my eyes?"

His funny little eyes were very intent—looking up high—higher than the apples he was juggling.

He stopped.

"Say, those cans are no good. They're the wrong brand of tomatoes. We'll start you on golf-balls."

He showed me that three is easier than two, and five easier than four. Evens are hardest. If you start you'll see why. It's a matter of rhythm.

"It's all rhythm," he explained. "And spacing. Or perhaps you'd call it timing."

IT Isn't How you throw the balls, but at what moment, and how high. Oh, it's terribly hard. I began to get onto it just a little. That is, once I caught two balls out of the three.

"It takes years," he said, sadly. "I started when I was a poor kid—tramping around the country—due to a small unpleasantness with my father, the blankety blank. Pardon me. I was a dutiful child. He told me to get out, and I did. Some-

HOLLYWOOD

times I was hungry. But you know, if you go around by the houses early enough, you can get milk . . . sitting out by the porch, you know . . . or bread! And pies . . . on window sills getting cool . . ." His eyes shine like a fanatic's when he's talking about food that's left around.

"It took me five years to get a job juggling three balls. And about eight more, sometimes practicing twelve hours a day, to get a job in vaudeville, juggling seven. Then, I had to learn to mix."

"Another thing you have to remember about juggling is that you don't hang on to what you catch. You just sort of brace it, and start it up again. You keep the rhythm and the timing in your hands. . . .

He stopped for another highball. "I have to keep up my nose in the style to which it's accustomed," he explained. "My nose and my reputation."

"You do your designs, and get your speed, with uneven numbers of balls or whatever you're juggling," he went on, when he was ready to resume. "But you do your faking with the evens. Look."

He juggled four balls to look like six, by making them cross over each other's path as he threw them. It's a fascinating gift—being able to draw those moving designs in air.

"I used to juggle on the stage in old clothes, made up like a tramp, with whiskers, to hide how young I was. I had been on the stage for years before Ziegfeld signed me. He made me go on without my whiskers. My God, I was ruined. I was naked! I was scared stiff!"

I started work with my three golf balls again. He helped me by calling out the moment at which to toss the ball.

Everything would be all right for a couple of minutes. Then I would miss, and we would both start crawling under sofas and things looking for the implements. It was really great fun. Mr. Fields would laugh every time I missed. And every time I got going good he would cough and make me miss.

"If we ever get your juggling mixed, we can get you in the pictures," he promised. "If you can master the walk. Try it."

I tried to walk like he does, but there's an art to that too.

"Well, time, time . . . and practice. When you get so that you can juggle for a few minutes without missing, come back, and we'll start you on two balls. That's harder. Come over to the studio where I work. Say you've got a highball for me. They'll have to let you in."

"Okay."

Then he sighed. It was time for me to leave.

"So long, honey!"
I got into my car, and started the engine.

Mr. Fields had come out on the porch, and was juggling keys. They flashed in the sun. The four men on the tennis court stopped in their tracks, and started sneaking up on him. But he caught all the keys and snapped them on the ring again.

"Heh, heh, heh!" he laughed tauntingly.

Then the biggest man menaced him, and he caved in like a scared puppy. They menaced him right back into the house. I could hear him roaring and shouting and pleading as I drove away. I expect I'll be able to get my second lesson in about six months. Maybe more. I have to master the three golf-balls before I go back.

SEPTEMBER, 1935

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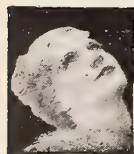
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Previewing the New Pictures

(Continued from page thirty-six)

Rogers was not required to cry. The scene they were shooting was the wedding in jail of the swamp girl "Fleety Belle" (Anne Shirley of *Green Gables* fame) and the river boy (John McGuire who crashed the movies with seven cents and won himself a new Fox contract). Rogers, Francis Ford, Eugene Pallette, the sheriff, and Stepin Fetchit were witnesses to the ceremony as "Listen to the Mocking Bird" was played for wedding march. The scene happens to be identical to a marriage in jail that really occurred in a Mississippi river town. Ben Lucien Burman, author of the novel from which the picture was adapted, was a witness.

If you will watch for this scene, you may notice that it is played all in a long shot—that is, not broken up in many closeups. As stated, Rogers was not scheduled to cry, but the sentimentality of the situation overcame this master of sentimentalists. Director John Ford noticed the tears coming to his eyes and continued shooting past the end of the sequence. Rogers, unhampered by not having more dialogue to say, began to ad lib about the ring. And Gene Pallette followed suit. All the business stayed in and you will see it on the screen. When the director finally called "Cut," there wasn't a completely dry pair of eyes on the set. Even the crew were furtively reaching for handkerchiefs.

Irvin S. Cobb, who plays a rival steamboat captain, the villain of the piece, walked over to wring Rogers' hand in silent congratulation. "Don't tell anybody about this, Irv," Will said, still sobbing. "If it gets out that I'm a dramatic actor, I'll never be able to kid dramatic actors again."

Despite his wise crack, don't allow anyone to tell you that Rogers can't act when he wants to. He is turning in a whale of a job in this, his first dramatic story. Yet when he isn't "emotin'" in front of the cameras, he is the same old Rogers with a laugh and a gag for John Ford, director of *The Informer*, who was with Will before in *Judge Priest*.

BROADWAY MELODY OF 1936 (M-G-M). The fellow next to us whispered, "Do you know what this one set cost? Sixty-five thousand dollars!" It was a roof garden, all silver and glass and neon lights, with the New York sky line twinkling at night in the background. "It looks well worth it," we whispered back.

The entire cast of M-G-M's biggest musical were assembled on the stage for the finale . . . Jack Benny, top favorite of radio comedians, Eleanor Powell, hailed as the world's greatest tap dancer, Carl Randall, occupying similar prominence in ball room dancing, Frances Langford, singer of blues extraordinary, and dozens of other great acts from stage and radio imported especially for this production. Established screen favorites present included Una Merkel, Sid Silvers, June Knight and Robert Taylor. There was a line of Dave Gould's specialty dancing girls. The brunettes far outnumbered the blondes in the chorus. Is the Hollywood idea of chorines changing? Gould says it is.

As we approached the group of stars sitting on the side lines waiting for di-

rector Roy Del Ruth to complete the next set-up, they were talking about shoes. It all started with the discovery that Eleanor Powell's mother wears each new pair of Eleanor's shoes for three weeks to break them in for her. It was agreed that greater love hath no mother. Then it came out that Jack Benny changes his shoes three times a day—sort of a superstition. Sid Silvers broke down and admitted that for luck he had worn the same pair of shoes for nine years on the stage. He had them on that day.

PETER IBBETSON (Paramount). All Hollywood will watch the fate of this picture with anxious eyes, for there is no better barometer of public taste than *Peter Ibbetson* has been for fifty years. The delicate, fanciful love story of Peter and the Duchess of Towers through life and death has been a success only when the public has tired of sensationalism.

Peter Ibbetson as a novel from the pen of George du Maurier first made its appearance some fifty years ago. It enjoyed a sensational sale for nearly a year, then unaccountably dropped off for seven years, whereupon, it just as unaccountably began to sell again. Its entire history as a book has been like that. Publishers everywhere watch its sales and whenever it picks up, rush other delicate love stories to the markets.

Dramatized as a play by Joan Nathaniel Raphael and Constance Collier, *Peter Ibbetson* has experienced an equally checked career. Sometimes it is a tremendous success; other times an amazing failure. The screen has attempted it only once previously. As a starring vehicle for Elsie Ferguson, its title was changed to *Forever*.

Now we are to have *Peter Ibbetson* again with Ann Harding, Gary Cooper, John Halliday and a distinguished cast under the direction of Henry Hathaway who made *Bengal Lancers*. How you receive it will dictate the course of Hollywood during the next season.

DR. SOCRATES (Warners). Marking a wide departure for Paul Muni, you will see him in a romantic lead for the first time on the screen. He is wearing a mustache for the part of a young country doctor who is forced to attend a band of Public Enemies and finally captures the gangsters by a neat trick. If you read the best-selling novel by W. R. Burnett, author of *Little Caesar*, you know what the trick is. But we'd never tell.

When we visited the set, the picture was only in its third day of production, so there isn't much we can tell you about what happened in its making. The several bank hold-ups and the machine gun battle between G-men and gangsters had not been filmed. We had, however, several chats with the trim-mustached Muni, our old pal Wilhelm Dieterle, fresh from his triumph as director of *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Ann Dvorak, who is playing the hitch-hiker heroine, and Barton MacLane, the gangster chief. We report all enthusiastic about *Dr. Socrates*.

HOLLYWOOD

GADGET GOSSIP



Dorothy Lebaire's new electric mixer does two jobs at once. For a hurried breakfast she can make orange juice while the machine beats up the batter

● DOROTHY LEBAIRE, whom you'll remember in *Hoosier School Master*, has a kitchen contraption that is remarkable to say the least. It is a kind of combination egg beater, orange squeezer and what-have-you which she uses for a variety of purposes, including that of getting breakfast in nothing flat. It's called the Hamilton Beach mixer and works by electricity. You can beat up an omelet or whip up waffles and squeeze your morning orange or grapefruit juice at the same time. It is also grand for quick cake making and projects like that.

• • •

● If You Use a cook book, it is a good idea to cover it with oil cloth since, otherwise, it is bound to get soiled during culinary operations. Many Hollywood cooking enthusiasts prefer the card filing system for recipes. Then you only have to be bothered with one small card while concocting a chosen dish.

• • •

● DID YOU KNOW that pineapple, canned or fresh, is one of the most beneficial of all fruits? It is rich in mineral salts, is easily digested and has certain germicidal qualities that make it very good for sore throat, according to Jeanette MacDonald. . . . If fresh pineapple is chosen and is being used in pudding or gelatin, it should be scalded first, she says. She also warns that fresh pineapple should not be eaten with cream since this combination forms an acid injurious to the system.

• • •

● A PIECE OF blotting paper underneath a doily is a good resting place for bowl or vase of flowers. No dampness can possibly injure polished surfaces, then.

SEPTEMBER, 1935

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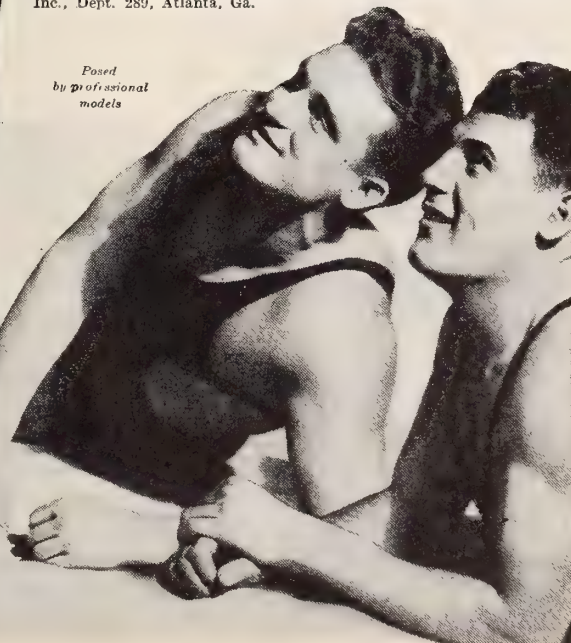
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W. STILES KOONES, MANAGER

Bing Crosby's Song of Love

(Continued from page thirty-five)

of a song that was to sweep the continent the next night.

"You've one more chance, to prove—" she smiled,

—it's me alone you care for,

Each night you'll say a little pray'r for—
Just one more chance. . . ."

PLEASE

*Please, lend your lit-tle ear to me, please
Lend a ray of cheer to my pleas
Tell me that you love me too.
Please let me hold you tight in my arms,
I could find de-light in your charms,
Ev'ry night my whole life through—*

"Ladies and Gentlemen — 'The Big Broadcast of 1932'—presenting for the first time on the screen such celebrities of the air as Kate Smith, Burns and Allen, The Mills Brothers, Bing Crosby. . . ." That's really as much of the advertising matter that went out from the Paramount Studios in Hollywood as we have to read. Bing had had his chance . . . and where he'd enchanted hundreds at the Grove, he'd now enthralled millions on the air. And the millions clamoured to see their idol.

Bing and Dixie came back to Hollywood victorious—but worried. Bing was a singer, not an actor. He wanted to sing in front of the camera, but he hated mugging. And they told him he'd have to act. To Bing that meant mugging.

Again his featured song seemed titled to exactly fit his mental state. He spent weeks going around the studio with a worried expression, saying "Please!" to executives, directors, everybody. Not, of course, that he wandered into the august precincts of Mr. Cohen's office warbling, "Please lend your little ears to my pleas." That would have been lese-majesty, or something, and most embarrassing.

But he did go to Frank Tuttle, the director, and beg him not to put him into any spots where he'd have to try to act. He swore he couldn't. He swore he didn't have the looks. . . .

☉ OBLIGINGLY, THE STUDIO cut down his "acting" scenes to the minimum story requirements. And in fear and trembling, Bing went through them with no thought of technique. When the picture was finished, Bing was ready to go back to New York and the mike. He was sure he was a flop and kept telling Dixie so. When his option was taken up, he was the most surprised man in Hollywood. But Dixie . . . well, that was another story.

"Of course I'm not surprised, honey! I figured you'd click all along," she giggled, "what do you think I married you for?"

"Well, gosh! Why not tell a guy!"

"You wouldn't have believed it. . . . But you will go through with it, won't you?"

"I don't know. It's all sort of surprising."

"It was Dixie's turn to play up the musical comedy motif by slipping her arms around his shoulders and singing—

"Please, lend your little ears to my pleas"—

LOVE IN BLOOM

*"Can it be the trees that fill the breeze
With rare and magic perfume?
Oh, no, it is-n't the trees, It's Love in bloom!"*

He was pacing up and down the corridor at the hospital. He was pale, and the palms of his hands were damp. He paused in his nervous pacing back and forth to look out the window. After all, he kept telling himself, she's got the best doctor that money can buy. Everything'll be all right. Don't get into a sweat. This sort of thing happens every day. But—oh, well, she's such a sweet kid! She's always stuck around with me, thought of me first in everything. She's been swell. And then, there's been Gary Evan—and now. . . .

"Mr. Crosby. . . ."

"Yeah?" he whirled about, "how is she? She okay?"

"Yes, indeed! And Mr. Crosby . . . so are your two new baby boys!"

"Two of them!" Bing's mouth dropped open in amazement and then: "Gee, that's swell. . . . Can I see her now?"

"Yes, but just for a minute."

Dixie was holding on to his hand tightly as he sat by her bed. She turned her head toward him.

"Love me?"

"Gosh, honey, you know I do!"

"How's about a little song, then? A nice one?"

Bing stifled a sigh of relief. If she could talk that way, everything must be okay, just like the nurse said. He grinned at her as few people have ever seen the great Bing grin.

"Sure, kid, and I've got just the right number, too!"

He bent toward her ear and crooned to her in his softest voice. . . .

*"Can it be the spring that seems to bring
The stars right into my room?"*

Oh, no, it is-n't the spring, it's Love in bloom!

*My heart was a desert, you planted a seed,
And this is the flower, this hour of sweet fulfillment.*

*Is it all a dream, the joy supreme,
That came to us in the gloom?*

*You know it is-n't a dream,
It's Love in bloom. . . .*

They were pretty happy, those two youngsters, just then. But they had a lot more ahead of them, and two little kiddies to take care of.

SOON

*Soon, maybe not tomorrow but soon
There'll just be two of us
Soon you and I will borrow the moon
For just the two of us—*

● "THEY'RE COMING To the post!" the announcer called on the radio.

"Mr. Crosby wanted on the set!" called the assistant director on Stage Nine.

With a groan Bing left the little portable radio in the corner and reluctantly went back to work. An assortment of props, grips and juicers stood around the radio and grinned. And well they might! One of Bing's horses had just lost the third race at Santa Anita. And he'd just paid off. It seemed as though that was all he

HOLLYWOOD

ever did these days—pay off, He hadn't seen his colors win once and several men around the studio were figuring on getting the wife that new Ford next month if it kept up.

The split second the director called "Cut!" Bing was off the set like a bullet headed at break-neck speed for the radio. In sight of the men he slowed to a walk and dug into his trouser pocket. There was no need to hurry. The gang was grinning harder than ever. . . . The pay-off again!

Grimly he sang as he dished out the long green. He sang "Soon" with a meaning the song writer had never thought of and he sang it with a will.

He was called back to the set again just as the horses left the paddock for the fifth race. Disgruntled, he went to work, but when the camera turned he forgot everything but the song he was singing to Gail Patrick. At the end, Director Sutherland came to him, his face suffused with emotion, his hand out.

"That was swell, Bing! Congratulations!"

"Oh!—uh, thanks, Eddie, thanks! But excuse me please just a second . . . Zombie's in the fifth at Santa Anita and I want to find out. . . ."

"Well, what the devil do you think I'm congratulating you for? . . . Zombie won!"

Work was called off for the balance of the day.

WISHED ON THE MOON

I wished on the moon for something I never knew

Wished on the moon for more than I ever knew

A sweeter rose, a softer sky, an April day. . . .

● THE BIG BROADCAST of 1935 was over, marking three years of work since he first went on the screen. He'd been lucky. He'd been very lucky—money, friends, Dixie and the three kids, a stable of his own with horses that were beginning to win for him. Yes, he thought as he settled down in the chair on the verandah of his Santa Fe rancho, he'd been lucky! The moon was out and the night-blooming jasmine was in the air. Dixie was at the piano.

He sighed contentedly.

The phone rang and he was called in. It was Ev calling from the studio to announce a new contract for a million a year and only one picture to make. When Ev was through, Larry got on the phone to tell him that he'd just gotten a cable from Ainstree to the effect that Zombie had won the Grand National Bing had no sooner hung up than the phone rang again. New York calling. The National Broadcasting outfit had a proposition if he'd only go back on the air once a month; they'd erect a special studio for him, a new portable one so he could broadcast wherever he was with no more inconvenience than lighting a cigarette; they'd pay two million a year.

Not bad, thought Bing, as he hung up. Not bad! Of course, it was a shame to have to go to New York on such a swell night but the big new Boeing down back of the paddock would make it in a few hours. He kissed Dixie good-bye and was off in a roar of motors.

They had the contracts at the airport for him to sign so he wouldn't lose time getting back home. They also had a wire for him from home—Dixie had presented

SEPTEMBER, 1935

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him with sextuplets. They'd broken the world's record—brought it back to the United States! The band was just breaking into the Star Spangled Banner when the earthquake hit...

"Bing! ... Bing! Wake up! You're snoring your head off!"

Bing shook the sleep out of his eyes and looked around. The moon had dropped back of the stables.

"Bing! Will you please wake up and go answer the phone? ... It's Larry calling from the studio."

"Oh, yeah!" he brightened visibly and

muttered vaguely, "Sure, the new million dollar contract..."

"Say, Bing," said Larry over the phone, "sorry to disturb you so soon, but you've got to be back in Hollywood the first thing tomorrow."

"New contract, Larry?" asked Bing, still half asleep.

"New contract, Hell!—re-takes on the 'Big Broadcast.'"

Bing hung up. He drooped off to bed. As he opened the window he glanced up at the moon.

"Oh, phooey!" he grunted.

Behind the Headlines

(Continued from page thirty-four)

ask you! Everything was wrong, according to Katie's lights. In the first place, she thought she was important enough to merit more attention on her own. In the second, the facts that were printed were wrong. She wasn't the daughter of a millionaire, she didn't have any money, she was married to a nice, salaried young man, and her family was fairly prominent in eastern intellectual circles—certainly not in the circles of the vulgar rich!

I am told that right here, Miss Hepburn, who has a fairly good intellect of her own, sat down and did some figuring. If she were going to succeed in Hollywood, in this fantastic circus-like town, of which she had heard so much, she was going to have to put on a three-ring performance of her own in addition to doing her work intelligently and honestly. Who had been the most successful in attracting attention? Garbo. And how had Garbo achieved her sensational publicity? By refusing to see anybody and by living the life of an eccentric.

And that, my readers, is the very interesting tale behind Miss Hepburn's first headlines in Hollywood.

● IMMEDIATELY SHE started to work, she saw to it that she was known as that crazy New York actress who always wore blue overalls. She rented an expensive foreign car and, quite the farmerette lolling on its luxurious cushions, was seen everywhere in it. I'll never forget the stir she occasioned by driving ostentatiously right up to the door of a projection room on the Radio lot when the press were gathered to see an Ann Harding picture. She scuttled into a front seat where no one could miss seeing her. It was a swell performance. Everybody was gawking and as "everybody" included the newspaper correspondents and magazine writers, Katie really did a good job.

It was good foundation work for her next headline:

NEW ACTRESS STEALS FILM

On October 22, 1932 a reviewer wrote—and he expressed the opinion of many—"Not in years has a new face registered so indelibly as that of Katharine Hepburn. She carries off acting honors in *Bill of Divorcement* from even such a one as John Barrymore."

This story of the making of this picture is a honey. Anxious as Katie Hepburn was to make good, she had adopted an eccentric temperamental rôle, and she had to play it to the hilt. Her first row came

over her costumes. She absolutely refused to approve any of them.

Finally, George Cukor, who had shown the courtesy and patience of Job, looked up at her and said, "Do you like your own dress—the one you are wearing?" "Certainly," replied Miss Hepburn, "it was designed for me in Paris." "It is a terrible thing—you look like a dishrag in it," he told her. "You have no ideas about clothes at all! Now you listen to me!" Hepburn was so startled, she did.

This battle over clothes gave Cukor an idea. He was exceedingly tough, not hard-boiled or rude, but just determinedly tough with her, and from then on the picture rolled smoothly. (As have all of Cukor-Hepburn pictures. They've been hits where her others have flopped!) Cukor calls Miss Hepburn not Katie, but "Ella," and forever throughout the making of that first film, he was shouting at her, "Get off your high horse, Ella!"

● OUR NEXT headline is not a headline.

It's simply an item in a gossip column in a magazine which says, "Well! Meet Katie Hepburn, the new elf of Hollywood. Sprawling over a chair, long legs encased in a pair of dirty overalls and feet in run-down sneakers and wearing a sweat shirt, Miss Hepburn told a couple of Hollywood reporters, when they asked her if she were married, 'I really can't remember. I ought to remember, but I don't believe I can.' And when they inquired if the story that she had a couple of children in New York was true, she said, 'I don't know.'"

The story behind this apparently inane interview of Miss Hepburn's, which was the one that started the flood of interest in her innocent, peace-loving husband and gave Hepburn gobs of space, was a studio tiff. The publicity department told her she couldn't get away with this Garbo pose; she'd have "to cooperate."

"All right," responded Katie, "lead me to the interviewers. I'll answer all their questions about my private life, but I'll answer them the way I please!" And so she did! All of which was fine ground work for the next headline, popping up under a New York date line of December 20, 1933:

FIND MATE OF MISS HEPBURN IN NEW YORK

"The finding of Katharine Hepburn's husband in a modest studio house on East 49th Street in New York with the name plate on the door reading Ludlow Ogden Smith was no surprise to Katharine's

HOLLYWOOD

friends. They said, 'That's been no secret for years. Katie herself never made any secret of it until she went to Hollywood. Then for reasons of publicity, you know. . . .'

● AND HERE's the dope on Mr. Ludlow Ogden Smith, who was more startled than anyone else to find that he was "Mr. Katharine Hepburn" in the eyes of the movie public and who didn't like it a bit. Thirty-one years old, a mining engineer and getting along reasonably well in his profession in New York, Ludlow Ogden Smith was madly in love with Katharine Hepburn, his wife, when he put her on the train for Hollywood. I've never met Mr. Smith, but I'm told he is quite charming, dark-haired, alert eyed, tall, broad, and would be quite good-looking except for a growing baldness.

Graduated from the University of Pennsylvania with extra degrees, with two years additional work at Oxford, he was born and brought up in a great colonial house in Stratford, Pennsylvania. Both his mother's and father's people had settled the region and been prominent in the community since the days of the Revolution.

His romance with Katie started at a Junior Prom at Bryn Mawr where he had gone as an extra man. He was bored and looking for his hat when a skinny, lanky, freckled-face girl grinned at him and said, "You're not leaving so soon?" "Of course not," said Smith. "I was just going for a walk on the campus." She grinned again and said, "That's funny. So am I." They went for a walk, and there began their romance. They were married as soon as she was graduated.

I don't imagine he had any idea what would happen to his marriage, nor could he foresee the great boomerang publicity his movie star wife had started that was to be. Meanwhile, on December 22, their friends were reading with mingled emotions of amusement and surprise, the following, which speaks for itself:

SOCIAL REGISTER DROPS KATHARINE HEPBURN

Philadelphia, December 22, 1933. "Katharine Hepburn was missing from the 1934 Philadelphia social register today. Friends expressed surprise, but said she and her husband probably lapsed their subscription to the books since they now lived in New York."

And then:

FATHER COUGHLIN AND MRS. HEPBURN DEBATE BIRTH CONTROL

● WASHINGTON, January 19, 1934. "A crowd that jammed the huge house caucus heard Father Coughlin of Detroit and Mrs. Thomas J. Hepburn, mother of the screen actress, run the arguments for and against birth control. Mrs. Hepburn said, 'I have ceased to worry about people being shocked. . . . Human beings have always done so many stupid things under the most rightful terms, it is difficult for us really to use our intelligence about anything.'"

Interesting, I say, not so much for its subject matter but because of the light it throws on Katie's family. They are intelligent, progressive people of high civic and humanitarian ideals. Katie had been brought up in stimulating mental atmosphere to think for herself and to act for herself. It also shows the family flair for

SEPTEMBER, 1935

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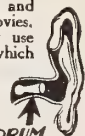
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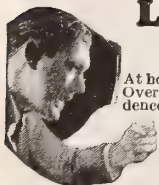
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OF LAST YEAR

"Katharine Hepburn and Charles Laughton share top honors in Motion Picture Academy awards of the year." If Miss Hepburn cared about the award, she never admitted it. While the celebration was going on in Hollywood, she was racing up a third class gangway to board a ship for Europe, knocking reporters and cameramen to one side.

● AND NOW COMES the divorce which couldn't be obtained quietly in Reno or Paris or any ordinary divorce city. No, Miss Hepburn, in her burning desire to escape reporters, went all the way to Yucatan! Here's the first headline on May 7, 1934, over a cable from that tropical country:

EARLY HEPBURN

DIVORCE SEEN

May 7, 1934. Merida, Yucatan. "It was intimated today that Katharine Hepburn and her husband, Ludlow Smith, had agreed to divorce terms, and Miss Hepburn will leave shortly from here to New York with a Mexican decree. The terms

were settled at a conference at Progresso, a seaport near here."

The divorce was air tight and so arranged that Katie could immediately remarry if she wished—or did she want to start marriage rumors?—and the following day comes:

MISS HEPBURN

WON'T WED NOW

"Wearing a *cafe au lait* silk dressing gown over white silk pajamas, Katharine Hepburn stood in the hall of her home today and replied to a question about a possible immediate marriage. 'That's the very farthest from my mind right now,' she said. 'Where is Leland Hayward?' she was asked. 'Mr. Hayward is my manager. He is on the West Coast. But I'm not thinking about Mr. Hayward. I'm going up to Hartford to visit my parents probably tonight or tomorrow.'"

The rumors persisted, however, and on November 23, 1934, when she and Hayward boarded a TWA plane for New York under assumed names, reporters dogged their footsteps again with more stories resulting.

● Recently came a chatter item that she and Hayward are already married secretly, but they deny this. Whether true or not, you will certainly hear more about it soon and, if not, about some new freakish Hepburn stunt, for she has a knack for getting in print. She is one of the cleverest space grabbers the town has had! Don't you agree with me, or do I have to eat that new fall hat?

Why I Am a Norma Shearer Fan

(Continued from page thirty-two)

the wife of a producer, or her own high standing as a star. She is the most conscientious worker I have ever known—a demon for even the trivial things. Instead of depending upon technical advisors, script girls, and others employed for that work on her set, Norma Shearer prefers keeping strict tab on everything herself. She is interested in every detail, but this interest is manifested in a quiet, dignified manner. I remember, for instance in *Let Us Be Gay*—I was wearing an organdie dress for one sequence in the picture, when she walked up casually to me and suggested that I "best not sit down in it — it would look muddled on the screen." So that I might sit down at least while eating, however, she made arrangements, personally, for me to have the frock pressed after the luncheon hour.

Upon another occasion, a script girl called Miss Shearer's attention to the fact that she was wearing her scarf differently from the way she had worn it in the scene before. Norma thanked the girl charmingly, and told her she was quite sure the scarf was right, despite what her notes might read to the contrary. The two went into the projection room to see the "rushes" on a previous scene. Norma was proven correct, but the entire proceeding was conducted in such a good-natured, tolerant manner, that the script girl was not for one moment allowed to feel embarrassed.

● I HAVE NEVER seen an actress who inspired higher respect from the men who work with her. Rough language is never heard on her set. Harmful prac-

tical jokes are not carried out in her presence. She has great sympathy for "the other fellow," and could not bear to see anyone's feelings hurt, or to be made "the goat" for the sake of someone else's pleasure.

You cannot work with her without hearing from all sides stories of the amazing trusts and devotions she holds for those people who have been loyal to her. Her hair-dresser "Helen," who has been with her for some nine years, wanted to buy a car several months ago, and Norma loaned her the money—in cash—to pay for it, so she would not have to be burdened with the extra carrying charges.

In a similar instance, when her personal maid who has been with her for several years, announced that she was forced to leave her to expect a "blessed event," Norma gave her three months salary in advance in a lump sum so she might anticipate her great happiness with added security. So very few of these gracious generousities seldom reach print, unless some Shearer fan, like myself, in unbounded admiration for her, reveals them.

Her thoughtfulness for others is generally known, and admired, however, for she shares even her personal privileges with others. When she orders her coffee mornings on the set, she orders enough for the entire crew. Coca-cola is ordered in the same amount on warm afternoons.

● THIS SAME CONSIDERATION was evidenced in an even more tender way during the making of *Let Us Be Gay* (the last picture she made before the birth of

Irving Thalberg, Jr., her first child). The late Marie Dressler, although working in the picture, was desperately ill at the time. Norma Shearer spent every possible moment anticipating her wants—caring for her at a time when most women would have looked for those little attentions themselves.

Her fairness is one of her most admirable qualities. Where she might quite logically expect certain concessions due her position, she not only does not expect them, but she does not encourage them in any way. To me, there is something divinely human about that.

I can say with sincerity, that the woman, Norma Shearer, has all the smartness, beauty and dignity of the actress. She has poise without striking a pose. There is not one sign of affectation in her entire

make-up. Watching her in public and on the screen has made me far more careful of my own clothes and grooming than I might have been otherwise.

Few women indeed could perform the dual tasks of a professional career on the screen and motherhood as well as Norma Shearer. Even now, with a daughter just born to her, Norma is planning to carry on her screen career and yet do full justice to her two children. I think that is a fine example of her astonishing vitality and ambition.

I am sure I have never attempted in any manner to pattern my appearance, my career, or my life after her; but I have, I willingly admit, as her fan, held her judgment, her person, and her achievements as examples of real-life perfection.

Gene Raymond's Marriage by Mistake

(Continued from page thirty-one)

mail really worries Gene. He has always read his many letters conscientiously, and he feels a certain bond of attachment between him and his admirers.

Some of the letters were almost tragic. Gene managed to laugh a little over his own plight, but when he read what some of his fans wrote, it made him feel sick at heart. "They didn't wait to find out what I had to say about these so-called wedding plans, or else they never saw my denial," Gene remarked.

He pulled out one letter with his own picture attached. The girl had sent it back to him shortly after he had answered her request for a photo. The letter said:

"You have betrayed my trust in you by getting married. I am sorry I cannot accept your picture. This is good-bye, not *hasta luego*." *Hasta luego* is the Spaniard's way of saying "until later."

● A GOOD MANY women berated him because he had remarked in a recent interview that he wouldn't be married for at least five years. In front of him was a letter from an eastern city:

"I will never go to see you again in a picture. You have broken your word, for not only once but repeatedly you have been quoted as saying, 'I will not marry until I have finished my career.'"

Apparently it had not occurred to any of them to write him and ask him if it were true that he was getting married. They only believed what they had read in the papers and they congratulated him.

Another woman wrote: "I once wrote you that if you ever got married I would send you a bouquet of poison ivy." The bouquet was forthcoming.

One girl returned an autograph which Gene had tossed out of the window while on personal appearance in Detroit. He had been forced to toss slips of paper with his autograph out the window because he couldn't possibly attend to it personally.

Gene picked up a letter in refined handwriting. The stationery had embossed initials neatly arranged in one corner.

"There isn't anything funny about this sort of letter," Gene remarked. He was right. It was perfectly apparent that this

girl had life made pretty miserable for her by intimate companions.

An excerpt from the note read:

"I have been waiting for months for an autographed picture of you. My sewing club circle has teased me, but I could take it. Now, however, you have gotten married, so don't bother sending the picture."

Gene is going to send the picture anyway, because the young lady had been badly misinformed.

● ONE GIRL wrote that she was sorry now that she hadn't taken the silver cigarette case on his dressing room table the day that scores of fans crashed his dressing room while he was making a personal appearance in Detroit. She said: "I didn't take it because I felt that it probably was something you prized, it was so beautiful. I am sorry now I didn't, because you will probably give it to HER."

Another fan wrote: "I did want a large picture of you, but due to the fact that you are married I shall be glad to get a small one. My gallery is divided into two sections, the big pictures of the bachelors, and those of the married fellows which go on another wall in small frames."

From Rhode Island came a letter which said: "We school girls were all very disappointed to hear of your marriage. I don't exactly know why we should, because after all I suppose the closest we could ever have expected to get to you anyway was sitting in a theatre and seeing your image on the screen."

A very pathetic letter from another girl reads: "Why did you do it? I have just torn your picture to shreds. I shall never bother to have an ideal again, for you have destroyed it. Good-bye. Good luck."

Gene pushed the letters aside ruefully and began puttering with one of his gifts. It was a silver paper knife bearing the inscription of the World's Fair in Chicago in the gay '90's. Somebody's keepsake, given to him as a token of real admiration.

"It's tough," he said thoughtfully. "Very tough. But there isn't very much I can do about it except to try and explain."

—LARRY PANKHURST.

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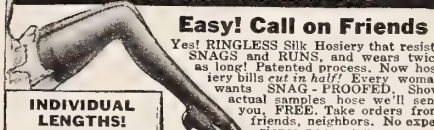
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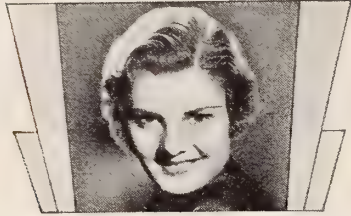
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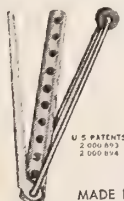
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A Kiss Wouldn't Be Amiss For Una

(Continued from page thirty)

a woman who talks alone, here is what she has to say:

"Hollywood writers evidently think that a woman who makes a man laugh, has to be treated like she has the small pox," (says Una, with the ever-present twinkle in her eyes.) "They feel that there's a time for laughing and a time for loving. And they just can't mix the two. When you're a comic on the screen you just have to forfeit your rights to the final clinch and leave it for the gals with the gooey eyelashes.

"When I made the *Merry Widow*, I thought my chance to play a different rôle had come. The studio called me and said I was going to play the Queen. Most of my scenes were to take place with the King in the royal boudoir. I was to wear filmy gowns and clinging negligees. When I heard the news, I said to myself, 'Merkel you must have something that gets 'em.

• "THE FIRST DAY of shooting, I arrived on the set looking my most seductive. Then who should walk in but lovable George Barbier, that grand character actor who was to play King to my Queen. I don't mean this unkindly toward Mr. Barbier, as there isn't a sweeter or nicer actor to work with. But I think way down deep inside, I half-expected, half-hoped I'd have a Gable or Fredric March waiting for me. Maybe it's just as well. Once I did some publicity pictures with Clark Gable and I became so self-conscious because I didn't look like Garbo, I almost sent him a note of apology.

"I've received thousands of fan letters since I've been on the screen. But up

until recently, not once did anyone ask me to advise them on love.

"Recently a letter came from a girl in Canada. She was about to become a bride and going through all the last minute jitters. She wasn't quite sure if she was doing the right thing and wanted me to make up her mind for her. I got so emotional over the situation, I felt like Beatrice Fairfax herself. I sat down and wrote her a long letter and practically offered to dash up to Canada and give her a sales talk."

Shortly after Una gave out these statements, our telephone rang early one morning. It was the Merkel herself and she sounded like her mean old Aunt out in Patagonia had just passed away and left her the family fortune.

"It's happened," cried Una, mirthfully. "Someone has had a brainstorm and decided to give me a couple of hot moments. The studio just called to tell me that I'm going to play the romantic lead opposite Franchot Tone. It's the first time I've ever worked with him and I'm just a little bit nervous.

"I've gotten so used to Charlie Butterworth, I'm going to have to polish up on my technique. Now that romance is actually coming into my screen life, I'm a little scared. Well, I asked for it, so I'll show 'em that a Merkel can take it. But I bet by the time this picture* is over, I'll be so happy to get back to comedy again, I'd be willing to act with Rin Tin Tin."

—JERRY ASHER.

*This picture called, *One New York Night* was recently finished. And Una Merkel never did get kissed!

Jack Benny's Television Blues

(Continued from page twenty-nine)

the sole exception of Face No. 4 which resembles nothing so well as a nicked Idaho potato. This No. 4 face should go well over any medium, but we have a strong suspicion that Mr. Benny's exhibition is strictly a private matter. No. 4 face is probably not destined for radio consumption.

Jack's rôle in *The Broadway Melody* (1936 version—Time marches on and on in Hollywood) should be convincing proofs that he would be good in television broadcasts. He does a Winchell rôle in this new film. He reminds you just a little bit of Winchell. You have a hunch that he might have been a newspaper columnist if things had happened differently. Instead, he just play-acts at being a gossip chaser and the result is very pleasant indeed.

Benny's chief business in the film is to take raps at a young Broadway producer, played by Robert Taylor. Verbal raps, of course. Eleanor Powell is the producer's onetime college sweetheart who comes to town and takes advantage of Benny's heckling by pretending to be a famous French dancer that Taylor hasn't been able to locate or sign up. Benny helps her out with frequent remarks about her in his column, and of course things work around to the ultimate clinch between Taylor and Miss Powell.

• It's ALL VERY happy business, and sort of goes to prove that Mr. Benny might have television presence, just as he has had stage presence in the past and radio presence in the present.

At the same time, this radio plus vision business is adding a few gray hairs prematurely to Benny's head.

"When I went from the stage to radio," Jack moans, "I thought I was giving up memorizing of lines forever. Now they're dragging television to the front, and we soon won't be able to read script over the radio.

"And another thing. Think of the costumes we will have to wear. Why, every radio station will have to add a tier of dressing rooms. Instead of being able to toss our manuscripts aside and walk happily off to the night club, we'll have to fight grease paint and uncomfortable clothes! We'll be back of the footlights again, but without an audience. Gosh—every broadcast will seem like a dress rehearsal. What an inspiration! I think I need an aspirin."

And when television does come along, Hollywood probably will be the radio center and maybe Mr. Benny and a lot of others will have to kiss New York good-bye. Mr. Benny, indeed has the television blues!

—TED MAGEE.

HOLLYWOOD

Bette Davis—Duse of the Dunes

(Continued from page twenty-eight)

near the music, dressed in our best "going-out-to-places" finery. One of Ham's own compositions was being played, and he was about to sing a chorus of the song. We knew better than to indulge in any idle chit-chat at such a moment. We just waited, listened, and watched a lovely young lady, who was enraptured by the performance of her favorite "band-leader!"

One couldn't help thinking, watching this delicately-colored, intense, little sophisticate, of a girl who came into the lobby of the Cape Playhouse, a professional stock company, at Dennis, Cape Cod, seven years ago. The girl upon whom we were musing wore a blue print-dress, and down her back tumbled a cascade of ashen-blond hair, with a tiny blue ribbon tied perkily across the top of her head. We hardly expected to see "Alice," fresh from Wonderland, come walking into the lobby of the rustic theatre by the sea! Rather shyly she spoke: "Could you tell me where we can find a place to live?" My mother, sister, cat, and all of our worldly possessions are piled in that Chevvie out there, and we'd like to get settled!" And so we all started out to comb the dunes to find a home for the Davises.

Two hours later they were "dug-in." After all the unloading and arranging had been accomplished, the four of us (the cat had left on a tour of inspection) flopped down to rest, and get acquainted. Without too much modesty Miss Betty (this was before we knew how to spell it) informed us that she was an actress.

To receive your first stock training in a company which boasted casts containing such names as Peggy Wood, Alice Brady, Basil Rathbone, and Henry Hull among many, is very good fortune indeed. And so, until her break arrived, Bette agreed to usher in the theatre at night, and walk on in the mob-scenes, if needed. Humble crumbs they may be, but what sweet bread to the beginner! Nor was she the only young one who fluttered about the playhouse like a moth; the Cape seemed full of them that summer.

● MR. RAYMOND MOORE, the manager, made the suggestion that the earnest young Thespians do a play, and take it on tour about the Cape, under the sponsorship of the Cape Playhouse. It would not only be good training, but it would also advertise the Playhouse. The piece selected for this venture was *The Charm School*. Bette played the leading feminine part. A shy young Englishman who suffered effusive embarrassment during the love scenes, played opposite her.

At four o'clock in the afternoon the unit would strap scenery and props on the top of an antiquated Buick (an investment of thirty dollars), and stuff the cast in any place where it would fit. Looking like a disreputable band of gypsies, it boiled off to a neighboring hamlet, to inflict its golden talents upon the local tax-payers.

The company played town-halls, church auxiliary rooms, or school gymnasiums, wherever there was room enough to allow them to act in front of anyone who was patient enough to sit there and watch! The scarcity of stages made it necessary to arrange picnic-sup-

per tables on saw-horses, and to play upon them. Such innovated platforms had a variety of draw-backs; they rattled with every step; they squeaked and shifted at the most inopportune moments; and the company was always very nervous during the big scene in the Second Act when the entire unit of fourteen (14—count 'em—14) was on the stage. At any moment they expected to go crashing through to the floor of the building; luckily they never did.

The only mishap of that tour occurred one night when Bette and a girl named Helen Spaulding sat on the sofa at the same time. The legs broke, and the sofa toppled over backwards. Need one relate the effect this had upon the audience? Several young boys in the first row clambered up on the stage, helped the ladies to their feet, straightened the sofa, and returned politely to their seats in the front row . . . and the performance went on!

● THAT EPOCH-MAKING tour of *The Charm School* terminated in early August, because there were no more villages left on Cape Cod, to invade. Shortly after this Bette got her first real break—the rôle of Dinah, in *Mr. Pim Passes By*, starring Laura Hope Crews. The part called for Dinah to sing an old English song, called "I Passed by Your Window." While Bette rehearsed, Mrs. Davis scoured the Cape for a copy of that song. Mrs. Davis, by some strange coincidence, fell into conversation with an elderly gentleman in Hyannis; he turned out to be the organist in a church in that town, and he had a copy of the coveted song at his home! Every evening Bette rehearsed the song, accompanied by the nice gentleman, in a quaint little old New England church.

The opening-night of *Mr. Pim Passes By* is still a live topic at the Davis camp. At three o'clock in the afternoon Bette was convinced that she had lost her voice, had forgotten all her lines, and was going to be seized with some insidious plague. Bette wasn't able to eat a thing at supper, but Mrs. Davis, whose good sense and judgment has always prevailed, compelled her to peck jitterishly at bowls of corn-flakes, with blueberries and cream! From that auspicious moment this delectable dish has become a traditional opening-night repast for Bette. Whether or not one is superstitious, corn-flakes with blueberries and cream are too good to ignore!

Somehow Bette managed to scramble into "Junior," the Buick and get to the Playhouse. All the way she kept quaking and mumbling: "I can't do it! I know I'll be awful! I won't be able to think of a line! I'll bet my voice cracks!" No amount of comforting would appease her state.

By the time the curtain had rung down, everyone knew that Bette had clicked. It was the start of a great career that inevitably was to lead her from such comparatively minor professional stage work to stardom in the movies.

Bette has soared to the heights, but even now, when the sun sinks down over the blue Pacific near Hollywood, she often thinks of Cape Cod and the Playhouse—days now far distant in yesteryear, but still very close to her heart.

—W. W. WATSON.

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30x5.00-20	2.85	1.05	38x7	10.95	3.95
29x5.25-17	1.90	1.15	36x8	12.45	4.25
28x5.25-18	2.90	1.15	40x8	15.95	4.95
29x5.25-19	2.95	1.15			
30x5.25-20	3.95	1.15			
31x5.25-21	3.25	1.15			
32x5.50-17	3.35	1.15	30x3.5	1.85	\$0.75
29x5.50-19	3.35	1.15	31x4	2.95	0.85
29x5.50-19	3.35	1.15	32x4	2.95	0.85
30x5.50-19	3.75	1.45	34x4	2.95	0.85
30x6.00-17	4.00	1.15	34x4.5	3.35	1.15
30x6.00-18	3.40	1.15	32x4.5	3.35	1.15
31x6.00-19	3.40	1.15	34x4.5	3.35	1.15
32x6.00-20	3.65	1.25	30x5	3.65	1.35
33x6.00-21	3.65	1.25	32x5	3.65	1.35
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32x4.5	3.35	1.15
34x4.5	3.35	1.15
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Nelson Eddy's "Glory Road"

(Continued from page twenty-seven)

success. That is if you want it to have a solid foundation.

"They will study for a time under some local teacher, who tells them they have a promising voice, and then they go to New York, or some other large city. There they often meet a teacher who assures them that in six months time he can have them singing in the New York Metropolitan. And the young student believes them. Why, they think, should they spend several years in study, when they can accomplish the same thing in six months?"

"But it can't be done in six months, or even several years. They can't do it even if they're good. For it takes five years at least, and sometimes twelve or fifteen years of hard work."

Nelson sings thirty-two operatic rôles, and six languages; English, French, Italian, Spanish, Russian and Yiddish.

He has been to Europe three times, and has studied in Dresden, and Paris, and is now making another trip to Europe.

Nelson thinks marriage in Hollywood is the same as marriage anywhere else, it all depends upon the people.

"Marriage can be a success in Hollywood," he insists. "I've known a number of couples who have made real successful and completely happy marriages. But at the same time you see some that you know cannot last more than a few months at the most."

(Nelson Eddy has never been married nor engaged. But that doesn't preclude him from having these opinions.)

"Generally speaking I think an actor or actress shouldn't marry another in the profession, for in time one almost always overshadows the other, and that's bad. They try not to be jealous, but they just can't help it. Many times I have seen singers whose marriages were spoiled in this way. They would be in New York, looking for work, and one of them would get a job there, while the other would have to take a less important job in some state far away. And that would be the beginning of the end of their marriage."

● **NELSON**, BORN in Providence, attended Rhode Is'nd Normal School, and finished his education through correspondence schools.

His father and mother were both excellent singers. His parents were neither rich nor poor.

He's been a newspaper reporter, copy reader, and advertising copy writer.

"My ambition, metaphysically speaking is a development of my soul," he says. "I find as I accomplish one thing that I set out to do, other things spring up before me. I see a cavity that should be filled with study, training, knowledge, or whatever you want to call it. I call it development."

He doesn't prefer any particular type girl. Just as long as they are alive, as he expresses it, that is all that matters.

And he has no definite ideas as to whether he'd rather do costume pictures or pictures of the present day period.

"I'm such an infant in this business that I really haven't any preference about what type of rôles I like to play. I like either costume pictures or those of the present, just so long as I'm kept busy, that's all I ask."

He came to Los Angeles, in 1933 as an

unknown substitute artist. He took the concert by storm, and was given eighteen encores. Then an M-G-M screen test and contract followed.

The studio, not wanting to give the public too much of him, is making arrangements to make one big picture a year, in which he will be given a singing leading part.

For three years he has made successful concert tours, and his contract at the studio permits him to tour the first four months of each year.

Nelson plans to continue these tours as much as his work will allow him to do so. He has found that the constant public contacts have helped to develop an audience understanding. He can tell almost instantly whether he is holding the attention of his listeners through little matters that escape most observers. Thus he has been able to "slant" his programs so that they will obtain the wholehearted response of any audience.

The tours have served another purpose—Nelson has developed a broad understanding of people through his traveling. He does not see the world only from a Hollywood hilltop. He glimpses it from every possible vantage point.

● **MANY ARTISTS** claim they felt a great restlessness and discontent until they had gotten started in their chosen professions, but it was not so with Nelson Eddy.

"My singing career came about gradually. I started to sing in church when I was ten years old. Then my voice changed and I started taking lessons from a teacher, who told me I had a pretty good voice, so I kept on studying. I began to get jobs now and then for five and ten dollars. Then I got up to twenty-five dollars a performance, singing at clubs and small theatres. I felt like I was right in the big money then, so I decided to double my price."

"Well, I did lose two or three jobs by boosting my price, but I finally got fifty. And then later on I doubled it again, and was soon making enough money to devote my entire time to singing. So you see I just gradually worked into my profession of concert singing."

He likes to play tennis and ride horseback. And he likes yachting too. He used to do a lot of it in the east, but he hasn't had a chance to do any of it since he's been out here. "That's real he man's sport for you," he says. "Why, you tear the skin off your hands, playing around with the ropes."

"I've got a hobby, too, and it's the most modern and complete recording system I could buy. I like to make records so I can study my own voice. And I admit I like to play around with all the little gadgets, for I like mechanical things."

"Then it comes in handy in other ways, when my friends are worried about their own voices, they come to my place and I make a record of their speaking or singing voice. In that way we can listen to the record and discover the mistakes they are making, and how best to overcome them."

He's really a swell guy. And one of the most intelligent men we have ever met. Very natural too, and he hasn't any affected mannerisms of speech.

—CHARLES A. McNAMIN.

HOLLYWOOD

A New Log of the "Bounty"

(Continued from page twenty-five)



Gable and Director Frank Lloyd consult the script for a take aboard the *Bounty*

The yearly wage earned by Captain Bligh, even with his petty thieving of ship's stores, wouldn't pay the salary of Charles Laughton for ten days. Laughton went into this rôle with characteristic abandon; so intense is his desire to enact each new character differently that he reduced fifty-five pounds to become Captain Bligh. Those who have seen Charlie at mealtime may appreciate this stupendous sacrifice; to others it would be beyond belief. Laughton is Bligh. He has taken to even hating himself.

To Clark Gable, playing Fletcher Christian, has come the opportunity he has long desired—the chance to show his real powers in a character rôle. In other pictures he has played himself. Now he becomes a man of baffling moods, chafing under cruelties, seething with hatreds born of injustice, until he leads the mutiny and sets Bligh adrift in an open boat.

Clark is ordinarily sunny of disposition. His rôle will offer a strange contrast. An expert shot, he amused himself shooting at sharks that trailed the *Bounty* every time she put out from the cluster of huts at the isthmus of Catalina.

● After seizing the ship, Fletcher Christian returned to Tahiti and then sailed into the unknown with part of the crew and a group of native girls. Mating with the natives, they formed a colony on Pitcairn Island and when a boat finally found them, many years later, only one white man was left alive.

A movie of the present colony on Pitcairn was shown the actors while at Catalina; the traces of mingled ancestry are plain on the features of these people, and their language is an odd mixture.

Among those who refused to go to Pitcairn was Roger Byam, from whose point of view the story of the *Bounty* as written by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall is related. The authors, who live at opposite ends of Tahiti to avoid getting on each other's nerves, went to the island to escape from civilization after the World War, much as the mutineers sought refuge at Pitcairn.

The rôle of Roger Byam was one of the biggest plums of the year in Hollywood, and it fell to Franchot Tone by the same sort of accident that put him in *Lives of a Bengal Lancer*. Another

actor withdrew to take a different picture assignment and history repeated itself when the *Bounty* was cast. Robert Montgomery was broken-hearted when other work interfered and Tone got the job.

The rôle fits him glove tight, and depend on it, Franchot will emerge a star when the *Bounty* is shown. He, too, did his share of suffering for the sake of Metro, to make the *Bounty*. A paining tooth was no fun, marooned as he was at the isthmus, but a boat finally was hired and he had the tooth yanked without delaying production.

Metro chose wisely in casting Franchot, for bear in mind that Gable leaves the picture after the mutiny, and so does Captain Bligh, Laughton and Tone must carry the picture from then on.

Tone, left at Tahiti, has a very tender romance and marriage with a native girl who bears him a child. Searchers from England, aboard the *Pandora*, capture him and start home. The *Pandora* is wrecked, but Tone finally comes to trial and is condemned to death, for mutiny. Those are thrilling sequences in the film, and Director Lloyd is doing them full justice. It is planned to actually wreck the *Pandora*, a smaller sailing ship than the *Bounty*.

The *Bounty* itself was burned at Pitcairn by Christian, but whether the ship will be destroyed for film purposes has not yet been decided as this is written. I think it would break Jim Havens' heart to see his precious boat done to death.

Every man in the large company has done his share to help make the film a success. There were a number of minor casualties despite every sort of precaution. You can't make an exciting picture of this sort without some risk!

Only three of the eighty-three important character rôles in the picture have been mentioned, but you'll see scores of famous faces in this picture. All are going to win honorable mention from grateful fans when the saga of iron men and wooden ships is brought to the screen in this grand tale of love and hate, mutiny and death, reliving the days when the *Bounty* was the proudest ship afloat, and its captain was the meanest man alive!

Joan Crawford's Pie Comedy

(Continued from page twenty-six)

she didn't drop a hint or two at home to her mother.

Several days later Joan's mother sent a luscious pie over to the set, and everyone was eager for a taste. It certainly was delicious. Joan was mighty proud of that pie, until somebody declared that it wasn't a pumpkin pie, it was made with carrots.

Joan wouldn't believe it until she had cornered her mother and forced her to admit that it was made with carrots. Then it all came out—when Joan was a little girl she refused to eat carrots. So her mother baked them up as pumpkin pies and Joan never learned the truth until now.

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Jeanette MacDonald's Thrilling Moments

(Continued from page twenty-four)

little, clubs and churches started offering to pay my parents if I would sing. They took the money gladly, putting it into dancing lessons and piano lessons for me. But there was a teacher at school who hated it. She thought I was being exploited. I was always staying out, you see, to sing somewhere, and finally there was an awful day when she sent three people to see us to ask about me. They were Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children representatives. I remember them sitting, stiff and disapproving, in our parlor. Mother cried, and I was made to answer questions. That was another discovery for me. I discovered that no one, no matter how smug, can withstand honest, sincere anger. I was only a child, but I knew what their leading questions were for. They were to discredit my mother, to make people think my own darling parents were mean to me.

"Suffice it to say that in the end the report went back to the teacher that the little girl seemed happy in what she was doing, the money was being used for her further training, and she seemed as intelligent and well-informed—with the exception of arithmetic (and they never were able to teach me that!)—as any other little girl in her class.

● "THE NEXT real discovery about myself and my potentialities came tragically. Oh, it may seem funny, young, and naive in the telling—so much is winnowed away in one's memories, and only the essence left—but it was awful! I lost my voice, at the sauerkraut festival. I was to be soloist, and I had practiced and practiced,—a flowery coloratura number.

My new dress was bouncy with ruffles. Shortly before I had overheard someone say something to indicate that it wasn't, as indeed I had always thought, a shameful burden to go through life with red hair, but something rather intriguing. A boy had said it. I was enchanted. I was happy. I was going to be marvelous at the sauerkraut supper. The moon would shine, I would be lovely in the soft light, everyone would admire me, and my voice would win them. . . .

"But the teacher who had sent the three SPCC people to our house had been invited. As I rose to sing I saw her eyes, scornful and cold, on me. I had the beginning of a sore throat . . . I began to tremble. I started to sing, but my voice wouldn't come. It stopped. There just wasn't anything. Out of pride, I took another number, a simple one, all low notes, and floundered through. I saw her smiling, that teacher, slowly smiling, with triumph at my failure . . . I learned, you see, that I could fail. That it sometimes happened . . . One always has to learn that somewhere along the way."

● HER LITTLE feet, in blue mules, are high-arched, and nervous. She swung one meditatively, thinking of that awful evening in Philadelphia, at the sauerkraut festival . . . She laughed.

"It was later that my older sister went on the stage. After a while, I got a chance. The family had moved to New York, and I had been given dancing lessons for some time. I was terrible at dancing, I thought. They made fun of

me. I couldn't seem to manage the taps. But I labored at it. My voice hadn't come back. It was all I had to do. I worked harder. Finally, I got a job in the chorus. That was the new discovery. There was still another road open to me. I could be a dancer! My voice was gone, but I was paid money, in a show, to dance!

"I was unpopular with the other chorus girls. Maybe because I was younger. Maybe because I gave myself airs. I don't know. Maybe because, after a while, my voice came back, and it seemed better than before! I was allowed to understudy the prima donna. Maybe because I was very conscientious . . . and most of them were not. Anyhow, they let me know that I was not attractive. I heard them saying, 'Some of the most unattractive girls can make themselves up to look grand out front, when the real beauties don't go over . . . Mac, for instance, looks all right . . . out front. . . .'

"But that was another discovery for me. I was used to the fact that I was homely. I had red hair, and light eyebrows and eyelashes, and freckles . . . But I could look lovely out front! With renewed hope, I started learning how. It was not until I saw myself in pictures that I realized that something might be done with this face. . . ."

● THE LOVELY laughing, vivid face, with its shining green eyes, its delicacy of modeling, its frame of shining, curling hair, looks as if it must always have been beautiful.

"I remember that the only pleasant memory of my appearance I ever had, up to the time I saw my first screen test, was when a teacher went bouncing round our room one time, looking at heads. You know . . . one little girl had been discovered . . . with . . . things . . . in her hair. Round went the teacher, looking with chilled apprehension at all the little skulls. She looked at me. 'Lovely,' she said. 'Lovely hair and scalp. Nice child.' She patted me. I hugged those words to me for a long time. They were the nearest I ever got to a compliment on my looks, until that boy said, 'Ummmm, a redhead,' with frank admiration as I went by, and something deep and instinctive told me that it was all right, that I didn't have to defy people about my hair any more.

"Then came a real discovery—an enormously important one. I started going to symphony concerts whenever I could, and good recitals—largely to keep up a superior pose of being really musical in front of the other girls in the show.

"Then one day, I heard Toscanini conduct a Beethoven symphony, and suddenly the whole world went round and everything fell away except the music and the magnificence of the emotions within it. I cried. I was terribly embarrassed, but excited and transfigured. I hadn't been unhappy. It was no personal emotion which swept me. It was something outside, something abstract, and yet it touched things in me deeper than anything I had ever felt before.

"I learned what music was. Music had always been something nice, sweet, pleasant before. . . . something I could do, and people admired me for it. But this was the revelation to me of what music was and would mean. I have never been able

HOLLYWOOD

to do without it since. It changed me completely . . . musically, I grew up.

"Another discovery was that, in order to express my deepest feelings, I must learn to feel them less . . . No one can sing if he is really personally sad. The muscles of the throat tighten, the chords relax.

"And, of course, love. Love is the discovery that is always new. No two people ever feel just like any other two. I was tremendously affected by falling in love. The personal discoveries I made during that time of glow and breathless happiness and excitement, I cherish. But the greatest discovery, for me, was that this lovely thing, which all girls dream of so hopefully, which every woman waits for, once achieved, is not like a bird caught, or a treasure found.

"It is a vital, struggling thing, evanescent, intangible. It slips away as suddenly as it comes. Suddenly, it is simply gone, and the moment any woman discovers this—not the man doesn't love her any more (that is a discovery women steel themselves to cope with, it is so expected, in a buried sort of way, in every man and woman relationship)—but that she herself, for no reason she can name, simply doesn't love any more, her faith in herself is rocked.

● "SHE UNDERGOES self-distrust, fear . . . Her personal securities are shaken, for of all people from whom we expect certain definite things and reactions, you

know, ourselves are dearest to us . . . I learned that I could love, and that also love could vanish from my heart and life . . . Well, the discovery is a great teacher. . . .

"I have never experienced what is for most women the supreme personal discovery . . . motherhood. I can't, because I have decided definitely against marriage, and for a career . . . Marriage is a career for a woman, and she has to have certain special talents to be successful at it. I'm already started at another career. I'm not so egotistical as to think I can simply swap and be as successful in one as the other. I know how hard it is to make a success of any career. I know my limitations. . . .

"I shan't regret not undergoing the physical functions of motherhood, though, because it is still possible for me to take over the psychological ones. I can adopt a child, and I shall.

"Some day I shall go to an orphanage and I shall look at all the little children. But not to pick out the prettiest, the cutest, the one with dimples, and curls, and cute ways. I shall choose the little one that is pale and resigned; the one who isn't pretty or talented, the one nobody else wants, the one who has long since given up the hope that some day a mama and papa will come for him. . . .

"Then I'll see what love and hope and fun and help can do for a child . . . Then I'll open up for both of us a new world of discoveries. . . ."

Bringing Up Shirley Temple

(Continued from page twenty-three)

crowd around her wherever she goes. Sometimes they try to clip off a piece of her dress or even her curls for a souvenir.

"That, of course, I cannot have. She really might be hurt. And she would soon come to think herself very important. I don't want that to happen. We are, however, taking her on a long vacation trip after *Curly Top* is finished—in the car. It is a sedan and we always let Shirley have the back seat to herself. She takes an assortment of dolls, dolls' trunks, drawing books, paints, crayons and such on such trips and has an elegant time with them.

"And when we get back, she will keep on playing in more pictures. It is all a game to her. She learns her lines easily and thinks the process is as much fun as learning a Mother Goose rhyme. Often I hear her repeating them with proper gesture and intonation to her dolls."

● A WOMAN leaned over Mrs. Temple's shoulder just then. She was an "extra" working in *Curly Top*.

"Mrs. Temple," she begged, "I wonder if you could get me Shirley's autograph?"

Mrs. Temple sighed a little but she answered that she would see what she could do.

"You know," she said to me, "this autograph business is one of the greatest problems we have. You see, it takes Shirley about three minutes to do each one. We can't take time away from work, and I don't want her to do it at home. I make it a rule not to bring her 'career' home with us, except to go over her lines with her."

Rules . . . I already had written down several which I considered all important

and I was interested in knowing if there were any more. "Have you many definite rules for bringing up Shirley?" I asked her.

She shook her head. "No. Not many definite ones other than insisting she mind me promptly and be polite to people."

"Of course, you've never spanked her. . . ." This from the woman who had asked for the autograph.

"Why, yes I have," came the frank contradiction.

The "extra" gasped at such sacrilege. Shirley Temple spanked!

"What for?" she breathed.

"Why, I believe she annoyed her brother so he couldn't study," Mrs. Temple said. "I don't quite remember. It really wasn't much of a spanking. I find that, with Shirley, reasoning is better."

The "extra" looked relieved. *Lese majesty* had been on a small scale, at least. She went away, then, and Mrs. Temple and I sat watching that curly-topped mite achieving another great box office hit and having a swell time doing it.

Around her were players in grease paint, directors, cameramen, script girls, stand-ins, grips; kleig lights, cameras, sound equipment; noise, excitement, hurry. Around her was—Hollywood.

But Shirley, the center of it all, was just Shirley. Just as her round little cheeks wore no make-up, so was her child's mind unworried over close-ups, camera angles, scene-stealing; her gay little heart immune to hurt. Because this was all make-believe, anyway. Motion pictures and all of the human struggle they embrace were no more real to her than Alice's pack of cards in Wonderland.

That's the charm of Shirley.



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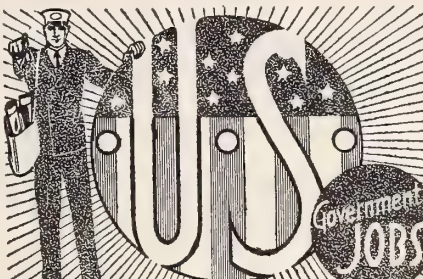


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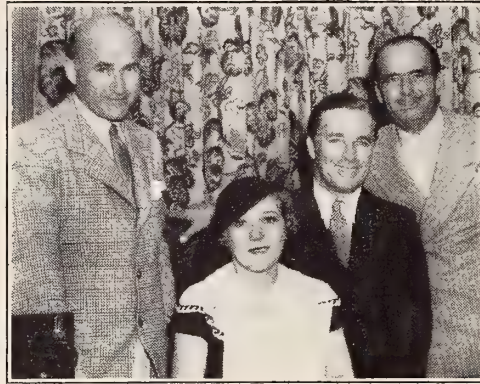
STAR GAZING IN HOLLYWOOD

● WE filed into the corner office at United Artists, along with a dozen cameramen and newspaper reporters. Every one, even hard boiled shuttermen who have snapped fires and first-nights, hangings and inaugurals, felt the drama of the scene. Here was the last of that great company of stars, all that remained of United Artists, gathered to make a public announcement. Sam Goldwyn laid aside big rimmed glasses, smiled with good humor. Mary Pickford touched Charlie Chaplin's sleeve, to whisper across the desk.

"Not many of us left, Charlie," she said wistfully.

There was more drama when Doug Fairbanks arrived. Even the great Fairbanks-Pickford combination is no more except as an unromantic business affiliation. They regard each other merely as financial partners.

Books were piled on the chair for Mary to sit on, for she is very tiny; Charlie crossed his legs to show the inevitable pearl colored cloth tops of his shoes, flash bulbs went off like fitful heat lightning. The announcement was brief; United Artists would carry on. Mary would become a picture producer, Charlie would direct a picture after he finished his own film. We filed out. No other movie magazine had come to what seemed to us a momentous moment in Hollywood—the last stand of the old guard.



Last stand of the old guard: Sam Goldwyn, Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin and Doug Fairbanks

● TIME moves on, and youth holds the spotlight for we who go stargazing in Hollywood these days. At the other end of the line, Shirley Temple comes marching. Shirley is making a scene with John Boles today, on a sound stage filled with visitors. They are enjoying a rare privilege, for Shirley's sets are closed to the public, but the guests are the county Grand Jury on its annual tour.

She enjoys company, beams at onlookers. It is a mistake to think that visitors could upset the poise of Miss Temple, or make her self-conscious. She does her scene perfectly, her entrances and speeches timed with unerring instinct. At every scene a strange phenomenon takes place—all the workers on the stage gather to watch her. This happens in no other studio, with no other star; she is a source of constant wonder and endless admiration to grips, props, juicers, all those usually blase members of a picture crew.

● ELSEWHERE on the Fox lot another youngster, a bit more grown up, is flinging her challenge to the gods that rule our fates. Rochelle Hudson is stepping into the shoes of Janet Gaynor in "Way Down East," after playing second fiddle to Shirley in "Curly Top." Like many such glorious

opportunities, Rochelle's chance came from an accident. Janet's head bumped Henry Fonda's. She thought nothing of it until later in the day she fainted. After a rest she tried, like a game trouper, to go on with the show. Next day she was a very sick girl from a brain concussion, and Dr. S. A.

Alter ordered a six weeks' rest.

That bump cost Fox about \$200,000, what with having to start the picture over again, not to mention the headaches to its top notch star, Miss Gaynor. Sid Skolsky, hearing of Janet's mishap, called her life long friend and advisor, Frances "Bobbie" Deaner, to ask what sort of book Janet might like to read. And Janet told Bobbie her preference. She wanted the Fairy Tales by Hans Christian Andersen.

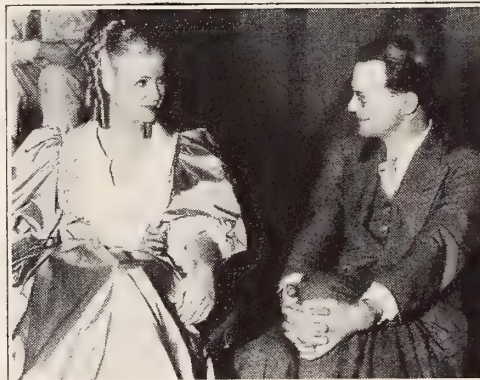
● OUT at Warner Brothers studio another youngster is trying out the rickety steps of fame's ladder. He is Errol Flynn, and adventure runs in his blood. I went out to watch him make a screen test for "Captain Blood," that swashbuckling pirate who had a way with the ladies. Errol has a way with the ladies, too. Jean Muir, who was helping him with the test (she will, unless you hear to the contrary in the next few weeks, be the heroine) disclosed that Flynn is a direct descendant of Fletcher Christian, that reckless fellow who turned pirate by taking the Bounty and setting its captain adrift.

Flynn readily admitted this black sheep in the family history; his family possesses many relics of the famous mutineer.

Errol himself had been to Tahiti in the course of adventurous ramblings that took him in search of gold in New Guinea, on boxing exhibitions through Australia, in search of pearls in the South Seas.

Director Mike Curtiz calls them for another scene. All in costume, with elaborate sets, scene after scene from the script has been shot, just to test various actors for the roles. Miss Muir, settling back in her rustling silks, remarks:

"It wouldn't surprise me if they'd discover, when they got through, that they had filmed 'Captain Blood!'"



The star gazer chats with Jean Muir as she helps a descendant of a mutineer make a screen test

● LUISE RAINER'S picture, with Bill Powell, has been unveiled and "Escapade" definitely establishes her as a star of first rank. We saw her the other day, and heard of an escapade of her own. Miss Rainer had started off for an hour's drive. She was gone five days!

In her old slacks and comfortable sweater she headed down into Mexico. By carefully guarding the fifteen dollars she started with, she financed the trip. Who says the spirit of adventure is dead?

JACK SMALLEY,
Managing Editor.



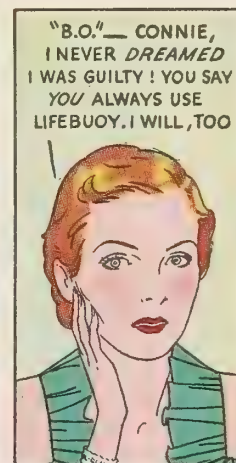
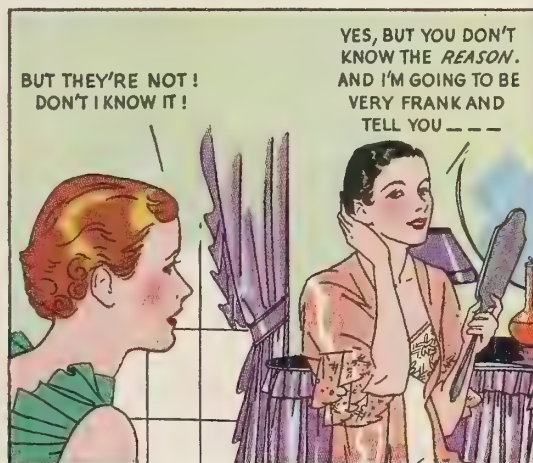
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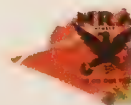
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Merle Oberon
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**GARBO'S CAMERAMAN TALKS AT LAST!
Should a Girl Marry Her Boss?**



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DUART WAVES

RUBY KEELER who co-stars with **DICK POWELL**
in Warner Bros. Hit, "**SHIPMATES FOREVER**"



YOU'D DISCOVER THREE *New* THINGS ABOUT PERMANENT WAVING

The soft, lustrous, truly natural waves you see on the screen are a result of three new, exclusive Duart improvements that are now available in your community.

WHY DUART IS COOLER Ask your hairdresser to tell you about the new Duart "212" heaters. Each one contains a thermostat, a tiny electric watchman that measures out just enough heat for its particular curl. All excess heat is eliminated. You'll enjoy Duart's cooler comfort. No more guesswork. Every curl is perfectly waved. No more dried-out hair—no more frizzy ends.

CERTIFIED SOLUTION Only Duart permanent waving solution is certified chemically pure. Its formula is famous for its dependability and its kindness to the natural texture and brilliancy of the hair. Ask your hairdresser to show you the bottle. The certified seal is on the label.

SEALED PADS The sealed individual package of permanent waving pads is your guarantee of a genuine Duart wave—your guarantee that your hair will be waved with fresh, clean pads that have never been used before.

FREE BOOKLET Let the stars help you choose your hairstyle. Send for the 24-page booklet of smart Hollywood coiffures, worn by celebrated stars, designed by PERC WESTMORE, famous Warner Bros. hair stylist.

DEMAND THIS SEALED PACKAGE FOR A GENUINE DUART WAVE



BOOKLET FREE with 10c package of DUART HAIR RINSE

Choose one of the 12 lovely shades of rinse listed in coupon below. Duart Rinse removes soap curds and gives brilliance to the natural color of your hair. No dye—no bleach. 10-cent package contains two rinses of same shade.



SEND 10 CENTS for RINSE
Duart, 984 Folsom St., San Francisco, Calif.

I enclose 10 cents for one package of Duart Hair Rinse and the FREE Booklet of Smart new Coiffure Styles.

12 shades—mark your choice.

<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Black	<input type="checkbox"/> Golden	<input type="checkbox"/> Light	<input type="checkbox"/> Ash
<input type="checkbox"/> Dark	<input type="checkbox"/> Brown	<input type="checkbox"/> Golden	<input type="checkbox"/> Blonde
<input type="checkbox"/> Brown	<input type="checkbox"/> Chestnut	<input type="checkbox"/> Blonde	<input type="checkbox"/> Medium
<input type="checkbox"/> Titian	<input type="checkbox"/> Brown	<input type="checkbox"/> Henna	<input type="checkbox"/> Brown
<input type="checkbox"/> Reddish	<input type="checkbox"/> Titian	<input type="checkbox"/> White	<input type="checkbox"/> Golden
<input type="checkbox"/> Brown	<input type="checkbox"/> Reddish	<input type="checkbox"/> or Gray	<input type="checkbox"/> Blonde
	<input type="checkbox"/> Blonde	<input type="checkbox"/> (Platinum)	

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

DUART

permanent waves

CHOICE OF THE HOLLYWOOD STARS

Greta **GARBO**
Fredric **MARCH**



"ALL THAT I KNOW... I KNOW BY LOVE ALONE"

The heart of a man called to the heart of a woman. "We love", it said, "and love is all." Heart answered heart. With eyes open to what she was leaving forever behind her, she went where love called...to dark despair or unimaginable bliss. It is a drama of deep, human emotions, of man and woman gripped by circumstance, moved by forces bigger than they—a great drama, portrayed by players of genius and produced with the



fidelity, insight and skill which made "David Copperfield" an unforgettable experience.

**F R E D D I E
BARTHOLOMEW**

(You remember him as "David Copperfield")

with MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN
MAY ROBSON • BASIL RATHBONE

CLARENCE BROWN'S

Production

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture... Produced by DAVID O. SELZNICK

HOLLYWOOD

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Today in Hollywood

THE TRAGIC DEATH of Will Rogers affected Hollywood as no other filmland fatality has ever done before. His friendliness, his joviality and his utter simplicity had won a vast following everywhere and especially in Hollywood itself. When the newspaper extras appeared on the streets telling of the plane crash in Alaska, which also cost the life of Wiley Post, the Boulevard's calm appearance was suddenly upset.

When Rogers left Claremore, Oklahoma, he sought a career as a lasso tossing cowboy on the New York stage. His dexterity with the rope was soon overshadowed by his quaint humor. He entered silent pictures as a natural development of his popularity, but success did not follow until the talking pictures gave him an outlet for his ready wit. With the talkie revolution Rogers forged ahead to become one of Hollywood's most beloved and most popular figures. His death leaves the same tremendous gap in Hollywood ranks as did the passing of Marie Dressler. No imitators can ever adequately replace these two fine masters of comedy. They were typically American.

WHEN WARNER BAXTER went far into the wilds of the high Sierra mountains to do the bandit leader rôle in *Robin Hood of El Dorado*, he found himself besieged by a daily gallery of 200 spectators who wanted autographs, snap shots, and souvenirs. He was very obliging and always good natured.

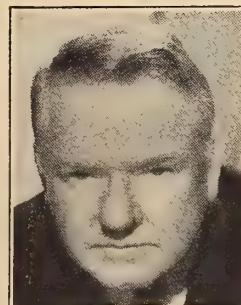


Warner Baxter

"Why not?" Warner asked. "If these people will bother to journey into the wilds 120 miles from the nearest railroad, surely I can do this much in return."

And he means it. That's why everyone on location was proud to be working with Warner. He struts no airs. He is intensely human.

DESPITE ALL EFFORTS to minimize his troubles, the truth is that W. C. Fields is far from well. Friends say that it will be close to a year before he recovers from an illness far more serious than published accounts have revealed.



W. C. Fields

Fields has been suddenly made aware of his immense popularity right here in filmland. He has had almost as many messages of sympathy from film celebrities as he has had from his fans. That doesn't happen too often in Hollywood.

SCENE: LILY PONS' gorgeous house party. Principals: Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi and Peter Lorre. Action: All three trying to scare the daylight out of each other! Straight jackets were provided for the guests who couldn't take it.

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

FIRST PREVIEW OF "THE BIG BROADCAST OF 1936"

*A Picture With More Stars
Than There Are In
Heaven*



Ray Noble's boys play *Why Stars Come Out at Night*



There's Romance in *The Big Broadcast*! Lovely Wendy Barrie and debonair Henry Wadsworth are the lovers



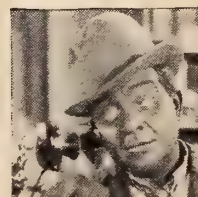
Ethel Merman sings *It's the Animal in Me*. What a song! And boy, what a girl!



Gracie's forever dropping things! And Georgie loves it!



Amos does his stuff



And Andy's regusted



Above, you see the *Big*

(Advertisement)

HOLLYWOOD

Including

Bing Crosby
Burns and Allen
Jack Oakie
Lyda Roberti
Wendy Barrie
Henry Wadsworth
Amos 'n Andy
Ethel Merman
Charles Ruggles
Mary Boland
Sir Guy Standing
Bill Robinson
Jessica Dragonette
Ray Noble and Orchestra



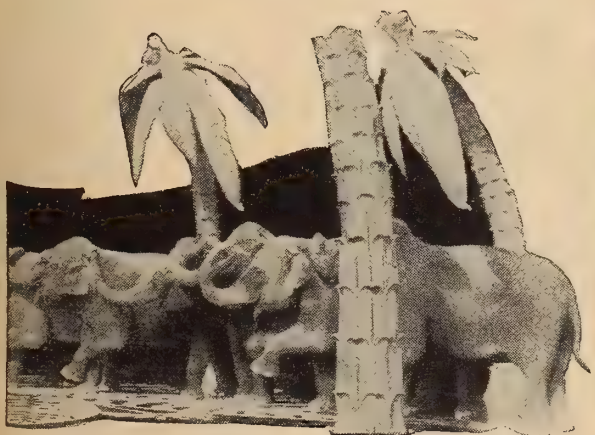
Hot feet and hot rhythm,
—and how Bill Robinson
goes to town! Watch him!



Does mama love papa? That's Charlie Ruggles' question here. What will Mary Boland answer?



Arms around Henry Wadsworth, Lyda Roberti still has a kiss for Jack Oakie



Broadcast chorus—ten tons of it!



I Wished on the Moon is Bing Crosby's hit song in the picture
(Advertisement)

"BILIOUSNESS AND HEADACHES MADE MY LIFE MISERABLE"



"Then I traded 3 minutes for Relief"

I experimented with all kinds of laxatives. Then I discovered FEEN-A-MINT. I traded three minutes for relief. Whenever I feel constipated, I chew delicious FEEN-A-MINT for three minutes.* Next day I feel like a different person. Of course if you aren't willing to spend three minutes—jarring "all-at-once" cathartics will have to do. But what a difference FEEN-A-MINT makes—no cramps, nothing to cause a habit. Try the three-minute way yourself... 15c and 25c a box.

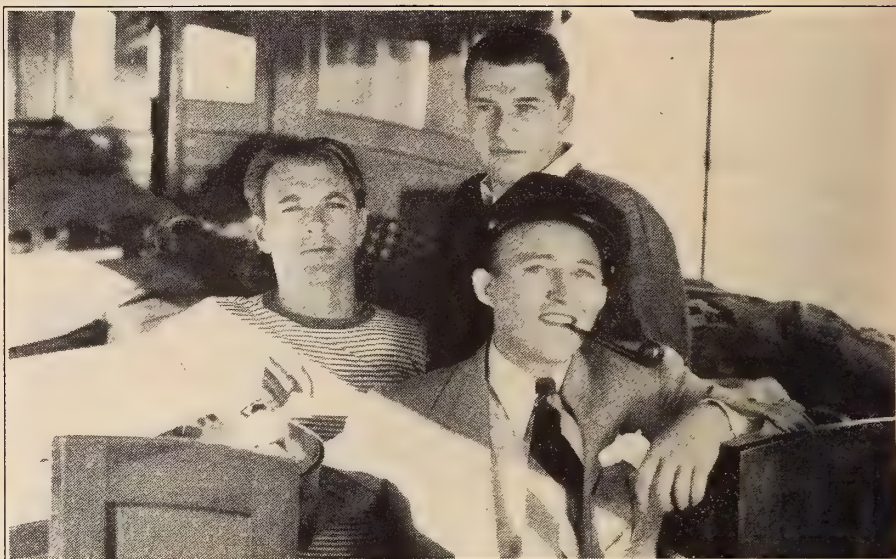
ATTENTION, MOTHERS—FEEN-A-MINT is ideal for everybody, and how children love it!

*Longer if you care to

better because you chew it



Hollywood's News Reel



Gary Cooper, Bing Crosby and Richard Arlen find joint pleasure cruising aboard the Jobyna R. They're making plans for a trip to Bali sometime in the future

Universal Seeking New Talent

UNIVERSAL PICTURES HAS launched a unique campaign to find new talent, by means of a huge Scout Truck carrying full equipment for movie making, which started September 1, on a tour of the United States to make screen tests of men and women who show picture possibilities.

Tour is being managed by the makers of Hold-Bobs, famed product of the Hump Hair Pin Manufacturing Company, and by SCREEN PLAY and MOTION PICTURE Magazines. Full details of the Search for Talent appears in those publications and in stores handling Hold Bobs, as well as on the

screen of local Universal Pictures theatres. Trip will require about four months to cover the country, making movie tests in various cities.

• •

An Unusual Pastime

BINNIE BARNES IS collecting trinkets for a new necklace, said trinkets—of all things!—being rattlesnake rattles!

It all began when Binnie, accompanied by her secretary, were halted in their stroll of a mountain path back of Beverly by a hissing sound. Glancing down, they espied a rattler, poised and ready to strike. Leaping aside, the two girls ran—and rolled—down the hillside.

But the experience furnished Binnie with an idea. Now she rides a horse over the unfrequented paths, killing the poisonous reptiles with a long raw-hide whip.

• •


Old Circus Pals

WALLACE BEERY'S LIFE with the circus, which gave him his first taste for showmanship, caught up with him when working in O'Shaughnessy's *Boy for Metro*. An elephant he handled fifteen years ago was in the herd brought to the lot for the picture, which is a circus thriller. Anna May, the elephant, recognized Wally at once, and trumpeted a greeting.

Now, everytime he passes Anna
[Continued on page 12]

ON THE COVER

Merle Oberon's vivid beauty provided splendid material for Edwin Bower Hesser's natural color photograph on the cover this month. The lavender background sets off the gay coloring of her clothes and lends a carnival mood to the entire portrait. Miss Oberon is not the quiet sort of English woman. She loves the out-of-doors, as you will note in an amusing story on page 36 of this issue. While hilarious humor predominates in the article about the Hurlingham Hunt Club, the story lies decidedly within the facts and the photo of Miss Oberon and her companions was snapped during the hunt in nearby San Fernando valley.



Sweeping on to new fame together, three distinguished players join hands with a distinguished producer to start the new season with a production of unparalleled dramatic force.

The tenderly beautiful story of two who loved a woman beyond the hope of ever loving another! To one, she was a dream he could never realize - to the other, a memory he could never forget!

SAMUEL GOLDWYN

presents

FREDRIC MARCH

MERLE OBERON

HERBERT MARSHALL

in

THE DARK ANGEL

with **JANET BEECHER** · **JOHN HALLIDAY** · **HENRIETTA CROSMAN** · **KATHERINE ALEXANDER**

From the play by Guy Bolton

Directed by **SIDNEY FRANKLIN**

Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

SKIN BLEMISHES

Ashamed of Your Looks?
Sallow Skin? Pimples?



End Skin Troubles with Dry Yeast—It Supplies More of Element that Tones up Digestive Tract and Ends Cause of Many Complexion Faults—Easy to Eat

TO CORRECT ugly eruptions, blotches, sallowness—all the common skin troubles caused by a sluggish system—doctors have long advised yeast.

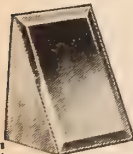
Now science finds that this corrective food is far more effective if eaten *dry*!

Tests reveal that from dry yeast the system receives almost *twice* as much of the precious element that stimulates intestinal action and helps to free the body of poisons. The digestive juices can more easily break down dry yeast cells and extract their rich stores of vitamin B—the tonic substance which makes yeast so valuable for correcting the cause of many skin ills.

No wonder Yeast Foam Tablets have brought relief to so many men and women. These pleasant tablets bring you yeast in the form science now knows is most effective. This improved yeast quickly tones up the intestinal nerves and muscles, strengthens digestion, promotes more regular elimination.

With the true cause of your trouble corrected, your skin should soon clear up!

FREE! This beautiful tilted mirror. Gives perfect close-up. Leaves both hands free to put on make-up. Amazingly convenient. Sent free for an empty Yeast Foam Tablet carton. Use the coupon.



NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.,
1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose empty Yeast Foam Tablet carton. Please send me the handy tilted make-up mirror.

FG. 10-35

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

PREVIEWING THE NEW PICTURES



Warner Baxter joins the bandits in their Hidden Valley lair. A remarkable campfire shot from *Robin Hood of El Dorado*, this photo shows, across the blazing fire, Baxter wearing full beard and conversing with J. Carroll Naish, the bandit leader

ROBIN HOOD OF EL DORADO (M-G-M) Filmed high up in the mountains in much the same epic spirit of *Viva Villa*, this is the story of Joaquin Murrieta, a "Robin Hood" bandit who dealt terror and justice in the gold rush of 1848 and the troublesome years that followed. Warner Baxter, beloved for his *Cisco Kid* rôle, plays the part of the gallant bandito, who weds Rosita, a native girl (Margo). After Rosita's cruel murder, Murrieta turns bandit for revenge. He joins forces with Three Finger Jack (J. Carroll Naish) and wars against the invading white miners. Things are complicated when his true love, Juanita (Played by Ann Loring), follows him in his outlaw career.

The entire supporting cast is made up of important film players. Among those you will see are Edgar Kennedy, Eric Linden, Bruce Cabot, Kay Hughes, Tom Moore and Carlos de Valdes.

The story itself varies but little from the historical facts. So intent was M-G-M to gain the proper atmosphere that it sent a company of more than 200 persons into the Sierra Nevada mountains, 120 miles from the nearest railroad and nearly 600 miles from Hollywood.

Here, at the headwaters of the Stanislaus river, a thriving community existed for three busy weeks. Ten native cowboys brought 125 head of horses 80 miles across the mountains in three days. Leading the cowhands—all young, handsome fellows—was Leo McMahan, who accomplished the difficult task despite a serious back injury incurred when he was thrown from a bucking broncho.

The location camp was established in the heart of the country made famous by Bret Harte and Mark Twain. Overhead, on a snow-capped mountain peak, loomed the famous shadow of the Black Horse, made immortal by Harte. To the west was the famous Angel's Camp, and the ghost town of Columbia.

The latter town, now entirely deserted, once almost became the capital of the state. That was the period of the story

[Continued on page 54]

WAY DOWN EAST (20th Century-Fox) We have seen a lot of thrilling scenes in our days behind the scenes in Hollywood. But we have never witnessed a more cleverly contrived "punch" sequence than the one which will climax the new version of *Way Down East*, that hardy classic of the American theatre.

To begin with, we were not prepared for a scene of mid-winter in Maine as we walked on the set this "unusually" hot California summer day. Only a few weeks ago, the New England village and farm of the '90's that had been reconstructed on several acres of the studio back-lot had been green as in Spring. Now it was all covered and banked in ice and snow. We thought of D. W. Griffith's first screen production of *Way Down East* with Lillian Gish, Richard Barthelmess and Lowell Sherman and how they were compelled to wait a full year for the change of seasons. But that was in 1919 and the technical marvels of our modern Hollywood were undreamed of.

Director Henry King and his stars, Rochelle Hudson and Henry Fonda, were working at the river and waterfall. It was the scene where Fonda (David Bartlett) races across the ice floes to rescue Rochelle (Anna Moore) just as she is being swept over the falls. The stunt was so dangerous that the studio hired doubles. But the doubles drew a day's pay without working, for both Rochelle and Fonda insisted upon doing their own work.

Imagine, if you can, an 1,800 horsepower generator launching a stream of water at the rate of 96,000 gallons a minute while tons of huge ice cakes crash and break in the madly churning flood. And just to complicate matters, eight enormous wind machines blow the gypsum snow into a violent gale of face-stinging particles. No blizzard of nature could be more furious, nor more perilous. Nothing synthetic about this thrill scene.

The rescue had to be timed to a split second and the plans of the set builders,

[Continued on page 54]

HOLLYWOOD

"PAGE MISS GLORY"

...and you'll find magical
Marion Davies in her first
picture for Warner Bros.
—her finest for anybody!



Look who's Marion's new screen sweetheart... Yessir, it's Dick Powell! And when he sings to Marion he does things to her—and you!

SHE'S back, boys and girls! Back with that glamorous gleam in her eye... that laughing lilt in her voice... that merry, magical something that makes her the favorite of millions.

Of course you read the headlines a few months ago about Marion Davies' new producing alliance with Warner Bros., famous makers of "G-Men," and other great hits. Well, 'Page Miss Glory' is the first result of that union—and it's everything you'd expect from such a thrilling combination of screen talent!

It's from the stage hit that made Broadway's White Way gay—a delirious story of Hollywood's 'Composite Beauty' who rose from a chambermaid to a national institution overnight...

It has a 12-star cast that makes you chuckle with anticipation just to read the names...

It has hit-maker Mervyn LeRoy's direction, and Warren & Dubin's famous song, 'Page Miss Glory'...

It has 'Picture-of-the-Month' written all over it!

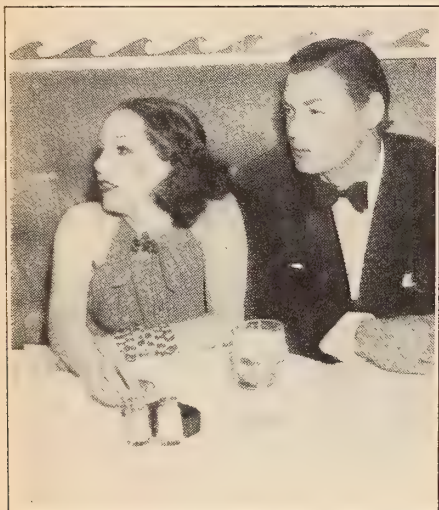


Don't think you're dreaming! All these celebrated stars really are in the cast of Marion's first Cosmopolitan production for Warners:—Pat O'Brien, Dick Powell, Frank McHugh, Mary Astor, Allen Jenkins, Lyle Talbot, Patsy Kelly, and a dozen others.



Hollywood's News Reel

(Continued from page eight)



—Charles Rhodes

Lupe (the Loop) Velez and Johnny Weissmuller at the new Kings Club—They no fight

May, Wally fishes for a cigarette and gives it to the beast. She loves to chew tobacco, a fact Wally remembered from the days when he was a bull man with the old Forepaugh-Sells circus and for three years handled the elephants for that show.

Cartwheeling To Fame

ELEANOR POWELL, RATED best of feminine tap dancers and spotlighted in Metro's *Broadway Melody of 1936*, owes her success to a cartwheel. She was turning them on a sandy beach when a producer saw her and put her in pictures.

Business Before Politics!

SALLY EILERS, WHO insists a Hollywood mother cannot be too careful in selecting attendants for her children, instructed the twenty or more applicants for the berth as governess to one-year-old Harry Joe Brown, Jr., to bring with them written recommendations when they called for an interview.

Came an aristocratic-looking, gray-haired woman in her late fifties to state her case. She handed Sally several letters, one of which was on White House stationery and signed by the first lady of the land, Eleanor Delano Roosevelt.

"Oh!" exclaimed Sally, "I see you have worked for the Roosevelts!"

"My yes," replied the other. "I took care of Sistie and Buzzie Dahl when the Roosevelts first went into the White House!"

"I take it then that you are a good Democrat?" said Sally.

"No, no! Never! I always have been and still am a loyal Republican. When I went with the Roosevelts, it was the first time in my life I'd never taken a position in a family of Democrats!" Then she went on:

"However, Miss Eilers you needn't let my Republican leanings interfere with hiring me for your son (age: one year). I never try to influence the political beliefs of children under my care!"

Mohr Excitement

THERE'S EXCITEMENT IN the Evelyn Venable-Hal (Cameraman) Mohr domicile, what with preparations to welcome the stork late in November.

Tragedy With The Bounty

IT WAS HIS daring attempt to rescue his camera containing a magazine of valuable "shot" film that cost the life of Glenn Strong, well known Hollywood cameraman, when a barge being used for scenes in *Mutiny on the Bounty* sank in stormy seas off Miguel Island in the Pacific. Fifty other per-

sons, actors and technicians, were rescued.

Wedding Bells

ON THE SAME day his close friend and advisor, Ernst Lubitsch was marrying Vivian Gaye in Phoenix, Lewis (Director) Milestone was leading the charming Kendall Lee Glaenzer of New York, to the altar down in Tucson, Arizona.

When Talkies Were Talkies

OTTO KRUGER, THE actor, claims the distinction of screening the first talking picture ever offered the public.

It was in Toledo, Ohio, back in Otto's youth, that he as manager of a flicker emporium, decided his patrons would appreciate spoken words instead of printed titles as an aid to the interpretation of the feature's plot. Gathering in twenty of his friends, he ran and re-ran the next attraction for them, while they rehearsed dialogue.

The innovation dumbfounded the paying customers, even though Otto admits that now and then the voices coming from behind the screen often continued on after the celluloid figures' lips ceased to move.

Kruger gave up after a week because the extra profits didn't compensate him for all the grief the idea caused him.

[Continued on page 50]

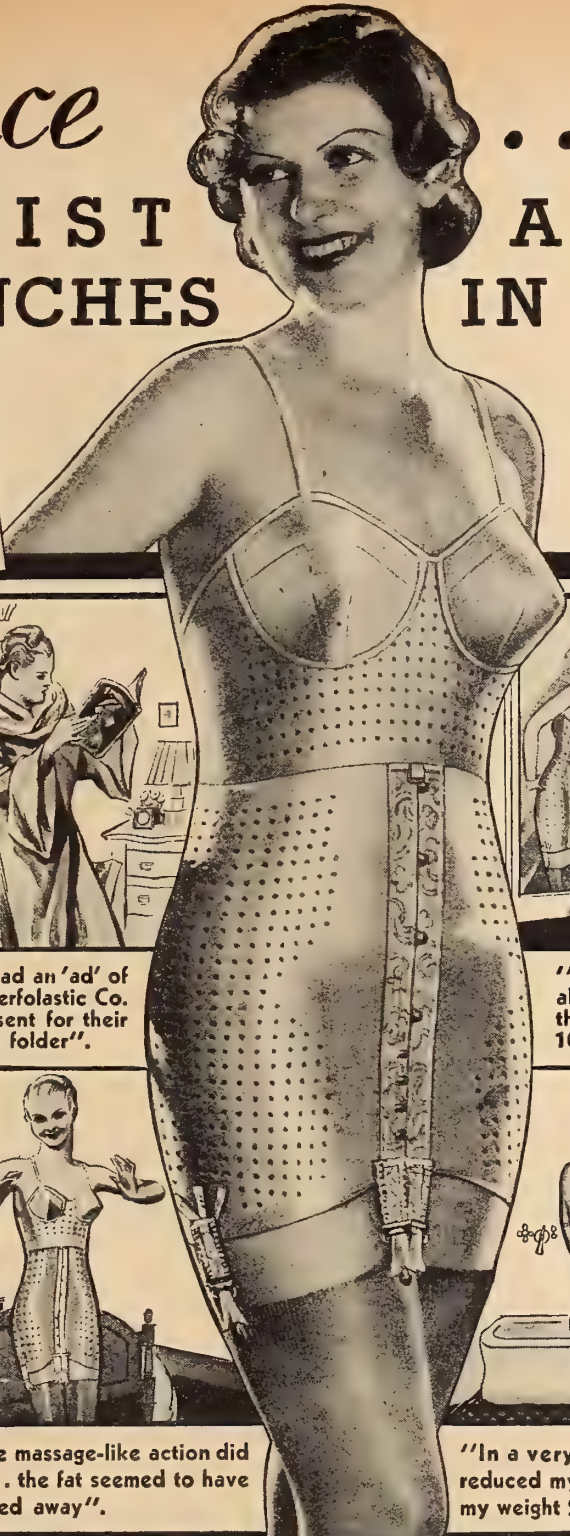








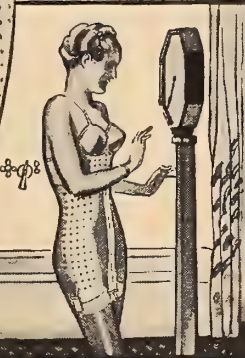

After a hot session on Elissa Landi's tennis courts: Johnny Farrow, Paul Cavanagh, Elissa Landi, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Count Landi, Elissa's father

Reduce . . . your WAIST AND HIPS THREE INCHES IN TEN DAYS

with the
PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE
or it won't cost
you one cent!

... Read how
Miss Jean Healy
reduced her hips
9 INCHES!



 <p>"Why Jean! What a gorgeous figure, how did you get so thin?"</p>	 <p>"I read an 'ad' of the Perfolastic Co. and sent for their FREE folder".</p>	 <p>"They actually allowed me to wear the Perfolastic for 10 days on trial ...</p>	 <p>"and in 10 days, by actual measurement, my hips were 3 INCHES SMALLER".</p>
 <p>"I really felt better, my back no longer ached, and I had a new feeling of energy".</p>	 <p>"The massage-like action did it ... the fat seemed to have melted away".</p>	 <p>"In a very short time I had reduced my hips 9 inches and my weight 20 pounds".</p>	 <p>"Jean, that's wonderful, I'll send for my girdle today!"</p>

You can TEST the Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere for 10 days ... at our expense!

DOES excess fat rob you of the grace and charm that should be yours?

■ Has unwanted flesh accumulated at waist, thighs and diaphragm in spite of all your efforts to retain that girlish slimness? Then you will rejoice over the marvelous Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere that reduce hips and waistline inches without effort ... simply by their beneficial massage-like action.

Safe! No Diet, No Drugs, No Exercises!

■ The wonderful part of the quick Perfolastic method is its *absolute safety* and *comfort*. You take no drugs ... no exercise

... you eat normal meals ... and yet we guarantee you will reduce at least 3 inches in 10 days or it will cost you nothing! We can dare to make this startling guarantee, because we have tested the Perfolastic Girdle for many years.

Reduce ONLY Where You Are Overweight!

■ The Perfolastic Girdle kneads away the fat at only those places where you want to reduce. Beware of reducing methods which take the weight off the entire body ... for a scrawny neck and face are as unattractive as a too-fat figure.

You Need Not Risk One Penny!

■ You can prove to yourself that these marvelous reducing garments will take off at least 3 inches of fat from your waist, hips and diaphragm or no cost!

PERFOLASTIC, INC.

41 EAST 42nd ST., Dept. 710, NEW YORK, N.Y.
Without obligation on my part, please send me FREE booklet describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your **10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!**

Name

Address

City State

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card



*Why doesn't
it **EVER**
ring?*

WHAT wouldn't she give to hear it ring? To hear a girl friend's voice: "Come on down, Kit. The bunch is here!"

Or more important: "This is Bill. How about the club dance Saturday night?"

• • • • •

The truth is, Bill *would* ask her. And so would the girls. If it weren't for the fact that underarm perspiration odor makes her so unpleasant to be near.

What a pity it is! Doubly so, since perspiration odor is so easy to avoid. With Mum!

Just half a minute is all you need to use Mum. Then you're safe for the whole day!

Use Mum any time, *even after you're dressed*. For it's harmless to clothing.

It's soothing to the skin, too — so soothing you can use it right after shaving your underarms.

Mum doesn't prevent perspiration. But it does prevent every trace of perspiration odor. Use it daily and you'll never be guilty of personal unpleasantness. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.

MUM

**TAKES THE ODOR OUT
OF PERSPIRATION**

ANOTHER WAY MUM HELPS is on sanitary napkins. Use it for this and you'll never have to worry about this cause of unpleasantness...

FAN MAIL

Edited by Harmony Haynes
Film Player and Novelist



Ready to descend en masse on the San Diego Exposition, this group of younger stars is getting last minute instructions from Henry Willson, on the left. Seated: Toby Wing, Paula Stone, Gertrude Durkin, Patricia Ellis, Grace Durkin and Henry Wadsworth; standing: Willson, Bob Hoover, Hayden Lucid, Ben Alexander and Richard Brodus

AND STILL THE letters pour in asking if stars really appreciate fan letters. Let us assure you that there is nothing more precious to a star than loyal, intelligent fans and how could a star know you are such a fan if you do not write letters?

You become acquainted with a star through the medium of the screen and the stories written about that star. The star becomes acquainted with the fans through letters and you might be surprised to learn how stars come to depend upon certain fans for intelligent, constructive criticism. In any number of instances, the star and the fan become personal friends as well as pen friends.

It would be impossible to tell you about all such loyal fans but we are going to devote this space to a few of them.

• • • • •

Emma Shotwell, living at Saranac Lake, New York, became very fond of Irene Dunne. She wrote her many letters when Miss Dunne was new to the screen and eager to know whether or not she was liked and how she could become more popular with her picture audience.

A bit later, an Irene Dunne fan club was formed and Emma became secretary. Through her letters, these two ladies became great friends so that when Miss Dunne visited New York she asked Emma to come to New York as her guest. Miss Dunne found Emma as lovely in person as she had been in her letters. A lively and lasting friendship was the result. Miss Dunne entertains Emma every time she goes east. Emma is an authoress and some of her stories about Miss Dunne have been printed in fan magazines.

• • • • •

Lucile Carlson, living at Detroit Lakes, Minnesota, years ago decided that she didn't like Alice White on the screen.

Truthfully, the rôles Alice was playing annoyed Lucile. She wrote Alice and told her about her faults. Alice, ever eager to please her public, took great pains to correct such faults as Lucile pointed out to her.

Then came the day when Lucile wrote to Alice and told her that she had improved so much that she was now her favorite star. Alice wrote right back, "I would rather have won you over than to have had you from the first!"

Lucile organized a club for Alice and it is one of the most popular clubs in existence. Several years ago when Alice was on a personal appearance tour, she invited Lucile to come to Minneapolis and spend several days with her. They are the most devoted of friends.

• • • • •

Jean Betty Huber wrote to us several years ago saying that she had watched with interest the progress made by June Clyde and asked if we thought June would like a fan club. June assured us that she would and that Jean Betty's letter proved that she was the one to handle such a club.

It is one of the smaller clubs but also one of the most popular. As soon as June made a trip east, she invited Jean Betty, by telephone, mind you, to come in from her home in Morris Plains, New Jersey and spend the day with her. The moment they met they were chums, went shopping together, visited the beauty parlour and did all the things you and your girl friend might do.

• • • • •

Four years ago Betty Stephanson of Minneapolis wrote a fan letter to Claudette Colbert and ever since has written every month or six weeks. During those four years Betty has married and become the mother of a lovely little son and Miss

[Continued on page 16]

HOLLYWOOD

ADORABLE



My Secret of Loveliness

Soft Golden Hair

Brings Compliments from My Friends

Sunny golden hair is so softening, so flattering. Brings out all your *natural* hidden beauty. A touch of bloneness adds sparkling vitality and appealing freshness to *your* personality. Gain for yourself the fascinating charm of light golden hair your friends will admire. *Now!* Just rinse with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

BLONDES: Rinse dark, faded or streaked hair with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Successfully and secretly, Marchand's evenly restores and protects natural golden hues and radiant brightness of real blonde hair.

BRUNETTES: Let Marchand's Golden Hair Wash be the secret of new attractiveness for *you*. Used as a rinse, Marchand's imparts to your hair a delicate sheen—or glowing highlights. Or lightens to any shade of bloneness desired. (Quickly as overnight, if you prefer. Or gradually over a period of weeks or months.)

Start today using Marchand's Golden Hair Wash for more beautiful hair. Purchase Marchand's in the new gold-and-brown package at any drug store.

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

TRY A BOTTLE —FREE!

(See coupon below)

A trial bottle of Marchand's Castile Shampoo—FREE—to those who send for Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

BLONDES and BRUNETTES: Marchand's Golden Hair Wash makes arms and legs as smoothly alluring as the rest of your body. No longer any need to risk "superfluous" hair removal. Use Marchand's to blend with *your* own skin coloring, and make unnoticeable "superfluous" hair on face, arms or legs. Use Marchand's Golden Hair Wash for *your* face, arms or legs!

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR MARCHAND'S TODAY, OR USE THIS COUPON

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH
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Please let me try for myself the SUNNY, GOLDEN EFFECT of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Enclosed 50 cents (use stamps, coin, or money order as convenient) for a full-sized bottle.

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City..... State..... F.P.-1035

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4 MILLION WOMEN BOUGHT CLOPAY
Perfected 15¢
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LAST YEAR...and Here's Why...**

TOTAL Clopay sales compared with average purchase per person show the astounding fact that Clopay 15c window shades now hang in 1 out of every 4 American homes! American housewives have seen CLOPAYS, tried CLOPAYS, and then bought them again and again. But, no wonder! The beauty of their lovely patterns and rich texture is not to be equaled in even the costliest shades—beauty acclaimed by leading interior decorators the country over. Add to that the amazing durability of Clopays—their utter freedom from cracking, pinholing, raveling on the edges and other common faults of shades costing far more—then, their sensational popularity is easy to understand. And now the new fall patterns are out—lovelier than ever before. Don't fail to see them. Write for samples showing patterns in full color. Enclose 3c for postage. **Clopay Corp., 1486 York St., Cincinnati, O.**



NO FILLER TO FALL OUT

This shows how clay or sizing falls out of ordinary window shades from regular use causing cracks, pinholes and raveled edges. Impossible with CLOPAYS which have no filler to fall out—no threads to ravel.

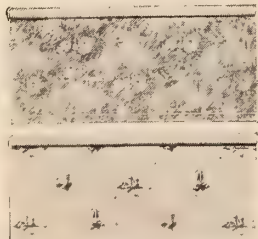


Clopay Patterns are strikingly beautiful and their value a revelation*

***Says Mrs. Sarah Lockwood**—one of America's Leading Interior Decorators, author of widely read book, "Decoration—Past, Present and Future."

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NOTE: Like all successful products, CLOPAYS are imitated. Beware! CLOPAYS have PATENTED advantages no other inexpensive shade can possess. Insist on genuine CLOPAYS.

GUARANTEED
As Advertised in
GOOD HOUSEKEEPING
MAGAZINE

Fan Mail

(Continued from page fourteen)

Colbert has become one of the most popular stars on the screen, still they are the same friends they were in the beginning, exchanging letters, gossip and gifts.

Catherine Fries is also another loyal fan of Claudette's. Miss Fries writes about every six weeks and Claudette has learned to depend upon these letters for just criticism.

• • •

Henry Von Kramer of Sweden has been writing to Elissa Landi for three years. Mr. Kramer is an artist and appreciates the artist in Miss Landi. He sends her, from time to time, suitable gifts of books. Several years ago, he sent her a persian cat which still reigns supreme in the Landi household.

R. E. Moury of Wilmington, Delaware is a man past middle age. He doesn't sound like the average fan, does he? Yet, for many years, Sylvia Sidney has depended upon his keen critical mind to improve her screen work. Just as sure as a new picture starring Sylvia comes to the screen, Mr. Moury writes Sylvia a letter explaining what he likes or does not like about her acting.

• • •

Gary Cooper finds such a friend in Evelyn Kelly who has been his reliable critic for eight years. Evelyn writes about twice a month and sends Gary clippings, also remembers to pass on the opinions of others in regard to his work.

Bette Davis has a young boy critic of twenty, to whom she refers to as "my Jim." He writes only upon the release of a new picture starring Bette and no matter what others may say in her praise, she is anxious to know what Jim will have to say.

Kay Francis has two fans of which she is very fond and also very grateful to them. One is a girl in England. Kay did not give us her last name, referring to her only as Adelle. She watches for any bit of news in papers and magazines and sends them to Kay. She has been doing this for five years.

• • •

Another fan of Kay's, also a girl, is taking a trip around the world and in every town she visits, she makes it a point to visit exhibitors and see what they think of Kay and how her pictures appeal to their audiences.

Lyle Talbot has a favorite fan. He didn't tell us her name but he did tell us that she was a little Hill-billie girl from Arkansas. She has not much of an education but she has plenty of intelligence and Lyle feels that her opinions are representative of thousands of girls like her.

Marlene Dietrich has a very interesting fan in Paris. He has been writing her for four years. He always writes in French. He also sends her thoughtful gifts of poetry and music. He never signs his name so Miss Dietrich cannot even send him a "thank-you" note.

Many of the fans prefer to remain unknown. A girl who signs herself "Lois" writes regularly to Randolph Scott. A student at Cornell College, sends Carole Lombard very helpful letters but never signs his name.

Not all of the fans are grownup. One of Jean Harlow's most loyal fans is a child, Mary Helen Hall. Mary was only nine when she wrote her first letter to Jean protesting against the type of rôles she played.

It was such an intelligent letter and the child had such good reasons for her protests that Jean promised to fight for better rôles.

Mary is eleven now. She still writes Jean after every picture and Jean shows her appreciation by remembering the girl's birthday and sending her a card or a gift at holidays.

We haven't space to tell you about all the loyal, helpful fans but we hope these few will be an incentive to you to also be a good fan.

Next month we'll tell you about the BAD fans—the kind NOT to be.

• • •

Dear Editor:

With most of us our belief in modern freedom is a mere gesture. We are old fashioned at heart. We want to believe in love, romance and marriage.

Therefore, admiring our favorite stars as we do, we secretly hope they will help us to believe in those things in real life as well as reel life. When we read of another unromantic divorce, we feel let down. I wonder how many of our favorites know that?

Norma Shearer is my only favorite who has not failed me in that respect. She has, after a beautiful romance, stayed married to one man. She dared to have her sturdy little son and then come back and give us fine pictures. And just recently a baby daughter is lucky enough to call her "mother." And we admiring fans are once more eagerly awaiting her return to us.

Elberta Lasater, 921 Baker St.,
San Angelo, Texas.

In this day of modern freedom, as you call it, we are happy to hear from a girl who admits she is old fashioned. Letters like yours should make Miss Shearer very proud and happy.—EDITOR.

• • •

Dear Editor:

We have not had very many pictures starring Bing Crosby shown in Perth yet but I have eagerly read everything about him in HOLLYWOOD Magazine. There is one thing that I cannot quite make out. *Just what is a crooner?* I have been told that a crooner is a singer who whispers into the microphone, but I find it hard, in watching Mr. Crosby, to imagine he is whispering.

I have read that he has brothers singing for orchestras. If this is so, do you think they will ever make pictures? Imagine a picture starring "The Crosby Brothers!"

Douglas L. Butler, 26 Haynes St.
North Perth, Western Australia.

Bing does have singing brothers and since you mention it we will try to "imagine" a picture starring

HOLLYWOOD

them. Or better yet, wait until the twins grow up! Douglas, don't people croon in Australia? Let us try to explain the word and that will explain the style of singing. Years ago, down south, Colored Mammies used to croon to their babies. That is they sang and hummed in a low, moaning, soothing voice. Mr. Crosby knew this and was bright enough to figure that the same type of singing would appeal in a love song as well as a lullaby.—EDITOR.

• • •

Dear Editor:

This letter, indirectly, is to express my gratitude to Clark Gable for all the kind things he said about Jean Harlow in the July issue of HOLLYWOOD.

Jean Harlow has suffered a good deal at the hands of unfair critics. In the beginning they tried to make us believe she could not act. They were not satisfied with criticizing her professionally, but also delved into her unfortunate private affairs.

In *Bombshell* she revealed her perfect gift for comedy and critics were obliged to eat their words.

Now, with the release of *Reckless*, they have begun attacking her singing and dancing. We know that such work was new to her and that she did not pretend to be a professional and we were more than pleased to hear Mr. Gable say that she was, at least, a trouper! Many thanks, Mr. Gable!

Marion Simmermon, 10411—93rd St.,
Edmonton, Alta., Canada.

And we thank Mr. Gable too, for permitting us to give our readers a peek at the working-girl Jean. Watch HOLLYWOOD for a true picture of Jean Harlow as a daughter, written by her mother.—EDITOR.

• • •

Dear Little Virginia Weidler.

Perhaps you're not old and not wise enough to answer this letter, but I know you'll understand what I'm saying. I saw you in *Laddie* last night. I sat through it twice to recapture something of my own childhood.

Since Shirley Temple became famous, thousands of little girls through the world have become golden-hair, blue-eyed, dimple conscious, and so many of them have become crude imitations, smirking and pouting, that I want to shake them. Perhaps someday, Virginia, you'll be beautiful, but right now you are the image of hundreds and hundreds of "plain Janes," the little girls who take the back seats for their prettier sisters and look on.

A few more pictures with you and the little girls with straight, dark hair, round serious faces and sturdy little bodies may be content to be themselves and not try to be something they're not, or cry themselves to sleep as a result.

Peggy Bradford,
6236 Harper Ave., Chicago.

We hope that all the plain little girls in the world will read this letter and realize that Grandma was right when she said, "Pretty is as pretty does!"—EDITOR.

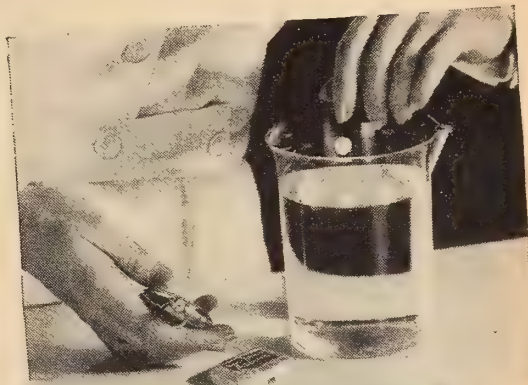
OCTOBER, 1935

WE SHOW ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPHS

To Let You See The QUICK-ACTING Property of REAL BAYER ASPIRIN

DROP A BAYER
ASPIRIN TABLET INTO
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BY THE TIME IT HITS
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GLASS IT IS DISINTE-
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Quick Relief for Headaches, pains of rheumatism, neuritis

THE old adage says, "what you see you believe." So the scientist, pictured above, shows you two *actual photographs* to prove the quick action of Genuine BAYER ASPIRIN.

Look at them, and you will see *one reason* why Scientists rate BAYER ASPIRIN among the fastest agents, *now known or ever known*, for the relief of headaches and pains of neuritis, neuralgia and rheumatism.

You'll see that a Bayer Aspirin tablet, dropped into a glass of water, starts to disintegrate, or dissolve, before it hits the bottom of the glass. Hence, is ready to go to work almost instantly you take one. For what happens in that glass happens in your stomach when you take a BAYER

ASPIRIN tablet. Relief comes in few minutes.

Countless thousands know that about BAYER ASPIRIN. Know by experience that it brings the quick relief you want when in distress.

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* DIRT VEIL *

Removed from Hair
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Amazing, new-type shampoo gives dull, faded hair gleaming life and lustre—with a single washing

ACCEPT GENEROUS TRIAL OFFER
NOTE COUPON BELOW

Is your hair dull and lifeless—even after you have just shampooed it? Then the chances are 9 out of 10 that the hair shafts are covered with a beauty-robbing *Dirt Veil*... A single shampoo of Mar-O-Oil will completely remove this *Dirt Veil*. When this happens, your hair will gleam with life and lustre. It will sparkle with beautiful highlights. And how soft and silky it will feel... Mar-O-Oil makes this startling change because it has the power to loosen and remove this *Dirt Veil*, when other methods fail completely. Then, being a scalp treatment and tonic, as well as a super shampoo, it nourishes the hair and imparts a lovely sheen... Get a bottle of Mar-O-Oil from your drug or department store. Use it only ONCE. If you do not agree that it is the finest shampoo you have ever used, your money will be refunded in full. Or, mail the coupon below with 10c, either in stamps or coin, for a regular sized 25c bottle.



Magnified hair shaft showing Dirt Veil left on it after improper shampoo.



Magnified hair shaft shampooed with Mar-O-Oil. Note how clean. Not a trace of Dirt Veil left.

* MAR-O-OIL
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OLIVE OIL SHAMPOO

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Please send me your regular sized 25c bottle of Mar-O-Oil for which I enclose 10c in stamps or coin.

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TOPPER'S Film Reviews

If "Topper" waves his hat, it's grand. Otherwise—!



Alan Hale scores a hit as the court jester along with Henry Wilcoxon in *The Crusades*. The latter's role as Richard, the Lion-hearted, is one of this year's best performances

THE CRUSADES—(Paramount)—Finest of all of Cecil B. DeMille's spectacles! This is a sentence summary of *The Crusades*, a film in which the pageantry and action move along to a sincere emotional climax. The picture equals any of DeMille's earlier spectacles for sheer magnificence; it exceeds them in the drama of human emotions. Henry Wilcoxon is superb as Richard, the Lion-hearted, devotedly in love with Loretta Young, the princess of Navarre, whom he marries sight unseen, by token. Ian Keith provides the third great rôle as Saladin, infidel defender of Jerusalem. The love story gives *The Crusades* warmth, and intrigue gives it color. Many members of the cast deserve high praise, including Katherine DeMille, who is splendid as the jilted Princess Alice of France. Alan Hale portrays the rôle of the court jester so well that he is something of a standout. Occasionally, scenes are marred by too much dialogue, particularly when the Holy Cross is found by the crusaders. Some license is taken with historical facts, but if you like spectacles, you will be in a forgiving mood and find nothing but praise for the whole production. You will probably leave the theater wondering how so much vivid, hand-to-hand fighting could be photographed without fatalities. DeMille, and only DeMille, is the answer.

STEAMBOAT ROUND THE BEND—(Fox)—is a picture that will please all Will Rogers' fans. Full of the color of the old South, the story moves along a little too slow for some audiences. Those who swear by Rogers will consider this one of his best productions. Supported by Anne Shirley and John McGuire who handle the love interest, Rogers, Irvin Cobb and Eugene Pallette turn in great characterizations. The climax comes in a steamboat race down the Mississippi to Baton Rouge, where Rogers is hurrying to save McGuire from the hangman's noose. Never has more pictorial beauty been filmed than in the race down the river. You will love Rogers and Cobb as rival steamboat captains.

SHANGHAI—(Wanger-Paramount)—as a story lacks purpose and clarity, but the excellent acting of Charles Boyer and Loretta Young maintains interest throughout the film.

Boyer, son of a Russian officer and a Manchu princess, falls in love with Miss Young. He is warned by Warner Oland, philosophical Chinese, that a white marriage will bring unhappiness. *Shanghai* could be a very somber film. Instead, it deals pleasantly with an unhappy situation.

DIAMOND JIM—(Universal)—This is the screen version of the genuine Diamond Jim Brady's life. Edward Arnold takes such a joy in living the role that you'll remember Brady in terms of this great actor. He outsparkles the diamonds as a personality. Like the real Brady, he is a steel-cold business man; a kind and benevolent friend; an astonishing promoter; and a boyish, awkward lover. Universal admits it has taken liberties with the genuine story of Brady, yet it has not digressed enough to spoil the truthful force of this amazing promoter who dominated the east at the turn of the century. Jean Arthur as his sweetheart rates second honors. Put this film on your "must" list and you will find a new screen favorite.

CHINA SEAS—(M-G-M)—Brings together an excellent cast including Wallace Beery, Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, Lewis Stone, Rosalind Russell and a host of others in a virile story of the sea. Gable, as the captain of the ship, naturally commands the dominant rôle. Beery is excellent as the secret agent of the pirates. Jean Harlow and Miss Russell about tie for feminine honors with major sympathy going to Lewis Stone.

Capsule Guide

Broadway Gondolier — (Warners) — Dick Powell, Adolphe Menjou, Joan Blondell and Louise Fazenda in a rollicking musical. *Tasty stuff.*

Mad Love — (M-G-M) — Peter Lorre as the sadistic surgeon in a fantastic thriller. Guillotines and midnight operations. *Bad medicine.*

Love Me Forever — (Columbia) — Is Grace Moore's second screen triumph. Her voice is as praiseworthy as before. Leo Carrillo dominates most of the picture.

Man on the Flying Trapeze — (Paramount) — Only the title and W. C. Fields to save this picture from boredom. Fields is very funny. *You may gag on it.*

Anna Karenina — (M-G-M) — Here is Garbo's newest and perhaps finest picture. Superb photography aids Garbo in reaching new heights. Fredric March co-stars.

Ladies Crave Excitement — (Mascot) — Norman Foster pulls scoops out of the hat for his newsreel company. Entertaining and exciting. *Leaves no bad taste.*

Escape Me Never — (British and Dominion) — Elisabeth Bergner in a powerful and poignant drama about unhappy love. *A grown up picture.*

Farmer Takes a Wife — (Fox) — Janet Gaynor smashes through in a story about the Erie Canal in its hey-day. You'll praise Henry Fonda.

Becky Sharp — (RKO-Pioneer) — Brings the true wonders of Technicolor to the screen in a film where the technical element dominates both the story and characterizations. Everyone should see this film on the grounds that it is a milestone in movie history.

Escapade — (M-G-M) — William Powell and Luise Rainer, Metro's fascinating European find, in a gay story of pre-war Vienna. *They're both excellent.*

She — (RKO) — Helen Gahagan and Randolph Scott in a runner-up to *King-Kong* that features above all else some amazing trick photography. *Very different.*

No More Ladies — (M-G-M) — Robert Montgomery and Franchot Tone hold down two corners of a love triangle with Joan Crawford. *Spicy and jolly.*

The Scoundrel — (Hecht-MacArthur) — Noel Coward and Julie Haydon in a psychological picture that packs a terrific emotional wallop.

Break of Hearts — (RKO) — Katharine Hepburn, Charles Boyer and John Beal in a hectic marriage blowup. They're all excellent. Film just misses being tops.

Here Comes the Band — (M-G-M) — Is Ted Lewis' contribution to screen musical shows. It's the same old rollicking Lewis with an "Is everybody happy?"

Murder Man — (M-G-M) — Stars Spencer Tracy and Virginia Bruce in a fast moving, unusually plotted yarn of a police reporter who reports a murder mystery.

Page Miss Glory — (Warners-Cosmopolitan) brings Marion Davies back to her top position as Hollywood's finest comedienne. She is supported by a fine cast.

G-Men — (Warners) — James Cagney leads the federal agents in a smashing drive on gangsters. Swell entertainment and jammed with fast action.

College Scandal — (Paramount) — Arline Judge, Wendy Barrie and a batch of

[Continued on page 53]

OCTOBER, 1935

"Now I can smoke all I wish
and not worry about

SMOKE-STAINED TEETH"



THIS SPECIAL TOOTH PASTE

**REMOVES SMOKE STAINS
A SAFE WAY**

Special stain-removing ingredient in Pepsodent is not contained in any other leading dentifrice. Make the simple test that surprises smokers. Thousands find dull, ugly teeth become naturally white and sparkling.

If you smoke, you've probably noticed stains on your teeth, or an ugly yellow smudge. Now there is a way to keep the faintest smoke trace from showing on your teeth. This way is Pepsodent, the special film-removing tooth paste.

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In Pepsodent is a special ingredient designed especially to remove the film on teeth. It is this film, not the teeth themselves, that smoke discolors. Therefore, this film must be removed if you want to escape that unnatural yellow color. It is film your dentist tells you to remove in fighting tooth decay and other dental troubles.

This remarkable film-removing ingredient in Pepsodent is contained in no other leading dentifrice. Not only does it bring out the

natural whiteness of your teeth, but it also polishes enamel to the highest brilliance.

In addition, this "Special Film-Removing tooth paste" has another major distinction: It is the softest . . . and therefore the *safest* . . . of 15 leading tooth pastes and 6 tooth powders as shown by scientific tests.

Try Pepsodent today. Not until you do can you know how beautifully white your teeth are.

Of 17,390 Dentists

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According to nation-wide investigation affirmed by unbiased Certified Public Accountants.

What better recommendation for you to try this special film-removing tooth paste on your teeth?

FREE! 10-DAY SUPPLY

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Please send me FREE 10-day tube of Pepsodent, the Special Film-Removing Tooth Paste.

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City..... State.....

This coupon is not good after March 31st, 1936
Only one tube to a family

NEW! PEPSODENT TOOTH POWDER

—utterly different from all others—Contains NO SOAP—NO CHALK—Try it!

REMOVES CORN *Safely* STOPS PAIN INSTANTLY



USE THIS NEW TOE-FITTING WATERPROOF CORN PLASTER

...for quick, efficient results. Just slip this small protective shield over the corn. Fits flat. Doesn't bulge or crowd toes, as the old-style plasters do. And it stays put with the slip-proof tabs. These perfected plasters can't stick to stocking—or get soggy when you bathe. (That's the patented *Drybak* feature.)

Each package contains special individual medicated centers. Nothing better for removing hard corns. Guaranteed by the Red Cross Laboratories.



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RED CROSS
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CORN PLASTER
(Also *Drybak* Bunion and Callous Plasters)

Harry Carr's Shooting Script



Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, pictured above in a scene from *Top Hat*, their newest production, have given an air of freshness to the screen, Mr. Carr believes

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS stopped off in Honolulu for a day on his way back to Hollywood for the United Artists conference. I saw him twice.

To his evident relief I did not mention Lady Ashley who accompanied him. We talked pictures.

Doug has had an offer to produce pictures in Japan and will probably accept some day. He would be a god-send to them.

The Japanese studios in Tokyo turn out more film footage than the studios of Hollywood. But they are very bad.

Who Sold the Junk?

Of all the weird collections of junk I ever saw gathered in one place the Tokyo studios had the weirdest.

For dome lights they were using old-fashioned "broads" hoisted into the air with ropes. And the pictures were about on a par with the equipment.

Douglas tells me that they have replaced all this junk-heap stuff with modern equipment.

It is of vital importance to the Japanese to break into pictures for many reasons; not the least of which is propagandish. They feel that they can get over their side of the story in pictures when it would not be listened to in cold print.

Doug and Color

Douglas said that, before leaving Hollywood he realized that color was coming and had some important experiments made.

In one of these he shot a scene with a man on one side leaping and jumping around in a furious way, waving his arms and kicking his legs. On the other side he had a simple patch of color—a splash of scarlet. To this

day nobody knows what the arm-waving man was doing. They all watched the spot of color.

Becky Sharp

With its usual addiction to panics, Hollywood has the jitters over *Becky Sharp* and every studio is ready to leap headlong into color photography.

Walt Disney has made a success of color in his Silly Symphonies. *La Cucaracha* was a dream; and *Becky Sharp* was top side.

Before I am prepared to believe that color is about to erase black and white pictures, however, I want to see a plain pork and bean story about a young lady working in a five and ten store.

These successful pictures were built for color, especially *Becky Sharp* with its magnificent British uniforms.

To my mind the most remarkable thing about them was the natural color of the human skin. Heretofore the complexion-you-like-to-touch has appeared on the screen looking like tooth paste.

What's Coming

One of the reasons why Hollywood is turning with such eagerness to color is that it may promise a relief for a situation. The truth is that pictures are working on some worked-out ledges.

Garbo's gears are worn down to the teeth; there is very little probability that Dietrich will ever come to the top again. Anna Sten didn't make the grade.

The stories are also worn thin. Everyone is getting tired of swooping airplanes and the folks gasping for air

HOLLYWOOD



Merle Oberon may be a Briton, but it took American producers to make her a star! She spends all of her spare time at her Santa Monica beach home

in sunken submarines. The gangsters got a new lease on life, on the reverse side in *G-Men*; but this is not a pay-streak. Sad to say, the forces of law and order have not the vivid appeal of the tough heroes.

It is about time a rescue expedition arrived from somewhere.

Ginger

The most interesting and rapid climb in Hollywood is that of Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers.

There is something very clean and nice about Astaire; he has the most priceless asset that any actor can have—he makes the audience hope he will succeed.

Ginger Rogers has an unforgettable personality and an unforgettable name. I think they have just begun.

The Old South

I am glad to see that Gail Patrick is getting along. She is a likeable and interesting girl.

There is not much probability that she will set the screen on fire but she will get along.

She is the girl who came to Hollywood with the determination to make enough money to go back and go into politics in Alabama. I am afraid that Alabama will have to look around for another governor, however. They always think they are going to grab a handful of money and go home but they never do.

[Continued on page 55]

OCTOBER, 1935

The Serene Confidence of the 8th WOMAN



ALWAYS HERSELF

Do you know a woman who is never at a disadvantage, never breaks engagements, never declines dances (unless she wants to!) and whose spirits never seem to droop? She is apt to be that eighth woman who uses Midol.

NATURE being what it is, all women are not born "free and equal." A woman's days are not all alike. There are difficult days when some women suffer too severely to conceal it.

There didn't used to be anything to do about it. It is estimated that eight million had to suffer month after month. Today, a million less. Because that many women have accepted the relief of Midol.

Are you a martyr to regular pain? Must you favor yourself, and save yourself, certain days of every month? Midol might change all this. Might have you riding horseback. And even if it didn't make you completely comfortable you would receive a measure of relief well worth while!

Doesn't the number of women, and the kind of women who have adopted Midol mean a lot? As a rule, it's a *knowing*

woman who has that little aluminum case tucked in her purse. One who knows what to wear, where to go, how to take care of herself, and how to get the most out of life in general.

Of course, a smart woman doesn't try every pill or tablet somebody says is good for periodic pain. But Midol is a special medicine. Recommended by specialists for this particular purpose. And it can form no habit because it is *not* a narcotic. Taken in time, it often avoids the pain altogether. But Midol is effective even when the pain has caught you unaware and has reached its height. It's effective for hours, so two tablets should see you through your worst day.

You'll find Midol in any drug store—usually right out on the toilet goods counter. Or, a card addressed to Midol, 170 Varick St., New York, will bring a trial box postpaid, plainly wrapped.

The Grandest Romance Ever Born from the Fire- Dipped Pen of Dumas!

*Reckless sons of the flashing blade
ride and fight for love again!*

WALTER ABEL, dashing young Broadway stage star as D'Artagnan, gay and audacious, as Dumas must have dreamed him! Beloved PAUL LUKAS as Athos, MARGOT GRAHAME, who soared to dramatic heights in the year's most praised picture "The Informer", plays the alluring Milady de Winter together with a superb cast including Heather Angel, Ian Keith, Moroni Olsen, Onslow Stevens, Rosamond Pinchot, John Qualen, Ralph Forbes and Nigel de Brulier as Richelieu.

Cast to perfection!
Produced with a lav-
ish hand by Cliff Reid.
Fencing arrangements
by Fred Cavens.

This month a real thrill comes to the screens of the world
as RKO-RADIO gives you one of its finest pictures.

THE THREE MUSKETEERS

Superbly directed by Rowland V. Lee.

RKO-RADIO PICTURES YOU WILL WANT TO SEE!

Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers in "TOP HAT." Music and Lyrics by Irving Berlin . . . Katharine Hepburn as Booth Tarkington's most loved heroine "Alice Adams". . . The superb screen play from Mazo de la Roche's prize novel "Jalna". . . Lionel Barrymore in David Belasco's greatest stage success "The Return of Peter Grimm" and Merian C. Cooper's spectacle drama "The Last Days of Pompeii"



EYE-WITNESS PHOTOS



"I'll pose this one," Will Rogers told me when I wanted a picture of the Stone family reunion here in Hollywood. So here they are, reading from the left: Paula Stone, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Stone and Carol Stone. Yea, Will is grinning over their shoulders



When Connie Bennett decided to build a new tennis court, she put it below the ground level just to be different. I caught this view of her supervising the job beside her beautiful new mansion located in Beverly Hills



Charlie Chaplin seemed pretty interested in something besides the camera when I snapped this very informal shot of him with Paulette Goddard at the Trocadero. That's Sam Goldwyn going to sleep



I got Louis B. Mayer of M-G-M and Alice Terry to pose with Ramon Novarro at the preview of his new Spanish language picture, *Against the Current*. Ramon turned producer recently and this was his first brain child



Eddie swears he wasn't flirting with pretty Alice Faye when I snapped this picture, but the way Mrs. Cantor is tweaking his ear makes a fellow wonder!

TRAPPED IN THE HELL OF MODERN LIFE
they fight.. AS YOU DO.. for the right to love!

ENTHRALLED—*you'll watch this*
BLAZING SPECTACLE OF TODAY TORTURE
THE BEAUTIFUL AND THE DAMNED!

See this man and woman living *your*
dreams, *your* despairs. Fascinated . . .
behold the raging spectacle of hell *here*
and hereafter . . . of Inferno created by
Man and Inferno conceived by Dante!
This drama blazes with such titanic
power that IT WILL BURN ITSELF INTO
YOUR MEMORY FOREVER!

FOX FILM PRESENTS

DANTE'S INFERNO

SPENCER TRACY • CLAIRE TREVOR • HENRY B. WALTHALL • ALAN DINEHART

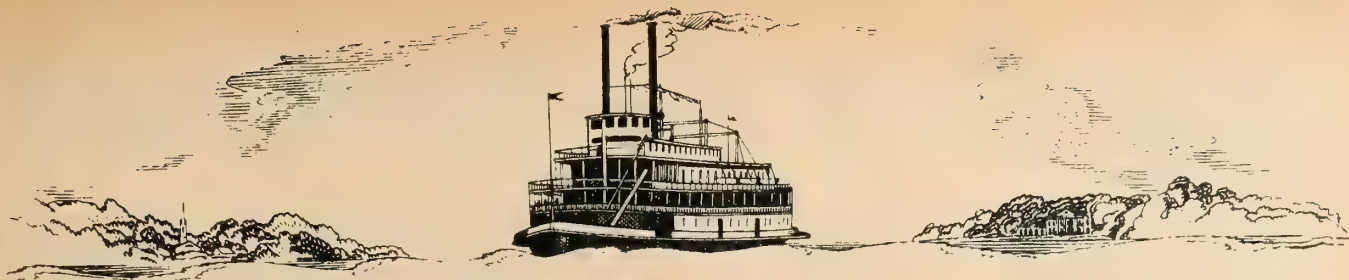
Produced by Sol M. Wurtzel Directed by Harry Lachman

THRILL
AS YOU SEE

Ten million sinners writhing in eternal torment
—cringing under the Rain of Fire—consumed in
the Lake of Flames—struggling in the Sea of Boil-
ing Pitch—toppling into the Crater of Doom—
wracked by agony in the Torture Chambers—
hardening into lifelessness in the Forest of Horror!
Plus the most spectacular climax ever conceived!

A STARTLING DRAMA OF TODAY... AND FOREVER! TIMELY AS
TODAY'S NEWS... ETERNAL WITH ITS CHALLENGING TRUTHS!

FOX



Will ROGERS

in his greatest picture

'STEAMBOAT ROUND THE BEND'

ANNE SHIRLEY • IRVIN S. COBB • EUGENE PALLETTE • STEPIN FETCHIT

Directed by John Ford • From a novel by Ben Lucien Burman

IT'S BIGGER than a laugh picture!



Will blazes a new path in his screen career as he scores his greatest triumph! Hollywood calls it the most important event of the season!

'Steamboat Round the Bend' throbs with the romance, the humor, the adventure, the human emotions of the old, colorful days on the roaring Mississippi! And what a climax! Spellbound, you will watch Will Rogers and Irvin Cobb, rival captains, race their boats down the river with a girl's happiness and a man's life at stake!



Garbo's CAMERAMAN

Garbo, the exotic or the moody? Neither one! It's Bill Daniels speaking, and he ought to know! Read about the famous star as a fellow worker sees her

by WILLIAM STULL

WHAT SORT of a person is Greta Garbo to her co-workers in the studio?

Bill Daniels, her cameraman, knows the answer better than any man in Hollywood, for he has photographed every one of her American-made pictures.

So when I wanted to learn about Garbo as she really is—not as some scribbler thinks she might be—I asked Bill Daniels.

"Greta Garbo," he told me, "is the finest person in the world to work with. Quite apart from her greatness as an actress, she is a supremely great personality. It is really tragic that so many misconceptions of her have found their way into print. Many of the articles I have read distort her personality as badly as an amusement park distorting mirror misshapes the figure. She has been pictured as gloomy, aloof, frightened, imperious,

and a hundred other things as unlike her real self as are midnight and noon.

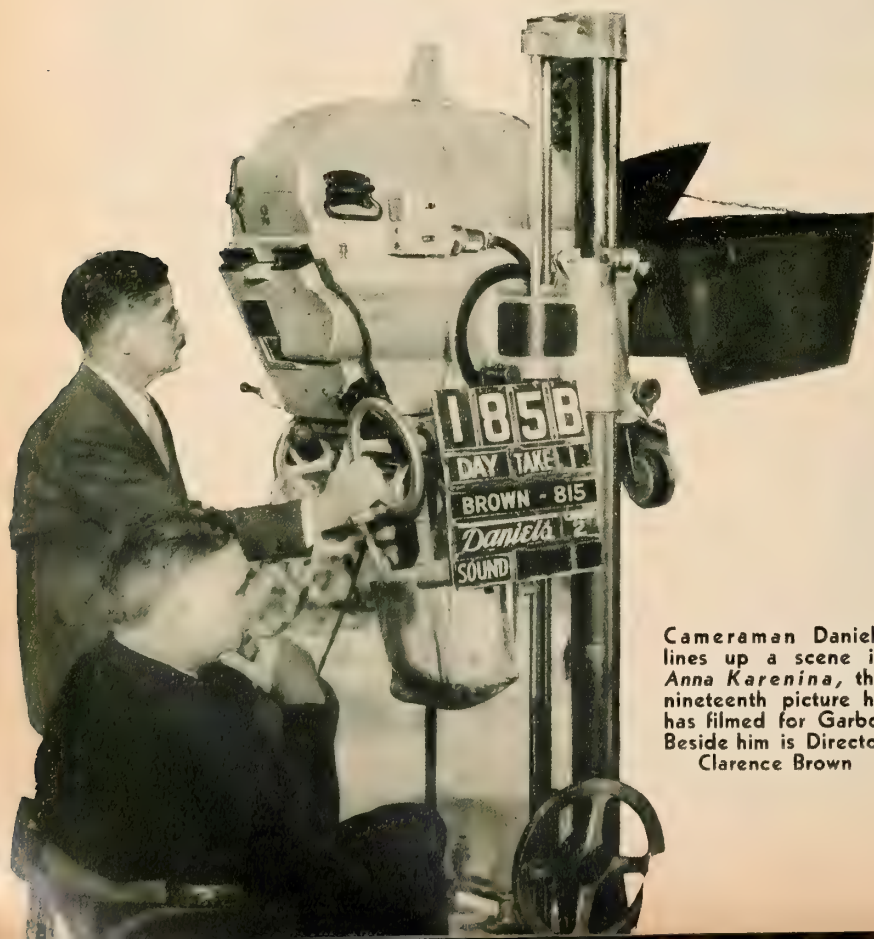
"The real Greta Garbo is the most sensible woman I have ever known. The keynotes of her character are intelligence, simplicity, and absolute sincerity. Best of all, she has the gift of winning—and keeping—the affection and respect of everyone with whom she comes in contact. Almost everyone who has not worked with her previously begins a Garbo picture overawed by the tradition of the Great Garbo; but her warm humanness melts this fear as quickly as the summer sun would melt a snowdrift. Long before the picture is finished, the newcomer has learned to love and respect Miss Garbo with a fervor no other player can evoke. The most enthusiastic Garbo fans are the people who work with her.

"A person doesn't attract that kind

of loyalty just because she is a great actress, or because she is a famous star! Neither does one get it by remaining regally aloof from the rest of the troupe. Greta Garbo is loved, first, last, and always, because she is a really lovable person.

● "FOR INSTANCE, she has a delightful sense of humor. It bubbles forth a dozen times a day when we are making one of her pictures. Not that she is a practical joker, or that she is always clowning around between shots! But she says and does innumerable little things that are genuinely funny. Often, for example, she will grow restive when I take longer than usual to get ready for a scene. Waiting in her portable dressing-room, she will send her maid out to 'haunt' me: 'Go out and look at that man Daniels,' she will say. 'Stare at him! Make his conscience prick!'"

"You see, she works faster than almost any star. Many of the others pay more attention to the mechanics of acting, and we get the best per-



Cameraman Daniels lines up a scene in *Anna Karenina*, the nineteenth picture he has filmed for Garbo. Beside him is Director Clarence Brown



In *Queen Christina* Garbo again displayed the ease with which she wore costumes. Her chief worry was her highly rebellious hair

formances if we take the scenes over a number of times. Norma Shearer, for example, likes to work into her scenes, painstakingly polishing up every slightest movement and tone; she is often at her best at about the tenth 'take.' Garbo, on the other hand,

HOLLYWOOD

TALKS AT LAST

works intuitively. If for any reason we have to do a scene over several times, she is quite likely to work herself out of the scene; she often gives her best performance on the first 'take.'

"Once, though, she met her match in quick film-making! When it came time to film the retakes on *The Painted Veil*, Director Boleslawski had been called away to another studio, so W. S. Van Dyke took charge. He is probably the breeziest, quickest-shooting director in the business; he literally cuts and edits his pictures as he shoots them. Our first retake was a scene of Miss Garbo coming down a long flight of stairs. We made the shot—once. Van Dyke told me, 'Okay—wrap it up! Now let's move over here!' Miss Garbo's face was a study; then she slowly smiled and said, 'Well, I suppose there is only one way to walk down stairs!'



Cameraman Daniels wants to photograph Garbo in color. He believes her complexion is the loveliest he has ever filmed

● "WE'VE DEVELOPED quite a system on our troupe. I've mounted a funny little bicycle-horn on my camera. When I have the set lit, I squeeze the bulb of the horn; that one piercing squeak (it can be heard above all the noises of the studio) sets the whole troupe moving.

"The stand-ins step aside; my operative cameraman Lane and his assistant take their places; the director knows that it is his turn to take charge—and Miss Garbo comes out of her dressing-room. Not a word spoken—no unnecessary running around and calling people—but at the sound of the horn, everyone knows we are ready to make pictures.

"That is, we usually are; but sometimes Miss Garbo grows impatient—and creeps up behind me and blows the horn when my back is turned!

"Garbo likes to look through the camera, to see what the scene is going to look like; but she doesn't thrust her opinions upon any of her fellow-workers. She is supremely confident that every one of us is a specialist—better qualified than she to do our own particular work. Therefore, she very level-headedly lets us do it. She almost never troubles to look at the 'rushes' of her films, nor even at the first rough assembly of the picture. Instead, she waits for the preview, calmly confident that each of us will see to it that no flaw exists in any department.

Her job is acting: very well, she will make her work as nearly perfect as possible, leaving photography, direction, costuming, and so on to the specialists in charge of those phases.

● "THAT, I THINK, more or less explains why she wore the hat that caused so much comment in *The Painted Veil*. Remember it—the funny, flat little sailor-hat she wore in several sequences? When we began the picture, several of the folks on the set worried about it a good deal. Finally they came to me and persuaded me to ask her if she felt satisfied to wear it. I did. She replied that she considered it all right; she undoubtedly realized that she had successfully worn many unusual gowns created by the same designer, and reposed complete confidence in his taste and ability. At any rate, she wore the hat.

"After all, she has an uncanny ability to wear striking clothes and make them seem natural. Costumes are her smallest worry; perhaps her greatest is her hair. Some women, you know, have hair they can do anything with; others have locks as unruly as Huey Long. Garbo's hair is persistently rebellious, and she spends hours worrying over each picture's coiffures.

"Garbo's acting is different from that of any other player I ever photographed. You sometimes hear about a player who 'does his acting mentally.' Nine times out of ten, it is just a blurb put out by some overworked publicity-man; but with Greta Garbo it is the literal truth. I don't think she is conscious of movement, voice, or expression; she just seems to *think* her part—and everything about her expresses it to perfection. That is why



The years have wrought changes upon Garbo since she first teamed with Daniels. He tells you that she has matured into entirely another type of person than before

we use so many close-ups of her. She can tell so much with the subtlest glance of an eye, and put so much meaning into a fleeting expression, that we have to.

● "IN A MORE distant shot, these subtleties would be lost. You will notice, too, that we use quite a number of full-figure long-shots; Garbo's walk is one of the most entrancingly graceful movements I have ever seen, and it naturally shows up best in full-figure shots.

"Her complexion is remarkable, both to the camera and the eye. She has the clearest, finest skin-texture in pictures. It is a joy to photograph; it will be a revelation if she ever makes a color-film."

How did the Garbo-Daniels team originate? Nearly ten years ago, Greta Garbo, as everyone knows, came to Hollywood. At that time, the newest young cameraman on the lot was Bill [Continued on page 72]



JANET GAYNOR

answers her fans

The 11,000 letters a month that come her way positively thrill Janet Gaynor! It's a big task to read them, but she loves it!

by CARL VONNELL

THERE'S A BURLY British trooper far off in Pashawa, India, who calls himself "the baby soldier" because he bawls every time he sees Janet Gaynor weeping on the screen. . . .

Ten thousand miles away, in Stockton, California, there's a little girl whose grandmothers are peeved because she was named "Janet" instead of after either of THEM. . . .

The Command Story

You asked for Janet this month, now mail us your next request

Across the continent, off Wilmington, Delaware, a satisfied fisherman rides a home-built boat name "Tess" and in her cabin hangs an autographed photo of Janet as "Tess of the Storm Country." . . .

Down in Durban, on Africa's southern tip, is a bride whose wedding-gown was the exact replica of the crinoline Janet wore in *Carolina*, remember? . . .

In Cambridge, Massachusetts, scores of serving girls and maids all wear uniform caps exactly like the one Janet wore in *Servant's Entrance*—they made 'em themselves. . . .

Janet Gaynor herself knows all these facts.

What's more, she knows thousands of other intimate, personal facts about thousands of people all over the world—north, east, south, west. She knows them not because she's a sort of Miss Believe-It-Or-Not-Ripley, but because the people themselves tell her so.

In short, she knows because she's the living refutation of the canard that "film stars don't read their fan mail."



Janet settles the argument about her childhood with this photo as a Philadelphia school-girl, aged 8



Janet sent a pattern of this dress to a bride in Africa who wanted one exactly like it for her own wedding gown

● JANET DOES READ hers. I know—because I caught her at it. And found her [Continued on page 60]

HOLLYWOOD

Mrs Laughtons BIG BOY CHARLIE

Should you treat a genius like a child?
Charlie's wife says yes—and does so!

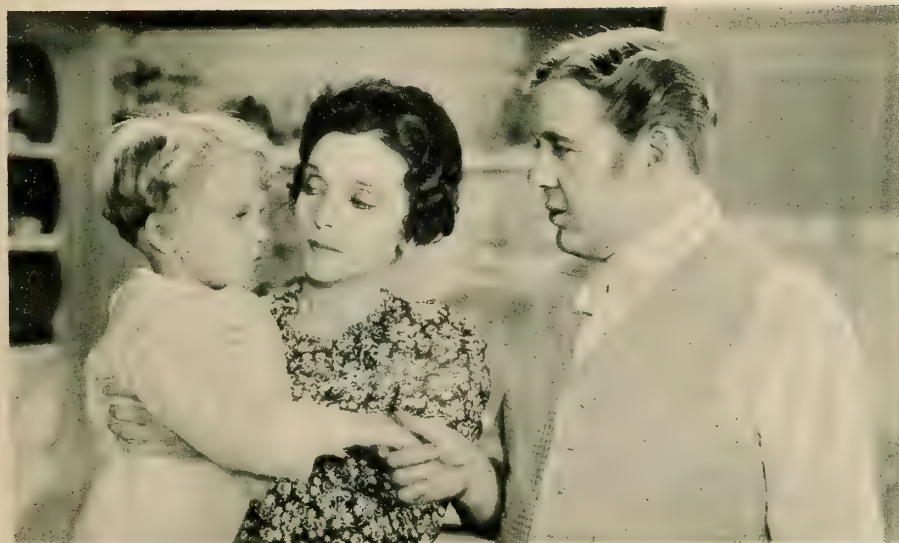
by KATHARINE HARTLEY

IF YOU have in your charge a boy who is a genius, yea, even a child prodigy . . . you know, without reading any books on child psychology, that you can't treat that boy like other boys. You can't scold him and chastise him . . . he is too sensitive. You must pamper his every mood, encourage his talent, and give him all the understanding, love and affection that you are capable of giving.

The great Mr. Charles Laughton, king of kings, and Javert of Javerts, and ace-high actor of England and America, is a child prodigy grown up. Not that he was a prodigy when he was a boy, but he is still a boy, slightly overgrown, and a prodigy now! And it is his charming and intelligent wife, Elsa Lanchester, who pampers the

moods, encourages his talent, and gives him the great understanding, love and affection of which she alone would be capable.

She is anything but a docile give-



Contrasting sharply with his *Mutiny* role, this photo shows Laughton in *Ruggles of Red Gap*, a portly Englishman. Since *Ruggles*, he has lost forty pounds, as you will note above



Elsa Lanchester (above) willingly periled her own screen career to be with Charlie wherever he went. Compare photo left, as he appears in *Mutiny On the Bounty*, with photo below, cast as *Ruggles*

in-ish sort of person when he is not around. She has a fiery temperament, and is an extreme individualist when you meet her alone. But meet the two of them together, and Elsa becomes merely the background for the performance that is Charles Laughton.

Like any talented child, he likes the center of the parlor floor, and she gives it to him, graciously. More like a proud mother than a wife, she is constantly urging him forward, constantly urging him to speak his piece.

● **AND SPEAKING HIS** piece is something that Charlie likes to do nothing else but. It was with Elsa as his audience that he first learned to recite the famous Gettysburg address, and now he recites it on any and all occasions when there is someone willing to listen.

Just the other day, at Avalon, where the cast of *Mutiny on the Bounty* had journeyed by speed boat from location on Catalina Island, to see the day-before's rushes . . . Charlie gave his fellow-workers one of his many impromptu treats. The theatre was dark while the cast waited for the rushes to begin. Suddenly from the black stage, came the sound of soft-shoe dancing . . . and very good it was too! No music, no whistling . . . just the rhythmic beat of dancing feet. The dance finished and the audience applauded.

Who could [Continued on page 70]



There was one thing about making *Midsummer Night's Dream* that Dick Powell liked. As Lysander, his chief job was to court the beautiful Hermia, played by Olivia de Havilland. Warners consider her one of the year's best finds!

DICK POWELL TELLS

The Scare of His Life

AND WAS I SCARED! My heart stood still . . . reason fled . . . my legs, usually reliable fellows, turned to ice water!"

Dick grinned at the memory of it.

"I thought I was as brave as the average man, which isn't saying much, but I'm not! I couldn't stand up under the blow of having a swell part in a swell play offered to me . . . I shook in my shoes!

"This is the reason. . .

When I was a kid going to high school in Little Rock, Arkansas, I flunked as regular as clockwork in English and in elocution. We took up two of Shakespeare's plays . . . had to read them aloud in class. The plays were, *Twelfth Night*, and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. They didn't make sense to me . . . I couldn't make head nor tail of them . . . probably because my mind was busy with girls and all the other things a high school kid is interested in. Maybe I was just a low-brow. But everytime I tried to read from these two plays in class my tongue got twisted and, well, anyway, I failed to pass. In my dumb mind the

Shakespeare was his Nemesis in high school, so they gave him a rôle in *Midsummer Night's Dream*!

by MADELEINE MATZEN

word Shakespeare and disaster became one. I developed a sort of phobia about the world's greatest dramatist . . . in fact I thought he was an Elizabethan nut . . . much too hard for me to crack!

"It's odd how many fixed ideas, or phobias, a kid can develop when he's going to school. Strange fears and stranger inhibitions are often planted at that time in a fellow's mind all due to the ignorance of that same mind, and to its inexperience. Later on in life these fears blossom out gigantically at the most unexpected moments . . . most embarrassingly!

"As you know, the Warners brought me to Hollywood to sing in their pic-

tures. I wasn't supposed to act . . . just to look pleasant . . . make a few gestures and remember my lines and it was fondly hoped that the critics might think it was acting.

● "THE CRITICS were very polite . . . they never mentioned my 'acting' but they wrote that they liked my singing. So I did the best I could and prayed that the interest in musical pictures would last. I spent all my spare time studying singing trying to make my one talent better and better. I didn't study acting . . . I thought it was hopeless for me.

"All of a sudden, when I was 'ridin' high' and feeling kind of cocky about myself the bolt from heaven (our casting office) descended. They told me I was to play a part in the Shakespearean play *A Midsummer Night's Dream* . . . the rôle of Lysander . . . an important rôle, too! As I said a few minutes ago, I was scared nearly to death. ME . . . and Shakespeare! The old fixed idea that Shakespeare and disaster were the same word, spelled differently, [Continued on page 51]



Claudette Colbert views Melvyn Douglas with alarm as he expounds his theories

SHOULD A GIRL Marry Her Boss?

Yes! No! Ten stars of filmland tell you their own beliefs on this highly debatable subject!

by HARMONY HAYNES

DOUBTLESS, THAT QUESTION didn't worry Grandmother, for she stayed at home and tended to her knitting and studied the gentle art of housewifery until Prince Charming came along to claim her as his bride.

Ever since the world began, women have been catering to the whims of men, in some form or other. Business girls are no exception to that rule. Consciously or otherwise, the working girl will cater to her boss. And if she caters long enough, she is quite apt to fall in love with him. And what man could not think fondly of a girl, who, day after day, in so many thoughtful ways, makes his life more pleasant?

Then comes the often repeated question: *Should a girl marry her boss?*

It would seem that the only fitting answer would be, "Yes, if she loves him!" Ah, if it were only as simple as that! But alas, it isn't. One of the first things a business girl learns is not to let the heart rule the head when making an important investment. Marriage is an investment in the scheme of happiness and love alone does not always make it a good investment. We hesitate to accept the responsibility, so we give you the opinions of ten of Hollywood's most famous stars. They have very decided opinions.

● THE FIRST PERSON we questioned on the subject was Melvyn Douglas who plays opposite Claudette Colbert in the Columbia picture, *She Married Her Boss*.

"That would depend greatly," Mr. Douglas states, "upon the nature of the work the girl and her boss were engaged in and how much that work meant to both of them."

"Any work that is creative or artistic, such as dancing, designing, painting, writing, or acting is bound to breed romance. How many times have you watched a couple who were heart and soul in their work, suddenly discover that they were in love with each other? Since their first love was for their work, there is a natural bond of sympathy and understanding that will tie them together more securely than any marriage vows ever could. The wedding ceremony is merely the frame about an already perfect picture of happiness."

"I can understand such a relationship because [Continued on page 67]

There is the danger that a boss might keep on being bossy, Irene Dunne, in circle, suggests. At lower right, Richard Dix, who married his own secretary, gives his unqualified approval of such matches



Joan Blondell married Cameraman George Barnes, but marriage disagreed with them



"Don't do it," says Binnie Barnes, left. Sally Eilers disagrees with her





Gladys Swarthout with her husband, Frank Chapman . . . Their romance began in a Naples opera house

From Ozarks to Opera

IT WAS AN important occasion in the little Ozark town of Deep Water, Missouri. A little 13-year-old girl was on the stage, and against everyone's advice she was attempting a difficult aria. Everything went smoothly until she attempted an unusually high note. Suddenly her voice broke distressingly and the echoes tumbled down all over the house.

To everyone's amazement and her teacher's consternation, the child singer stamped her foot imperiously and ordered the pianist to start all

over again. The teacher whispered that it simply wasn't done, but the little girl thought different. Her second attempt was a childhood triumph which she has never forgotten!

The Ozark girl was Gladys Swarthout, a child who sang for the love of it and didn't give a hang about the future! The girl who was to go on to Metropolitan Opera fame, and eventually into motion pictures!

That broken note at 13 did a wonderful favor for Gladys. For one thing, it caught the interest of a wealthy Kansas City family which happened to be present through that brief interlude of tragedy and triumph. For several years thereafter the family helped finance her musical education. Gladys has been forever grateful. She went on to study at the Bush Conservatory in Chicago, and became extremely active in minor engagements at theatres, churches, and other gathering places. [Continued on page 63]

ROMANCING IN VENICE

» » » » » » » »



Well, if it isn't Lyle Talbot and his girl friend, Peggy Watters, at Venice, California! We'll follow them . . .



They're daring the roller coaster! Hang on, you two, there's a hundred foot drop ahead! Don't worry about your hats



Refreshments? We'll admit you needed them after that wild ride on the shoot-the-shoots. But it was fun



Is 13 Unlucky? Not to Eleanor Powell

THIRTEEN is her lucky number. Her life has almost exactly followed her horoscope. She always follows her hunches, and has an uncanny sense of which thing to do. She is impulsive, many times past the point of what seems to be within reason.

These are the things to which Eleanor Powell, the world's most famous feminine tap dancer, attributes her success.

Taking these things in order that they are named, we will show you just how Eleanor proved them to us.

"Well," she said emphatically, "I started life in the year 1913. Every really good break that I have had has come on the 13th of the month. My name has thirteen letters in it—I wouldn't think of moving into a house with a number that didn't have thirteen in it, no matter how much I might like it. The thirteenth year of my life was one of the most important, if not the most important.

"It was that year when I progressed most in my dancing, and definitely knew that it was to be my life's work. I never will take a hotel room that does not have 13 in it. I did just once, and that was enough. The show was

a terrible flop. If the hotel where I wanted to stay does not have a room 13—I simply don't stay there. I find one that has."

Everything that Eleanor does, she does in thirteens. She has 13 bottles of perfume on her dressing table. She planned to arrive in California to take up her picture contract with M-G-M studio on the 13th. She never plans any important social or business engagement on any day other than the thirteenth, if it is at all possible to have it on that day. If she ever marries, she says it will be on the 13th! She had nothing to do with the fact that she was born on November 21st instead of the 13th!

To show you just how far she carries this belief of hers, she was proposed to by a young man of whom she



What's in a number? Good luck if it's 13, says Eleanor. That's why she chose the "jinx" number for her dressing room!

thought a great deal, on the 12th of the month. She thought that it was a sign of some sort that he should have missed by a day—and said "no!" All future Powell swains take notice!

The second amazing series of coincidents in this young lady's life is the fact that [Continued on page 62]



Undismayed by the coaster, they're trying the waterfall slide! Look out, someone's going to get wet!



"One more kewpie doll and we'll go home," says Lyle to Peggy. (We watched him throw the ball. He won!)



End of a perfect day. And still smiling, too! Ah, these Indian summer romances! They're priceless and most diverting

MARION DAVIES TELLS

Why Stars FALL!

Our topnotch comédienne bares the pitfalls that have doomed countless other players!

Marion Davies began her stage career at the age of 18 in *Chin Chin*. Later she became a star of Ziegfeld's *Follies*. Her unusual beauty attracted wide attention. As a consequence, Harrison Fisher did his celebrated painting called "Morning" with Miss Davies as his model.

Marion's film career began with *Run-away Romany*. Among her outstanding early pictures were *When Knighthood Was in Flower* and *Little Old New York*.

She is a natural blonde with blue eyes and golden hair . . . stands five feet five and weighs 120 pounds . . . loves outdoor sports . . . reads at every opportunity . . . owns a luxurious beach cottage which in reality is the biggest mansion along the waterfront . . . she is unaffected and superstitious . . . loves to cut up and is the brilliant star of every Hollywood party . . . her latest picture, *Page Miss Glory*, proves that she has lost none of her versatility . . . Marion's excellent performance marks her as Hollywood's outstanding comedienne . . . she is deliberately homely for half the picture and astoundingly beautiful during the remainder. . . .

pronoun with a vengeance. They get a lordly complex: they become so self-centered that everyone else ceases to exist.

● WHAT THEY SAY, what they do, what they think, or what passes with them for thought, is of paramount concern.

Talent of any sort must be kept shining and bright and bubbling by incessant work, by incessant development. There is no standing still; there must be growth to keep pace with the years. There must be adjustment and readjustment. There must be increasing depth, not the grooving of a character into the same old mould so that spontaneity departs and weariness replaces it.

It isn't enough to know the tricks of a trade. There must be substance and

[Continued on page 56]

Stars
Own
Stories

STARS FALL BECAUSE they change. In their viewpoint, in their approach to their work and to themselves, in their reaction to the multitude of incidents which punctuate every day.

The camera does not only record a set of features, a few characteristic and perhaps interesting gestures, a small or great, an active or a latent talent. It goes below the surface and registers the sort of person you are. It is a searching, rather pitiless detective which discloses motives and dreams and hopes.

Youngsters come to the screen; they have ambition and drive and inherent talent. Perhaps they are a type popular at the moment, or accidentally

attain prominence. In any event, in a year or a day they see their names blazoned on theatre marquees the world over. They are lauded and applauded; fantastic compliments are paid their abilities. They are given sole credit for their success. And they begin to believe that they alone are responsible for it.

They minimize the contributions made to their personality and their fame by the unsung artists of the studio—the technicians, the writers, the designers, the directors.

That simplicity, that blazing enthusiasm, that inherent sweetness or even inherent greatness which commanded that first attention to them, begins to wear off. They go in for the personal

WHAT I KNOW ABOUT *Grace Moore*

She's a prima donna of personality—fresh red blood for Hollywood! Armed with grand opera, she captivated the whole world! Why? Let Leo tell you

by LEO CARRILLO
As told to Anne Meyers

GRACE MOORE is not a prima donna! Don't get excited. I don't mean Grace can't sing. Who am I to argue with fifty million fans? Anyway, I'm one of the fifty million myself.

What I mean is that she does not conform to the standardized picture you and I have fondly nursed in the back of our minds of what a famous prima donna is like—a Junoesque Amazon of a woman who flies into tantrums at the least provocation, hurls objects and invectives, and generally makes herself



Always brimming with restless energy, Grace Moore busies herself between shots at the studio. Here Leo Carrillo helps tend to her knitting

heartily disliked by all who know her.

Grace Moore possesses the fine, sensitive nature of the true artist, but she's not temperamental.

They say you don't know a person until you're married to him, or play bridge with him. But you don't have to marry an actress or fight over contract with her to know her. You get a good slant on her character and personality if you make a picture with her.

If Grace were temperamental, I would be unable to relate an incident that occurred the day the last scene of *Love Me Forever* was shot. We were all dog-tired. It was late afternoon on a Saturday, and mingled with our fatigue and the let-down feeling that comes at the end of a production was the vision of a restful Sunday.

Suddenly there appeared on the stage an immense basket of flowers. Nine feet tall, and filled with every variety of blossom in season. It was a gift to Grace Moore from the picture crew—the cameramen, electricians, grips, property men and others connected with the mechanical end.

There was a hushed moment as the men presented their flowers to the star. Gone was the tired look from her eyes. In its place came the famous Moore sparkle. But there was something else there, too. The Grace Moore who has brought the "diamond horse shoe" of the Metropolitan Opera House to its feet with shouts of "Bravo," was plainly touched by this gesture of appreciation from the men who worked on her picture.

● BUT GRACE HAD an ace in the hole, too. She rewarded every member of the company, from Victor Schertzinger, the director, down to every member of the crew, with an individual gift.

Schertzinger received a handsome cigarette case from Cartier's. The photographer got an expensive cocktail shaker. The still cameraman was remembered [Continued on page 65]

Leo Carrillo is the native son of the California dons... five generations of Spaniards... he is not Italian despite his proficiency at such dialect... his mother wanted him to become a priest... instead he became a newspaper cartoonist in San Francisco... assigned to Chinatown, he absorbed much of the Oriental dialect... his led to public speaking and he became a great favorite at dinner parties... to this day he still is an outstanding after-dinner speaker... the dialect led to vaudeville work, and eventually the screen... he has played lots of pictures which by his own admission were both good and bad... in "*Love Me Forever*" with Grace Moore he plays his favorite role of an Italian gambler with music-loving instincts... married a New Yorker twenty years ago... has an adopted daughter and the whole family lives on a rancho in Santa Monica canyon near Will Rogers... the picturesque hacienda was built by a cousin...

*Stars
Own
Stories*

The 'Ur'ingham Amburger Unt in 'Ollywood



An Open Letter
To The Editor Of
HOLLYWOOD Magazine.

Dear Ted:

You remember the other day you asked me: "What's new in Hollywood?"

"Fox-hunting," I said.

So you asked me what am I talking about? And so I explained about how the Hollywood stars, being tired of polo and looking for a new and snootier and costlier and ritzier and horsier sport to play, had discovered about the old English nobility's pastime of fox-hunting, and had gone for it in a big way, with imported foxhounds and hunting horses and sidesaddles and pink coats and yoickses and tallyhoes and everything.

And you said: "Who?"

So I explained that Merle Oberon and Freddie March and Herbert Marshall and Charlie Farrell and Clark Gable and Bob Montgomery and stars like that had taken up this fox-hunting mixed up with hamburgers."

"That sounds screwy," you said.

"It is," I conceded.

"Well, why don't you get all the dope and write me a story about it?" you rashly proposed. So I did, and

by
**HARRY
LANG**



Filmland's first fox-hunt gets off with a hi-nonny-nonny and a tally-ho-ho! Inset, watching rehearsals of the hunt in *The Dark Angel* were Capt. H. G. Conan, technical adviser and expert huntsman; Merle Oberon, Gloria Swanson and Herbert Marshall

here it is, and remember, it's your fault!—you asked for it . . . ! !

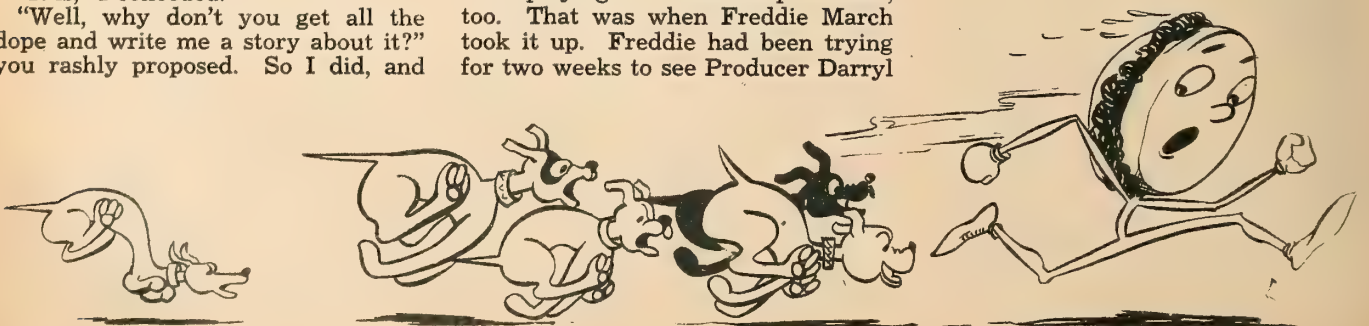
In the first place, Ted, it seems they turned to fox-hunting because Eddie Cantor and other nuts like that kidded them too much about polo. Will Rogers started polo in movieland. Will formed his own team, from cowboys he had working for him. And from that, polo got into the film colony, and before you knew it, Clark Gable and Charlie Farrell and Spencer Tracy and Bob Montgomery and Leslie Howard were playing it. Then the producers, too. That was when Freddie March took it up. Freddie had been trying for two weeks to see Producer Darryl

Zanuck about a certain rôle, but Zanuck was on the polo field all the time.

"So, heck," said Freddie, afterward. "I learned polo and got in a game against him. Only when they blew the whistle, I chased Zanuck instead of the ball, and that's how I got the rôle I wanted."

Well, anyway, pretty soon the grandstands and boxes filled up with Connie

[Continued on page 52]



JEAN HARLOW'S

Code of Living

Everything in life has a price tag, says Jean. If you are a good bargain hunter, you will pay the price and never regret it. Otherwise—!

by MARK DOWLING

JEAN HARLOW told me, "Friendship is more important to me than romance. I'd rather have a man for a lifelong friend than have him make romantic love to me for an evening. And perhaps because I do not expect romance, I haven't had very much of it in my life. I could count on the fingers of one hand the men who have spent an evening making love to me. We get to laughing over an amusing joke. We discuss a serious topic that is vital to him. The men I know regard me as a friend, on a man to man basis, rather than as a woman who must be paid subtle flattery and pretty compliments. And that's the way I want it."

Perhaps Jean's tremendous sincerity came because love has hurt her and brought tragedy so often into her twenty-four years. She told me once, quietly, "Perhaps I am not meant for marriage. . . ."

More likely, men appreciate beneath her tantalizing body and the platinum beauty which has become a worldwide trademark for allure—the fine, honest mind of a man.

Jean lives by a man's code, with a sense of sportsmanship and fairness that make her rare among women. A man friend of hers told me once:

"It's so much fun to be with her, on a comradeship basis, that you almost forget her feminine attraction. If you do try to make love to her, she puts you off with a laugh or a clever joke. She has, you know, a brilliant sense of humor. Instead of love-making, you spend the time laughing with her!"

"You can, too, talk over things with Jean that you would hesitate to discuss with other women. She has a fine mind, alert and trained. You feel that she has met many responsibilities in her life, and faced them bravely."

● JEAN SAYS herself, "Marino Bello, my step-father, comes to me with his business problems just as he would to a son instead of a daughter. I don't



Jean is seen constantly with William Powell these days. This was snapped at the preview of Powell's newest picture, *Escapee*

know why. He would never dream of bothering my mother, for instance, with such things.

"My grandfather, you know, always wanted a grandson instead of a daughter. When I came, he raised me as a boy. He taught me two things I have never forgotten. One was the golden rule. So simple that it sounds deceptively easy to follow, I find that it affects everything I do, every human contact I have. *Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.*

"The other lesson he taught me was that life can be like a great department store. Everything has its price tag. He warned me against paying more than I could afford for any article. But



Behind Jean's tantalizing allure is the fine, honest mind of a man . . . Here is a man's code of living, and a man's way of thinking

when the bill came, if it seemed too high, not to complain. After all, I bought it.

"These rules in themselves provide a code of living. If you follow them, you can't go wrong. Whatever people say of you, you will always know that you have done nothing to be ashamed of. *You can live with yourself*—that, in life, is the important thing.

"Sportsmanship is another vital point in my code. To be a good winner and a good loser. And if I lose, not to whine about it. No one is interested in my troubles. And the more I think about them and discuss them, the worse they seem. Therefore it's best to take one's losses gallantly. I try to remember that the people I admire most are those who don't weigh me down with their private worries.

"Fairness, too, is terribly important. It sounds easy to say that everyone has a right to his or her opinions. But it isn't always easy to carry out. I don't believe in criticising people. After all, who am I to judge? And sometimes I know the act, but not the motive behind it, which is all important. I can remember an unjust criticism that was made of me. Later, the person came to apologize. How much easier to have tried, at first, to understand my motive in what I had done!"

● A WOMAN FRIEND who has long been closely associated with Jean told me, "I have never heard her gossip or [Continued on page 64]

Much more is expected

from women
today



These days are good to women. They have independence unheard of a generation ago. And with this new status every woman is expected to have a frank, wholesome outlook, particularly in those matters which affect her intimate feminine life.

Take the question of feminine hygiene. The modern woman has found out that Zonite is the ideal combination of strength and safety needed for this purpose. The day is gone when caustic and poisonous compounds actually were the only antiseptics strong enough. In the past, you could not criticize women for using them. But today every excuse for them is gone.

Zonite is *not* poisonous, *not* caustic. Zonite will never harm any woman, never cause damage to sensitive membranes, never leave an area of scar-tissue. This remarkable antiseptic-germicide is as gentle as pure water upon the human tissues. Yet it is far more powerful than *any* dilution of carbolic acid that may be allowed on the human body.

Zonite originated during the World War. Today it is sold in every town or city in America, even in the smallest villages. Women claim that Zonite is the greatest discovery of modern times. Comes in bottles—at 30c, 60c and \$1.00.

Suppositories, too—sealed in glass

There is also a semi-solid form—Zonite Suppositories. These are white and cone-like. Some women prefer them to the liquid while others use both. Box holding a dozen, individually sealed in glass, \$1.00. Ask for both Zonite Suppositories and liquid Zonite by name at drug or department stores. There is no substitute.

Send coupon below for the much discussed booklet "Facts for Women." This book comes to the point and answers questions clearly and honestly. It will make you understand. Get this book. Send for it now.

USE COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION FG-510
Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free copy of the booklet or booklets checked below.
() Facts for Women
() Use of Antiseptics in the Home

NAME (Please print name)

ADDRESS

CITY STATE
(In Canada: Sainte Therese, P. Q.)

HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL IN 7 DAYS

Every-day eyes can become
high-powered and every-day
faces unusual. Here's How!

by MAX FACTOR

IN MY MONDAY morning's mail recently was a letter from a girl of eighteen. She was, she said, "dumpy." She had "ordinary brown eyes and hair and her skin was—well, sort of hopeless." She had been invited to a big dance Saturday night and wasn't there some way she could make herself more attractive?

I suppose, in the course of my thirty-five years of professional work, I have received more than a half million such letters. Girls wanting an intensified beauty treatment, wanting to know how they could brighten up their looks quickly so they could run away with that party on Saturday night.

Now, mind you, I'm not promising the directions I'm going to give here will make a beauty out of a girl in seven days. *But I have seen them do that.* Certainly they will help, at least, if they are followed to a T.



It takes practice to conquer your lipstick problem. Shape and re-shape your lips until you've achieved the best results, just as Olivia de Havilland is doing before her mirror

First of all let me tell you that "dumpy" feeling is usually due to *undernourishment*. Especially in younger people. Oh, it isn't that they are not getting plenty to eat. It's that they are [Continued on page 58]

THE STAR'S METHOD OF MAKING UP

We Suggest You Cut This Out To Have Handy On Your Dresser

1. After your skin is thoroughly cleansed, apply a small amount of cream, about half the size of a pea, to the chin, cheeks and forehead. Dip the fingers in very cold water and blend the cream over the skin until it seems to disappear. Dry with a tissue.
2. Apply eye shadow to the upper lid only. Shade it delicately. Pat powder over the shadow to soften it still further.
3. Pat your rouge on and start it at the high point of the cheek. Then follow the natural curve of the cheek towards the nose. "Be sure to blend out the edges."
4. Dust on your powder profusely, "beginning at the lower cheeks." Powder your nose last. Brush away the surplus.
5. Give a definite shape to your eyebrows and define your eyes with an eyebrow pencil. "But avoid any sharp, heavy line."
6. Apply the eyelash make-up to the upper lashes first and "use an upward stroke." Touch the lower lashes only faintly.
7. Dry your lips, then use the lipstick on the upper one first. Rub it well towards the inside of the mouth "to eliminate that lipstick line." Fill in your lower lip just a trifle lighter than the other.

"I'm the luckiest man in the world"

Romance comes to the girl
who guards against **COSMETIC SKIN**

SOFT, smooth skin wins romance—tender moments no woman ever forgets! So what a shame it is when good looks are spoiled by unattractive Cosmetic Skin.

It's so unnecessary for any woman to risk this modern complexion trouble—with its enlarged pores, tiny blemishes, blackheads, perhaps.

*Cosmetics Harmless if
removed this way*

Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its **ACTIVE** lather guards against dangerous pore clogging because it cleans so *deeply*—gently carries away every vestige of hidden dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

You can use cosmetics all

you wish if you *remove* them this safe, gentle way. Before you put on fresh make-up during the day—**ALWAYS** before you go to bed at night—use Lux Toilet Soap.

Remember, this is the fine, white soap 9 out of 10 screen stars have used for years. It will *protect* your skin—give it that smooth, *cared-for* look that's so appealing.



Use Cosmetics? Yes, indeed!
But I always use **Lux
Toilet Soap** to guard
against Cosmetic Skin

Claudette Colbert

STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S "THE BRIDE COMES HOME"

ANN SOTHERN'S FALL WARDROBE



Ann goes on a shopping tour and comes home with the answer to many of your own clothes problems

by MARIAN RHEA

SIMPLICITY IN DAY TIME . . . regality when day is done . . . this was lovely Ann Sothorn's guide in selecting her early fall clothes. . .

Yes, Ann has been shopping!

I found that out one day when I stopped in at her Beverly Hills house for a look at her new basement bar. An awfully clever place, incidentally.

But it was an imposing array of boxes—some long and flat, some high and square, some round, some oblong—that I was most interested.

"Clothes!" I exclaimed. "Mayn't I see them?"

"Why, of course," Ann said.

Well, we went at the boxes and, with much rustling of tissue paper and sighs of envy and delight on my part, we finally unpacked everything — a

FASHION BULLETIN! Leather for all kinds of clothes this fall! Dolores Del Rio at the Vendome in green flannel suit, dark, with blouse of the loveliest, softest natural suede you ever saw, made like a polo shirt. AND Mrs. Gary Cooper in an entire suit of red suede, the deep hue of mulberry wine. . . . Voris, Hollywood's newest costume artiste who works only in suede, designed both blouse and suit. . . .

Gail Patrick at the King's Club in gown of burgundy lace with scarf train to be thrown over her head after the fashion of a mantilla—becoming, feminine, different!

Fall fabrics shimmering. . . . Rich silks and satins shot through with gold and silver threads, or interwoven with cellophane. . . . Glistening, radiant. . . . Rustling taffetas, soft and supple, sometimes two-toned and sometimes interwoven with gold and silver.

Daytime skirts *very full* that swing like a Highlander's kilties when a girl walks. . . . Also, shorter, of course.



(All portraits by Charles Rhodes)

Heavy, lustrous white taffeta with a touch of ruby velvet is lovely Ann Sothorn's choice in evening gowns for her new fall wardrobe. You may have one like hers. Just order Pattern No. 454



Dinner at eight! And Ann Sothorn is ready in a gown of black and gold, chosen during a fall shopping tour. The bodice is of chiffon, threaded with gold in a plaid design, and made with small cape sleeves and simple cowl neck in front, with the back caught together at the top with a cluster of small buttons then left open to the waist. The skirt is of blister crepe, very heavy, designed with a suggestion of the Empire waistline.

complete fall wardrobe and one particularly appropriate for lazy, hazy Indian summer days when it seems the weather man can't make up his mind whether to [Continued on page 42]

HOLLYWOOD

"I'D SOONER DIE THAN GO TO ANOTHER PARTY"

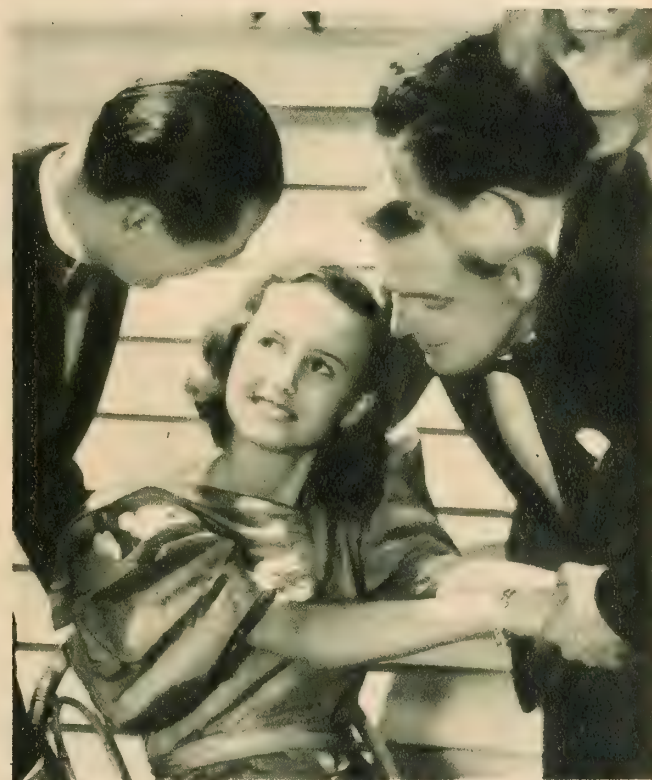
Pimples were
"ruining her life"



1 "I had counted so much on my first high school 'prom'! Then my face broke out again. I could have died. My whole evening was a flop. I came home and cried myself to sleep.



2 "Those pimples stayed. Even grew worse. Then, I heard about Fleischmann's Yeast. I began to eat it. Imagine my joy when my pimples began to disappear!



3 "Now my skin is clear and smooth as a baby's. I'm being rushed by all the boys. Mother says I don't get any time to sleep!"

Don't let adolescent pimples spoil YOUR fun——

DON'T let a pimply skin spoil your good times—make you feel unpopular and ashamed. Even bad cases of pimples *can* be corrected.

Pimples come at adolescence because the important glands developing at this time cause disturbances throughout the body. Many irritating substances get into the blood stream. They irritate the skin, especially wherever there are many oil glands—on the face, on the chest and across the shoulders.

Fleischmann's Yeast *clears the skin irritants out of the blood.* With the cause removed, the pimples disappear.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals, until your skin has become entirely clear.

Many cases of pimples clear up within a week or two. Bad cases sometimes take a month or more. Start *now* to eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily!

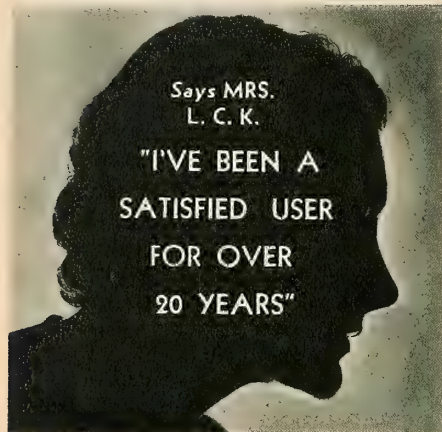
Eat Fleischmann's Yeast as long as you have any tendency to pimples, for it is only by keeping your blood clear of skin irritants that you can keep pimples away.



—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants
out of the blood

Why Gamble WITH DANGEROUS METHODS OF Marriage Hygiene



Free Sample Demonstrates Amazing Doubly Effective Method!

MUST every woman live constantly in fear of suffering? "Not at all!" say many thousands who have found new happiness and confidence by using Boro-Pheno-Form in marriage hygiene. Originated by a well-known physician for his own practice, its remarkable effectiveness alone soon won coast to coast popularity. Hundreds have written of continued satisfaction 5 to 20 years or more! That record should banish doubt and fear from any mind!

So why imperil health with harsh drugs, some of which are actually poisonous? Their effect at best is perilously brief. Boro-Pheno-Form Suppositories give **DOUBLE** effectiveness—**IMMEDIATE** effectiveness on application and **CONTINUED** effectiveness afterward. Amazingly powerful, yet gently soothing, even beneficial, to inflamed or irritated tissues.

So convenient too! Ready to use, no clumsy apparatus—no mixing—no danger of overdose or burns, and no telltale antiseptic odor. Instead, they are actually deodorizing and are used by many fastidious women for that purpose alone. One trial will convince you that here at last is the ideal marriage hygiene method—and trial will cost you nothing. Mail the coupon below for a liberal **FREE SAMPLE** and informative booklet.

Dr. Pierre Chemical Co., Dept. P-10,
162 N. Franklin St., Chicago, Illinois.

Dr. Pierre's BORO-PHENO-FORM Mail Coupon for FREE SAMPLE

DR. PIERRE CHEMICAL CO.—Dept. P-10,
162 N. Franklin St., Chicago, Illinois

Please send me **FREE SAMPLE** of Boro-Pheno-Form and Free Booklet.

Name

Address

City State

Ann Sothern's Fall Wardrobe

(Continued from page forty)



Here is Ann at home in tailored pyjamas of soft white flannel, trimmed in brown. House pyjamas are an important part of a girl's wardrobe these days, she says



maneuver the thermometer up or down.

Selecting the boxes hit or miss, it was my good luck to find the one that held really the star costume of Ann's entire shopping tour—one of the loveliest evening dresses I've ever seen. White, it was—rustling white taffeta—a dream dress managing to combine at once youthfulness and sophistication, chic and charm.

Moreover, if you want one like it—and you're almost sure to—that can be arranged. Just send for pattern No. 454. Drafted from Ann's own dress, it is an exact copy and is available through HOLLYWOOD'S Pattern Service for 25 cents as HOLLYWOOD's featured pattern for this month. This pattern, together with the others offered at this time, is offered in 36, 38 and 40 inches bust, and in sizes 14, 16 and 18 years.

● WHILE I WAS exclaiming over the white dress, Ann had produced from another box a coat which, when I saw it, [Continued on page 44]



Ready for luncheon or a shopping tour in navy blue frock of novelty wool with youthful collar and cuffs, Ann is a picture of demureness and chic. Pattern for this frock is shown at left. Order No. 450

Coupon for your convenience

HOLLYWOOD'S Pattern Service,
529 South Seventh St., Minneapolis, Minn.
Send me patterns checked. I enclose.....
in stamps or coin.

My size My bust
454—Taffeta Evening Gown.....25c
450—Street Dress.....15c
453—Sports Dress.....15c
Fashion Magazine.....15c
(10c if you order a pattern)

(Patterns offered in sizes 14, 16, 18 years;
36, 38, 40 inches bust.)

Name

Street

City

From lovely, blonde

ANN SOTHERN

TO THE surprise of Ann Sothorn, her guests Helen Davis and Louise Lee, declined her invitation to the preview of, "The Girl Friend," her latest Columbia picture.

"You'll meet screen stars, directors, and other interesting people there," urged Ann Sothorn.

"That's just it," returned Helen, "I'd feel self-conscious meeting glamorous celebrities when I'm so dull looking."

"So would I," returned Louise.

"Nonsense! You're better looking than you think—I'll prove it to you by taking you to Max Factor, the Hollywood genius of make-up. He knows a secret that can make you glamorous too."

An hour later the famous make-up artist was creating a beautiful living portrait from the dull little face of Helen Davis. With every touch of his deft fingers, her face blossomed with new beauty. Color harmony powder, followed by color harmony rouge, then lipstick... suddenly with a thrill of joy, she saw in her mirrored image, a beautiful woman!

"You see new beauty," explained Max Factor, "because for the first time you have used the three harmonized shades of powder, rouge, and lipstick that reveal the beauty of your brunette type. Color harmony is a discovery I originated in creating make-up for living screen star types, and consists of powder, rouge, and lipstick in shades that harmonize with each other, and with the individual colorings of blondes, brunettes, redheads, and brownettes."

Louise was also amazed at the power of color harmony make-up to dramatize her redheaded type. Enchanted with their new found beauty, the two girls attended Ann Sothorn's brilliant preview where they met famous stars, authors, and directors with the poise and assurance that comes to a woman when she knows she is lovely.

"Thanks to your make-up secret, life is going to be much more fun now," they told Ann Sothorn.

Would you too like to share the luxury of color harmony make-up created originally for screen stars exclusively? If you are a blonde, brunette, redhead, or brownette, there is a color harmony make-up that will transform you into a radiant new being just as it did for Helen and Louise. Max Factor's Powder is one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge is fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick is one dollar. At leading stores.

ANN SOTHERN'S COLOR HARMONY MAKE-UP

POWDER. To dramatize her delicate blonde coloring, and give her skin satin-smoothness, Ann Sothorn uses Max Factor's Rachelle Powder. Its color harmony shade enlivens her skin, and its texture makes it cling persistently. Used exclusively, it safeguards her sensitive skin, keeps it young and normal.

ROUGE. To give a radiant, lifelike glow to her cheeks, Ann Sothorn uses Max Factor's Blondeen Rouge. Exquisitely smooth, it blends so easily that it appears to be her own coloring. The color harmony shade remains alluring under any light because it has been light tested.

LIPSTICK. Being moisture-proof and pure, Max Factor's Vermilion Super-Indelible Lipstick is applied to the inner as well as the outer surface of the lips, giving them a perfectly natural appearance that remains uniform in color for hours.



Ann Sothorn
in Columbia's
"The Girl Friend"

a Brunette and a Redhead

Learn how to

Dramatize

Their Beauty



Max Factor ★ Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP: Powder, Rouge and Lipstick in Color Harmony

Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK in YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood:
Send Please Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade;
also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage
and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page
Illustrated Instruction book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up"... FREE.

NAME _____ 5-10-100

STREET _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE
Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Green <input type="checkbox"/>		BROWNETTE
Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>		Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>		REDHEAD
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	
SKIN	Dry <input type="checkbox"/>	
Only <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE	

If 12 or 13, check eye above and here ☐

The Magic of Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids



will instantly transform
your eyes into glowing
pools of loveliness

● Beautiful, expressive eyes are within the reach of every girl and woman in the simple magic of the famous Maybelline eye beauty aids. Their magic touch will reveal hitherto unsuspected beauty in your eyes, quickly and easily.

Just blend a soft, colorful shadow on your eyelids with Maybelline Eye Shadow and see how the color of your eyes is instantly intensified. Now form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Finish your eye make-up with a few, simple brush strokes of harmless Maybelline Mascara to make your lashes appear *naturally* long, dark, and luxuriant, and behold—your eyes become twin jewels, expressing a new, more beautiful YOU!

Keep your lashes soft and silky with the pure Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream, and be sure to brush and train your eyebrows with the dainty, specially designed Maybelline Eyebrow Brush. All Maybelline eye beauty aids may be had in purse sizes at all leading 10c stores. Accept only genuine Maybelline products to be assured of highest quality and absolute harmlessness.



Ann Sothern's Fall Wardrobe

(Continued from page forty-two)



A simple little frock but very versatile is this brown and white silk polka dotted model of Ann's, with buttoned placket and many pockets. If you would rather have long sleeves, (see pattern at right) you may. Order No. 453



"Swaggerly speaking," Ann's new coat is the latest thing! Material is beige tweed, rough yet not too heavy for Indian summer days. Sleeves are full. Collar huge

turned my mind from glamorous night scenes in Hollywood, to crisp autumn days, walks on the boulevard, early fall football games and things like that. It was a marvelous new swagger coat of beige tweed with deep armholes, full sleeves tapering to a narrow, cuffless wrist line, and huge fox collar.

With this, came a little brown and white silk polka dotted dress, very simple, and polka dotted hat of the same material, appropriate, too, for early fall days when the sun is still warm and summer-like.

You're interested in this clever dress? Well, why don't you acquire one like it? A pattern for this one, too, is available through HOLLYWOOD's Pattern Service, pattern No. 453, at a cost of only 15 cents. It is particularly suitable to woolen materials as well as silk, and can be made with either short or long sleeves.



453

Preview of Fall and Winter Fashions

Order your copy of the new Fall and Winter Fashion Book today. It gives you a complete preview of the new fashions. Of course easy-to-use patterns are available for all designs illustrated. There are styles for every type and every occasion, plenty of clothes for children, suggestions for school lunches.

Incidentally, Ann's observance of fashion trends for fall was, she told me, that light woolen frocks of the marked swagger variety will be exceptionally smart.

● AFTER ADMIRING these lovely things, we went back to unpacking because there was still more to do—two more boxes, in fact.

One contained a navy blue novelty woolen street frock, very sheer and light—and youthful and smart, too. It was made with peplumed jacket, flaring at the back, and had white linen collar and cuffs, trimmed with real Irish lace. This, Ann pointed out, would be especially grand for weather that doesn't demand a coat. To wear with this, Ann had bought a saucy little stitched woolen hat, blue, too, with a perky bunch of velvet flowers on the front.

A pattern for this frock is also offered to you through HOLLYWOOD's Pattern Service, Pattern No. 450, for 15 cents.

All of these patterns are accurately designed to carry out every detail of the modish clothes displayed by Ann. Clip the coupon from page 42 and send immediately for the patterns that fit your needs.

We were almost through now, looking over Ann's new clothes, with but one box remaining. This contained Ann's new house pajamas. They were soft white flannel, very tailored, with belted coat trimmed with brown buttons, and a brown and white polka dotted scarf to be worn at the throat either ascot fashion or simply crossed and pinned with a brooch.

The shoes that Ann bought to go with her new clothes were simple but smart . . . Plain matching pumps for the blue and brown frocks, white faille sandals for the evening gown and white fabric sandals, fairly low-heeled, for the pyjamas.

Her One Big Moment

"My one big moment?"

Claudette Colbert repeated the question, and smiled as only Claudette can smile.

"Well," she confessed, "I had ONE. But it was not love, nor romance. The biggest thrill of my life came upon that night when I first



played my role in *A Kiss in a Taxi* and walked out in front of a Broadway (New York) audience for my first curtain call alone. For sure, one gets a kick out of being applauded when one first appears upon

a stage and takes bows with the rest of the cast. But there is no thrill in all the world quite so thrilling as that of standing there alone, on a Broadway stage, in front of a big audience, when you know, in your heart, that the audience has asked for you—just you—alone.

"I've been thrilled—but that was the one big moment, the one big thrill of my career."



Dear Mom
I got to granny's on Monday and after supper granpop took this picture. granny is smiling but she was really kinda cross cause my clothes have tattletale gray she sed.

She sed can't you see how gray your pyjamas are? they tell everybody they aren't really clean she sed.

Wich made me say my mother works like anything on washday but she sed the trouble is your soap doesn't get out ALL the dirt.

So granny sed to tell you you ought to use Fels-Naptha soap like she does on account of it's got heaps of naptha right in the golden soap and it gets clothes white as mopsies new baby rabbits.

I'm bringing a rabbit home to show you how awful wite that is. Billy

© FELS & CO., 1938

P. S.— Billy's mother did get rid of tattletale gray with Fels-Naptha Soap—and so can you!

Try it! Get some Fels-Naptha

at your grocer's today—and see how safely and beautifully it washes even your very daintiest things—how easy it is on your hands!



"Reduced
37
POUNDS
with
DILEX-REDUSOLS"
writes
Mrs. H. H. Langley

NOTE: MRS. LANGLEY
USED THE SAFE DILEX-
REDUSOL METHOD OVER
A PERIOD OF 10 WEEKS.

Now **YOU**, too.

can take off pounds of
ugly fat this safe, easy,
quick, way!

NO DIETING . . . NO
SELF DENIAL . . .
NO STRENUOUS
EXERCISES!

**You May Eat What
You Wish and As
Much As You Want!**

Sounds too good to be
true? Yet it is true.
Dilex-Redusols increase
your metabolism; that is,
they turn food into energy
instead of fat. You will
be amazed at your in-
creased vitality!

REDUCE
12 Pounds
... in five Weeks
.... or no Cost

We make this guarantee because hundreds of tests
have proven that consistent use of Dilex-Redusols
will reduce your weight to *what it should be!*
They will not reduce you below normal! The
length of time required depends upon the number
of pounds you need to lose.

**There Is No Need to Change Your
Present Mode of Living**

At last you can reduce safely and quickly without deny-
ing yourself the good things of life. You do not need to
diet or go through tiresome exercises—simply take these
carefully prepared capsules and watch the pounds disappear!
Dilex-Redusols are effective because they remove the
cause of obesity.

**Both Men and Women Report
Amazing Reductions**

"REDUCED 24 POUNDS", SAYS MR. C. W. P.
"I stay around 180 pounds, having reduced from 204
pounds and feel fine. I still have about 50 tablets left
in my second box."

"LOST 40 POUNDS", WRITES MRS. H. C. R.
"On February 20th I weighed 193 pounds and now,
May 31st, weigh only 153 pounds. Enclosed find money
order for another box of Dilex-Redusols."

The DILEX-REDUSOL Way is the Safe Way!

Do not accept any substitute for safe Dilex-Redusols . . .
the **absolutely harmless** capsules that reduce your weight
by increasing your metabolism. Dilex-Redusols contain
no thyroid extract or other harmful ingredients. They
are absolutely safe when taken as directed.

Beware of any product that makes extravagant claims for
more rapid reductions . . . responsible physicians will tell
you that it is harmful for anyone to reduce more than 15
pounds a month.

DON'T WAIT...MAIL COUPON NOW

DILEX INSTITUTE,

9 East 40th St., Dept. 2810A, New York City

☐ Enclosed find \$3.00, please forward, postpaid one box
of Dilex-Redusol Capsules.

☐ Send Dilex-Redusol Capsules, C.O.D. I will pay
postman \$3.00 (plus 23 cents postage.)

If I do not lose at least 12 lbs. after taking the first
box of Dilex-Redusols as directed, you will refund my \$3.

Name
Write Mr., Mrs. or Miss

Address

Height Weight Age
Orders from Canada and Foreign Countries, Cash in Advance

Memos of a Modern Miss

By
PEGGY WOOD

Here is a charmingly dif-
ferent column written by
a famous stage actress
who mingles with stars
from daylight to gaylight



Peggy Wood's excellent work in RKO's
Jalna has won praise from critics the country
over, indicating a bright future in films

IF YOU'RE A CURIOUS woman—and who
of us can deny it—you have yearned
for information at some time or other on
those beautiful top-pieces — or wigs—
which are turning up with amazing fre-
quency in our current trend of costume
pictures.

Last month for the first time, I visited
The House of Westmore, popular beauty
quarters of the stars, and unearthed some
interesting facts on one of the strangest
industries of our time.

It's something of a modern version on
the theme of O'Henry's best beloved
story, *The Gift of Magi*. Remember it?
About the husband who sold his precious
gold watch chain to get his wife a comb
and brush for Christmas—and of the same
wife who sold her long and beautiful hair
to buy him a watch for that same gold
chain? Only in Hollywood the results
are not nearly so upsetting as those must
have been. Rather, they are crowning
glories!

Luncheon at the famous Hollywood
Vendome never ceases to be exciting.
Everyone seems to be so interested in
where and how you've been. Marlene
Dietrich was lunching there the other day
with her adored and adoring daughter.
I had met Miss Dietrich in Elisabeth
Bergner's dressing-room in New York
during the run of the play, *Escape Me
Never*, and it was amusing to think I was
sitting with the two *Catherines*. They
have been old friends for years.

They tell me there are actual colonies
of women in Italy, Russia, China, and
Germany, subsidized to grow and furnish
hair for these Merry Wigs of Westmore.
Behind locked vaults, heavily barred,
and carefully guarded, there are some
three thousand pounds of luxurious locks
in all colors, textures, and lengths, wait-

ing to be converted into transformations.
This hair is purchased by the pound, the
price depending upon the texture and
length, ranging anywhere from two dol-
lars to as high as one hundred dollars
per ounce. "Natural" platinum hair
would come under this latter rate. Rea-
sonable at twice the price for some yearn-
ing souls I know! At any rate, you must
go behind the scenes of wig lore when you
come to Hollywood.

Elisabeth Bergner is desperately shy.
I wonder what she will make of things
when she comes to Hollywood. I met her
in London on the night of the premiere of
her first English-speaking picture, *Cath-
erine the Great*. Again I was in her dress-
ing room, and two of the great powers
in the movie world of Great Britain
dashed in to try to persuade her to fling
a coat over the shabby costume of *Gemma
Jones* and rush over to the Leicester
Square Theatre to make a personal ap-
pearance after the picture's finale. The
Prince of Wales and Austrian Ambassa-
dor were among those present and felt
it would be simply superb if Miss Bergner
would show herself to the distinguished
audience.

She would not. For she could not. Ter-
rified at the idea she backed up against
the wall and shook her head. She wasn't
dressed like *Catherine the Great*, she
didn't feel like *Catherine the Great*, and
she was scared to death of all those people!

Over the cocktails at Dorothy Parker's
grand party last month—this rare story on
Will Rogers. That shy, gentle man you've
heard, no doubt, has a standing dislike
on posing for front-face pictures, prefer-
ring his less "self-conscious" profile. A
new cameraman had not been informed
of the tradition, so upon a certain day
approached Mr. Rogers for a straight-

front smiling picture. To the set's amazement, Rogers said "Okay." Forthwith disappearing to his dressing room and returning when the cameraman wasn't looking (or so he thought) slipped a tiny piece of cardboard in front of the lens.

"All set—shoot!" said he, and proceeded to glare, mugg, and grin straight-front, into the camera. "Thank you, Mr. Rogers," said the stillman.

And from what I understand Mr. Will doesn't know yet that the boy plucked his intended "foil" from the lens just before shooting.

Another story has Hollywood chuckling. Fay Wray, who I understand has never been a demon for sensationalism or witicism on any counts, has returned from England with a dandy store of repartee and poise. A certain reporter, interviewing her in New York, in prying for a startling "lead," asked her this extraordinary question, "Tell me, Miss Wray, what do you think of the quintuplets?" The lady answered smiling, unhesitatingly, "I think there are five of them, don't you?"

I like to hear the rustle of taffeta. It has the sound of grandmothers' ghosts passing by — feminine and romantic. Gloria Swanson wears black taffeta with a divine flair—and a consciousness for that era of long ago.

If you want to look romantic and swoon-making, wear a gardenia in your hair. A real gardenia. How you'll keep it in is your lookout, but the Hollywood gals are being ingenious about it. Another innovation is a numerology set-up for carnations, or other fragrant flowers in season. Place four of them, two by two, end to end and tie the stems with a wide satin bow to match your costume. Wear under your chin and sally forth. They won't last as long as artificial ones, but they are good luck—and chic.

They tell me pajamas are finally and definitely on the wane unless their incognito is originality. Miriam Hopkins wore a pair at a recent informal gathering; blue with small white dots. The trouser line was indistinguishable in its full bias drape.

For us women who worry about the three big L's—Life, Love and Loneliness—may I recommend one of the finest books, *A Woman's Best Years*, on the Art of Staying Young. Written by W. Beran Wolfe, M. D., Bette Davis brought it to my attention, for which I am grateful.

Have you your own private gold-embossed recipe book? Then whip it out and turn to the H's—I snatched this grand hors d'oeuvres secret from Mrs. Edgar Selwyn. Shredded lettuce, ground peanuts and mayonnaise (enough to hold together) a dash of onion oil—and wrap in leaves of baked ham. Delicious, but you'll never have enough.

OCTOBER, 1935

"SUB SOIL" GROWS GOOD BLACKHEADS



ONLY A PENETRATING FACE CREAM WILL REACH THAT UNDER-SURFACE DIRT!

By *Lady Esther* Those pesky Black-heads and Whiteheads that keep popping out in your skin—they have their roots in a bed of under-surface dirt.

That underneath dirt is also the cause of other heart-breaking blemishes, such as: Enlarged Pores, Dry and Scaly Skin, Muddy and Sallow Skin. There is only one way to get rid of these skin troubles and that is to cleanse your skin.

A Face Cream that Penetrates

It takes a penetrating face cream to reach that hidden "second layer" of dirt; a face cream that gets right down into the pores and cleans them out.

Lady Esther Face Cream is definitely a *penetrating* face cream. It is a reaching and searching face cream. It does not just lie on the surface. It works its way into the pores immediately. It penetrates the pores, loosens and breaks up the waxy dirt and makes it easily removable.

It Does 4 Things for the Benefit of Your Skin

First, it cleanses the pores.

Second, it lubricates the skin. Resupplies it with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and keeps the skin soft and flexible.

Third, because it cleanses the pores thoroughly, the pores open and close naturally and become normal in size, invisibly small.

Fourth, it provides a smooth, non-sticky base for face powder.

I want you to see for yourself what Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream will do for *your* skin. So I offer you a 7-day supply free of charge.

Write today for this 7-day supply and put it to the test on your skin.

See for Yourself!

Note the dirt that this cream gets out of your skin the very first cleansing. Mark how your skin seems to get lighter in color as you continue to use the cream. Note how clear and radiant your skin becomes and how soft and smooth.

Even in three days' time you will see such a difference in your skin as to amaze you.

At My Expense!

With the free tube of cream I'll also send you all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Thus, you can see which is your most flattering shade and also how well the cream and powder go together to give you a lovely complexion.



Make This Test

Pass your fingers over your whole face. Do you feel little bumps in your skin? Do you feel dry patches here and there? Little bumps or dry or scaly patches in your skin are a sure sign of "sub soil" or under-surface dirt.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.) (17)

Lady Esther, 2030 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail your 7-day supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream; also all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

FREE

"I SUFFERED BY DAY I SUFFERED BY NIGHT



No One Will Ever Know
the Agony I Under-
went in Silence!"

IF there's anything will make you miserable and wear you down, it's Piles. The person who has Piles can't walk, sit, stand or even lie down in comfort. The agony writes itself on your face and makes you look years older than you are.

The worst part about Piles is that, on account of the delicacy of the subject, many hesitate to seek relief. Yet, if there's anything in need of medical attention, it's this trouble, for it can develop seriously.

Piles may vary in form. They may be internal or external, painful or itching, or both. They may be bleeding or not. Whatever form Piles take, they are something to be concerned about and something to treat promptly.

Perfect Comfort

Effective treatment for Piles today is supplied in Pazo Ointment. Pazo is quick-acting. It is reliable. It almost instantly relieves the distress and restores comfort. Pazo is highly efficacious for the reason that it is a scientific formula of threefold effect.

First, it is soothing. This tends to relieve soreness and inflammation. Second, it is lubricating. This tends to relax drawn parts and also to make passage easy. Third, it is astringent. This tends to reduce swollen parts and to stop bleeding. Thousands have used Pazo with success when other measures have failed.

Now in 3 Forms

Pazo Ointment now comes in three forms: (1) in Tubes with Special Pile Pipe for insertion high up in the rectum; (2) in Tins for application in the ordinary way; (3) in Suppository form (new). Those who prefer suppositories will find Pazo the most satisfactory, as they are self-lubricating and otherwise highly efficient.

Try It!

All drug stores sell Pazo in the three forms as described. Get it today in the form you prefer and try it out. Your money back if it doesn't more than amaze you with the relief it affords.

FLORENCE RICE'S AUTUMN JAM



Autumn time is jam time anywhere! Take to your kitchen and try these suggestions

by ANITA BLAKE

If Florence's pineapple jelly is sufficiently cooked, it never fails to jell

Is YOUR jam and jelly-making under way? To say nothing of your pickle-making?

The frost is on the pumpkin"—or almost and autumn's in the air. The wind whistles in the chimney on a chill afternoon and the sun goes down before six . . .

Makes you think about getting ready for winter . . .

And in thinking along those lines you must realize, of course, that no

household is shipshape for winter without those fetching rows of jars and glasses on the cupboard shelf, ready for those cold months when hot cakes, hot bread, hot biscuits are in order with their accompanying demand for jam and jelly and marmalade . . .

All of which leads us straight to the Hollywood apartment of Florence Rice where, between pictures, she likes to put on an [Continued on page 56]

FAMOUS SANDWICH FILLINGS

How would you like a sandwich recipe that has traveled round the world? We've a copy here for you.

It has been included on a little leaflet of famous sandwiches, salads and desserts, which we'll be glad to send FREE, if you remember to inclose a stamped addressed envelope.

Other leaflets you'll want are:—

Bridge Bites For Fall Months.....5 cents

Bridge Bites For Winter Months.....5 cents

Things To Serve With The Dutch Lunch.....5 cents

Address your letter to Anita Blake, Hollywood's foods editor, 529 South 7th St., Minneapolis.

GADGET GOSSIP



● IT IS EMBARRASSING to suggest a drink—and then not have any soda in the house for a high ball. Raquel Torres, in photo above, has a sure remedy for such a situation. She possesses one of those extremely handy Sparklet Syphon bottles which charges its own water in no time! With these bottles comes a box of "cart-ridges" or refill bulbs so that potential "charge" is available at all times. You just slip a bulb into a little gadget at the top of the bottle, press a lever, and the rest is easy. Raquel keeps it on a shelf just above her bar. It's made of hand blown crystal, sheathed in silvery woven wire, and looks very swanky.

• • •

● ADRIENNE AMES has a remarkable new roaster—one of the electric variety known as a Nesco Automatic Electric Roaster, "The Royal Line." Really, it is an electric oven, and in it you can cook whole dinners. Of heavy insulation, it confines heat to the food instead of allowing it to escape into the room. Of course, you can use one of these in any part of the house where there is an electric socket. Four sizes are available.

• • •

● THOSE CLUB ALUMINUM griddles which bake hot cakes on one side and broil steaks on the other (no, not at the same time) are simply swell, according to Barbara Stanwyck. They are heavy and shiny and don't need greasing at all. Then, when you turn them over, there is another flat surface, surrounded by a groove which catches the "drippings." Barbara also has sauce pans which she uses, covered, on the top of the stove for baking things such as potatoes and such.

• • •

● WORRIED ABOUT moths getting into blankets, draperies and so on? "Think nothing of it," says Joan Crawford, who has solved her own moth worries by using Mortex, a moth proofing spray manufactured by the Murray and Nickell Manufacturing Company, of Chicago. You spray it on with a special gadget. It is stainless and harmless to all fabrics.

OCTOBER, 1935

"Poor me, I do feel sorry for myself this morning. What a night, what a night! But how can a girl get her beauty sleep when her skin's all over prickles and chafes?"



"Lookit what's come into our life! Bet if I sprinkled myself with clouds and clouds of this Johnson's Baby Powder I'd like myself again."



"Mmm — now I'm better. That smoothy-soft powder makes me feel so nice — and smell so nice — and look so nice. I'll just have to give myself a great big kiss. There!"



"I'm Johnson's Baby Powder...count on me to keep babies fine and fit! Just feel my satiny-smoothness between your thumb and finger...I'm made of finest Italian talc. No gritty particles in me...and no orris root, either. Try me—and don't forget my partners, Johnson's Baby Soap and Johnson's Baby Cream."

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

WEAK, RUNDOWN NERVOUS, SKINNY MEN AND WOMEN!

How
**"Jimmy"
Braddock**
NEW WORLD'S HEAVY-
WEIGHT CHAMPION
Made Startling
Discovery that Added
26 lbs. in 6 Weeks and
Built His Shattering
New Strength!

**Shows Why Tired, Weak-
ened, Rundown Folks
Quickly Build Up Rugged
Strength and Tireless
Energy This New, Easy
Way. 5 Added Lbs. The
First Week or No Cost!**

Take the advice of the new World's Champion—"Jimmy" Braddock—if you are weak, rundown, underweight and ailing. After searching for years, he at last found the quick, scientific way to build up rugged new strength, good solid pounds of hard flesh, and dazzling energy. In 6 weeks before the fight he gained 26 lbs.

He says: "Tests convinced me that rundown conditions, poor blood and skinniness come frequently from iodine-starved glands. When these glands—particularly the important gland which controls weight building—lack NATURAL PLANT IODINE (don't confuse this with ordinary chemical iodine), even diets rich in fats and starches fail to add weight and produce energy. That's why skinny folks often have huge appetites, yet stay skinny."

With the discovery of Kelpamalt—a mineral concentrate made from a huge 90-foot sea plant harvested off the Pacific coast, you can now be sure of your needed ration of plant iodine in concentrated, easy to take form. 1300 times richer in iodine than oysters, Kelpamalt helps your food to do you good, build rugged strength, add weight and banish fatigue. Its 12 other minerals stimulate the digestive glands which produce the juices that enable you to digest fats and starches. 3 Kelpamalt tablets contain more iron and copper than 1 lb. of spinach or 7½ lbs. of fresh tomatoes, more iodine than 1,386 lbs. of lettuce, more calcium than 6 eggs.

Start Kelpamalt today. Even if you are "naturally skinny", you must add 5 lbs. the first week or the trial is free. 100 jumbo size Kelpamalt tablets—four to five times the size of ordinary tablets—cost but a few cents a day to use. Get Kelpamalt today. Kelpamalt costs but little at all good drug stores. If your dealer has not yet received his supply, send \$1.00 for special introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address below.

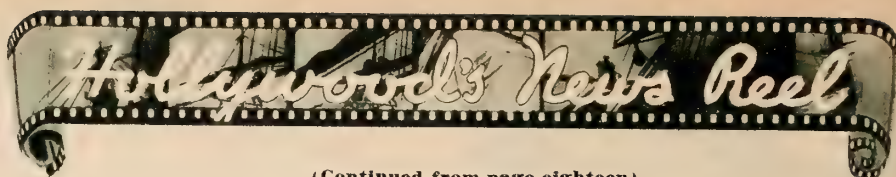
SPECIAL FREE OFFER

Write today for fascinating instructive 60-page book on How to Add Weight Quickly. Mineral Contents of Food and their effects on the human body. New facts about NATURAL IODINE. Standard weight and measurement charts. Daily menus for weight building. Absolutely free. No obligation. Kelpamalt Co., Dept. 553, 27-33 West 20th St., New York City.

Name _____

St. _____ City _____

Kelpamalt Tablets



(Continued from page eighteen)

Bill Goes Recluse

WITH HIS OLD pal, Ronald Colman, back in Hollywood, you're not hearing so much about the joint goings-and-comings of Bill Powell and Jean Harlow as you did a while back, although Bill and Jean still are on the most friendly terms.

But twenty years of close association on hunting and fishing trips, and in listening to one another's joys and sorrows, is something that isn't quickly forgotten, so Ronald and Bill are enjoying things together during the month that each is "between pictures." When they're not battling the waves of the Pacific aboard a chartered schooner yacht, they're whipping mountain trout streams together.

• •

Parental Pride

LONG BEFORE THEY had waxed wealthy through their respective talents, Gracie Allen and George Burns and Mary Livingstone and Jack Benny made up a friendly foursome. The coming of success only served to strengthen the bond between the two couples.

About the time Mary and Jack adopted little Joan Naomi Benny and Gracie and George became foster-parents to tiny Sandra Burns, though, the two pairs entered into a warm competition based on their own boastings to each other as to the accomplishments

of their respective youngsters. Today, the Livingstone-Benny combination stands one up on the Allen-Burns duo because the former's child was the first to switch from the creeping to the walking stage, and, as a result, Mary and Jack collected a bet from Gracie and George.

Now Gracie and George are about to adopt another orphan.

"That's still all right," said Benny. "That will give them two chances to our one, but Mary and I are not worrying."

"We'll simply demand a fifty per cent handicap for Joan!"

• •

Pal—Or What?

IT'S ALL BECAUSE he's a friend of her mother's, Cary Grant's pal-ing around with Betty Furness. But Hollywood scents romance and refuses to believe otherwise.

"Take care of my che-ild," quoth Mrs. Furness to Cary, as she left for a vacation in the east, "and don't let any bad men get hold of her." "Right-o," answered Cary, gallantly, and immediately proceeded to take the Betty places. So that no bad man would have an opportunity, Cary is still squiring the little gal to parties and such . . . and Hollywood still refuses to take his word for it that he's a friend of the family.



And they wondered what made the noise in the sound track! Tay Garnett, director, George Raft, and Cameraman Joe Walker found two frightened kittens in the sound box while filming *Rich Man's Daughter* on the Columbia lot

HOLLYWOOD

Dick Powell Tells the Scare of His Life

(Continued from page thirty)

took hold of me, clutched hold of me in fact and hung on like grim death! I couldn't shake it off! Every inferiority that I possessed began clamoring . . . you know, the way the rest of your teeth begin to ache when one tooth is abscessed . . . sort of a sympathetic chorus! And I wasn't the only one. Others in the cast felt much as I did. Bill Shakespeare had put the Injun sign on Hollywood. To add to my misery *The Dream* was to be directed by Max Reinhardt, who is not only famous all over the world for the beauty of his stage sets but because he would have nothing but the finest acting in his plays. And me NO actor! Do you blame me for being frightened?

"Well, a contract is a contract, so I was fitted for my costumes and the rehearsals began."

(Now, friend reader, we are going to switch you to another station on the Warner lot . . . we want Jean Muir, who plays Helene in *The Dream* to tell you what happened to Dick during rehearsals . . .)

"It was awfully funny . . . the way Dick finally got into his stride in *The Dream*!" Jean told me, her blue eyes brimming with laughter.

"The first five days of rehearsal were pretty bad for everyone. We were all worried and felt out of place in our parts before the camera. Some of us had worked with Reinhardt on his production of *The Dream* when it was given last summer in the Hollywood Bowl. Those of us who had knew how kind and how patient Mr. Reinhardt was and we were not exactly scared . . . but Dick, who hadn't been, was. He hadn't seen the Bowl performance either.

"Somehow, it hadn't dawned on him that *The Dream* was a comedy and a ribald one at that. The first day he came out on the set, his face was deadly serious, his hands rather shaky. He read his part in a monotone, accompanied by what he considered appropriate Shakespearean gestures. He was nervous because he was confronted with a new problem.

"Reinhardt rehearsed and rehearsed one simple little scene. No one was criticised, no one scolded. But somehow Dick couldn't seem to get the hang of it. I noticed, though, that Mr. Reinhardt was gradually jostling Dick around the scene until he came pretty near to the right approach. Then, on the fifth day, in the middle of a particularly difficult version of the scene, Dick's face lighted up and he shouted at the top of his lungs, 'I GET THE IDEA . . . YOU CAN GAG IT!' (meaning you can kid it) . . . the idea that *The Dream* was sort of a slap-stick comedy had at last percolated through the wall of uncertainty which surrounded Dick.

"After that there was no more confusion. Dick romped through the play like a kid just let out of school. He LOVED it! He ran off with all his scenes! He was GRAND! Mr. Reinhardt beamed on him like a proud papa. Dick's enthusiasm was contagious. We were all the better for it. Somehow in finding himself he made all more at ease . . . we all did better work."

OCTOBER, 1935



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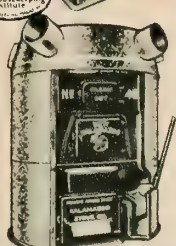
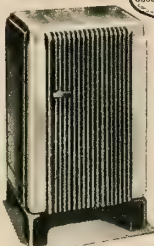
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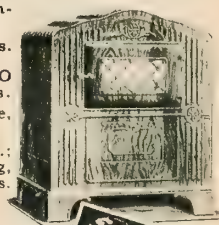


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'Urlingham 'Amburger 'Unt in 'Ollywood

(Continued from page thirty-six)

Bennett and Joan Crawford and Carole Lombard and Norma Shearer and gals like that. And the movie star players became grandstand conscious. That was when Edide Cantor started kidding them about it. One day, when Spencer Tracy and Charlie Farrell rode through a whole chukker without even a swing at the ball, Eddie yelled so that everybody could hear:

"Heh heh heh—they can't see the ball!—they're riding *sideways* so they can keep their profiles to the stands . . . !"

● So TRACY AND Farrell and the rest of them decided that they'd have to find a game where such hoi polloi as Cantors and things like that couldn't horn in and razz 'em. Well, Ted, it so happened that by now, a lot of English players had come to Hollywood and among other things they talked of fox-hunting.

Up to then, Hollywood's movie stars thought fox-hunting was what their wives did in boulevard fur stores. But the visiting Englishmen explained that it was the snootiest sport of all. Even the Prince of Wales did it.

"Do they let Eddie Cantor stand on the sidelines and make wisecracks?" demanded the Hollywoodians.

"Pon my word, no," exclaimed the English. "Why, such persons cawn't even approach a fox hunt!" That settled it. Before you knew it, Hollywood had formed its first fox-hunt association.

The Hurlingham Hunt Club, they called it. The Hurlingham Hunt Club of Hollywood. Gable and March and Merle Oberon and Tom Moore and his wife and James Gleason and Frank Borzage and Bob Montgomery and Herbert Marshall and Claude King and John Halliday—they're all members. They found and hired one Captain H. G. Conar, Irish fox-hunting and polo star and one of His Majesty's most brilliant army officers, as their Master of Fox Hounds.

Captain Conar's first job was to teach them how to pronounce the name of their club. Within a week, he had them all saying it properly—"the 'Urling'am 'Unt Club of 'Ollywood." That was a grand start. Then he explained that they needed some fox hounds.

● GABLE SAID HE had a nice Scottie. Montgomery offered a Great Dane and a wire-haired terrier. Freddie March tendered his dobermann-pinscher. But Captain Conar said fox hounds were born, not made, and they had to import some.

It was at this juncture that Samuel Goldwyn, of all people, became an angel in disguise. He was about to produce a picture called *The Dark Angel*, and there was a fox-hunting sequence in it. To make it authentic, he brought over a pack of real Lord Fitz William fox hounds from Britain, and then began looking for actors who could ride. A friend told him about the 'Urling'am 'Unt Club of 'Ollywood—and that's how fox-hunting history came to be made in Hollywood. Ted. Sam Goldwyn promptly hired the whole 'Urling'am 'Unt Club to play in his film! And because they wanted to have their first fox-hunt, they decided that it'd be swell to let Sam pay for it and let him take movies of it for his old picture.

So at last, one fine afternoon, Merle and

Freddie and Bart Marshall and Tom Moore and a lot of other 'Urling'ammers got together in a place called Happy Valley, near Calabasas, about forty miles from Hollywood, where the scenery is like Old England.

They had on their pink coats, without which it would be stinkingly *de trop* to hunt the fox. They had side-saddles for Merle and the other lady riders. It wasn't any trick for Merle, because she used to hunt foxes in England, but one cowgirl extra wanted to know how in blankety-blank-blank a dame could wrap her legs around a horse off'n a saddle like that! Goldwyn paid her her day's salary and told her she could go home.

Well, eventually all was ready. The camera was set; the riders all in the saddle, the fox-hounds were baying impatiently, Director Sidney Franklin gave the order to start.

"Yoicks! Yoicks!" yelled Captain Conar, which is the proper thing to yell in fox-hunting, it seems.

"What is he yelling that for?" asked Goldwyn. "Yoicks is what's in eggs. Have we got eggs in this picture?"

● THEY EXPLAINED It to him, and started over again. The dogs howled, and stood still.

"Ain't they supposed to run?" demanded Goldwyn. "Am I paying for fox hounds and they don't hunt a fox?"

It was then that the prop man groaned. "Mein Gott," he shrieked; "I forgot to bring a fox!"

Now there was a fine state of affairs! There was a nice how-de-do!! There, in short, was a pretty kettle of fish!!!—five thousand dollars worth of production per hour, held up for want of a fox.

"Get a fox! Get a fox!" everybody yelled. But nobody knew where to find a fox. Someone suggested getting a Hollywood actor's agent instead, but they decided an agent couldn't run fast enough, and anyway, the dogs wouldn't care for his scent. It was Merle Oberon who saved the day.

"Get," she cried, "some hamburger!"

"What!!!" protested Director Franklin. "You want to feed these so-and-so dogs, after they've laid down on us?"

"No—make them hunt the hamburger," explained Merle.

In company cars, the company sped to Calabasas. Calabasas used to have two butcher shops, then. Now it has only one. The proprietor of the other has retired, on the proceeds of the hamburger he sold to Sam Goldwyn that day—and partly from shock. In Calabasas, they speak of it in the same breath with the days of '49. "The Great Hamburger Rush" they call it.

● ANYWAY, WITH 27 POUNDS of hamburger in a burlap bag, the company hurried back to Happy Valley. There they tied the bag behind a horse and dragged it over the course. The fox hounds got one scent of it, and were rarin' to go. Sam Goldwyn offered to kiss Merle Oberon in thanks. Merle looked at Sam and told him never mind. Then Director Franklin gave the order to start the scene.

The hounds were unleashed, and off they went, filling the air with great bel-lows of joy. And then came debacle!!

HOLLYWOOD

—on every horizon, appeared dogs. Over the hills and from the valley, they came. They had heard the baying of the hounds and they caught the scent of the hamburger. There were big dogs, there were little dogs; there were fat dogs, there were thin dogs; there were long dogs, there were short dogs; there were dachshunds, terriers, St. Bernards, six scotties, a Great Dane, eight German police dogs and several score whose fathers must have been traveling men. They all joined the hamburger hunt. Director Franklin and Sam Goldwyn broke down and wept.

It took two and a half hours to segregate the fox hounds and leash them. Then they tried to chase the stranger dogs. They took the Great Dane back to his owner. A half hour later, he came back, dragging his doghouse after him. A portly lady dog and her three puppies offered to bite Franklin. He told her, technically, what she was, and did the same for her sons. But they stayed.

● **FINALLY, MERLE AGAIN** saved the day. "Let the volunteer dogs at the hamburger," she said, "and then take the fox hounds back to the start of the chase and turn them loose." Franklin saw the light. He did. Once again, he gave the signal to start. And finally, with cameras grinding, the hunt was on.

It was a lovely sight. Straight as a die, baying throatily, the fox hounds took up the scent of the hamburger. Rage lent realism to their histrionism; they were furious at the mutts who were at the hamburger, several miles away. Merle and Freddie and Marshall and the rest of them rode like the wind to keep up with the fox hounds. It was a perfect "take." You'll see it in *The Dark Angel*. But you won't see the finish, where the imported fox-hounds caught up with their quarry, and what they did to the Calabasas meat-hounds. That was a great English victory—fit to take rank with Waterloo.

And that, Ted, is the story of the beginning of Hollywood's newest sport. It's the story of the destined-to-be-famous first 'Amburger 'Unt of the 'Urling'am 'Unt Club of 'Olllywood. First and last, Ted—for they're importing some foxes, too, and next time, they'll hunt a real fox. That'll be more fun for everybody—except the Calabasas butchers. And the fox, of course.

But before I close, Ted, I've got to tell you what Mrs. Goldwyn had waiting for Sam when he got home that night.

She had hamburger.

Sam said he wasn't hungry.

Capsule Guide

(Continued from page nineteen)

juveniles in a grand college murder mystery. So good it surprised the producers.

Woman Wanted—(M-G-M)—Presents Joel McCrea and Maureen O'Sullivan in an entertaining mystery story replete with thrills. *Worth seeing.*

Bright Lights—(Warners)—Offers Joe E. Brown in a fast and furious comedy. Joe steps forward to do some dancing and dialect stuff. *Everything clicks.*

Every Night at Eight—(Paramount) is one of George Raft's best pictures to date. Cast as a band leader, Raft devotes most of his time playing nurse to the Swanee sisters; demure Frances Langford, gorgeous Alice Faye, hilarious Patsy Kelly. Patsy is the hit, but everyone is good.

OCTOBER, 1935

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Robin Hood of El Dorado

(Continued from page ten)

—turbulent gold rush days. It was in Columbia that \$65,000,000 in gold dust went over the Wells-Fargo scales in one brief year.

The production unit established itself in three camps; headquarters at Dardanelle, a mountain retreat; principal scenery and props at Hidden Valley; and the cowboy's headquarters at Kennedy's Meadows. Most of the work was done at an altitude of 10,000 feet, yet hundreds of spectators daily wended their way across mountain passes to watch the shooting!

Many difficult technical problems were overcome. A 200-foot sluice was built to carry an artificial brook a mile across a canyon. Sound experts had to find ways of eliminating the noise of the wind in the pines and the roaring mountain streams. Four guards were hired weeks ahead of time to care for a garden needed by the unit. Their job was to keep wild deer from foraging on the produce!

The 350 head of horses and other stock consumed 20 bales of hay a day. Two portable power plants supplied enough electricity to light a town of 3,000 persons. The main searchlight used for night scenes had a proven 90-mile visibility. Gasoline to operate the generators cost 35 cents a gallon.

Film officials had difficulty keeping the cowboys on hand. Some were lured by nearby mountain rodeos. Others panned gold, earning five or six dollars a day for their efforts.

To contact the outside world, 26 miles of telephone lines were constructed. These were later turned over to the Forest Service for fire control purposes. Outgoing messages were phoned to Strawberry, where the operator herself repeated them to the operator in Cow Creek. The messages were again relayed to Sonora, which had direct facilities to any civilized point.

The leading lady is Ann Loring, winner of the M-G-M search for beauty contest. Coming west from Brooklyn in May, she won her very first rôle in this picture. Keep an eye on her and Kay Hughes, another newcomer. They look like sure-fire screen material!

Way Down East

(Continued from page ten)

who figured the ice would jam for a moment or two at the brink of the twelve-foot waterfall, had to be perfect. Once it seemed that Fonda wouldn't make it. He slipped on a treacherous cake of ice and partly fell into the stream. An audible gasp went up from the assembled workmen. Then Fonda regained his feet and raced on. Rochelle was rescued with nothing to spare.

Don't ever criticize Hollywood-made thrills within the hearing of any member of this company. Maybe they suffered sunburn—there were many cases of second-degree burns—rather than frost bite. Maybe the ice and snow was mainly that strange studio concoction of paraffin, corn flakes and gypsum. But the stunts were none the less dangerous to life and limb.

As in all big productions, there seemed to be jinx hovering over *Way Down East*. It began when Janet Gaynor collided with

Henry Fonda, head-on, when chasing a colt through an oats field on the Santa Cruz location. The accident resulted in Janet suffering a slight concussion that demanded her resignation of the rôle of Anna Moore. Rochelle Hudson won the part because of her splendid work in *Curly Top* with Shirley Temple. Several other injuries followed, the most serious being that of Andy Devine, who plays Hi Holler. Andy had blood poisoning from the accidental explosion of a firecracker. These visitations of a jinx only served to make everyone more apprehensive over the danger of the rescue scene.

Supporting the co-stars in the picture are Slim Summerville as the Constable, Edward Trevor of the New York Theatre Guild as the villainous Lennox Sander-son, Margaret Hamilton as the gossiping Martha Perkins, Astrid Allwyn as Kate and Russell Simpson and Spring Byington as the Squire and Mrs. Bartlett.

TALE OF TWO CITIES (M-G-M)

Produced by David O. Selznick who gave you *David Copperfield*, with screen play by W. P. Lipscomb who wrote the magnificent treatment of *Les Misérables*, directed by Jack Conway of *Viva Villa* fame, you should know what great spectacle you may reasonably expect in this production of *Tale of Two Cities*. It stars Ronald Colman and boasts a cast of 112 players headed by Elizabeth Allan, Edna May Oliver, Blanche Yurka, Reginald Owen, Basil Rathbone, Fritz Leiber, Henry B. Walthall, H. B. Warner, Isabel Jewell, Donald Woods, Walter Catlett, Lucille LaVerne and Tully Marshall. Yet, as you may readily see, the magnitude of cast and setting makes only more difficult our problem of taking you with us on the set.

We might tell you of the day we saw the scenes of the storming of the Bastille with thousands of extras (6,000 in all were employed in the picture) rioting the streets. Four months before, the Bastille had been erected stone by stone. Now stone by stone, it was being torn down.

We might tell you about the stirring moments in the Revolutionary Tribunal where Isabel Jewell as the meek little seamstress played such a heart-rending scene and did it so beautifully that the extras rose to their feet to applaud her. Or we might visit Old Bailey, the famous court, that we re-created with painstaking attention to the most minute details. Or the Dover Road over which noble French exiles fled, the same Dover Road David Copperfield trudged.

But none of these sequences, despite their spectacle, give a true impression of *Tale of Two Cities*. The Dickens tale that spans the revolutionary period between 1765 and 1789 in France treats more intimately of the revolt. And so it is being filmed. It will not be a picture of brutality and horror as much as it will be a depiction of the tragedy of people caught in a vortex of insane mob fury. The number of people concerned accounts for the 112 speaking rôles.

The present production finds Ronald Colman performing Sydney Carton and Donald Woods portraying Charles Darnay.

There is an amusing anecdote Colman tells upon himself. Seven years ago, he gave an interview in which he prophesied the failure of talking pictures. He was very definite about it. Sound would never capture public fancy. Yet, IF, a large IF it did, there was one rôle Colman wanted to play—Sydney Carton in *Tale of Two Cities*.

Harry Carr's Shooting Script

(Continued from page twenty-one)

Don't Tell

Now that it has been all over for some time and the hired hands are cleaning out the animal cages, I will confide a secret of my secret soul.

I thought the glowing masterpiece of the year, *Clive of India*, was just about the lousiest picture I ever saw.

It was stupid, silly and badly directed.

Inevitable Tragedy

Nina May McKinney again dares the storm.

After the sensation she made in King Vidor's *Hallelujah*, Miss McKinney met the cruel fate always in store for negroes on the screen. There were no more parts for her.

Years of obscurity in Europe. Now she is coming back to Hollywood to be starred with Paul Robeson in *Sanders of the River*.

She is one of the most beautiful girls her race has ever produced and acts vividly and with warm emotion. Some of her scenes in *Hallelujah* were unforgettable.

Holding Tight

English motion picture companies have had the bitter experience—many times repeated—of finding stars—only to have them kidnaped to Hollywood—there to become famous and earn fortunes for American producers.

The British are evidently determined that this incident shall not be repeated in the case of Vivian Leigh, London's nineteen-year-old stage sensation.

Alexander Korda has taken the precaution to sign her for five years at a reported salary of a quarter of a million dollars.

Swapping the Famous

What the international situation will probably develop is a system by which stars will play in both countries, the English maintaining a tight legal hold on British stars.

Merle Oberon and Charles Laughton are cases in point.

No matter how well English stars do in the world-market abroad, there is nowhere except Hollywood that actors can be given the real splash that brings world fame. The English may find them but we make them shine.

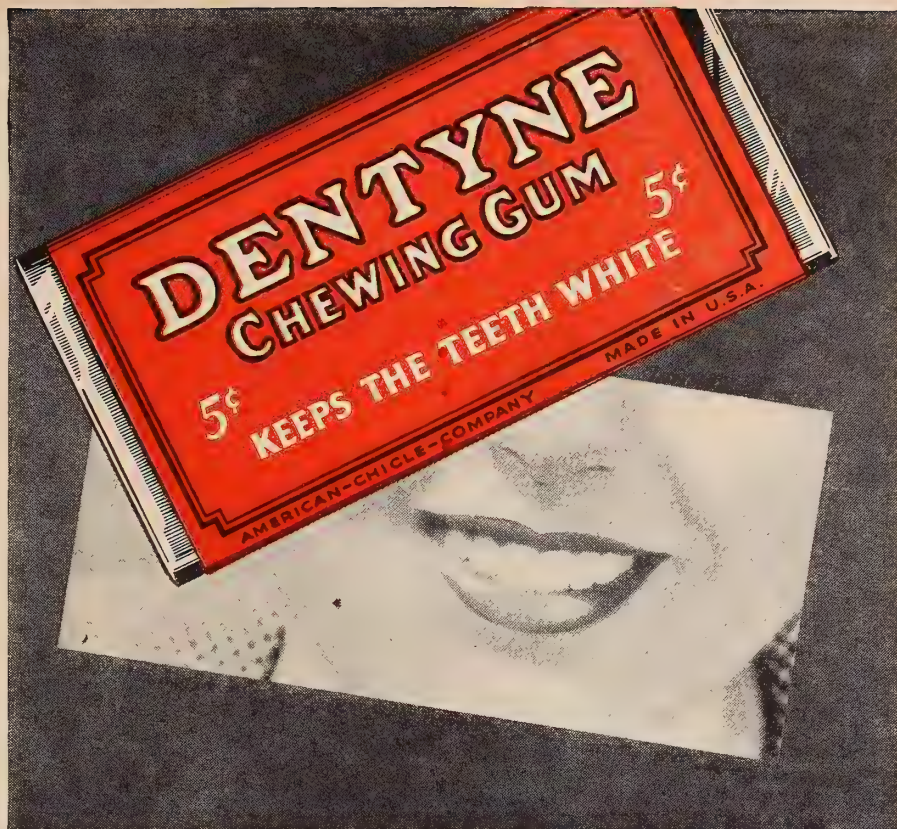
Well, Wells!

The Man Who Could Work Miracles, which is in production in England, is by H. G. Wells.

It remains to be seen if Mr. Wells is indeed the man who can work miracles. Authors of his genius have usually been failures as scenario writers. A story has always been regarded as so much raw material from which the finished product should be moulded.

It may well be—no pun intended—that this may be the dawn of a new day in motion picture authorship.

In the end, it is obvious that pictures will represent the ideas that the authors wrote.



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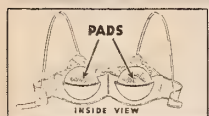
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• LOS ANGELES •

Marion Davies Tells Why Stars Fall!

(Continued from page thirty-four)

understanding behind every mood, every gesture of an actor or an actress.

Stars fall not because audiences become weary of them. As a matter of fact, the public is loyal to old favorites; supports them year after year as long as the player keeps faith with it. Check up the great stars on the current screen. They are as potent at the box-office to-day as they were after their first great success.

But these stars have not become too satisfied or self-satisfied. They have had good pictures and bad pictures. But they have never failed to continually take stock of themselves. To check and re-check themselves as persons; to measure themselves against the fledglings they once were. To make very sure that their ambitions were greater; that their courage continued intact; that they continued to have that divine discontent which first brought them recognition.

● THEY ARE objectives towards themselves. They take their own faults and their own virtues and look at them through a microscope. They know when they have defaulted; when they have missed a trick. And if it is humanly and artistically possible, they don't repeat the mistake.

The star who falls is the star who refuses to recognize mistakes. That person always finds someone else to blame for bad performances, lessening appeal, a gaining indifference to them on the part of audiences.

Instead of appraising a situation

honestly, instead of looking within themselves for the answer to mounting failure, they spend their time constructing gorgeous and astounding alibis which will keep intact their own egos.

Stars betray themselves more frequently by underestimating the importance of sustained interest in their work, and of intensive effort, than are ever betrayed by bad plays.

The price of continuing stardom is incessant vigilance. A star must live by the clock and by the calendar. A beginner might be given a hand for a fifty percent performance. But those honored by acclaim must seek perfection.

● THEY MUST watch their bodies and their minds. Sincerity, honesty of purpose, is easy to dissipate. Easily hidden by a veneer of boredom. Lines from fatigue, from dissipation, from abuse can be hidden only for a little while with grease-paint. And then they show. The camera rarely lies! For paralleling damage to the body is the damage to the mind and the spirit. One picture, two pictures—maybe you can coast through them. Maybe a certain technique will serve you for a bit. And then what you are—what you have made of yourself—comes through.

Stars rise because of hard work, of luck, of the phantom quality which no one can either define or measure.

Stars fall because they forget what qualities were the comet on which they rode to Fame.

Florence Rice's Autumn Jam

(Continued from page forty-eight)

apron and indulge in some good, old-fashioned "puttering 'round" in her pretty blue and white kitchen.

Because, and believe it or not, Florence has a "flair" for—she is, in fact, past-mistress of the gentle art of "putting up" fruit. She goes in for special things, such as cantaloupe-peach conserve, pineapple jelly and new and different kinds of jam, also pickles.

"It's the housewife in me," she told me, smiling, that day I went out to see her about this talent of hers.

"I love to do it. There's something jolly in knowing that my pantry shelves are filled with neat rows of jams and jellies and such. I actually sneak out into the kitchen every once in a while to look them over and gloat, after I get all through for the season."

"What is your favorite recipe?" I asked her.

"My cantaloupe-peach conserve."

That sounded intriguing to me. "How's for giving me the recipe?" I suggested.

"Certainly," she said, and suited the action to the word.

This is what it was, word for word, and it is one of those recipes that never fails, she said. Maybe you'd like to try it. . . .

CANTALOUPE-PEACH JAM

1 pint diced, fresh peaches, peeled

1 pint diced, peeled and seeded cantaloupe.
1 pint shredded pineapple (canned or fresh)
6 cups sugar
Juice of 2 lemons
Slivered rind of 1 lemon
½ cup liquid pectin

Cut lemon rind into slivers. Let stand over night in cold water. Drain. Discard water. Mix peaches, cantaloupe, pineapple, lemon juice and sugar. Bring to a boil and boil rapidly, stirring frequently to prevent burning, until fruit is transparent—about 15 minutes. Drain off juice and boil juice 12 minutes longer. Combine juice, fruit and pectin. Pour into a flat granite pan or bowl and leave in electric refrigerator for two days. This thickens the conserve to a beautiful jelly-like texture. If one does not have a mechanical refrigerator, this step may be omitted. Pour into sterilized jelly glasses. Cover with hot paraffin and seal. Recipe makes eight or nine glasses of conserve.

● AFTER SHE told me how to make her cantaloupe-peach conserve, Florence gave me some other recipes which should interest anyone who contemplates a session or two of fruit canning. Here they are, and they sound perfectly delicious. Don't you agree? Take the one for pine-

HOLLYWOOD

apple jelly, for instance. It is easy to make and awfully good. . . .

PINEAPPLE JELLY

Pour four cups of pineapple juice (canned) in to a preserving kettle. Add at once, while stirring, the contents of one package of powdered pectin. Place on the hottest fire possible, continuing stirring and bring to a full, rolling boil. Add four cups sugar immediately. Continue boiling and stirring for a few minutes. Then begin testing. When jelly forms a thin sheet or film from the edge of the spoon, it is ready to pour into sterilized glasses. Skim, pour, cover with paraffin and store.

Florence says that pineapple jelly is sometimes difficult, but that if this mixture is sufficiently cooked, it never fails to "jell."

THEN, THERE is Florence's "Penny-a-Pound" jam which should interest you. . . . Her recipe is entitled "an inexpensive, late winter jam," and it certainly fills the bill as far as being inexpensive is concerned. Also it is very good. You might try it and see for yourself.

PENNY-A-POUND JAM

Wash a pound of dried apricots and run through the coarse knife of the food grinder. Cover with water and soak overnight. In the morning, simmer in fresh water to cover for 30 minutes. Let the water boil down until it is nearly gone. Then add as much sugar by measure as there is apricots and juice. Boil slowly until thick, stirring constantly. Add a dash of nutmeg.

Then, of course, I mustn't forget Florence's watermelon pickles. I've eaten many varieties, but never any that compared with these. Here is how she makes them:

WATERMELON PICKLES

Peel watermelon rind and cut off pink inside. Cut in pieces about one by two inches and soak in cold water over night. Cook in plenty of water to cover until tender (four or five hours). Drain, cover with cold water to which 1 tablespoon of powdered alum to the gallon has been added. Let stand over night.

The next day, make a syrup of two quarts of mild vinegar to six cups of sugar. Add two long sticks of cinnamon, broken. Bring to a boil, drain, add rind and cook until rind is clear (about two or three hours). A few minutes before done, add a teabspoon of whole cloves. Seal while hot. In determining amount of syrup to make, cover rind with water, then drain off and measure vinegar and sugar to equal this amount of water.

You might be interested, too, in Florence's mint jelly, which is very nice for menus featuring roast lamb. Here's the way she makes it:

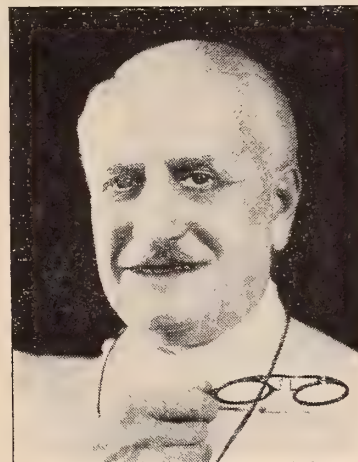
Measure ½ cup apple vinegar, 1 cup water, ¾ cups sugar and a pinch of salt in a measuring kettle. Bring to a boil, stirring constantly. Add several drops of green fruit coloring—the kind that doesn't fade in acid solutions. Add ½ cup liquid pectin. Boil hard for 1 minute. Remove from fire. Skim. Add ½ teaspoon spearmint extract. Pour into glasses and cover with paraffin.

Mint jelly is not only delicious served with lamb, but is a tasty relish served with cold meat menus, Florence points out.

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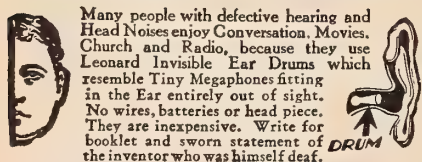


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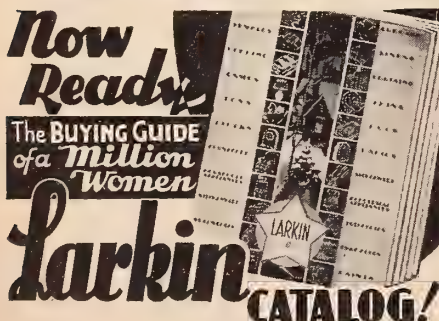
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How to Be Beautiful in 7 Days

(Continued from page thirty-eight)

eating the wrong things. Their systems are actually starving for certain vitamins like those found in green leafy vegetables and milk and fresh meat either broiled or baked. So for this One Week that we want to make stand out in a big way, don't take rich cakes or those tempting cream puffs. But see that you have one grapefruit or two oranges every day, no less than six glasses of water and at least one large green salad. If you take fruit for dessert so much the better.

● NEXT COMES a trick I want you to practice for all it's worth—and it's worth a million: *Be attentive and look it.* The awareness of life and of people you show is what makes you interesting and don't forget it!

That is what brought an almost miraculous success to little Olivia de Havilland. She sparkles with aliveness. She, too, has brown hair and eyes but they're not in the least ordinary and in a minute I'll tell you why. The first time I saw her—barely a year ago—she had just graduated from high school and had won a scholarship to Mills college.

For something to do she and her young crowd were putting on *Midsummer Night's Dream* during vacation. Then they heard the great Max Reinhardt was to produce that same play in the Hollywood bowl. In less than an hour they were at his office registering for parts. He saw Olivia's animated little face, her dancing eyes—and gave her the rôle of understudy to Gloria Stuart. Everyone knows what happened. . . . How Gloria was unable to fill the engagement and how Olivia played the rôle. It was a short step from that into doing the part for Warner Brothers when they screened the Shakespearean play. And now young Miss de Havilland has stardom ahead of her and a fat contract in her bag. It pays to have that attentive, spirited look!

● I'VE SAID HER hair is the extraordinary kind, soft and wonderfully attractive. It's that way *because she makes it so.* You can't get hair to look its best on a last minute notice. The time to begin putting that bright sheen into it for a "whirl" on Saturday is right at the beginning of the week. Don't think because it's naturally curly you can't brush it. Or that brushing will spoil your wave. It won't. It will add to it for it increases the vitality of the hair. What do you think your face would look like if you neglected it for two or three weeks? Yet girls do that to their hair and then blame it for looking terrible. True, you can't wash it every day. But it needs a dry cleansing. Rub and massage the scalp with a clean turkish towel. Don't spare the hair brush. Try combing your hair different ways to see which brings out the gleam best. Then—

Two days before the dance have a shampoo. If you do it yourself, use Olivia's method. As she says, "After the shampoo I finish by plunging my head into water as cold as I can stand to close the pores. Somehow or other I don't like to comb out or curl my hair while it's wet. I wait until it is dry before I apply the wave lotion and set my wave."

So that your wave will be perfect, set it the next day too. And the day of the dance. But brush it out after you finish dressing and as a final touch, spray some

of that new brilliantine preparation on it to give it exciting highlights. And then just dare to call your hair ordinary!

● TO ME, ONE of the most interesting things on earth is to see an "every-day" pair of eyes become really high-powered. I'm going to tell you how to go about it.

Start with an eye bath—on Sunday night before retiring and on the other six nights. An eye bath, you ask? But of course! Something to wash away the dust particles and soothe those treacherous little red lines out of the eyes. There are several good eye washes on the market. Follow that by dipping pads of cotton in very cold water and placing them on your eyelids. Relax and dream.

You'll be surprised how profitable it is in the way of extra sparkle! Now dip the tips of your fingers in your skin and tissue cream and rub it gently into your eyelashes . . . across your eyelids towards the nose. Keep it on all night if you like. That makes the very delicate skin around the eyes particularly soft and the lashes lovely. It's fun to discover your eyelashes all over again with the new eyelash make-up. Try it out on Monday . . . and Tuesday . . . and all through the week. See how quickly it will give your lashes that thick, luxurious look.

Experiment with an eyebrow pencil. Use an eye-shadow that brings out the color of your iris and seems to deepen the look in your eyes. With those two—the pencil and the shadow—you can change the appearance of your eyes, you know. Make them seem larger or longer or less protruding.

In front of a mirror that has a strong electric light above it, I want you to work out your own eye technique until you feel sure you're using the right amount of shadow and that it is shaded correctly, until you're satisfied that your eyes are one hundred per cent at their best. Then I want you to go and ask two of your frankest friends about it. Can they tell immediately that you have eye make-up on? How does it make you look? One girl who had been going around with "ordinary" eyes tried out this treatment and was thrilled beyond measure to learn at a party she had suddenly acquired "the mystery of Merle Oberon and the charm of Claudette Colbert—it was in her eyes!" Incidentally, she became engaged the same evening . . .

● WHAT I WANT you to do is practice putting on your entire make-up. That's the point. Don't expect to blossom out a beauty, as if by magic, just before the doorbell rings at eight Saturday night!

Shape and re-shape your lips—using the gay vermilion lipstick that holds its own against the sharpest artificial lighting—until they're so perfected that along about Friday somebody says, "You do have the loveliest mouth!" And please, if you still have a summer tan, don't pin your faith to too light a powder. Get a shade that matches the shade of your skin as it is—not as you think it ought to be.

There is one way you can always tell just how much or how little, a girl knows about cosmetics—and that's by watching how she places her rouge. In putting rouge on, a young girl ought to smile as

HOLLYWOOD



PAUL MUNI

Romeo of the coal fields...glowing with perspiration...brilliant because he acts so dumb...a somber star peeking through black clouds...or a sunrise defying a storm...as versatile as a mountain torrent, and just as powerful

she faces the mirror, then blend it into the round part of her cheeks. Bringing it far back towards the temples in a sophisticated sweep is wrong for anyone under twenty-five. *Be sure you have the same shade of rouge in the compact you're going to take with you as in the one on your dresser. And fill the loose powder compartment with the same powder that's in your large box.* Otherwise when you make "repairs"—and girls do at a dance whether they're needed or not!—you'll find your complexion getting splotchy.

At the end here I want to say something about a Big Worry of many a girl—cloudy skin. You want your back to be clear and fine, your arms and shoulders lovely. Here's what Olivia does: "A long-handled flesh brush and plenty of soap used during the nightly bath usually is sufficient to keep the back in excellent condition. Arms and elbows also benefit by 'scrubbing' treatments and nightly applications of cream. But what makes the skin really radiant is a warm olive oil massage for the whole body once a week. After you've taken your bath you give yourself this massage, beginning at your chin and ending at the soles of your feet. Then when I'm dressing to go out, I use a make-up blender on my arms and neck and back. A blender that harmonizes with my face powder and it does do the trick in making the skin look velvety!"

And now for the most important advice of all. *Keep up this regime!* If you go through every week preparing for a "prom" on Saturday night—real or imaginary—it's a safe bet you're going to find life a hundred times more exciting. Because you'll be ready for it...

OCTOBER, 1935

MILLIONS NOW USE FAMOUS NOXZEMA *for Skin Troubles*

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promotes rapid healing—refines skin texture**

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Women enthusiastic

If you are troubled with large pores, blackheads or pimples caused by external conditions, apply Noxzema after removing makeup—and during the day as a foundation for

powder. Notice how it refines large pores—helps nature heal ugly pimples—helps make your face smoother, clearer, more attractive.

If your hands are red, irritated, use Noxzema for quick relief—to help make them soft, white and lovely. Use Noxzema for burns, itching, baby rash and similar skin irritations.

For shaving irritation

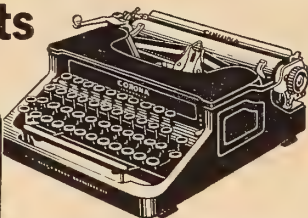
Men! The news is flying around—if you are troubled with shaving irritation, use Noxzema—it's marvelous. Apply Noxzema before lathering. No matter how raw and irritated your face and neck may be, note what a quick, cool, comfortable shave you get shaving this new way.



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City _____ State _____ Age _____

Janet Gaynor Answers Her Fans

(Continued from page twenty-eight)

completely surrounded by stacks of letters, from so far-flung places that the very stamps on them made my stamp-collector's soul jitter with covetousness! CONWAY, ARK., was the postmark on one letter.

"The Children's Literary Class of Arkansas State Teachers College," it read, "is making a study of the favorite children's books of well known people * * * would like to know what your favorite book was when you were a child * * * and why * * *"

There was a far-far-away look in Janet's eyes as I looked up. I had to avert my eyes at her to bring her back. "Sorry," she said, "I was back in my kid days. It was Hans Christian Andersen's Faery Tales that was my favorite book then."

"Why?" I asked, reading the letter, which was written by one of the students.

"Why?—why, because Hans' faeries and shining princes and terrifying witches and awesome giants and brave Jacks and palaces and magic and romance—because those factors took me away from Everyday Land into Make-believe Land. I never got over loving to live in Make-Believe Land—that's why I'm happy today, doing what I am. Not just living there in my work, but taking thousands of other people there with me, away from the humdrum of today into the escape and romance and happiness of Make-Believe Land . . ."

She giggled. I wanted to know what was funny about that.

"Well—I've a confession," she grinned like an imp. She pointed to a bookshelf. There stood one of those big-typed kids' editions of Faery Tales. "I still read 'em," she said, and dove into another letter, which came from Asheville, North Carolina.

"* * * ask if you would send me the recipe for some little dish we could serve at our club to add a little personal touch to our meetings, where we can discuss you as though you were with us."

"H'm—now what shall—oh, I have the VERY thing!"—and Janet honed from the big chair, scattering letters like a cyclone, and into the kitchen. I picked up one with a 2-anna-6-pies stamp of India on it. It turned out to be from British Tommy in Pashawa. There were four closely written pages of adulation.

"I'm not asking for correspondence, though—because my little Pal would not like it * * * please think of me as 'the baby soldier' who goes to see you on the screen * * * and YOU are the one who can bring tears to a soldier's eyes * * *"

● JANET WAS back, with a recipe card.

She pinned it to the letter from North Carolina. "I'll send her my Ice-Box Cookies recipe; gosh, how I LOVE 'EM," she explained. She showed me the card—

- 1 pound butter
- 1½ cups sugar
- Dates and nuts to suit
- 5 cups flour
- 3 eggs
- Vanilla flavoring

Cream the butter and sugar; add the eggs one by one, beating and mixing meanwhile; add the five cups of flour gradually while beating the mixture; add the dates and nuts which have been pre-

viously chopped fine; add the flavoring. Shape this into a roll; put in the ice-box over night; in the morning, slice into thin layers—making the cookies—and bake in a moderate oven.

While I was copying the recipe for you, Janet was laughing over what looked like an overgrown Chinese laundry ticket. It was a letter, from China, and attached to it, a translation from the Fox studio's interpreting office. You can't translate Chinese word-for-word, but the letter came from a wealthy Chinaman who explained that he and an English official had seen *Delicious* when it showed in Shanghai. Sure of his knowledge, the Englishman had said the musical bottle had played a certain old English folksong. Educated in England, the Chinese insisted it was another tune. They made a bet.

"My Chinese friend was right," said Janet. "The tune the bottle played was 'Somebody From Somewhere.' I'll write and tell him so—and make the Englishman pay up!"

● THE NEXT letter was to settle another argument: A San Francisco woman and some relatives of hers in Philadelphia, were burning up the mails. The former insisted Janet was a "San Francisco girl, born and educated in San Francisco, ushered in a local theater, graduate of Polytechnic High School. My Philadelphia relatives are positive you are a product of that city. I'd like to mail your reply to them and show them!"

Both Janet's hands went high in the air. "Isn't that what a prize-fight referee does when it's a draw?" she asked. "I'm going to tell her that I was born in Philadelphia, started my education there; then moved later to San Francisco where, as she says, I DID usher in a movie house and graduate from Poly Hi. And I call BOTH cities 'home.' Look, I've even got some pictures of myself taken when I was a schoolgirl in Philadelphia."

She showed them to me. I'm showing one of them to you, herewith. For a couple of hours, then, we went through the mail—the letter from a "group of girls doing household employment in Cambridge, Mass., who asked Janet how to make the cap she wore in *Servant's Entrance* because 'we're all crazy about the cap and are dying to make ourselves one like it.'" Janet was going to have the studio wardrobe department send them a model.

● FROM A GIRL in Claremont, The Mall, Brading, Isle of Wight, England, came "a little love story written by my mother ten years ago," and which she thought Janet might like to put on the screen. "I get lots like this, but I have to turn them all over to the studio story department at once," Janet explained.

There was a whole stack of letters, asking Janet to send the writers the clothes she no longer wanted. "If I send each one even a tiny thing," she said, face serious, "I'd have to be the Dionne quintuplets hundreds of times over. As a matter of fact, all my clothes, when I no longer wear them, go to a little friend who needs them."

The hundreds of letters asking for autographs and signed pictures were in another pile. You see, Janet gets so many thousands of fan letters that they are

HOLLYWOOD

opened and segregated for her—but eventually, Janet reads them herself. “Why,” she explains, “when people think enough of me to go to the bother of writing, pouring out their hearts and souls to me, addressing them, putting a stamp on them, mailing them—why then the least I can do for these grand friends is to read what they say, and answer them when an answer is called for, don’t you think?”

“Not all screen stars feel that way,” I reminded her.

“But I do,” she said simply. “Except—” (and now she has on that impish grin of hers again) “—except the chain letters! I got 450 of them in a single day!”

● A LETTER from a man in Bombay contended, in 14 typed pages, that movie theaters should spray scents and odors through the house in keeping with the scene on the screen. A couple in Honolulu wanted her to indorse a song they had written. A woman in Roumania sent a package which contained a hand embroidered tea spread and napkins. She showed me the letter from the South Africa girl, to whom she’d sent a pattern of the crinoline from *Carolina* to be worn as a wedding gown. There were scores of letters asking how tall she was, how much she weighed, whether she liked tennis, coffee, blue, jazz music, perfume, skating, eggs, travel and a million other things. Each letter was to be answered.

I looked up from a letter of an 87-year old Iowa farmer who was making up a Janet Gaynor scrapbook, believe it or not, to see Janet with eyes bright with tears.

There were two letters in her hand—one from the St. Louis Children’s Hospital.

“I am a girl of thirteen years of age. You have always been my favorite movie actress. The last picture I saw you in was *Daddy Long Legs*, for I have been in the hospital for nearly two years. I wanted so much to see you in *One More Spring* but the nurses who have seen it told me all about it, which is next best. I am making a scrapbook of nothing but pictures of you and wondered if you would send me an autographed one of yourself for the front of the book . . .”

● THE OTHER, in the bold handwriting of a society girl was in the same envelope:

“My Dear Miss Gaynor—
For my Junior League work I have been visiting this child for the past two years, reading to her, or bringing her a little cheer in her lonely cot in the Children’s Hospital.

She is paralyzed from her waist down, and will probably never walk again. She lives in hopes of seeing you in a moving picture again, but probably never will.

So if you want to add a big thrill to her lonely existence, you will give her letter your personal attention, for she will be waiting anxiously for a picture. I believe you have a heart and will do this!”

Janet’s eyes brimmed over. Heart?—may I tell the society girl in St. Louis that if she’d been there with Janet that moment, she’d have known darned well that the smiling redhead has a heart as big as St. Louis! Janet was already reaching for paper and pen . . .

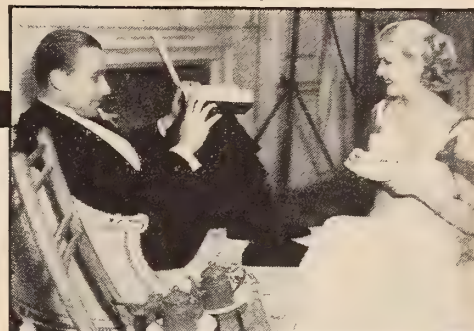
“Poor, dear kid—I wish—I wish I were one of Hans Andersen’s faery queens,” she whispered, “so I could touch her poor little legs with my magic wand—and make her walk again . . .”

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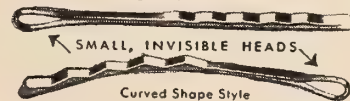
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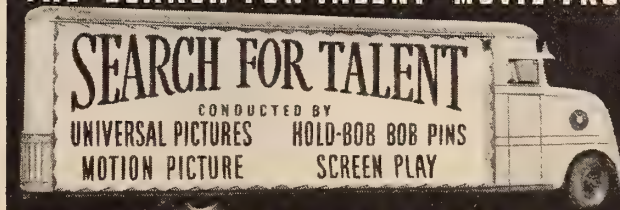
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Dr. Scholl's Walk-Strates

Is 13 Unlucky? Not to Eleanor Powell

(Continued from page thirty-three)

everything has happened, not according to Hoyle, but according to her horoscope. Just as a lark, several years ago while she was playing in Chicago, she had her horoscope cast just because she thought that it would be amusing at the moment.

After the deed was done, she took the paper home, read it, and put it in semi-discard. A few days later, she received an amazing raise in salary that she had not in the least contemplated getting.

"Right away I remembered the line in my horoscope, 'You will prosper and receive a flattering salary at a time when others are in financial difficulties—you will prosper by the depression,'" Eleanor declared. "It also went on to tell me that I would be surprised at the increase in salary, and even went so far as to mention the exact date that it occurred! Of course, it was the 13th of the month!

"Right then and there, I began to pay attention to it. I anticipated things that were scheduled to happen—and they did. Whether or not there is a certain amount of psychology connected with it, I will never know. They say that if you concentrate on the thing that you want hard enough, believe that you will have it, and put forth all possible effort, you will get what you want. When I know that it is about time for something to happen, I of course am conscious of it, and think a great deal about it. This goes for the unfortunate things as well as the fortunate ones," she continued.

● "It TOLD of my grandmother's illness. She is very ill right now, and part of my worry is relieved because my horoscope says that she will be terribly ill, and though she will never be well again, she will regain much of her strength.

"Another important thing that has come true is my being here in Hollywood, doing my taps before the camera instead of before an audience. It said that I would make an important change this year, take up new work in connection with my dancing that would bring me a world-wide audience. What else but pictures could do this?

"I wasn't surprised when M-G-M asked me to come to Hollywood for *Broadway Melody of 1936*. It also said that this year would be full of surprises, and it surely has been! Also, I am to receive an important proposal of marriage before November of this year! It would be a fortunate marriage, and I would benefit greatly through the marriage partner's relatives! That one has me guessing—I am sure that I don't know who he could possibly be. Right along with this, it also says that my name does not indicate a successful marriage, but it does strongly indicate a successful career. It is a good career name only. (The name, incidentally, adds up to 13—in numerology.)

"My horoscope also stated that I would change my residence just when I did, to come to California. It said that through this change of residence and new type of work, I would have to learn to co-operate with people and have to work harder to carry out my own ideas. This definitely has been true. Naturally I have to co-operate with people in the picture as I never had to do before, as I know nothing about motion picture work, and must rely upon what I am told to a great extent.

● "ALWAYS BEFORE, I have worked alone dancing on the stage—it was my act, I worked it out myself and presented it the way I knew was best. And it is harder to carry out my own ideas, because I have such definite ones. It is a bit difficult to have people see what I mean, and I know that I am right. For instance, I have always talked as I danced. No one else does this. It is an Eleanor Powell special. I like to do it, as it takes away from the appearance of counting your taps—which I don't have to do. At first they couldn't see it AT ALL—but later they agreed, and I talk as I dance in *Broadway Melody of 1936*. I wouldn't be me if I didn't.

"These are some of the things that I have to look forward to—you see it goes up until the time I am 72—and I'm still going strong! I read it at least once a week.

"Here they are: I am to be honored when I am 23½ years old; in my 25th year, there will be a big change in my family life and I will be taking over more of the family responsibility; it warns me not to talk too much; to follow my hunches, regardless; make my own plans, control my emotions, avoid the commonplace and to keep a hold on my success, and not let it slip, through a foolish proposition that is to be made to me in my 23rd year. Another thing that it said, that is very true, is that I am very methodical, always preparing and looking out for tomorrow's security."

● NOW THE HUNCHES. Eleanor has always followed them, since she was a baby, and has been right. Usually she does not know why she will choose a certain thing, and many times she will be giving up something that she wants very badly, just because she has a hunch to do so—and she is always right. This works in her personal life, as well as in her career. The only times that she has made serious mistakes is when she has not followed her hunches.

A perfect instance of this was when she signed with M-G-M to do this musical, instead of signing with a New York show. The New York proposition looked golden—like one of the biggest things of her career. Her mother urged her to stay in New York and refuse the M-G-M offer, as from all appearances it was much the better of the two. Eleanor followed her hunch and signed with M-G-M. She is doing all right in a very big way, and the New York proposition went flopp!

Because she follows her hunches, people often think that she is impulsive without reason or thought. That is not so. When she has a hunch, all she has to do is follow it.

It looks as if Eleanor just dances her way through life as she does on the stage—and things just seem to turn out!

—KAY MULVEY.

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From Ozarks to Opera

(Continued from page thirty-two)

Gladys Swarthout's career has moved along as a placid quiet river gathering in everything as it moves toward the sea. No floods and torrents for this wandering river—but always sparkling fountains and rippling streams that are an integral part of it.

She has never consciously sought a goal. Her one consuming ambition, like most artists, was to be happy in her chosen work. And in following her natural love for music, she has unintentionally prepared herself for every opportunity that has presented itself.

● It Took pressure from her friends to get her to try an audition with the Chicago Civic Opera Company. She astonished herself by making a tremendous hit!

A summer in Europe and three seasons with the Ravinia Opera Company followed. In the 1929-30 season she made her debut with the Metropolitan, topping all of her associates with fifty-six performances. She has been with Metropolitan ever since, giving as many as fifty appearances per season outside her opera and radio work.

Five years ago, when talkies were hitting their stride, Gladys Swarthout had an opportunity to sign a film contract. She turned it down!

She was having her first taste of success with Metropolitan when Lawrence

Tibbett talked her into going down to a New York studio and having a screen test. The camera caught every bit of her clean-cut beauty and sparkling personality. They offered her a contract.

It was a tough decision to make, but success in every singer's heart is measured in terms of the Metropolitan stage, and Gladys said no! Perhaps she was right. She went on to become one of the world's greatest opera singers.

Gladys had almost forgotten about that screen test. Tibbett himself told us about that screen test when he and his very charming wife dropped in at the Swarthout home on a Sunday afternoon.

● THE TIBBETS had come by to hear some recordings from *Rose of the Rancho*, her first Paramount picture. They were all pretty excited about this film, for Gladys IS the Rose of any rancho! She's a gay, singing Senorita out of the glamorous pages of early California.

The Tibbetts, Miss Swarthout, and her jovial husband, Frank Chapman, gathered around the phonograph to hear a dozen songs from the film, sung principally by John Boles and Miss Swarthout.

"No idle praise from you, Larry," Gladys warned the famous Tibbett. Her trim five-foot-three was a neat contrast to the more than six-foot Lawrence.

"I shan't say a word," he replied cheerfully. "I'll just look glum."

Then the music commenced, and they all sat around and smoked silently. It was grand stuff—gay sparkling numbers that smacked of romance beneath a Spanish moon; moody interludes that spoke of slightly blighted love; and finally, reverberating soul-stirring range songs of the vaqueros.

Larry Tibbett turned and bowed gravely.

"It's corking stuff," he informed her. "John Boles is marvelous!"

● THE Music died away, and again the spacious room was filled with the voices of the group enjoying an off-day . . . Miss Swarthout discussing feminine trivialities with Mrs. Tibbett . . . Chapman telling Lawrence Tibbett about the barber's chair out on location. The chair was brought there to facilitate his tiny wife's make-up problems. But it served a dual purpose, for Frank Chapman has always had a terrific curiosity to delve into the mysteries of a barber's chair.

The marriage of these two was a culmination of a romance begun in Florence, Italy, where they both had made operatic appearances. Chapman, a baritone of considerable renown, was with the Italian Opera Company. Gladys' gay personality captivated him. A year later they appeared together in American opera, and ultimately their romance blossomed into the deepest sort of love.

They've found a good way to avoid temperament troubles. Like two happy kids, they try to be human beings and yet never, never get mad at the same time.

—TED MAGEE.

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Jean Harlow's Code of Living

(Continued from page thirty-seven)

repeat gossip about anyone. If she joins a group who are indulging in catty remarks about this star or that producer, she doesn't even seem interested. She never repeats rumors or whispered talk. When you consider what a hot-bed of gossip Hollywood is, that's a record."

There are other examples of her man's attitude. Clark Gable told me that she never uses her feminine appeal to win arguments, or to gain her ends, and he speaks from the stand-point of a fellow-star who has appeared in several important pictures with her. Another associate of Jean's at the studio told me, "She has never once been late for an appointment, even though tardiness is supposed to be a beautiful woman's right. She never breaks a date, or offers excuses."

Jean says simply, "I expect that much consideration from others, and it's part of my code of living not to ask more than I am willing to give."

● **FRANKNESS** Is one of her chief characteristics. At the studio her fellow-workers admire her for her frankness in speaking up whenever she feels things aren't going right. She never nurses a grudge or cherishes a grievance. A director with whom she once openly disagreed is now one of her close friends.

She has a personal disregard of lovely clothes. At the studio, for pictures, she drapes her beautiful body in creations designed to bring out every bit of her appeal. At home, when she is not working, she wears a pair of white sneakers, and a sports dress. And looks, incidentally, as ravishing as if she wore the latest Adrian gown.

Radiantly healthy, she adores the outdoor sports of men and plays them without a woman's handicap. She excels at tennis and riding and golf. She loves to swim in the crystal water of her swimming pool. She goes for long drives alone in her car, as carefree as a man of the wind whipping her platinum locks.

Still, tantalizing, she is utterly feminine, even though she scorns to make use of woman's tricks and wiles. She is man-like only in her code of living—her honesty, fairness, and willingness to face trouble if it comes.

"In the last analysis, a man's and a woman's minds are completely different on fundamental topics," Jean told me. Such as love, for instance. I am completely feminine, naturally. Even though I believe that frankness, sometimes considered a man's characteristic rather than a feminine one, is as vital in marriage as it is in business or friendship. Talking things out frankly, I believe, solves more problems than nursing our wounds in secret.

"If two people find that their marriage is not working out to be the ideal thing they had hoped, I think it is best to be straightforward and discuss the trouble openly. Even if the other person may not feel the same way. Then there is a sharp clean wound, and it heals quicker."

If love comes to her again, it will come in the guise of friendship. And romance must come, even though she wards it off with a ready laugh. It could not be otherwise, with her blue eyes, her softly curved lips, and her radiant loveliness.

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What I Know About Grace Moore

(Continued from page thirty-five)

with a sterling silver key chain. Knowing my weakness for firearms, she gave me an old Spanish gun that I prize highly.

Since the picture was finished, I have been asked if Grace is high hat or ritzy. My answer is "No." Success hasn't gone to her head.

One week-end long ago Grace was a member of a house party Mrs. Carrillo and I were having at our home on Long Island.

Many talented people were there, among them another famous singer, whom I won't name for obvious reasons. After dinner, on Saturday night, we sat around the fire and each of the guests contributed some bit of impromptu entertainment. A Broadway pianist played the latest hits from Tin Pan Alley, a comedian told a few of his best stories, and so on.

● WHEN THE OTHER singer present was invited to sing, she refused. No amount of coaxing would induce her to change her mind. Pleading that moth-eaten excuse, laryngitis, she declared she wasn't "in voice."

"Punk sport," remarked a feminine wit beside me. "If I ever run into her when she isn't nursing laryngitis, I'd die of shock."

After casting a malicious glance at the "punk sport," she turned to Grace Moore. "Grace," she said, "sing us something from your show."

"My public!" laughed Grace, and moved to the piano. She sang not only the numbers from her musical comedy but gave repeated encores.

Sometime later I ran into Dr. Mario Marafioti, her vocal teacher, in New York, and discovered that Miss Moore had risen from a sick bed to attend the house party. She had been suffering from an attack of laryngitis!

If Grace is proud of her success, more power to her. She has a definite quality to give the world, a divine gift: her voice. And she has achieved her place in the sun on her own merit. She's not bluffing her way to stardom as many others have done.

But don't let any one tell you she's haughty. For one thing, she doesn't throw a fit if some one wants to visit her set. During the production of *Love Me Forever*, visitors were barred from the stage, but it wasn't by her orders.

One day a certain titled foreign couple was at the studio and sent her word by a page that they wished to see her in action.

"Invite them in," was her cordial reply, and she prepared to receive the distinguished guests.

But no guests came.

Curious at their delay, Grace communicated with the powers-that-be at the front office, only to learn that "no visitors" meant no visitors, and the rule applied alike to Judy O'Grady and the Baron and his lady.

● OFF STAGE SHE spent so much time chatting with friends that her husband had to keep them away from her dressing room during luncheon. Grace would rather talk with them than eat.

Nor was she haughty to the cast. Not

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only was she friendly, considerate and co-operative but, whenever she could, she gave the other fellow a break.

One reason Michael Bartlett and Robert Allen stand out prominently in this picture is that she gave them the opportunity to "steal" scenes.

Once, when her work on the set precluded her appearance on her weekly radio broadcast, she personally arranged with her sponsors to permit Bartlett and another artist to sing in her place.

On another occasion, several months ago, I am told, Grace learned that Mrs. John Wallace, wife of the head hairdresser at Columbia studio, was to sing on the radio. Grace was already familiar with Mrs. Wallace's voice and admired it. She gave up a dinner engagement to listen to the program, and in the middle of it telegraphed the radio station complimenting Mrs. Wallace.

I have heard that two girls from the region of Miss Moore's old home in Tennessee are enjoying the benefit of musical educations through her generosity. But I didn't hear that from her.

It's natural that she should be helping and encouraging promising young artists, for she hasn't forgotten her own disappointments and set-backs on the cruelest road in life, the road to the top of one's goal.

● ONCE WHILE playing in musical comedy in New York, Grace jeopardized her own security to side with another actress in a company fracas.

The leading man in the show, for an inexplicable reason, took a fancied dislike to this girl, a minor member of the cast. Unless she were discharged, he demanded, he would quit the show.

The stage manager tried to reason with the disgruntled man, but in vain.

Whereupon Grace stepped into the picture. For once she looked the part of a temperamental prima donna. Her blue eyes glittered with fire. Her mouth took on a determined line.

"If that girl goes," she announced quietly, decisively, "you'll have another role to fill, too. Mine."

The girl stayed.

It was during this same show that Miss Moore was kidded about a shabby old man who used to hang around the stage door, speaking to her out of earshot of others. The cast called him her stage door Johnny.

But Miss Moore didn't laugh about him, or bother to explain why the old man hung around.

One day somebody inadvertently discovered the truth. The star was supplying the old man, a stranger to her, with meal tickets.

During the making of *Love Me Forever*, Grace was a slave to the job at hand. But she broke the monotony of the grind by having cool drinks or ice cream, or sometimes hot dogs or sandwiches, served to the company daily.

● SINCE HER return to Hollywood from grand opera, she has won fresh laurel wreaths by her screen successes. But Hollywood has benefited by her presence, too. She has injected something in the film industry for which there was a crying need: red blood!

There's been too much anemia here. But stars like Grace, Will Rogers, Lewis Stone, Clark Gable, Bob Montgomery and others are providing an antidote for that anemia. They're all sincere. They're on the level. And they're always themselves. Maybe that's why they're stars!

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Should A Girl Marry Her Boss?

(Continued from page thirty-one)

that is just what happened to Helen and me. (Mr. Douglas is the husband of the stage star, Helen Gahagan). Not that I mean to infer I was ever Helen's boss but we played opposite each other in *Tonight or Never*. The play was a success and we were both very happy, happier than we thought it possible for two people to be. During the end of the second season we discovered that it was love and not success that made us so happy.

"I am sure we could never be as happy as we are if we had not both been in the same profession, because both the stage and the screen make demands upon its people that would be trying to any marriage unless both the husband and wife understood those demands.

"When it comes to general business offices, I must say that I am not a business man and therefore cannot see how anyone, or two people, could grow romantic over a set of inventories, for instance."

● WHEN WE APPROACHED Joan Blondell on the subject, she countered with: "Suppose the boss already is married—that, you know, is often the case in office romances. I notice that lots of girls who marry their bosses are pretty unhappy while they are waiting for that boss to shake his present wife. Until that little matter is taken care of, the romance between the girl and the boss has to be carried on in secret and any girl in love with a man doesn't want it kept a secret. She wants the whole world to know about it—she wants to lean upon his arm in public.

"I don't believe a girl should even think of marrying a boss like that no matter how much she loved him. How could she ever be happy? Surely after she was his wife, she would remember all her sneak dates with him and she would be suspicious and unhappy every time he was late for dinner or had to work evenings.

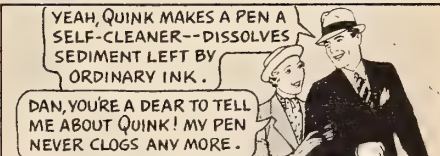
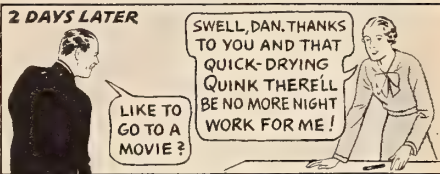
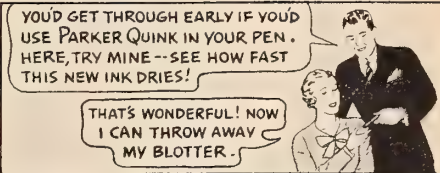
"I would not advise the girl to go on working for her boss after she married him. That throws them together all the time and they have nothing new to tell each other after working hours. I learned this from experience. George (Joan Blondell is married to cameraman George Barnes) has always photographed me. When we were going together, we talked of future plans after working hours. I find that when we work together all day we have so little to tell each other in the evening." Joan's marriage to George Barnes ran into difficulties recently when she filed suit for a divorce. She charged incompatibility. Joan asked for custody of their nine months' old child.

● HELEN MACK DOESN'T agree with Joan at all.

"I do not think it would be advisable for a girl to marry her boss," says Helen. "Most men are entirely different individuals in their business and social lives. If a girl falls in love with her boss, she falls in love with the business-man. Then if she marries him, she suddenly finds that he isn't the same man she has been working with for so long.

"All day long when she was at home, she would be remembering their happy

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office days and suspicion, even jealousy might creep in and make her miserable.

"She would have no illusions about his business life. He wouldn't be the big, important business man coming home to her every night from a world of which she know nothing, and I think that a woman should not know too much of the absent man if she is to remain in love with him."

And Binnie Barnes shakes her lovely head and smiles, "If a girl wants to be independent of her husband mentally as well as financially, and lots of modern girls do, then I should say she should not marry her employer."

"If she is the clinging-vine type and wants to depend upon her husband in every way, marriage to her employer should be a success. Men like to dominate and a man, used to dominating in the office, would hardly cease that domination in the home. And if the girl were the sort who liked to take orders, she would be very happy married to such a man."

● IN ALMOST DIRECT opposition to what Binnie claims is true, Edmund Lowe declares that no marriage can be happy or successful if there is a "boss" in it.

"A happy marriage can result only when the husband and wife are partners; where each can live his or her own life without the question of 'who's boss' coming up. If the employer can forget that he is no longer an employer but a husband and if the girl does not give in to the urge to turn the tables and become 'bossy' just because she is no longer an employee, I can see no reason why the marriage shouldn't be a success."

Alice White never speaks without first weighing the thought she is about to voice so we knew she'd have something concrete and worth while to say on the subject.

"That would depend so much upon the kind of a girl she happened to be. If she were the sort who adhered closely to her femininity and delighted in all the many little attentions a man showers upon the object of his affections, then I say she might be most unhappy married to her boss."

"I have a dear friend who was private secretary to the man she married. No one could love her more than he does. He is wealthy and she could not express one wish that he would not fulfill, but in small things, she is still his secretary."

"It is she who answers the telephone and takes messages, it is she who calls the night club to make reservations, it is she who makes arrangements for travel, for steamship tickets, hotel accommodations. Fortunately for them both she enjoys doing these things—but suppose she didn't?"

● WHEN WE ASKED Glenda Farrell, she grinned as only Glenda can and chuckled, "Why, I never tried it but it sounds like a swell idea!"

Her chuckle over, she became thoughtful.

"I don't approve of the girl going on with her office work after she marries, for in that case, no matter how hard they tried to be husband and wife, they would continue to be just what they were in the first place—a girl and her boss."

"The boss shouldn't bring his 'bossing' home with him either. That would be tragic! But he should bring his ambitions, his plans, his hopes and his dreams home to his former secretary. Business men are builders. They work for the future and they work hard. They play

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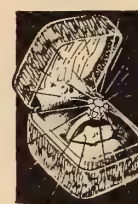


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now and then but seldom let their play interfere with their work. Any girl who has worked side by side with a man, has absorbed some of his ambition to succeed. Then if she loves him enough to marry him, she will carry that feeling home with her and she'll be mighty lonely if she is robbed of her interest in his business.

"But on the other hand, if her interest is kept alive, she will become the efficient, silent partner in his business. How could a marriage like that fail?"

● "FROM MY OWN viewpoint," says Irene Dunne, "I believe that it isn't the best thing that could happen to a woman. Although I am not a careerist, I naturally believe in a career for every woman that wants one. Many do not. I prefer not to have my own existence completely subordinated, or even left out of the picture, by the usually dominating work of an employer.

"Then, too, so often the position between employer and employee is so brief and formal, that the natural feeling of attraction between them is apt to become inhibited and given the mistaken impression of love. Once the barrier of formality is removed, they quickly find that this wasn't the case and they are lost.

"I believe in the simple theory of being in love with some one—a person with your own outlook upon life. This isn't usually true of your employer."

Richard Dix is happily married to Virginia Webster, who was formerly his secretary. He should be an authority on the subject and he insist that he is!

He shouts, "And how, I believe a girl should marry her boss!

"Virginia, both as a secretary and a wife, has brought me the greatest happiness I have ever known. When I advertised for a secretary, all I asked for was an efficient girl to take charge of my personal business. I could have found that efficiency in any one of a dozen girls who applied for the job and gone along blissfully ignorant of the other qualities that go to make up the perfect secretary.

● "So I TAKE no credit for choosing Virginia. It was Uncle Jack who realized that what I really needed was an "office wife." He selected Virginia, not only because she was efficient but because she was cultured and sweet and thoughtful.

"It wasn't long before I realized that Uncle Jack was just about the smartest man on earth. Virginia's sweetness grew on me until my office was a paradise—a haven of rest and comfort. I wanted to spend all my time with my secretary and there was only one way to do that. I had to persuade Virginia that I'd make a better husband than I did boss. There never was any question in my mind about what kind of a wife she'd make.

"Why, I even have a file for my collar buttons now! And you ask me if I think a girl should marry her boss! Yes! If the boss can persuade her to do it!"

Sally Eilers agrees with Mr. Dix.

"I base much of my opinion upon the successful marriage of a girl friend of mine who was private secretary to the man she married. She had worked for him for two years when they discovered they were in love and married.

"That girl is no longer his secretary but she is his 'dearest friend and severest critic.' She shares all his secrets and handles any matter that requires tact. She is the very heart of his success and they are ideally happy because they have so much in common. What more could one ask?"



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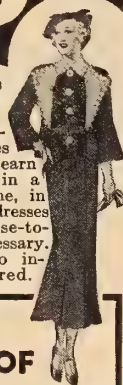
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Mrs. Laughton's Big Boy Charlie

(Continued from page twenty-nine)

it be? Clark Gable? Some extra who had been a dancing man? In answer to the applause, out of the darkness shot the first lines of Lincoln's Gettysburg address. It was Charles Laughton, of course... who else? (And you should see this nasty man of *Les Miserables* doing a neat and nifty "Shuffle off to Buffalo!")

He has another favorite recitation... a Prayer to the Sea... which he gives in the early part of the "Bounty" picture. This prayer, about 300 words, is an old ritual with sea captains. It has now become Charlie Laughton's ritual with interviewers. He has recited it at least once to all of us... and we love it.

● THIS AMAZING lack of self-consciousness is a trait that you find in many child prodigies. It is a characteristic which has been strengthened by his wife Elsa, who indulges his every mood. Many a wife would throw up her hands in horror at such display. But Elsa can't treat her man like an ordinary man. He is a genius who is childlike in his intensity.

Take the little matter of costumes, as a further example. Charlie adores to wear costumes, just as any boy likes to dress up and play Indian. If the studio hadn't prevented it, Charlie would have worn his king's robes, the ones he wore in *King Henry the VIII*, all over London. And Elsa wouldn't have said a word.

The small boy in him also takes form in a sort of hero worship... especially if the hero is physically strong and rugged. He has found such a hero in Karl Jorgenson, a sturdy fisherman who has lived on a small boat off the shore of Catalina Island for twenty-two years, and who has always made his living out of the sea.

Laughton stands and watches him with ill-concealed admiration for hours at a time. One morning, just after Karl had caught a tremendous fish, Laughton sauntered over to him, hoping to make friends with him. They talked a minute, and then Karl said, "Excuse me, but I have to go. I have to take this fish over to Clark Gable." Laughton was broken-hearted, but Karl is still his hero. Charlie will always look up to this fisherman until the day when he, like Karl, can strike a match on the bottom of his bare feet!

Another childlike trait is his tendency to prevaricate. (He might object if I say "lie.") With his sober face and his most serious air he will tell you how to catch trout by "trout tickling." He learned this trick from an old English peasant, so he says. He will describe the peasant... the incident of their meeting, etc... and, I promise you, you will be swept away by his magnificent flow of language.

So detailed are his descriptions that your natural incredulity is completely dissolved, when you hear that the method is simply this: Lying on the bank of the stream, Charlie merely allows his hand to dabble in the water. The trout see it, and are attracted by the strange workings of the fingers. (The finger gestures are quite complicated, and would require a diagram to do them justice.) The trout come close. Charlie tickles them on the stomach. They like it and hang around

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for more... and then Charlie just picks them out of the water!

So elaborate is his story... so intensely serious his telling of it... that I have never once heard a listener laugh it off successfully! Elsa, having the grand sense of humor that she has, is the one exception. When she hears one of his "yarns," she'll say, "You silly adorable fool!" and won't even flatter him with a "Really?" That is, when they're alone. But if he's telling a story to someone else, and she is present, she becomes just as gullible as the rest of them.

● You HAVE heard that Laughton has a temper. And it's one of those quick-flaring, quick-dying ones. Like the small boy who bangs his head against the wall to show you how strongly he feels about something, Charlie stamps his foot, and screeches loudly if someone upsets him. Long ago, Mrs. Laughton tried to show him, intelligently, and reasonably, that such outbursts really called for apologies. So now Mr. Laughton apologizes with such charm, that you are actually glad he was mad for a moment!

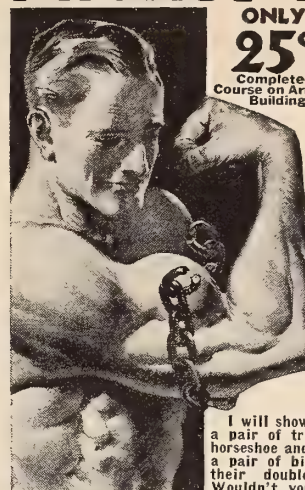
You must have gathered by now that this Lanchester-Laughton marriage is a unique and understanding love between two people. The success of their marriage, and Charlie Laughton's success, too... is based on Elsa's willingness to efface herself. (And all wives with talented husbands take note.) The interesting and amazing thing is that when they met, Elsa was the star, and Charlie was no-body.

A successful comédienne, she was widely known as the female Charlie Chaplin of England. They met in a play... in which Charlie was playing a small part, and Elsa was one of the stars. It was a whirlwind courtship, and three months later they were married. From that moment on, Elsa gave up her stardom and refused to be in any picture, or any play, in which Charlie was not featured. You know what happened. Charlie went up the ladder of fame until he struck the success-rung in *King Henry the VIII*... in which Elsa played one of his wives.

● LATER THEY came to America, and he was a star. Now Elsa began roaming the studios, just like any extra girl, trying to dig up parts for herself. Charlie was a success by now, and she could again begin to think a little about Elsa Lanchester. She won many good rôles, one in *Naughty Marietta*, and another in *David Copperfield*, and just as everything was breezing along, Charlie decided he wanted to go back to England. So Elsa packed up her career and trotted off with him again.

And do you think Charles Laughton appreciates all this love and encouragement... this maternal, as well as wifely, self-sacrifice? You bet he does! Listen to this. One day while they were working on the good ship "Bounty," an accident occurred and Laughton was thrown off his feet. He was not hurt, but badly shaken. As the story got around, it grew in proportions. Charles Laughton was washed overboard. He was drowned. A shark got him. Charlie flew into a rage when he heard the report. "I can't let a report like that get into the papers," he shouted. "Don't you understand? My wife is in England. When she hears it think how she'll worry! I can't worry her! Don't you understand? My God, how I love her!"

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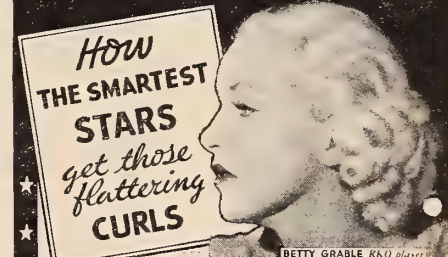
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Next Month!

● Jean Harlow's mother tells intimate anecdotes about this glorious star! From childhood to stardom, Jean's life has been an exciting series of events. Read what her mother has to say!

● Mae West gives some inside information on the art of winning your man in a characteristic story entitled "Mae West's Ten Rules for Love!"

● Carole Lombard speaks up to discuss the perils that inevitably crop forth in life. Be sure and read what she has to say about "A Woman's Dangerous Age!"

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NOVEMBER HOLLYWOOD
NOW 5c

Garbo's Cameraman Talks At Last

(Continued from page twenty-seven)

Daniels, who had done well enough photographing unimportant pictures, but in no way distinguished himself.

Garbo's first picture was *The Torrent*; important because of its author, director, and leading man. In consequence, one of the studio's camera aces was assigned to the picture. On the third day of the production, however, an accident overtook the cameraman, who was hurried to the hospital, ultimately to have a crushed finger amputated. The studio was busy, and only young Bill Daniels was available to fill the breach.

● His **CAMERA MAGIC** brought a glamorous new star to the world's screens—and the first Garbo-Daniels opus was finished. *Anna Karenina* was the nineteenth. Bill Daniels is now William H. Daniels, A. S. C., and referred to as a Director of Photography; but the Garbo-Daniels parade goes on. Other stars vie for the services of this quiet young man, but Garbo says, "I must have Bill Daniels"—and gets him.

Bill Daniels' latest, *Anna Karenina*, is a triumph for him as well as Garbo. The latter perhaps never has done a more perfect rôle than Anna, the bewildered Russian girl terribly in love with the man who lets her down. Daniels, for his part, has reached new technical heights in filming the poignant story.

His scenes of Anna's train trip are startling. You see Garbo through the window of the train, and in the glass the moon's reflection is faithfully recorded. A minor touch, to be sure, but a definite part of a superbly filmed picture. Again, Daniels sets the audience gasping with the banquet scene in the early part of the picture, where the camera travels mysteriously the whole length of the long table. It gives an unexcelled illusion of extreme grandeur.

I reflected upon the changes the years must have wrought upon Garbo. "Yes," said Daniels, "She has changed. Developed. Matured. Ten years ago, she was a young girl undergoing the bewildering experience of finding herself suddenly famous in a land whose language she couldn't understand. She kept her head then, as she has ever since. Don't imagine she has had an easy time!"

"For instance, look at the way she has perfected her English: I don't think she has learned so much by study as by actually making herself use the language. Incidentally, she has always found much to laugh at in her efforts along this line. Especially when she was less at home with the language than she is now, she would try to tell us simple little jokes she had read or heard: often she'd get hopelessly mixed up trying to express them in English, and then she'd laugh—laugh until she couldn't speak, at her own mistakes! But have you noticed how her English grows better and more natural with each successive picture?"

"And Miss Garbo is fond of America. She loves the California sunlight, basking in it, walking in it, incessantly. She drinks it in as some people drink fine wine; I don't think she could ever get enough."

Daniels thinks she would like to settle down here in California permanently, if it were not for family ties in Sweden.

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Star Gazing IN HOLLYWOOD

● YOU'D promptly be fired if you cut capers in an office—but nobody minds a little fun on a movie set. Hollywood refuses to take its manufacturing of films too seriously.

Billy Wellman, director of "Call of the Wild" and lately of M-G-M's "Robin Hood of El Dorado," is an unregenerate cut-up, his restless brain prodded with little devils.

Consequently the term "silent stage" hardly applies to a Wellman set; the building shakes with hooraw. All the comedy in "Call of the Wild" wasn't contributed by Jack Oakie, by any means!

● HOLLYWOOD can't be operated like a factory. They manufacture entertainment here, not canned goods. William Seiter, who has directed even more pictures than Cecil B. DeMille, can't work unless a jovial spirit prevails. Gregory LaCava, now finishing "She Married Her Boss" with Claudette Colbert, enjoys ribbings on his sets, as does Woody Van Dyke.

One of Van Dyke's most spectacular jokes was played during the filming of "Naughty Marietta." Nelson Eddy's voice instructor, Dr. Lippe, was the butt of the rib. Entranced by the mikes, sound cameras, and technical aspects of picture making, the diminutive Doctor yearned to push buttons and monkey with gadgets. One day Van Dyke told him he could push the button that starts the sound recorder going. Dr. Lippe, with Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald watching did so with naive delight. Instantly there was a loud explosion, and all lights went out!

Woody stormed and cursed, Lippe shrank and slunk, and all was uproar. The harassed Doctor didn't learn until next day that it was a prearranged joke.

● JACK OAKIE is always the whirlpool center of jokes and ribbings. He has that style of spontaneous wit required to make one the life of the party. It is only when working before the camera that he is serious. Being funny is an art requiring sober study and perfect technique.

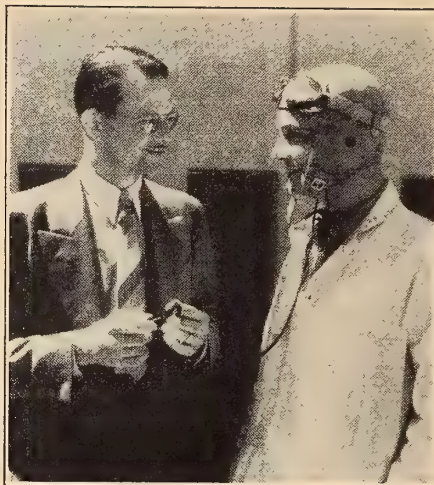
Sunning ourselves at the Santa Monica beach club the other day, Jack told us some of the delicate problems in contriving a laugh. There was one dead pan comedian with dyspeptic mien who would steal Oakie's best gag by merely lifting an eyebrow. Oakie solved that problem by delivering his

line and then slapping the comedian heartily on the back.

Charlie Butterworth is infinitely painstaking with his line of humor. He is as serious in his research for funny situations as an archaeologist, and so is Jack Benny.

● DIRECTORS find that it serves a practical purpose to indulge in a bit of horseplay now and then.

Youngsters in the cast, weighed down by their responsibilities, need to be roused out of stage fright, and a laugh helps.



Your Star Gazer Interviews Universal's newest star, Clark Williams, in costume for *Tailspin Tommy*

● SPEAKING of young people, it is interesting to see how the studios are going in for their own type of reforestation. As old stars die out, new plants are growing to replace them.

Look them over—they are a promising lot, these neophytes. Their success stories are heartening samples of the opportunities open to youth in pictures.

Your star-gazer was watching Robert Taylor working with Irene Dunne in "Magnificent Obsession" which John Stahl is directing at Universal. Bob has a role of first importance in this big production, and is carrying the load with the verve and enthusiasm of youth. Betty Furness, in the same picture, walked from finishing school right into films and made an instant hit.

On the stage next to him we found another young fellow, Clark Williams, making "Tailspin Tommy," an aviation

serial. Clark is billed as the star of the picture, and the full weight of such a responsibility could not have fallen on more-capable shoulders.

Yet it seems incredible that studios dare risk huge sums on pictures without well-known stars in the leads. A few years ago such a procedure would have been unthinkable.

Now we find all the studios doing it, and these youngsters are turning out splendid pictures, too.

● ANOTHER change that is particularly striking is in the appearance of the newcomers. Classic features are no longer essential, and personality is the thing. The impeccable beauty of Claire Windsor, Billie Dove, or Mary Astor is no longer needed to make a star. Girls do not even have to be tiny, as in the days when little Marian Nixon zoomed to stardom.

For one thing, small men no longer dominate. Time was when Doug Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin, Dick Barthelmess and Harold Lloyd had to find diminutive girls for their heroines, for none of these great stars are tall men. Doug and Dick are shorter than average.

Today's male players are usually tall, and accordingly taller girls can be used with them. Gertrude Michael, Rosalind Russell, Rochelle Hudson—these girls of bright future are not the pint-sized variety. Errol Flynn, Fred MacMurray, Randy Scott, all stand over six feet.

Eleanor Powell is tall, slender, graceful. In case you haven't heard, she is the world's greatest tap dancer. After seeing rushes of Luise Rainer, we hailed her as a coming star. We make the same prediction for Eleanor. Of the two, she will be the most popular.

At M-G-M, where we watched her entertain the cast of "Broadway Melody of 1936" with her tapping, before catching a train for New York to open in a new musicale, it is conceded that she steals the picture from Jack Benny. And that's something!

If it's true that Hollywood sets all our fashions, we can look forward to becoming a race of tall men and women, to whom charm of personality and the radiance that comes with good health is more important than prettiness.

JACK SMALLEY,
Managing Editor.



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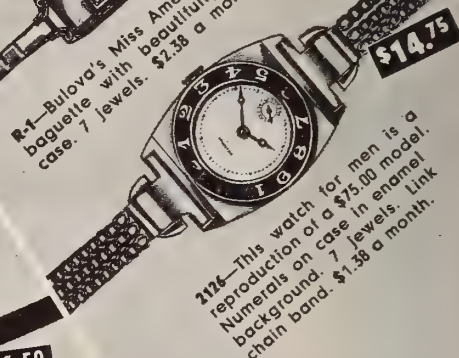
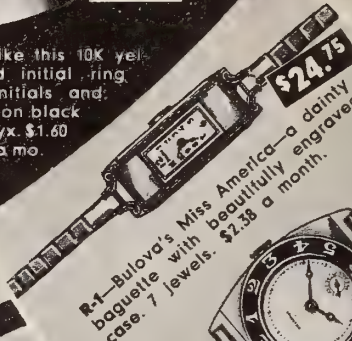
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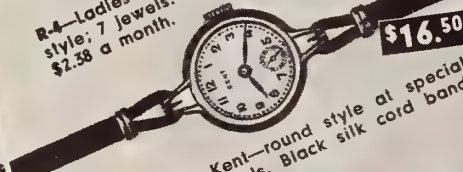
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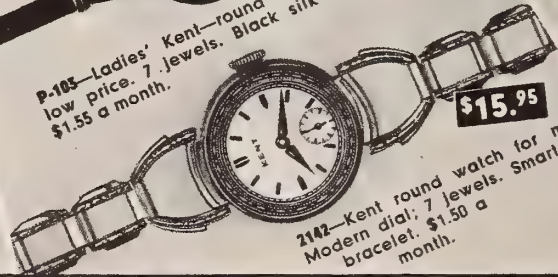
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orders—and about 'pink tooth brush.'"

For all dentists know that soft, modern foods deprive teeth and gums of what they most need—plenty of exercise. And of course, "pink tooth brush" is just a way your gums have of asking for your help, and for better care.

DON'T NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH!"

Keep your teeth white—not dingy. Keep your gums firm and hard—not sensitive and tender. Keep that tinge of "pink" off your tooth brush. And keep gum disorders—gingivitis, pyorrhea and

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Use Ipana and massage regularly. Every time you brush your teeth, rub a little extra Ipana into your gums. You can feel—almost from the first—a change toward new healthy firmness, as Ipana awakens the lazy gum tissues, and as new circulation courses through them.

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HARRY STOCKWELL • NICK LONG, JR.

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Directed by Roy Del Ruth • Produced by John W. Considine, Jr.

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Today in Hollywood

IN THE BEAUTIFUL mausoleum in Forest Lawn Memorial Park in Glendale—just over the hills from Hollywood, at the moment three of the show world's most beloved personalities lie side by side in crypts. They were dear friends in life and now they are together again. . . .

Will Rogers, Marie Dressler, and Florenz Ziegfeld.



Will Rogers

OF ALL THE tributes to Will Rogers that followed his tragic death, the one out at the Cafe de Paris on the Fox lot was perhaps the most simple and yet the most touching.

For days, over in a corner where Will lunched every noon, the lone table remained vacant. Every day there was a fresh spray of flowers in a tall vase.

The little sign told it all. It said, "Reserved."

SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S ABILITY to keep a level head despite all the adulation paid her, is one of the modern marvels of Hollywood. Fresh from a vacation in Hawaii, Shirley and her mother are now busy preparing for the resumption of her screen career.



Shirley Temple

The little star left the Pacific Islands with all the little girls combing their hair a la Temple and all the boys singing "Good Ship Lollypop." On the day her boat left the dock, Shirley leaned over the railing and sang the song to a crowd of several thousand! It was all her own idea and she had no coaching from anyone.

She learned several Hawaiian words that appealed to her imagination. Her favorite expression, translated into English, meant "red stomach."

WHEN JESSE LASKY announced his production partnership with Mary Pickford, he recalled to a group of news representatives an incident that occurred between them some 25 years ago. Turning to Mary, he said, "I don't suppose you mind if I name a few dates."

America's Sweetheart laughed softly.

"I'm afraid it's a little too late to fret about age," she replied.

They sealed their contract with a kiss.

WHEN JANE FROMAN, the New York radio star, does another motion picture, it is quite possible she will stipulate that there will be no balcony scenes.

Miss Froman came west for a month's vacation and was immediately signed by Warners. Her first scene called for her to scale a fire escape three stories high and warble a tune. What the director didn't know was that Miss Froman has a phobia about high places, and the scene nearly scared her witless!

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Hollywood's News Reel

Helen's Farewell

HELEN HAYES WILL make one more picture—and it'll be a perfect picture, she insists—as her swansong to the screen.

La Hayes, who has made no secret of the fact that her professional love is the stage, has just declined an offer of \$85,000 from Paramount to co-star with Ann Harding in the Pulitzer Prize play, *The Old Maid*.

Helen's final silversheet appearance will be made under the Metro banner at a much lower figure, because she still owes that company one portrayal under the contract she made two years ago.

After that she will dedicate her life to rearing her daughter, with an occasional footlight engagement when the spirit moves her.

• •

Papa Says No

INSISTENCE OF LOUISE HENRY'S banker-father that daughter is far too young to be considering matrimony has brought a halt to Louise's plans for a union with the much older Conrad Nagel. Their betrothal is definitely off.



—Photo by Charles Rhodes

Numerous stars attended Raquel Torres' party for 200 fans who journeyed to Hollywood. Here they are, pictured from the left: Dickie Jones, Miss Torres, Blanche Yurka, Herbert Muddin, Bradley Page, Jack LaRue, Fritz Leiber, Paul Cavanagh, Mrs. Leiber, Buck Jones, Monte Blue and Renee Torres



—Photo by Charles Rhodes

This photo shows the 200 guests of the Movieland tour, sponsored by Fawcett Publications, gathered around the swimming pool at Miss Torres' home in Hollywood. The event climaxed a gay round of filmland social events staged for the visitors

Marital Insurance

AFTER GIVING THE matter much serious consideration, Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone, who'll shortly take the marriage vows "somewhere in the East," have decided on frequent sojourns amid the staid scenes and somber folks of the Vermont countryside as insurance against possible marital discord due to "too much Hollywood."

For three months now, Joan has had agents quietly scouting the sector around Plymouth—birthplace of the late President Coolidge—for a Revolutionary period farmhouse surrounded by sufficient land to afford seclusion for herself and Franchot.

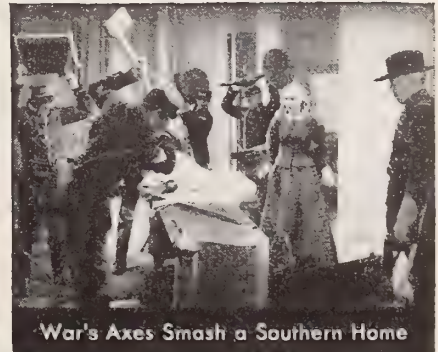
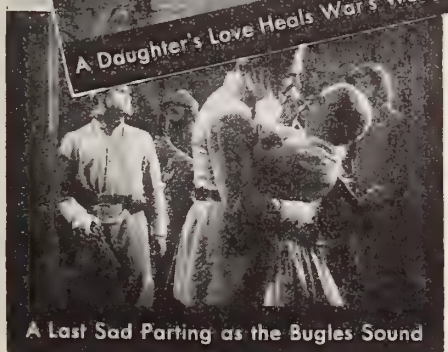
Despite Joan's admissions that her wedding date is near at hand, there are dozens of her friends who still are convinced that the star and Tone went through a secret ceremony at some remote place in Mexico early this year.

Remodeling and redecorating of Joan's Brentwood abode preparatory to installation of its new master is nearing completion. An entire suite has been built on for Franchot's private use. [Continued on page 8]

HOLLYWOOD

"So Red the Rose!"

The Flower of Southern Chivalry
Dewed with the Shining Glory
of a Woman's Tears . . .



"SO RED THE ROSE," starring MARGARET SULLAVAN and Walter Connolly with Randolph Scott. Directed by King Vidor. From Stark Young's novel. A Paramount Picture.

CHARLES FARRELL chooses girl with NATURAL LIPS



HERE'S WHAT CHARLES FARRELL SAW



Film star
picks Tangee
Lips in inter-
esting test



● When Charles Farrell says he prefers natural lips, doesn't that make you want to have soft, rosy, kissable lips?

Millions of other men dislike bright red lips too... that's why more and more women are changing to Tangee Lipstick. For Tangee can't make your lips look painted, because *it isn't paint!* Instead, Tangee, as if by magic, accentuates the *natural* color of your lips. For those who prefer more color, especially for evening use, there is Tangee Theatrical. Tangee comes in two sizes, 39c and \$1.10. Or, for a quick trial, send 10c for the special 4-piece Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.

● BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES... when you buy, ask for Tangee and be sure you see the name Tangee on the package. Don't let some sharp sales person switch you to an imitation... there's only one Tangee.

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Hollywood's News Reel

(Continued from page six)



Far below the international border at Ensenada, Mexico, the stars are finding real relaxation and fun these days. Pictured above are Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Robinson and their daughter, Jeanne, enjoying the crystal clean beach and waters of the cove

Bob's New Pastime

ROBERT MONTGOMERY, HOME after an extended vacation in Europe, again has his producers on edge. While overseas, the star acquired ownership of a 115-mile-an-hour auto, in which he now takes Johnny Mack Brown and his other pals for wide-open-throttle spins over the Ascot speedway when his bosses' heads are turned the other way.

Now they're trying to talk Bob into disposing of the snorting mechanical demon with the same arguments they used on him when he announced he was about to take up flying seriously.

The Fans Are Feted

BIGGEST, MOST exciting party of the month, so far as fans were concerned, was the hilarious affair at the home of Raquel Torres and Stephen Ames, which climaxed the tour through Universal of 200 members of the Movie-land Tour sponsored by the publishers of HOLLYWOOD Magazine.

Universal opened its prized set, normally closed even to visiting Dukes—John Stahl's production of *Magnificent Obsession*, starring Irene Dunne.

Following a trip through Beverly Hills to see homes of stars, entire party debarked at Raquel's, to frolic in the pool, nab autographs, hobnob in a spirit of fraternity with such stars as Buck Jones, Ivan Lebedeff, Monte

Blue, Jack LaRue, Binnie Barnes, Herbert Munding, Valerie Hobson, Blanche Yurka, Tom Brown, Alice White, Wera Engles, Don Alvarado, June Martel and host of others.

Carole on the Cover

Only natural color photography could give you the beauty of Carole Lombard, whose blonde loveliness enhances this month's cover. John MacDonald, noted portrait artist, caught this pose in Carole's dressing room, which is done in refreshing pastels of yellow and blue. Her own color scheme, by the way, for Carole is so clever at interior decorating that Hollywood stars often seek her advice. Carole is now playing in Paramount's *Hands Across the Table*, in which she is a manicurist.

That lovely ring you admire on her slim finger, in case you are curious, was a gift from William Powell, made during their marriage. Their mutual high regard for each other is attested by the fact, little known even to Hollywood's demon newsgatherers, that Bill followed Carole's advice in several decorative plans for his new home. Jean Harlow, too, gave him a hand—their interest in each other appears to continue quite happily.

Next month's cover will portray Virginia Bruce, in a stunning natural color photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser.

A GOLDEN SYMPHONY
OF THRILLING SONG,
VIBRANT ROMANCE
AND SOUL-STIRRING
EMOTION!



Even the world's applause ringing in her ears
could not silence her yearning heart-song for one
glorious moment with the man she loved and one
enchanted hour with the son she could never claim!

Harry M. Goetz

presents an EDWARD SMALL production

"The Melody Sings On"

JOSEPHINE HUTCHINSON
GEORGE HOUSTON

HELEN WESTLEY • JOHN HALLIDAY • WILLIAM HARRIGAN
WALTER KINGSFORD • MONA BARRIE • LAURA HOPE CREWS
DAVID SCOTT • FERDINAND GOTTSCHALK

Thrill to the magnificent
voice of the screen's latest
find—George Houston, as
he sings the "Toreador"
song from "Carmen" and
"Ritorno di Sorriento",
famous Italian folk song.



NOVEMBER, 1935

A Reliance Picture

Directed by DAVID BURTON
Released thru UNITED ARTISTS



THREE HOURS OF ENTERTAINMENT
THAT WAS THREE CENTURIES IN THE MAKING
"From heaven to earth, from earth to heaven . . . imagination bodies forth the forms of things unknown"

WARNER BROS.
will present for two performances daily, in selected cities and theatres,

MAX REINHARDT'S

first motion picture production

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"

from the classic comedy by
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
accompanied by the immortal music of
FELIX MENDELSSOHN

The Players

JAMES CAGNEY	JOE E.-BROWN	DICK POWELL
ANITA LOUISE	OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND	JEAN MUIR
HUGH HERBERT	FRANK McHUGH	ROSS ALEXANDER
VERREE TEASDALE	IAN HUNTER	VICTOR JORY
MICKEY ROONEY	HOBART CAVANAUGH	GRANT MITCHELL

AUGMENTED by many hundreds of others in spectacular ballets directed by BRONISLAVA NIJINSKA and NINI THEILADE. The music arranged by ERICH WOLFGANG KORNGOLD. The costumes by MAX REE. The entire production under personal direction of MAX REINHARDT and WILLIAM DIETERLE.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Since there has never been a motion picture like A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, its exhibition to the public will differ from that of any other screen attraction.

Reserved seats only will be available for the special advance engagements, which will be for a strictly limited period. Premieres of these engagements will be not only outstanding events in the film world, but significant civic occasions.



TOPPER'S FILM REVIEWS



—Photo by Charles Rhodes

That nation-wide broadcast of the preview of *Broadway Melody of 1936* looked just like this on the Hollywood end of the network: Una Merkel, Jack Benny, his wife Mary Livingston, John Considine, the producer, Frances Langford and Robert Taylor. Inset: Eleanor Powell

BROADWAY MELODY OF 1936—(M-G-M)—

Because they were prepared to show a very unusual film, M-G-M officials staged an out-of-the-ordinary preview at the famous Grauman's Chinese. The critics all gathered at two o'clock on a Saturday afternoon, the matinee being necessitated by a nation-wide radio broadcast. You could stand in the forecourt of the theatre and see Jack Benny and his gang broadcast from a makeshift studio right on Hollywood Boulevard. But the picture! Unless you positively hate musical shows no matter how good they are, you will agree with us

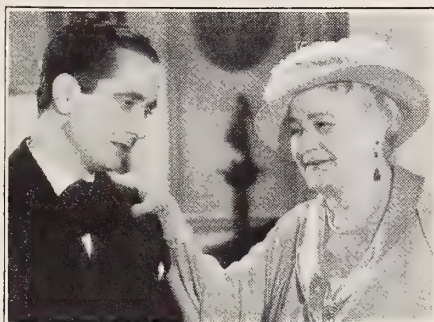
that here is something. In fact, it's got everything—even a story (an unusual element for musical films). Jack Benny will please all his fans. Frances Langford moves up a notch with some grand singing. Sid Silvers is a scream. Robert Taylor makes the feminine hearts positively pound. Una Merkel, God bless her, is as swell as ever. And now we come to Eleanor Powell. Ladies and gentlemen, you are about to see a new star born. This little lady has the looks, the figure, and the dancing feet! In addition, she can act—and does. Nine out of ten will call her a feminine Fred Astaire. Ten out of ten must agree she is a wow. The Topper says hats off to this film!

TOP HAT—(RKO)—They previewed this picture at the Hill Street theater in downtown Los Angeles, and what an event it was! A lot of stars attended. They liked every bit of the show, and so will you. Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire head a grand cast, with Edward Everett Horton much in prominence.

The sets are so dazzling that they couldn't be real. Irving Berlin's tunes are melodious and catching. After the preview a tremendous crowd formed outside and the stars got mobbed! RKO as a part of its promotion gave silk toppers to dozens of press representatives, but only a few had the nerve to wear them. Hollywood has never gone high hat!

SHE MARRIED HER BOSS—(Columbia)—Claudette Colbert turns in another grand performance with the help of Melvyn Douglas and Michael Bartlett. You will enjoy the artistry of these three fine performers; moreover, little Edith Fellows enters the scene and she is no less than a wow! Edith starts

out as an adolescent meanie and during the course of the story is nicely transformed into a swell kid. She is just a kid in her early 'teens, yet she gives a near perfect performance. The youngsters certainly have the film world at their feet. Take the family to the nearest theatre and see this one.



Two famous opera singers make a hit in *Here's To Romance*. You'll praise Nino Martini and Madame Schumann-Heink



Playing the roles of three inseparable friends, Fredric March, Merle Oberon and Herbert Marshall make *The Dark Angel* an outstanding picture of the month

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM—(Warner Brothers)—

This studio deserves a great deal of commendation for bringing one of Shakespeare's most famous plays to the screen in an interesting and understandable version. The *Dream* should score a hit everywhere. Max Reinhardt chose his cast with unerring precision. As a result you will see Mickey Rooney as Puck, and his performance is a modern wonder. The cast includes James Cagney, Joe E. Brown, Hugh Herbert, Frank McHugh, Victor Jory, Olivia de Havilland, Jean Muir, Dick Powell, Verree Teasdale, Anita Louise and others. You'll cheer at the way they bring Shakespeare down to earth.

ANNAPOLIS FAREWELL—(Paramount)—

Some will call it sweet sentiment and others will call it flag waving, but most of us will agree that here is a picture which makes Sir Guy Standing stand out as a potential star. The story deals with a retired naval officer who makes a pest of himself until he dies a hero on his own ship in battle practice. Tom Brown, Richard Cromwell and Rosalind Keith are adequate in juvenile rôles.

If the reception accorded the novices seems far-fetched, just ask any college fraternity man and he will say it wasn't exaggerated. [Continued on page 46]

Startling New Discoveries Explain Why Pacific Ocean Sea Plant Can Now Quickly Build Up WEAK RUNDOWN SKINNY FOLKS!



How Thousands of Pale, Sickly, Tired Out, Nervous Folks Can Now—By Making This One Simple Change Which Corrects IODINE STARVED GLANDS—Build Rugged New Strength and Often Add 5 Lbs. in 1 Week

As the result of tests covering thousands of weakened, rundown, nervous folks, science now claims that it is glands starving for iodine that keep folks pale, tired-out, underweight and ailing. When these glands—particularly the important gland which controls weight and strength—lack NATURAL PLANT IODINE, even diets rich in starches and fats fail to add needed pounds. That's why skinny people often have huge appetites yet stay weak and skinny.

Now, however, with the introduction of Kelpamalt—a mineral concentrate derived from a huge 90-foot sea vegetable harvested off the Pacific Coast—you can be assured of a rich, concentrated supply of this precious substance. 1300 times richer in iodine than oysters, Kelpamalt at last puts food to work for you. Its 12 other minerals stimulate the digestive glands which alone produce the juices that enable you to digest fats and starches. 3 Kelpamalt tablets contain more iron and copper than 1 lb. of spinach or 7½ lbs. of fresh tomatoes, more iodine than 1386 lbs. lettuce, etc., etc.

Start Kelpamalt today. Even if you are "naturally skinny", or if you have been weak and rundown for some time, you must add 5 lbs. the first week, feel better, sleep better, have more strength than ever before or the trial is free.

100 jumbo size Kelpamalt Tablets cost but a few cents a day to use. At all drug stores. If your dealer hasn't yet received his supply, send \$1 for special introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address below.

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Previewing the New PRODUCTIONS



One of the many stirring scenes from RKO's *Three Musketeers*, which you will see soon in your home town. Left to right: Onslow Stevens, Moroni Olsen, Paul Lukas, Walter Abel

METROPOLITAN (20th Century-Fox)—Lawrence Tibbett was engaged in his favorite occupation the day we visited his set at United Artists studio. Tibbett wasn't singing for a "take" or even a rehearsal. He was singing for a group of extras and members of the crew—at their request. Gathered around his portable dressing room, they stood in rapt attention as Tibbett poured forth aria after aria in full voice without benefit of orchestra or accompaniment.

"Tibbett sings for the pure joy of singing," said Richard Boleslawski, his director. "That is the secret of his greatness. He is just a regular guy, blessed with a magnificent baritone voice. He has no temperament, none of the mannerisms of the opera star. Why, any bit player is more likely to give a director trouble. It seems a shame to interrupt him, but we're ready for a scene."

So the cry went up, "Hold that singing," just as they cry "Hold those hammers" to the carpenters. A moment later, Tibbett stepped before the cameras—to croon, of all things. A comedy scene, of course.

They are really having the time of their lives, this troupe filming *Metropolitan*, first of the Darryl Zanuck productions under the new merger of 20th Century-Fox. It is a comedy of grand opera, and there is a gag a minute on the set. No one is allowed to retain much dignity. For example, the expression, "oil for the pipes of Brady."

In the story, Alice Brady plays a would-be diva with more determination than talent. It has been twenty years since Alice has sung except, as she says, "in bathtubs." Yet as a child, she had extensive training for a singing career. "Her voice is well trained," Tibbett observes, "or she couldn't sing so badly on purpose. I've never heard a coloratura crack so exquisitely in upper register."

THE THREE MUSKETEERS (RKO-Radio)—It is a tremendous spectacle we witness as we visit the set where the Musketeers are at drill. Fifty-four swordsmen engage in duel maneuvers and the clash of steel fills the huge stage with rhythmic sound. Thrust and counter-thrust. The steel rings true. Instruments of death, these rapiers, not dummies of wood. Yet so carefully were the swordsmen trained by Fred Cavens, famed Belgian fencing instructor, not a man was injured.

There are eight such drilling duels and fights in the new screen play by Dudley Nichols under the direction of Rowland V. Lee, who also collaborated on the script. Later we see another when Paul Lukas as Athos, Moroni Olsen as Porthos and Onslow Stevens as Aramis unsheath their gallant blades to join with Walter Abel as d'Artagnan in fighting for the honor of Heather Angel as Constance.

Ralph Forbes, Heather's real-life husband, may be glimpsed on the sidelines, quite apparently apprehensive for her safety among the milling fighters. It is the first time they have ever appeared together in a picture, but for this scene Ralph is merely a visitor, too. He plays the Duke of Buckingham, romantic suitor to Rosamond Pinchot as Queen Anne of France. Margot Grahame is the villainous Milady de Winter, Ian Keith is Count de Rochefort and Nigel de Brulier is Richelieu, the same rôle he performed with Douglas Fairbanks when *The Three Musketeers* first reached the screen in 1921.

Contrary to popular belief, this Dumas novel which has been a best-seller for ninety years is more fact than fiction.

Some sixty-odd sets were built by Radio for the current picture, most elaborate of these being the great courtyard and ballroom of the Palace of Louis XIII.

HOLLYWOOD

See Jean Muir in the Warner Bros. classic "Midsummer Night's Dream"

A Max Reinhardt production with Olivia de Havilland
James Cagney, Joe E. Brown, Dick Powell and 20 other stars



*The kind of a wave
you've always hoped for*

Picture yourself among the Hollywood stars when you choose your permanent wave. For in reality, you can share their luxury of the soft lustrous waves and ringlets everyone admires on the screen. Just follow their definite advice. Pass up no-name "bargain" waves and go to a hairdresser who uses the same genuine Duart Certified solution and Duart Sealed waving pads used in Hollywood. Then you know you'll get the kind of a wave you have always hoped for. Copy a screen star's hairstyle if you like. Use the coupon to send for the new Duart **FREE BOOKLET** of smart Hollywood coiffures—24 pages filled with pictures and directions. Ten cents brings the booklet and a package of Duart Hair Rinse. Use it after your shampoo to brighten the natural color of your hair and add those glamorous highlights. Your choice of twelve delicate shades.

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NOVEMBER, 1935



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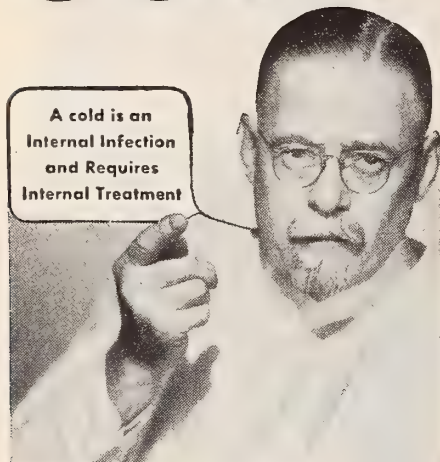
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Don't Fool Around with a COLD!



Every Four Minutes Some One Dies from Pneumonia, Traceable to the "Common Cold!"

DON'T "kid" yourself about a cold. It's nothing to be taken lightly or treated trivially. A cold is an internal infection and unless treated promptly and seriously, it may turn into something worse.

According to published reports there is a death every four minutes from pneumonia traceable to the so-called "common cold."

Definite Treatment

A reliable treatment for colds is afforded in Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. It is no mere palliative or surface treatment. It gets at a cold in the right way, *from the inside!*

Working internally, Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine does four things of vital importance in overcoming a cold: First, it opens the bowels. Second, it combats the infection in the system. Third, it relieves the headache and fever. Fourth, it tones the system and helps fortify against further attack.

Be Sure — Be Safe!

All drug stores sell Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine in two sizes—35c and 50c. Get a package at the first sign of a cold and be secure in the knowledge that you have taken a dependable treatment.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is the largest selling cold tablet in the world, a fact that attests to its efficacy as well as harmlessness. Let no one tell you he "has something better."

**GROVE'S LAXATIVE
BROMO
QUININE**

FAN MAIL

Edited by HARMONY HAYNES
Film Player and Novelist



LEADING LADY OF THE MONTH!
Claudette Colbert led all other women actresses in popularity, a complete survey of this month's letters reveals



LEADING MAN OF THE MONTH!
None other than Dick Powell. The fans deluged him with letters, most of them for his fine work in *Broadway Gondolier*

THERE ARE a lot of smiles in the editorial office of HOLLYWOOD Magazine and all because this month's fan mail was something to be happy about. Thousands and thousands of letters, and everyone of them worth while.

We take this space to thank you for your many frank, helpful criticisms, suggestions, your wishes, your generous congratulations, all of which make serving you a pleasant task.

Last month we promised to tell you the kind of a fan not to be. We are proud to say that we, as a magazine, have no such fan this month and wish that the stars and studios could say the same.

However, a careful check proves that many people who call themselves fans are still being unreasonable, thoughtless, and even downright silly.

• • •

Over at RKO we saw a letter from a girl who had asked a star for money to have her bridge fixed, saying, "If my bridge didn't rattle in my mouth when I talked, I'm sure I could get my man."

It wouldn't require much money to fix the bridge and we're sure that if the girl was as determined to succeed as the star had been, she would have found a way to earn the necessary money.

A young man has written Ann Harding stating that he is sure he is just the type of man she wants and needs and that he is willing to trade ten years of his life (as her husband) for Fifty Thousand Dollars.

Of course, it is amusing and we

laughed and so did Miss Harding, but even to suggest that so lovely a lady as Miss Harding would resort to "buying" a husband is to say the least, uncomplimentary.

• • •

A young man in Australia wrote Mae West that he would come to the United States and marry her provided she would send him the price of a ticket. Miss West ignored the letter. Later he wrote that he would come any way, working his way across, provided Miss West would guarantee to secure him a position at Paramount Studios.

When Miss West decides to marry she'll have her man all picked and it won't be a "mail order" man either. Paramount respects Mae West's judgment and therefore would give consideration to someone she might recommend for a position but she *does not* hire people for the studio.

• • •

A gentleman writes to Patricia Ellis continually pretending that she is his wife. It is a little game of make-believe with him and he frankly says so but many of his letters centering around their supposed, or pretended married life are a bit embarrassing to Miss Ellis.

A lady wrote John Boles that she could only be happy if he would send her a kiss. The kiss was to be placed upon a snapshot she enclosed of herself.

Now of course, it wouldn't be much trouble for Mr. Boles to kiss the picture, shove it in an envelope and mail it back to the girl, but Mr. Boles is a happily married man and doesn't pass his kisses

[Continued on page 16]

HOLLYWOOD

POPULAR

You would be more
Popular too, with
SUNNY Golden Hair!



Gain for yourself the glowing freshness and charming brightness of sunny golden hair. Secret of loveliness of fascinating blondes. Whether blonde or brunette, let your hair bring out all the natural beauty and charm you possess. Rinse *your* hair with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. And have that fresh bright clean look your friends will admire.

BLONDES—Protect the natural golden hues of your hair with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Marchand's imparts brilliant lustre to dull hair, even lightness to faded or streaked hair, successfully and secretly.

BRUNETTES—Make *your* hair the most fascinating part of your attractiveness. Used as a rinse, Marchand's Golden Hair Wash gives fascinating highlights, a sparkling sheen to your hair. Or lightens it any shade of bloneness desired. (Quickly—overnight if you wish. Or gradually, *secretly*, over a period of weeks or months.)

BLONDES and BRUNETTES—Utilize the softening effect of "superfluous" hair made invisible. And have your arms and legs as alluringly smooth as the rest of your body. Marchand's Golden Hair Wash blends "superfluous" hair with *your* skin coloring. Makes it *unnoticeable*.

Get a bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash at any drug store. For fascinating hair—silky arms and legs start using Marchand's. *Today*.

TRY A BOTTLE—FREE!

(use coupon below)

A trial bottle of Marchand's Castile Shampoo—FREE—to those who send for Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. The finest treatment you can give your hair. Marchand's Castile Shampoo cleanses thoroughly, rinses *completely*.

EXTRA GIFT FOR PROMPTNESS

A valuable little booklet "Care and Treatment of the Hair" sent free also, to those who write immediately. Send for your bottle. Now!

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH,
521 West 23rd Street, NEW YORK CITY

Please let me try for myself the SUNNY, GOLDEN EFFECT of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. I am enclosing 50 cents (use stamps, coin, or money order as convenient) for a full-sized bottle. Also send me, FREE, trial sample of Marchand's Castile Shampoo.

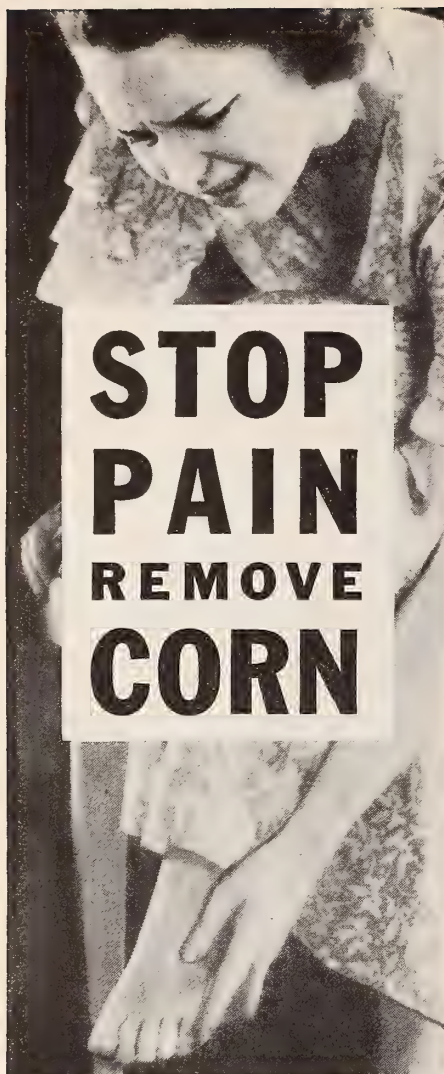
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● Gives instant relief! Removes corn quickly. Flat, trim and inconspicuous. Wonderfully effective! The slip-proof tabs hold securely without crowding. The patented Drybak feature makes the plaster waterproof, and prevents sticking to stocking. If you have a stubborn hard corn, the special individual medicated centers will remove it safely, surely.

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FOR PROFESSIONAL FOOT TREATMENT SEE A CHIROPODIST



**RED CROSS
DRYBAK
CORN PLASTER**
(Also Drybak Bunion and Callous Plasters)

Fan Mail

(Continued from page fourteen)

about to strange girls via the snapshot route.

• • •

From time to time we will tell of more of these freak letters. Right now we are anxious to get on to your very sensible letters.

Several have asked if Nelson Eddy is of foreign extraction.

Hardly. Mr. Nelson is about as American as they come. One of his ancestors was Martin Van Buren, eighth president of the United States. His maternal grandmother, from whom he doubtless, inherited his voice, was Caroline Kendrick, a singer of note a generation ago. Nelson Eddy was born in Providence, Rhode Island and received his early education there. He studied voice abroad. His father was William Darius Eddy, a manufacturer. His mother, Isabelle Kendrick Eddy lives with Nelson in a very beautiful Beverly Hills home. The pet of the household is *Sheba*, a sheep dog presented to Mr. Eddy by Jeanette MacDonald.

• • •

Evelyn Loy of Mendota, Illinois, wants to know if Mary Pickford is through with pictures.

It is generally understood that if Miss Pickford finds a suitable story she will return to the screen. In the meantime she is keeping faith with her fans by coming to them from the stage, over the radio and through the stories she writes.

Ingram Blanding of Columbia, South Carolina, gave us plenty to think about with this statement: "Hollywood does not belong to the know-all critics; nor to the stars; nor to the directors; nor even to the producers. Believe it or not, it belongs lock, stock and barrel to the American people!"

Why so modest, Ingram? You could have included the entire world and still been right for every country and people is represented in Hollywood and the pictures they make here reach even the South Pole.

George Morris of San Francisco writes a very amusing letter, saying "Ever since me and my girl seen *Mississippi*, she aint the same. She keeps singing 'Bing on Bing' until my ears ache."

George, we sympathize with you and here's the cure. She can't sing and listen at the same time so present her with a few Crosby records and rest your ears.

• • •

Denise Sulton of Philadelphia accuses us of "not publishing half of the letters we get." Why, Denise, we never even promised we would—we couldn't do it. We receive thousands every month. However, we'll see what we can do about Robert Taylor for you.

Miss E. Lutz of Philadelphia tells us a cute, human interest story of three little boys who sat near her at a showing of a Richard Dix picture. The first little boy said, "Gee, I'd like to have Richard Dix for a brother."

The second little boy sighed and said, "So would I."

The third little boy said, "I would too,

but there are other stars I'd like for brothers."

Then the first little boy said, "Say, you better forget about them others and stick to Rich if you don't want your nose punched."

• • •

Recently we carried the announcement that Charles Ray was returning to the screen and what a lot of loyal friends wrote to congratulate him. We have further good news. Before long Mr. Ray will also come to you via the radio in dramatization of the many plays in which he starred in silent drama.

Buddy Anfinson of Hettinger, North Dakota writes as follows: "There seems to be an unwritten law in this town that forbids a boy, not yet thirteen to admire or like any girl. The fellows would razz me to death if they knew that I went to see *Now and Forever* especially to see Shirley Temple instead of Gary Cooper. But let me tell you something (and I don't care if the whole gang knows it) I think she's wonderful!"

You bet she is, Buddy, and down in their hearts the whole gang will agree with you!

• • •

Rose Smythe of Mobile, Alabama writes that she has a girl friend who is blind. She took this friend to hear *Naughty Marietta* and that the girl enjoyed it very much.

We were glad to have such a letter because we had not thought about blind people enjoying pictures. We also have letters from two deaf girls. They can see their favorite stars but can never hear their voice, yet they seem very happy with that one-half the joy a picture usually brings.

To the six girls from St. Cloud, Minnesota, who wrote us regarding fan clubs but did not sign their names, we want to say that we, as a magazine, do not disapprove of fan clubs. Both Captains W. H. and Roscoe Fawcett, as well as members of the staff belong to fan clubs and are proud to be members. However, there are some "chislers" left and we want to protect fans against them if we can.

• • •

Harry Frazier of Bellevue, Nebraska writes that after two vacation trips to Hollywood during which he met and talked to Monte Blue, Bodil Rosing, Sue Carol, Nick Stuart and others, he is convinced that picture people earn their money and are equally as nice people as the best of us.

Of course, they are. Most of them were "just folks" back home and a little success isn't going to spoil them.

Marcia Ladson of Rockville, Maryland says that she and some friends met Ross Alexander on the street in Annapolis when he was there making *Shipmates Forever*. Ross was already late in returning to work but took time to invite them to the gymnasium to watch him work and to be sure they had directions as how to get there.

(I can appreciate how much that meant

HOLLYWOOD

to you Marcia, for it is just ten years ago that Gilbert Roland invited me to that same gym to watch the filming of *The Midshipman*.)

...

Marjorie Leichner of Hartford, Connecticut, informs us that she and a group of Wellesley College girls went to see Franchot Tone in a movie the night before final exams and they all passed the following day.

Give us the secret, Franchot, we'd like to try it on an editor and see if he'll pass a few stories for us.

A letter from Pete Sparrow of Bombay, India, declares that Shirley Temple is the *Little Colonel* of the entire Second Battalion at Colaba Barracks.

Clay Vaden of Quemado, New Mexico admires our covers.

The following interesting information comes from Rhesa M. Allen, Jr., of Washington, D. C.

"In the picture *Farmer Takes a Wife*, the action is supposed to take place in 1853. The map on the wall that Slim Summerville is showing the little girl clearly shows the state of West Virginia, which was not a state at that time."

There are a number of letters in praise of the articles written by Jerry Asher, especially his story of Joan Crawford. Jerry has been a close friend of Joan's for a number of years and probably knows her as well as her own family does. Jerry thanks you for the letters and we thank you. We want you to like our writers and if you don't like them we want to hear about it.

Now for a letter!

Dear Editor:

Now an eighteen-year-old can't tell you what's wrong with the movies. It isn't logical. It can't be done. I'll even admit. But here goes!

The trouble is very simple: there isn't enough melodrama. Oh yes, I know that we are supposed to be sophisticated and "arty" and otherwise freaks, but nevertheless we're all suckers for melodrama. Even one so disgustingly adolescent as the writer wouldn't enjoy *Uncle Tom's Cabin* but he would pawn his tennis racquet to see another *Lives of a Bengal Lancer* or *Treasure Island*.

These stories have the kind of melodrama I mean; melodrama that comes from the appeal of brave men in strange places; that comes from the magic of words like Khyber and Nepal. Perhaps, instead of melodrama, you would call it adventure or romance. It doesn't matter much. Call it what you like—it's precious. We see so little of it.

Instead, what is the usual menu at the neighborhood theatre? We see Franchot Tone, the Franchot Tone who once grasped a lance for India, in a story that is a re-hash of the eternal triangle and regret that we haven't the audacity to demand our money back. We see Joan Bennett, who would make a princess that any knight worth his salt would die happy scrapping for, in a yarn that is about as thrilling as a game of jacks. Of course, there are a few exceptions.

So that's what's wrong with the movies. They're so busy with a feeble sort of realism that they neglect the melodrama. And so many of us enjoy melodramas.

Very truly yours,
Stanley Johnson,
422½ N. Wheeler St.,
Grand Island, Neb.

SEARCH YOUR SKIN



FEEL FOR LITTLE BUMPS!

They Indicate Clogged Pores, the Beginning of Enlarged Pores, Blackheads and Other Blemishes!

By *Lady Esther*

Don't trust to your eyes alone! Most skin blemishes, like evil weeds, get well started underground before they make their appearance above surface.

Make this telling finger-tip test. It may save you a lot of heartaches. Just rub your fingertips across your face, pressing firmly. Give particular attention to the skin around your mouth, your chin, your nose and your forehead.

Now—does your skin feel absolutely smooth to your touch or do you notice anything like little bumps or rough patches? If you do feel anything like tiny bumps or rough spots, it's a sign usually that your pores are clogged and may be ready to blossom out into enlarged pores, blackheads, whiteheads, "dirty-gray" skin and other blemishes.

A Penetrating Cream, the Need!

What you need is not just ordinary cleansing methods, but a penetrating face cream—such a face cream as I have perfected.

Lady Esther Face Cream penetrates the pores quickly. It does not just lie on the surface and fool you. Gently and soothingly, it works its way into the little openings. There it "goes to work" on the accumulated waxy dirt—loosens it—breaks it up—and makes it easily removable.

When you have cleansed your skin with Lady Esther Face Cream, you get more dirt out than you ever suspected was there. It will probably shock you

to see what your cloth shows. But you don't have to have your cloth to tell you that your skin is *really* clean. Your skin shows it in the way it looks and feels.

As Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses the skin, it *also* lubricates it. It resupplies the skin with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and keeps the skin soft, smooth and flexible. Thousands of women have overcome dry, scaly skin, as well as enlarged pores and coarse-textured skin, with the use of Lady Esther Face Cream.

The Proof Is Free!

But don't take my word for the cleansing and lubricating powers of this cream. Prove it to yourself at my expense. Upon receipt of your name and address, I'll send you a 7-day tube of Lady Esther Face Cream postpaid and free. Let the cream itself show you how efficient it is.

With the free tube of Lady Esther Face Cream, I'll send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder, so you can see for yourself how the two go together to make a beautiful and lovely complexion. Write me today for the free cream and face powder.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (18)

FREE

Lady Esther, 2030 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois

Please send me by return mail your 7-day supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream; also all five shades of your Face Powder.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)

HARRY CARR'S



Shooting Script

THIS IS WRITTEN in Honolulu where Hollywood comes for its mad moments.

Janet Gaynor has a cottage on the Kaneohe side and never mingles with the social life of Honolulu.

Ann Harding relaxes under the tropic moon with the army people.

Dolores Del Rio comes to a cottage on the beach at Waikiki with her husband. She made *Bird of Paradise* here three years ago.

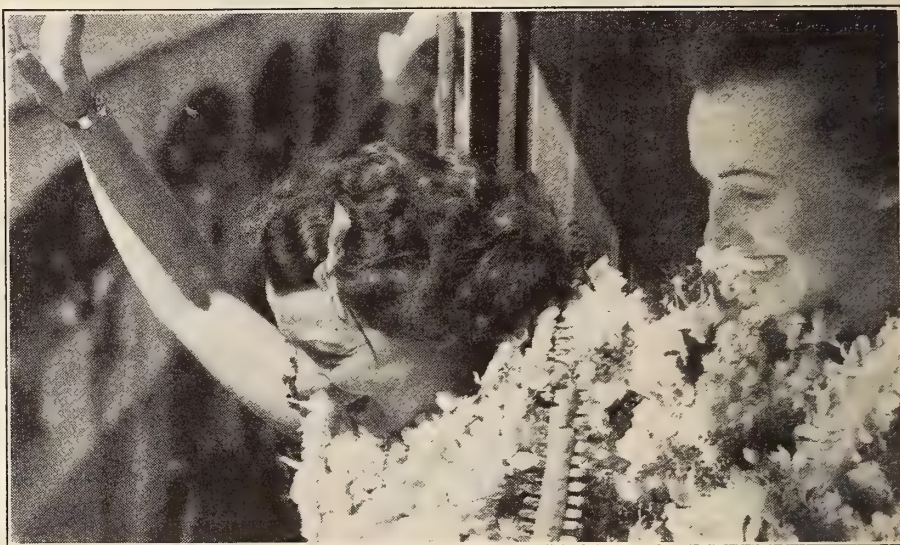
Just about every author who ever punched a typewriter has written a story here. And it's the worst place on earth to try to write. Too much tropic moon.

Shirley Temple, visiting Honolulu, was this year's biggest event in the islands. Steel cables, used to hold back the crowds, were broken in the rush to greet her.

She stands without rivalry or competition as the greatest box office puller of the industry.

And Shirley flew in the face of Providence, tradition and all experience.

I once worked in a studio where we



Janet Gaynor and Margaret Lindsay had broad smiles for the crowds that greeted them in Honolulu. But Janet, once ensconced had nothing to do with Hawaii's social life...

were trying to put over Baby Peggy as a screen star. I grew old and wicked under the strain. Baby Peggy just didn't "jell."

As Jackie Coogan was then the child wonder, I was forced to the conclusion that the public adored little boys but had no time for little girls.

As a matter of fact, it really had no time for little boys either. Jackie never scored in but one real hit. His whole career consisted of coasting along on the success of *The Kid*. He died on his feet long before he grew up and retired.

I can't account for Shirley. The only thing that will ever stop her is that she is bound to grow up. They should have stunted her growth with whiskey when she was a kitten. She will grow and be married and I feel sorry for her husband. What he will have to live up to!

Garbo's Inhibitions

When she goes to Sweden Garbo can be her own free self again. I always wondered what she would do if she were not bound by the necessity of being a silent, mysterious figure. From the news bulletins it appeared that what her soul yearned to do was to fall off yacht masts and sprain her ankle.

Never mind, though. Greta will last forever on the screen—as long as she

continues to be a mystery and does her yacht falling somewhere other than Hollywood.

Brooklyn's Wide Spaces

Harry Carey has celebrated his twenty-fifth year on the screen as a Western hero. He has outlasted them all.

The irony of it is that Carey was a young lawyer when the drammer called to him. He didn't know which end of a broncho went first and wildly protested when they cast him as a cowboy; and so far as I know has been protesting ever since that he isn't a cowhand and doesn't want to be.

On the other hand, Monte Blue, who was a real cowhand, begs and begs for chaps and a reata on the screen; but they pass him by in silent scorn when casting wild west parts. He will not do at all; he knows how to ride.

Shirley and the Harem

I learn, to my own not inconsiderable surprise, that the trade is no longer so much interested in Charlie Chaplin. They feel that the public has become so talkie conscious that it is impossible even for Charlie to remain silent and make much public commotion. If they are right, they are wrong. That is to say, they might be right in [Continued on page 51]



Hello, Hawaii! Shirley Temple and her father, George Temple, looking down from the deck of the *Mariposa* as they arrived in Honolulu for a long-earned vacation

Mickey- MAESTRO OF MISCHIEF

This backstage baby grew up while only a kid! His man-sized ideas will please you

by MARIAN RHEA

ONCE UPON a time, there was a boy who almost grew up too soon. But—he didn't. And there-by hangs a poignant tale of Hollywood. It is about Mickey Rooney and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. . . .

Mickey Rooney was a real backstage baby. Both of his parents were old-timers in vaudeville. His mother, song and dance artist, filled her billings up to a month before Mickey was born and was back behind the footlights two weeks after.

When Mickey was eleven months old, he made his own stage debut, dressed up in a tuxedo. When he was two, behind scenes as usual while his father and mother were playing a mid-western town, he wandered out on the stage while Sid Gold was doing his act and remarked:

"I c'n sing tha' song better'n you . . ." And did. For the next three years, he was booked with Gold in big time vaudeville.

Then he came to Hollywood. . . .

There's more. He was a success in pictures. He worked, worked hard. Learned all that complicated inside business that you have to know to make good in Hollywood—about camera angles, close-ups, how to get by in a world where everyone is out for himself. Won better and better parts. Grew to be a capable, finished actor, much in demand. Was signed to a long-term contract before he was twelve.

A lot for a boy not yet in his teens to accomplish, all this. It didn't leave him much time for the things that boys usually enjoy—not much time for play. He became the man of his family. Took care of his mother who was separated from his father by this time. Saved his money. Studied continually how to improve himself.

● Yes, He HAD that pert, snub nose of his pretty much to the grindstone, all right, did small, tow-headed

NOVEMBER, 1935



Here is the Mickey Rooney you will see in *Midsummer Night's Dream*. His amazing performance dumbfounded even the great producer, Max Reinhardt

Mickey. However, don't misunderstand me. He loved doing it! It was swell to be so important. Swell to see his mother happily ensconced in a nice little home, able to rest and enjoy herself after her long years on the road. He was wonderfully considerate. His mother, herself, told me something about that.

"Mickey always worried about me, when I was on the road," she said, "even when he was a tiny boy. Time and again he'd say to me—sometimes when I was ready to go on, maybe tired and flustered—he'd say to me: 'Mom, I don't want You to work! I'm goin' to work!'"

Well, he did. He worked hard and became famous. But he didn't do

much else. He didn't have much fun. His life was too full of other things. And so, although still a child, really, he got to be a very serious young man. A young man with a great deal of poise and executive ability. A young man with the assured, breezy manner of a luncheon club president. A remarkable young man. . . .

● I REMEMBER the last time I saw him—before he was given the rôle of "Puck" [Continued on page 52]

FOR LOVERS OF *Music* AND LOVERS OF *Love*



The romantic idol of radio and opera comes to the screen — and triumphs in a sensational debut! Millions will thrill as Martini portrays a struggling young tenor who sings a song of love on the heart-strings of one woman and the purse-strings of another!

Here is a cast of famous names from the opera, the radio, the screen, the concert stage. Here is romance at its happiest, songs at their brightest, dances at their gayest!

NINO MARTINI, idol of the Metropolitan Opera and popular radio programs. With his magnetic personality, his magnificent voice, he flashes to stardom as the screen's new romantic hero.

HERE'S TO ROMANCE

MARIA GAMBARELLI, famous ballet dancer and protégé of Pavlova.



SCHUMANN-HEINK, best loved of all operatic prima donnas, now brings her inspiring voice to the screen.



Beautiful **GENEVIEVE TOBIN**, sparkling in another sophisticated rôle.

A JESSE L. LASKY PRODUCTION with

NINO MARTINI

GENEVIEVE TOBIN

ANITA LOUISE

MARIA GAMBARELLI

MME. ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK

REGINALD DENNY

VICENTE ESCUDERO

world's greatest gypsy dancer

Directed by Alfred E. Green

A FOX
PICTURE

HOLLYWOOD



EYE-WITNESS PHOTOS



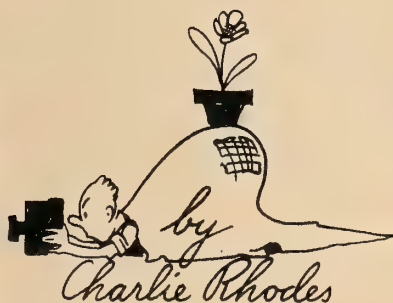
Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone appear often at the night spots. They're glad to pose for pictures, but they won't tell me a single thing about those wedding rumors



Gene Raymond threw a birthday party at the Beverly Wilshire. I snapped him facing the camera with Marian Nixon, John Mack Brown and Jeanette MacDonald



I went to the Hollywood Bowl to catch this picture of Jimmy Dunn and Ruth Chatterton during one of the Symphony Under The Stars series



They're on the air. It was Campbell Soup time, with Frances Langford, Rosalind Russell, Clark Gable, Louella Parsons and Jean Harlow gathered around the microphone



When I tried to snap Luise Rainer and Max Reinhardt, Jr., at Lamaze night club, the little star gave me a merry chase. When I finally caught up, she whirled around, mussed up her hair deliberately, and said, "All right, shoot!" I did

MY DAUGHTER

**Pals, these two? The very closest!
You'll love this colorful story on
how they've spent the years**



Wallace Beery became a close companion of Jean's during the filming of *China Seas*. When they weren't acting, he talked and she sewed over in a far corner



JEAN IS AN interesting combination of woman and child. Before she was born, I determined that I wouldn't be just a Mother, that I would also be her best friend. In making that resolution I realized that a best friend never interferes with the rights of another person; never adopts that superior "I know best" attitude; and I have never taken it with Jean. With the result that we have, through all the different stages of her life been, not only mother and daughter, but the closest of friends.

When she was tiny and helpless, I was the usual, doting, adoring mother, loving every little thing I could do for her and dreading to even think of the time when she would be capable of doing things for herself. I think the most tearful day of my life was when she announced that she wanted to take her bath "aw by myself." I felt that my baby was growing away from me. However, I might have spared myself those foolish tears for although the years gave me a lovely, understanding friend, they did not rob me entirely of my baby.

- **JEAN WAS NEVER a helpless child.** From the time she could sit on the floor and put her right chubby foot

into her left stubby shoe, she had an air of independence about her. Still to this day, she remains very childish in many ways.

One of her childish habits that she clings to is that only I must wake her up in the morning. Her room is separated from mine by what she chooses to call her "health room." This room contains a massage table, a hair drier, vitalizer, and other things necessary to health and beauty. In the morning the maid brings a glass of hot water and lemon juice to my room and I take it with me when I awaken Jean.

She always wakes up smiling. She drinks the liquid I have brought her and then hurries into her bath and I hurry into mine. It's always a little race to see who will finish first.

Then we both climb into my bed for breakfast which is served to us on a tray. As we eat we take pads and pencils and make our plans for the day. And I must say for Jean that she tries to plan her day so that she can spend as much time as possible with me.

- **SOMETIMES WHEN I LOOK** over her plans for the day I am amazed. It doesn't seem possible that one girl could do so many things. Yet she always carries out her plans without seeming to hurry or wear herself out. The secret of this is that she never wastes a moment—every appointment dovetails with the next, be it work or play.

From the time Jean first started to have her own ideas, she has discussed them with me frankly. To encourage that trait in her, I have never tried to force my opinions on her. I give advice naturally, but the final decision is and always has been, up to Jean. If her decision does not turn out for the best, I do not criticize; I only try to do everything I can to straighten matters out.

When Jean is working, her entire time is given over to her work and things pertaining to it; such as interviews, photographs, wardrobe fittings, and a dozen and one other things that picture people must crowd into a day. She usually takes her luncheon with her to the studio. Her luncheon consists of something very light but nourishing.

Jean cannot do without sleep. She must have, at least, nine hours every night. As soon as she finishes on the

JEAN HARLOW

By Mrs. Marino Bello

(as told to
Harmony Haynes)

set, she goes to her dressing-room, removes her make-up, has her hair fingerwaved; and also has it shampooed, not less than three times a week. Jean is very fastidious; she cannot tolerate anything about her that isn't fresh and clean; and she feels that because her hair is so very light that it soils quickly.

Before she leaves the studio, wardrobe and other things necessary for the next day's work are in readiness so that it is fairly late when she arrives home. She immediately bathes, sometimes she has a massage and sometimes not, but she goes right to bed. She eats a little dinner of cottage cheese, she wouldn't think it was dinner if she didn't have her cottage cheese, three or four green vegetables, and a glass of milk. After dinner she visits a short time with me and then to sleep.

● **THE DAYS WHEN** she does not work are spent very much as any other young girl might spend them. Swimming, tennis, having friends in to luncheon or tea, or going over her wardrobe. She seldom goes out. She never did care to go out but she does like to have guests come to her home, especially if they drop in informally. I think that is due to the fact that Jean would rather serve than be served. Even when she and I are alone, she will slip into the kitchen and make rolls and serve them to me for luncheon as a little surprise.

Jean is really like a child about surprises. Anything and everything will please her if it is delivered as one. And even greater is her pleasure in surprising others. She loves birthdays or holidays.

For instance on my birthday, Jean always gets up long before I am awake and covers my bed with flowers that she has picked from the garden. Then she awakens me with the song, *Happy Birthday to You!* The entire day is one surprise after the other until night time when the "real" surprise is delivered. And when her own birthday rolls around she seems to think it is another day in which the honors should be mine. On her last birthday, she presented me with a town car. It always seems as if she were thanking me for having given her life.

● **SHE LIKES TO BE** surprised herself. I know she would be extremely disappointed if I didn't hide colored

NOVEMBER, 1935

*The
Command
Story*



Mother and daughter display many of the same characteristics in the above photo. Below, Jean and Clark Gable doing a scene together in *China Seas*

easter eggs all over the house and grounds so she could hunt for them Easter morning. And Christmas! It wouldn't be Christmas, no matter how many lovely gifts she received, if she didn't find her stocking filled with silly little presents.

That is one reason she so loves her fans. They send her so many thoughtful little gifts and cards and letters. One girl recently sent her a little elephant hair ring for good luck and Jean wears it all the time. She never lets a letter go unanswered and never fails to acknowledge receipt of a gift.

Not so long ago she was made an honorary Fire Chief and given a "FIRE" sign and a blue light to put on her car. With it is given the privilege of going faster than the law ordinarily allows. Jean doesn't want to do that and I wouldn't permit the driver to go over thirty-five miles an hour under any circumstances so Jean never makes use of the privilege.

Yet she loves her light and her sign. Shortly after they were presented to her, a policeman stopped the car and thinking she had no right to them, wanted her [Continued on page 64]



10 Rules For Love from MAE WEST



Gloomy Gusses and all unmarried people beware!
This intimate article is hilariously dangerous

By MADELEINE MATZEN

Mae's Rules for Love

1. DON'T hang out the "Hands Off" sign! "Danger—Men At Work" is better.
2. DON'T economize on clothes! Cleopatra iningham never would have made her mark . . . or anyone else.
3. DON'T let him know you're smart! Be smart enough to keep him guessing.
4. DON'T be too dumb, either! An empty attic never attracts anything but bats.
5. DON'T be too domestic! It's all right to be a helpmate but don't hang over a kitchen stove while your mate helps himself to someone else.
6. DON'T wait on him! The woman who runs errands can't hope to run a man.
7. DON'T be afraid to know more than one guy at a time!
8. DON'T diet! A curve isn't the shortest distance between two points . . . but it's more interesting.
9. DON'T cheat! Cheaters never prosper.
10. DON'T rake up the past!

IF ANYONE COULD give you good, practical advice about holding that man of yours it would be Mae West. She's common sense personified. No fantastic notions tucked under HER pompadour! Calls a spade a spade! From her you get the truth at all times . . . and let the blushes fall where they may!

"I'm told," I said, "that you think a woman in love is stupid? When she's trying to land or hold onto her man she generally does the very thing that will send him flying in the opposite direction? I hear, too, that you said, 'NO WOMAN NEEDS TO LOSE THE GUY SHE WANTS!' Is it true? Come clean! Don't hold back anything!"

Mae grinned . . . that gamin grin of hers.

"Sure, it's true! Men are all alike . . . you've heard that one before. It's a saying as old as God so it must be so. I've doped it out this way. . . .

"If you're in love . . . quit pretendin' to be what you ain't! DON'T hang out the 'Hands Off' sign when all the time you want to be grabbed and held tight. Don't pull the old gag about never having been kissed . . . it'll make a regular guy run a mile! To men, competition is the spice of life!

"DON'T be afraid to spend money

. . . especially on clothes! Men never fall in love with economical women . . . and this includes the Scotch. The wife who keeps her husband's nose to the grindstone making money for her to spend on chiffons and lace . . . holds her husband. He'll complain . . . sure! But he'll stick! No man enjoys holdin' an armful of scratchy calico when he could hold an armful of soft silk and chiffon. Would you?

● "If You've gotta mind . . . DON'T let him get wise to it! Laugh at his jokes if it kills you! Hide your mind under a swell permanent or a henna rinse. Men don't like 'em clever and evasive. They like 'em dumb and obligin'!

"On the other hand DON'T be too dumb! Act as though you know enough to come in outa the rain. Let him see you can read the French words on the menu . . . if you do he'll figger you've been out before.

"Graduate from the kitchen! There's a restaurant in every block. Don't try for those pies like mother NEVER made. Go places with him. If your face gets as red as a beet hanging over the kitchen stove it's ten to one he'll go stepping with someone else . . . someone who doesn't know the difference between a frying pan and a roaster. Could you blame him?

"Let him [Continued on page 50]



Three familiar Hollywood figures attend a sports event together! Mae West, center, is seen with James Timony, her manager and sister, Beverly West

The Truth About MARY ASTOR

We criticized her for remaining silent—now we give you Mary Astor's own story of her troubles!

by JERRY LANE

WITH *Page Miss Glory* Mary Astor has completed her one hundred and eleventh picture—yet no one has ever seen her on the screen.

I mean the *real* Mary Astor. The remarkably interesting, essentially human young woman it has been my privilege to know for a number of years.

It's partly Hollywood's fault that she has remained so shadowed. And it is partly her own. . . . That's what comes of having a rather austere little Madonna face and the soul of a singing gypsy. As a matter of fact I believe Mary's ancestors betrayed her. A swashbuckling, lovable old Portuguese grand-sire poured liquid fire into her veins even while German and Scotch progenitors were giving her a fierce honesty and magnificent but stubborn ideals. As a result she is the least understood woman in filmdom. And one of the most likable. . . .

For months now reporters have been trying to get "her side of the story" of her divorce from Dr. Franklyn Thorpe, eminent Los Angeles physician, and about her baby. Mary answers them by doing one of two things. Either she remains altogether silent or she looks thoughtful while the boys reach gleefully for their pencils, and say—"Gentlemen, the time has come for me to talk . . . of cabbages and kings."

● THE TRUTH IS, Mary hates "sob" stories and "sympathetic angles" with a whole-hearted gusto that does your heart good. And if her silence leads sometimes to outlandish misrepresentation—well, she shrugs. A gallant little gesture that is somehow braver than words.

—Acme Photos

Mary Astor (top) was left a widow when Kenneth Hawks, (in oval) was killed in a plane crash. Bottom photo shows her in Hawaii with her baby and husband Thorpe

Hollywood undoubtedly deserves some of the criticism hurled at it but on the other hand there has been an appalling amount of this misrepresentation. Perhaps a great deal of it is due to the public confusing the stars with the parts they play. Norma Shearer, for instance—there's not a happier or more devoted wife and mother in the whole colony. But everyone got to thinking of her as a brazen little sophisticate because of those naughty rôles she played. She did *Smilin' Through* and *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* just in time to save her career.

Mary wasn't so fortunate. The characters she's had to portray have been stuffy heroines or frozen meanies. So that when the papers played up her divorce a lot of people went around with that I-told-you-so expression on their faces. "They say she's given up her baby. Just like her, isn't it?" Like her . . . ?

● COME WITH ME a minute to the house she lives in, where famous artists and celebrities of all kinds are always flocking. For that quick intelligence of hers draws Hollywood's brain moguls like a magnet. It's something of a shock, of course, when you first meet [Continued on page 56]





HOLLYWOOD SPOTLIGHTS

THEY'VE GOT A new convert out at Reliance Pictures who is expected to give a good account of his talents in *The Melody Lingers On*, a production starring Josephine Hutchinson.

New Yorkers know George Houston well enough. He has been in every sort of Broadway stage production, and he has an opera voice that knocks them all cold. Besides that, he is a very handsome 35-year-old actor who has done more things in life than any ten others in the business.

As a child George Houston led his blind father, Rev. Thomas Houston, on an evangelical tour of America and Great Britain. They held religious meetings on street corners, George singing in a high soprano voice (which is now baritone) and his sightless father in a vocal range from the top C of a tenor to the low C of a bass.

As a prep school student George startled the athletic world by doing the 100 yard dash in 10 seconds flat. He turned out to be a triple-threat man, the pride of Blair Academy. After that he studied music, then went to France as an ambulance driver in the war. He holds the Croix de Guerre. The war ended, he played football at Rutgers. He became a sailor on a tramp steamer, then a "dock walloper" in the West Indies. Returning to America, George became a bank messenger, then a school teacher, and finally a singer. Since then he has appeared in many New York hits.

And why did Houston come to Hollywood? Because he thinks the films are the ideal vehicles for acting. He believes that opera is primarily the ridiculous, musical comedies little more believable, legitimate stage exaggerated. George Houston is out to

prove his theory that if a man is light enough on his emotional feet, he's bound to do his best work in motion pictures.

Hollywood's Old Fashioned Ways

Hollywood has somehow slipped a cog in the wheels of Time. It has gone back to knitting, for one thing, Afghans like grandmother used to make. And old-fashioned games are raging lustily.

There's one that Sally Eilers plays which will drive any sane group crazy, within twenty minutes. Object is to discover what it is her "grandmother" doesn't like.

"My grandmother likes cake but she doesn't like crumpets" is a sample statement.

You ask her questions, trying to discover what her alleged grandmother abhors, until you faint from exhaustion. Sally calmly answers your question "Does she dislike apples?" with: "Oh, she likes apples but she doesn't like turnips."

Finally, if you are a genius, you discover that the "grandmother" doesn't like anything with "t" in it!

A Rash Promise To Our Readers

Gene Raymond has another game which is now the rage at after dinner parties in the colony. It's so old that it's new again, and more fun than Allison Skipworth shutting-the-shutes at Venice.

We played it the other evening at Helen Ferguson's. Ralph and Catherine Bellamy were just as mystified by the game as the rest of us, proving that even a star can't cope with the games that made grandma skip with joy.

Gene would go out of the room, and the rest of us would name an object. Helen would then point to various objects in the room, and without slipping once, Gene always guessed it.

Well, we tried blindfolding him, making him feel the objects. We did everything but hang him out a window to make it difficult, and always he was able to tell us which object we had chosen. A magician from Chicago named Godfrey told us how, but we don't want to spoil all Gene's fun. So if you'll send in a stamped, self-addressed envelope, we'll mail you the secret. Then you can have a grand time, driving all your friends crazy!

If you're really interested, and your letters prove it, we will tell you some more of the parlor games that catch the interest of the stars on cool autumn nights. They're playing games everywhere.

Tailspin Tommy > > > Clark Williams, Jean Rogers



Millions of kids, from 8 to 80 follow the hairbreadth adventures of Tailspin Tommy, created by Hal Forrest. Hal, a daredevil flyer, who started Tommy ten years ago, has as many fans as a movie star

Jean Rogers rehearses a scene on location with Bryant Washburn. Jean, blond and beautiful, is a newcomer to films whose first hit was in *Stormy*. Now she shares the sky thrills with Clark Williams



Here's a candid camera shot during a lull in the warm business of making pictures—Tailspin stands treat. With everyone panting from the heat, Clark staged an impromptu party by passing cold drinks to players

And here's Tailspin Tommy ready for the take-off. When the action got into the clouds the cast cooled off—and there's plenty of flying in this picture. Some of the thrilling scenes take place on a Zeppelin



From Pearls and Gold to Pictures

ERROL FLYNN, A YOUNG Irishman with a flair for adventure in far places, feels the Hollywood spotlight, warm, dazzling, exciting, shining in his eyes this month. Warner Brothers, courageously disregarding the fact that he is a complete unknown, have turned him into Captain Blood, to take the lead in that swashbuckling romance of Sabatini's.

Like all the gay young blades who are setting Hollywood afire these days, Flynn is a strapping six-footer. Six feet-two, to be exact; an inch shorter than Paramount's Fred MacMurray, but the same height as RKO's Randy Scott, and two inches taller than Metro's big bet, Bob Taylor. These lads would tower over Doug Fairbanks, Dick Barthelmess and other stars of the silents.

Errol Flynn needs a build like that to carry the load of Warner's big production, although there will be, thankfully, Olivia de Havilland to rely on, and a cast of splendid veterans to ease him over the tough spots.

Flynn's tests show him to be an ideal Captain Blood, and Warners chose him over their best stars. George Brent was the closest contender, but George hates costume stuff and apparently showed it in his tests. *Captain Blood*, naturally, is a picture of such magnitude that it will be the making of Flynn. It will be one of the hit pictures of the year because it's what is known as a "natural"—it has everything from drama, setting, dialogue and pictorial values on to sure fire box office appeal.

He is a delight to copy writers, for Flynn's few years have been jammed with romantic adventures. You can spot the outdoor man by what he eats. Flynn pushed back the lace cuffs of his wine colored buccaneer's coat and tackled a big plate of fried eggs and bacon the day we sat down to lunch



—Photo by Charles Rhodes
Errol (Captain Blood) Flynn and his bride Lili Damita, celebrated his first major rôle with a party at the Trocadero

with him. It's the one dish a wanderer can rely on, in the bush or on main-street.

● A CURIOUS COINCIDENCE attends his first film adventure, which was a chronological narrative of the mutiny of the *Bounty* made by a British firm some years ago. Flynn, being a direct descendant of Fletcher Christian, who led the mutiny, was given the rôle of his ancestor. Their adventures in [Continued on page 61]

Twinkling Toes



Shirley Temple



Wearing her favorite pink dress, Shirley does this dance in her new Fox hit, *Curly Top*



Ann Sothern Has Lost Herself!



Ann's new home in Beverly Hills has captured all of her spare time of late. Here she is smiling from a high perch in the home.

Now that she is somebody, Ann Sothern is nobody! It's quite involved, you see, for a short time ago Ann was most certainly nobody, and she has

come to be a very important somebody in Hollywood. Contradictory? Let's see.

JUST TO BE "plain Ann," she confesses, is a luxury she hasn't enjoyed for a long, long time.

A month ago she was Mimi, the temperamental moppet of *Folies Bergere*. This month she is Linda Henry who adorns *The Girl Friend*. Next month, she will be someone else, different from either, but as all-absorbing as these two creations of her play-acting world have been.

Ann Sothern has been a great many different women since her performance in Columbia's *Eight Bells* catapulted her to sudden stardom, but she hasn't found time, she insists—even

for five minutes—to lay aside the screen character to find the real Ann Sothern.

"If only I could be myself . . ." says Ann.

Self is something one discards, this beautiful Scandinavian girl has decided, when one becomes an actress.

"It's not that I'm on the set twenty-four hours a day," she says. "I'm not. But playing a part is different from sitting at a typewriter eight hours a day or working in a shop. The person you're playing becomes a part of you, somehow, and refuses to be put aside with your costumes and make-up when the hour comes to leave the studio and go home."

Never to be allowed to be one's self, she would have you believe, is the price of stardom.

● ANN WAS IN costume for *The Girl Friend* when she took time out to lament her fate. Linda Henry, heroine of the picture, is a winsome lass of the wide-open spaces in ruffled organdies and with plaited hair. And Ann claims she can't even go shopping these days without buying the guileless clothes and the [Continued on page 54]

Acquiring a Blister

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Ann Sothern



—Photos by Victor Hareman
HOLLYWOOD



A Hollywood Husband Makes Good

IT WAS ON December seventh of last year that tall and handsome Hal Mohr led the sweet and charming Evelyn Venable to the altar.

There were the usual flowers, smiles, tears—and predictions. There are always predictions in Hollywood when anyone is married, especially if the bride is a successful actress and the groom is not an actor. As Mr. Mohr is a cameraman, the town prognosticators at once started "wondering" how long the match would last—when the Mohrs would come to the parting of the ways over the fact that she would be earning more money than her husband.

Knowing Hollywood, Hal and Evelyn didn't even bother to wonder what was being said. They had ideas of their own on how to work out their future. Sensible ideas, too.

"In the first place," Hal told us a few days after the wedding, "I am not going to be 'Mr. Evelyn Venable.' I believe that both a husband and a wife should preserve their own individuality. A man must march onward along the pathway of his own career no matter what the position of his

wife. If she is famous and he is obscure he must forget their difference of position and hew to his own line with the idea in mind constantly that he is just as important in the general scheme of things as his wife. If he does not do this he will soon find himself suffering from an inferiority complex. His work will fall off in quality. He will become a nonentity.

"A man who marries a woman who is in the public eye is always watched closely by his wife's public. He is on the spot as soon as the wedding ceremony is over. Everyone wants to see if he is going to live off his wife's money; if he is going to bask in her reflected glory; if he will be content to spend the

remainder of his life as 'his wife's husband.'

● "I HAVE CERTAIN definite ideas for my own future career. Now that I have been lucky enough to marry such a woman as Evelyn, I know I shall achieve [Continued on page 63]



Here's a happy Hollywood marriage! Hal Mohr and charming Evelyn Venable show devotion always

A Bull's Eye

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George Breakston



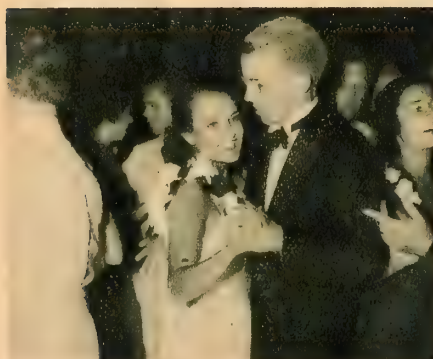


—Photos by Charles Rhodes

Rochelle Hudson and her escort, James Acker, snapped at the Cocoanut Grove with Jimmy Manos, genial maitre-de-hotel



Rochelle and Marjorie Keeler, Ruby's sister, recalled adventures in a picture they made together. Marjorie is dancing at the Grove



Dancing to the strains of Eddie Duchin's orchestra was a thrill to these merry-makers



Rochelle joins in the song as she and Mr. Acker are serenaded by Marcel Lamaze's troubadours in his night spot, Cafe Lamaze

DATE WITH *Rochelle Hudson*

by JAMES ACKER

I HAD A DATE with Rochelle Hudson! Walking up to her front door in Beverly Hills, I still couldn't believe it. How could any fellow be so lucky as that?

When I came out to Hollywood for a vacation I had one ambition—just to see her, and maybe talk to her. Although what an engineer from the University of Minnesota could find to say to a star that would interest her, I couldn't guess.

So you can imagine how I felt when I pushed the door bell. Instead of a ring, it gave out musical chimes! Now I was sure I was dreaming.

A very lovely lady let me in, and I knew without being told that this was Rochelle's mother. When she smiled I was sure of it.

"Rochelle's just putting on your gardenias," she said. "She'll be right down."

I'm sure all my wits left me then. She would appear in a moment, wearing my corsage! Even my knees felt weak, like the day I walked into class for the final exam in higher calculus.

And then she appeared.

Down graceful white stairs she came, and held out her hand in a cheery greeting that suddenly made the world all right again. Under a black velvet cape gleamed a white taffeta gown that rustled as she walked, and her creamy sun tanned skin glowed against the huge Mystery gardenias across her throat.

"I'm famished!" she exclaimed.

● **THAT SAVED ME.** After all, she was real, and not just something a poet might imagine. In a few moments we had decided where to dine. But first we had to take a peek at her new house, which Rochelle earned all herself.

"I won't be satisfied until I can have a wedding here and see a bride walking down these stairs," she said. "They were just made for a wedding!"

"Yours?" I hinted, but Rochelle smilingly shook her head.

We stepped into the spacious sitting room, where she showed me several of her oil paintings. There was one—three slender birches by a blue pool, that made me think of the beautiful St. Croix valley in Minnesota, where even a student of logarithms is not insensible to still pools and white birch trees.

But we were hungry. Mrs. Hudson waved goodbye and we whisked away in the Ford that had taken me across country to Hollywood. Rochelle, too,

drives a Ford every day to 20th Century-Fox, out at Movietone City.

"You know, I like to dress up like this," she confessed. "It's such a relief after weeks of wearing old clothes in *Way Down East*. Day after day I would have to get into a ragged coat, and simply wallow in grime. I'd come home and dress for dinner just for pure relief, and then take off my finery and plump into bed, worn out."

If you ever watched them make pictures, you'd know how Rochelle felt. The star of *Way Down East* is, as you can see, a very human little girl. We talked about pictures on our way to the Ambassador's Cocoanut Grove, favorite dining spot of the movie colony.

I told her how much all the engineers in the Engineering School at the U rate her as absolute tops, which was no flattery but a plain report. Our idolatry in fact dates back to *Are These Our Children?* and we've all cut classes to see her in *Les Miserables*, her Will Rogers films, *Imitation of Life*, *Curly Top*, and all the others.

[Continued on page 39]



Rochelle and the engineer from Minnesota who escorted 20th Century-Fox's brand new star on an exciting tour of Hollywood, snapped at the door of her new home

MEMORIES of Will Rogers

by Ed Churchill

THEY ARE STILL talking about Will Rogers in Hollywood. They still will, in the years to come, even as they remember Marie Dressler now, long after her death. Each was so human, so understanding, and so charitable.

Will Rogers' own family didn't want him to make that last flight into the Arctic. Never before had they seriously objected to his air roaming. He had flown nearly two hundred thousand miles without a mishap. His eagle spirit had looked down upon two continents; he had winged his way over the mighty Andes as a part of the routine of air travel.

Was it any wonder, then, that Will Rogers felt no fear in climbing aboard a plane with Wiley Post, who had spanned the whole world alone? He sent Wiley on his way north, then stole out to the airport and boarded a transport ship himself. A few days later these two fearless men met again at Seattle and winged away on their last flight.

When aviation first came into its own, one might have expected Will Rogers to duck his head in that lovable, inimitable way and mutter, "Mebbe I better stay out of them new-fangled contraptions. They ain't any too safe."

Instead, he put his indefatigable spirit behind the new mode of travel, and helped it through the difficult stages of infancy. He was always helping out, with money and with personal enthusiasm.

On the set he was as unassuming and friendly as anywhere else. He once sent the whole company into

Last night
As the dying sun
Cast a golden glow
Over the evening sea ;
Last night, I say,
I gazed into the scarlet splendor
Of the skies ;
And far below, a little steamer
Wandered into the west.
Overhead, an airplane
Slipped beyond the horizon.
And then, in the measureless calm
Of understanding
I knew why the Dead
Never bother to return.

—TED MAGEE

shrieks of laughter when he arrived a few minutes late in a dilapidated old machine.

"Hold everything," he called to the director as he ran to the rumble seat. Opening it with a jerk, he yanked out his makeup kit and hurriedly smeared on grease paint. A moment later he was loping across the ground toward the set.

Friends recall the time that he was introduced at the White House to President Coolidge. The formalities of exchanging names being completed, Will Rogers stuck out his hand, grinned and said, "What's the name,

please?" He was rewarded with a generous chuckle from the President.

No other person was as adept at mixing political sagacity with satire as Will Rogers. Because he could get pointed remarks across without being taken seriously, he revealed many a vulnerable spot on political big-wigs without bringing them personal ridicule.

His friends were legion. If he had any enemies, no one has ever met them. He had the facility of standing on neutral ground and pointing out fallacies on both sides of [Continued on page 59]



The noted humorist and his wife, Betty Blake Rogers, represented the most steadfast marriage in Hollywood. The photo above was taken a short time before his death. Left, the original Will Rogers polo team that was so often seen at the Riviera Country Club Field: Johnny Mack Brown (far left), Rogers, Charlie Farrell and Big Boy Williams



Carole Lombard Discusses—

A Woman's Dangerous Age

by MARK DOWLING

PROFESSORS AND PSYCHOLOGISTS choose the "frivolous" forties or the "terrible" teens, but the glamorous blond movie star, Carole Lombard, suggests another age fraught with dangers to women in regard to love and marriage, life and careers. "The teens have their problems," she admitted, "but a girl is still so young that her mistakes aren't fatal then."

She paused, snuffing out a cigarette in a white milk-glass ash tray.

"When the hey-nony-nony period of her teens is over, a woman feels

rather sure of herself. She's had a little success with men. She thinks her own 'line' and her personality pretty fetching. She is apt to sit back and relax—and she's living through a time when every act and decision determines the sort of person she'll be all the rest of her life!

"That's just one reason why I believe the early and middle twenties are dangerous to women—the temptation to become stagnant instead of continuing to grow!"

Certainly there was nothing stagnant about Carole as she talked, vibrantly restless the day before starting work on her latest picture, *Hands Across the Table*. Colorful excitement filled her exotic dressing room. The movies at their most glamorous! Travis Banton, world-famed designer, stopped in to ask her advice about a gown. "Better use a heavy material, or it will need pressing after each shot," she suggested wisely. A studio florist called for orders. "Little ferns on the shelves," Carole told him. "The usual white lilies on the table." Fieldsie, the star's friend and secretary, rattled off appointments over the telephone.

● No WONDER CAROLE feels that she has passed through the dangerous age—in experience if not in years!

"It isn't just Hollywood which matured me so quickly," she explained. "It's having worked for my living ever since I was fifteen. Ever since then I've been thrown with intelligent and cultured men, writers and directors and artists.

"This kept [Continued on page 48]

HOLLYWOOD

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CLARK GABLE,

A Nice Mugg

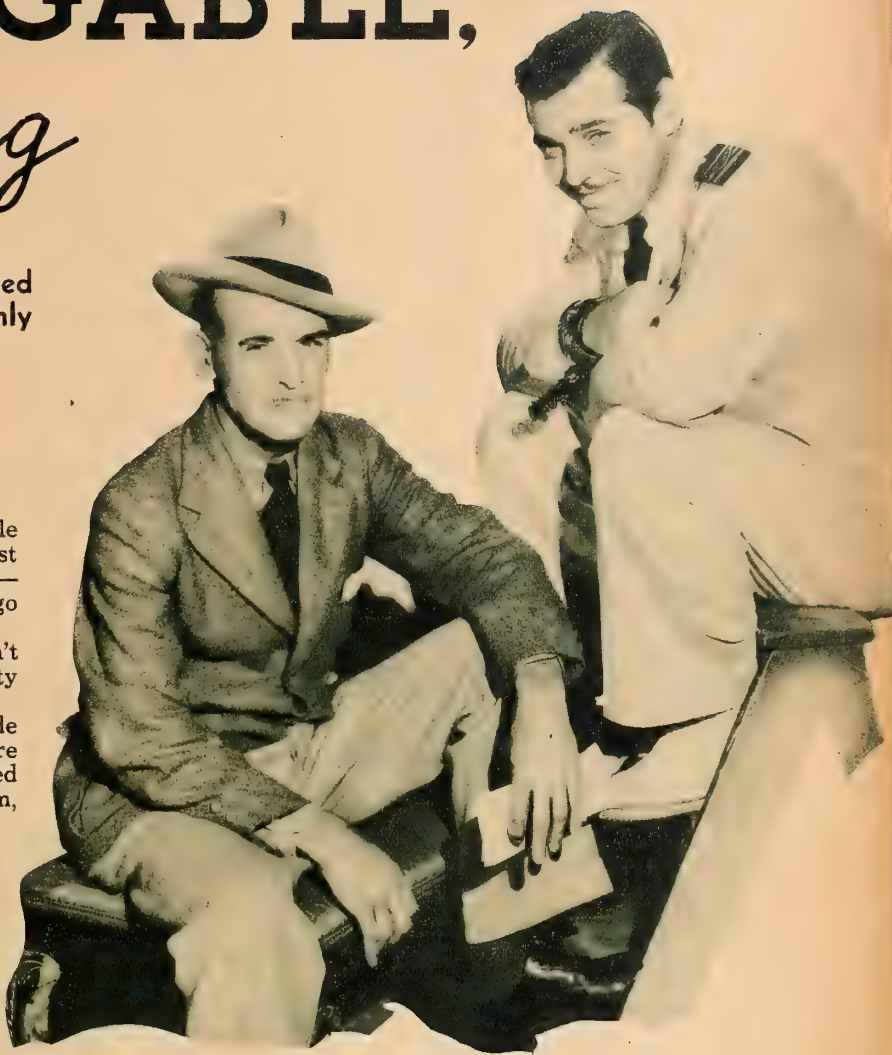
Jimmy picked a man sized job when he decided to interview Gable! This is for men only

by James Gleason

THIS IS NOT FOR WOMEN. If you are a female ... of any age ... don't read this, it won't interest you in the least. It should be labeled, in fact—**FOR MEN ONLY.** Oh, well—since you insist—go ahead and read it then.

How come I came to interview that guy Gable doesn't matter, the fact that I did interview him and got plenty out of it, does.

From the time the date for the interview was made until it actually came off I was busy trying to figure out a lot of questions I'd ask him. Hah! I never asked one of them! We got nicely seated in his dressing room, when—just to break the ice I said: "By the way, Clark, how're the ponies?" Well, that was all. Off we went in a cloud of—*well*, anyway, off we went. He told me about *his* horses and I told about *mine*—then we tried to talk each other down about all our horses. Just a couple of horsemen going to it. I didn't get in one question I'd meant to ask him. I did, however, find out one thing: *What he is aiming at when he quits pictures and settles down—*yeah, you've guessed it—HORSES. He aims to have a breeding farm, somewhere, and breed fine horses. Mostly thoroughbreds for racing, but I imagine he'll raise a few ponies and some jumpers and gaited show horses too—but the racing thoroughbreds will predominate. He loves to see the horses go galloping around the turf.



Here's Gleason, your demon reporter, with Gable himself, who couldn't be more close-mouthed if he used a zipper!



He didn't bring it back alive! Clarence Brown, M-G-M director, shows Clark Gable the rattles off a diamond-back rattlesnake he killed in Beverly Hills

● **AND WHAT A GOAL** that is to aim at! And the best of it is, he'll be good at it too. He's good at everything he tries—skeet—he's a swell shot; riding—in all its forms and that includes polo. (The studio won't let him play, that is, only between pictures. And as far as he's concerned that spells no dice). But he'd make a honey of a polo player; acting—well, I'LL leave that to you—for me he's *swell*. The only thing he does that he doesn't do well is talk about himself. At doing that the guy is a dead loss. And you're talking to a mugg who knows.

He'll talk about pictures—the stories—fellow actors—the stage—carrots—diets—the trout season—who's the best in the heavyweight class—the price of silver—whole wheat vs. white bread—the N. R. A.—or which is the best liniment for a bowed tendon in a horse—but don't ever—if you live to be a hundred years old—DON'T

EVER ask him about Clark Gable. He won't even give you a hint. For instance—how's this for a few questions and answers:

- Q. How are you going to be in this picture? (*Mutiny on the Bounty.*)
 - A. Yeah. What's your horse for the Santa Anita Handicap?
 - Q. You were swell in *It Happened One Night*.
 - A. I'll bet the salmon are running in Oregon now.
 - Q. Who do you think you're most popular with — women or men?
 - A. I made twenty-five straight skeet-shoot—ing against Captain Billy Fawcett.
 - Q. Do you lose
- [Continued on page 47]

Stars
Own
Stories

THE MAN

Grew

Love kiddies? Norman Taurog can't resist them! That's why he turns out grand kid pictures!



Yawning? No—Baby LeRoy is just laughing up his sleeve over what he did with Mr. Taurog's watch!

HOLLYWOOD CHILDREN NEED Norman Taurog as much as they need Santa Claus!

The "man who has never grown up" has been filling picture kids' stockings for years.

Looking over the roster of the famous kids this director has either discovered or developed, we may as well begin with Jack Cooper, the immortal "Skipper." To all Hollywood picture kids, the sympathetic, understanding and boyish director is always "Uncle Norm." But, to Jackie Cooper he is really "Uncle Norm."

Back in the Skipper, Sooky and Huckleberry Finn days of 1931 there were, besides Jackie Cooper, Junior Durkin, who has since grown up, Jackie and Bobby Coogan, Jackie Searle, Ben Alexander and Mitzi Green. More recently there are Virginia Weidler, Jimmy Butler, George Breakston, David Jack Holt and last but not least Baby LeRoy.

Ever since he won the Academy Award by his direction of *Skipper*, Taurog delivered an ultimatum to the Paramount studio. No more kid pictures! He didn't want to be "typed" in Hollywood. Accordingly, he set forth to direct Bing Crosby, Maurice Chevalier, W. C. Fields and other grown up stars.

But alas, everywhere the director went in the studio or out, he was sure to run into a couple of his small pals.



David Holt started out as one of Norman Taurog's protégés. In his one year career, he has played important rôles in five pictures

"Hey, Uncle Norm, wait a minute." Good-naturedly, the director would hearken to the "stop" signal, while the youngsters, whether singly or in groups, assailed him.

"Listen, pal, when are you going to put us in another picture? We gotta finish that game we were playing, you remember. Say pal didn't we have a lotta fun?"

Invariably, Uncle Norm was sunk. Invariably, the director's grown-up pals would be convulsed to see him take off for the nearest ice cream

parlor or department store completely surrounded by high-pitched yells, shrieks of glee and excited kids.

Invariably, the director would wind up back in the studio producers' office with a swell idea.

● THE SCENE WOULD go something like this:

"There's a great spot in this story for a kid," says Taurog, enthusiastically. "One of those wistful regular little fellers who tug at your heart strings. It's just what the story needs."

"Yeah, I know," agrees the producer, "that's what the writers wanted to do, but I knew you wouldn't stand for any more kid pictures."

Whereupon the director covers his sheepishness by waxing indignant. "Who said I wouldn't have kids?" he roars. "I did say I didn't want to make any more kid pictures, but I didn't say anything about not using kids in a picture when there's the right spot for



Virginia Weidler proves to John Beal in *Laddie* that charm can go with pigtails

WHO NEVER

Up

by SCOOP CONLON

them. Bing is the star of the story. isn't he? The kids will only be incidental."

The producer gives in, and after the director departs, he indulges in several hearty laughs and maybe a little celebration. He knows that kids in a Taurog picture, even if it boasts sure-fire grown-up stars like Bing Crosby or W. C. Fields spells just that much more money at the box-offices.

Taurog always manages to come up with new and promising children in most of his pictures. It wasn't long after he and his nephew, Jackie Cooper, shook hands and parted artistic company, than he cropped out with Baby LeRoy. It was the director's knowing eye and intuition that selected this unusual baby from a thousand-and-one applicants in a contest for the Maurice Chevalier picture, *A Bedtime Story*.

While this picture was rated as one of the funniest comedies of the year, there was nothing funnier in the picture than what actually happened between the Baby and Uncle Norm. As LeRoy was only a year of age, and much too young for the wily director of youngsters to work his uncanny knowledge of child-psychology, Taurog was forced to resort to the tried-and-true home methods of attracting and holding the child's attention.

In the scene Chevalier lets the baby play with his watch. LeRoy immediately hurls the watch on the floor, breaking it. Whereupon, Maurice with keen delight wangles his valet, Edward Everett Horton, to let the baby play with his timepiece. The audiences howled with delight anticipating what was going to happen to Horton's watch. It did, of course.

Behind the scenes the laugh was really on Taurog. It happened to be his own watch Baby LeRoy broke.

● WHEN THE CENSORSHIP drive hit Hollywood recently Norman was persuaded by the studio to direct *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*. It was rightfully figured that this good old-fashioned homey picture would prove a cleanup, particularly with the great kid director guiding Pauline Lord and her five children. These were Jimmy Butler and George Breakston as the boys, and Carmencita Johnson, Edith Fellows and Virginia Weidler as the



Mr. Taurog, who is Jackie Cooper's uncle, suspects foul play with Jackie creeping up from behind. They're the pair that captured the Academy Award with *Skippy*

immortal Asia, Australia and Europa Wiggs, respectively.

This quaint little Virginia Weidler, who has since proven up to Taurog's predictions, is quite a personality.

"I'll hold my breath and get black in the face," she threatened on the set one day when she happened to want an ice cream cone very badly. Apparently the little girl was very much taken with the possibilities of that famous line in the book. When the director got through laughing at the funny little face Virginia made when she held her breath, he immediately decided to build the comedy effect. Not only did it become one of the biggest running laughs in the picture, but this keen directorial touch in developing child personality made little Virginia Weidler famous over night.

Taurog did manage to dispense with

kids when he made the musical hit *College Rhythm*, but when he was assigned to direct *The Big Broadcast*, a musical which weds the radio and motion picture he incorporated a sketch for the wistful five-year-old David Jack Holt and his pet actress Virginia Weidler.

Things weren't going so well the day I was on the set. The kids were full of play. They couldn't keep their minds on the scene. Finally, in desperation, Taurog resorted to subtle bribery. He took Davy to one side:

"Listen, pal," says Norman, "I understand you're quite a skater."

Davy's chest swelled out in pride. "I sure am, pal," he replied. "How you doin'?" Uncle Norm?"

"Well, I'm pretty good too," admitted the director, "I like kids who can skate. You know, pal, if you can get in to this scene and give it the works I know where [Continued on page 44]

KITTY CARLISLE'S "BIG

by MARIAN RHEA

AUTUMN DAYS ARE Big Game days! And that doesn't mean a signal to sling your rifle over your shoulder and go hunting for bear, either. Big Games mean something different, but equally exciting, to most people these days—at least out here in Hollywood.

They mean FOOTBALL. . . . Days when you put on your newest swagger clothes, meet your best friends for lunch, then drive to the stadium for an afternoon of thrills. That is the program when the Game is at home. . . . Days when you pack your bags full of those same new clothes, never forgetting something completely ravishing for Big Game night, get into your car or onto the train and follow your favorite team 'way across state, sometimes even spending a night en route, for that same afternoon of thrills. . . .

Days which, instead of being the "melancholy days, saddest of the year" that Bryant wrote about, are the most replete with good times!

Consider the Big Game week-end that Kitty Carlisle of the lovely dark eyes and hair and silver voice is contemplating before the end of this month. She is going North by motor with some friends, leaving on a Friday



morning and returning on Monday. And this is a strange thing. . . . At least, it undoubtedly will seem strange to most American girls who know football almost as well as they know how to powder their noses. *Kitty has never seen a football game!* She confided this to me one afternoon when I stopped in at her Beverly Wilshire apartment for tea.

"You see, I was educated in Europe and our diversions there were different," she explained. "Then, when I came back to America and started studying drama, I was always too busy. So—this game I am going to see up north will be my very first."

● HOWEVER — ALTHOUGH KITTY may never have seen a football game, she certainly knows the kind of clothes you should have for one of those Big Game week-ends! She bought new ones for the trip and that day I had tea with her tried them all on for

HOLLYWOOD



"Tea for two!" You know that this is the situation because with Kitty Carlisle looking as lovely as she does in this black velvet day time formal, she would never be allowed to drink her tea alone! The gown is made with net sleeves, banded in ribbon and her hat—only Kitty could wear it demurely perched on the back of her head, this way—is of the saucer variety, trimmed with a tiny veil. Her slippers are black suede



Kitty is wearing her hunter's green velveteen suit which is just the thing for autumn out-of-doors events. You may have such a suit, too. Just order Pattern No. 515 illustrated above, right. It is available in sizes 14, 16, 18 years and 36, 38, 40-inches bust

GAME" WARDROBE

Kitty's smart new fall clothes add to the thrill of seeing her "very first" football game!

me. . . . They were absolutely perfect for such an excursion and wonderfully becoming as well.

First, there was her green velveteen suit. Velveteen is very smart this season, you know, and Kitty's suit was one of the smartest I have seen. It was made with plain skirt, flaring in front, and collarless jacket gathered onto a yoke, belted snugly and finished with a row of buttons down the front. Instead of a collar, Kitty had a polka dotted scarf in green and white to wear around her neck underneath the jacket with just a little showing at the top. There were also plain patch pockets to enhance the swagger effect.

Since such a suit would be just the thing not only for football afternoons but for many other occasions as well, perhaps you, yourself would be happy to have one like it. And if you would, this is possible. A pattern has been drafted and is available to you through Hollywood's Pattern Service, Pattern No. 515. It is offered as Hollywood's featured pattern for this month, for 25 cents.

● **ALTHOUGH THE SUIT** is very chic and tailored looking, it is simple to make and very successful. To wear with it, Kitty had selected a simple little net blouse for warm weather or a square-necked, softly woven green angora sweater in case the mercury decided to drop.

Accessories would be, she said, plain brown pumps, natural shade pigskin gloves and a green felt hat jaunty of tilt and adorned with perky green and cerise feather.

The coat that Kitty bought to go with the suit (all of her Big Game wardrobe was purchased at Martha Dean's shop in Beverly Hills) was rough tweed plaid, plaids being very good this season as you probably know. It was designed on loose, plain lines. Such a coat would be easy for you to make, too, if you'd like one, since a pattern has been drafted and is offered to you for only 15 cents, through HOLLYWOOD'S Pattern Service, No. 514.

Of course, for day time wear Kitty thought the suit and swagger coat would be warm enough, but she said she was going to take along a fur coat



—Photos by Charles Rhodes

With plaid tweeds the latest fashion for sports clothes this season, Kitty's green, beige and brown coat, seven-eighths length, is a smart feature of her Big Game wardrobe. Pattern No. 514, illustrated below, right, will enable you to make a coat like Kitty's at an amazingly low cost! It is offered in sizes 14, 16, 18 years and 36, 38 and 40-inches bust



for driving at night in case she and her friend had any of that to do.

And now, I am going to tell you about one of the most ravishing evening gowns I ever saw which Kitty planned to wear dancing on Big Game night!

It was an exquisite wisteria shade, in soft, heavy satin crepe, combined with darker purple velvet. The gown itself was straight of line, with a panel of shirring in the back to give fullness to the short train. In front, a huge purple velvet bow on the left shoulder, gathered with a clip of brilliants, was the only trimming, but a very lovely and very youthful adornment it was!

And there you have her Big Game Wardrobe. . . . Very smart and tailored for the game itself; very feminine and fascinating for that glamorous evening of dancing and romance which should mark Finis to every Football Saturday.

Coupon for Your Convenience

Hollywood's Pattern Service,
529 So. 7th St., Minneapolis, Minn.

Send me patterns checked. I enclose _____ in stamps or coin.

My size _____ My bust _____

515—Big Game suit 25c

514—Swagger coat 15c

Fashion Magazine (10c if you order a pattern) 15c

Name _____

Street _____

City _____



Any Woman can be Up to Date (in her information)

A great deal of the talk among women, on the subject of feminine hygiene, had better be disregarded. Some of it is garbled, incorrect, perhaps even dangerous. And some of it is just plain old-fashioned. Here are the facts, for any woman to read, and *bring herself up to date*.

With Zonite available in every drug store, it is old-fashioned to think that poisonous antiseptics are needed for feminine hygiene. There was a time in the past, when certain caustic and poisonous compounds actually were the only antiseptics strong enough for the purpose. But that day ended with the World War which brought about the discovery of Zonite.

Zonite is the great modern antiseptic-germicide—far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be safely used on human flesh. But Zonite is *not* caustic, *not* poisonous. This marvelous Zonite is gentle in use and as harmless as pure water. Zonite never injured any woman. No delicate membranes were ever damaged by Zonite, or areas of scar-tissue formed.

It is hard to believe that such power and such gentleness could ever be combined—as they are in Zonite. But what an ideal combination this is—for the particular requirements of feminine hygiene.

Also Zonite Suppositories (semi-solid)

Zonite comes in liquid form—30c, 60c and \$1.00 bottles. The semi-solid Suppository form sells at \$1.00 a dozen, each pure white Suppository sealed separately in glass vial. Many women use both. Ask for both Zonite Suppositories and Liquid Zonite by name, at drug or department stores. There is no substitute.

Send for the booklet "Facts for Women." This is a frank and wholesome booklet—scientific and impersonal. It has been prepared for the special purpose of bringing women up to date. Don't miss reading it. Just mail the coupon.

USE COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION FG-511
Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.
Please send me free copy of the booklet or booklets checked below.
() Facts for Women
() Use of Antiseptics in the Home

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(Please print name)
ADDRESS.....
CITY..... STATE.....
(In Canada: Sainte Therese, P. Q.)

Hugh O'Connell's BACHELOR SUPPER

Tired? Hand your husband
these recipes and let him
produce a delicious meal!

by ANITA BLAKE

HUGH O'CONNELL, his manly frame all done up in an apron and his head tied up in a towel—his own idea of a chef's cap—sat on a high stool in his kitchen and sliced lettuce a little awkwardly but with determined vigor, while his pal, Jack La Rue looked over his shoulder and kibitzed.

Hugh was making an elegant chef's salad. Jack was offering well meaning but unnecessary suggestions as to how to improve it. He thought there should be more radishes in it. But Hugh knew what he was doing.

"No, sir," he said, stoutly. "This is the way I've always made this here salad and this is the way I am going to make it now. You wait and see. It will be good, all right!"

Maybe you're wondering by now how Hugh happened to be salad making on this cool autumn evening. . . . Well, Hugh is an excellent cook and his bachelor suppers, prepared by himself and served with interesting informality in his roomy apartment high up in the Hollywood hills, are a by-word in the film colony.

For this particular supper, hash—



—Photo by Charles Rhodes

"It's simple," says Hugh, tackling the lettuce. Jack La Rue isn't so sure

believe it or not—was the *piece de resistance*. But don't judge his supper by this plebian sounding dish. Because Hugh's hash is in a class by itself. Here is how he makes it:

BAKED HASH

Equal amounts of ground cooked potatoes and ground cooked meat (beef, veal, lamb—whatever you prefer). To this add a small ground raw onion, then season with salt and pepper to taste. [Continued on page 58]

FOUR O'CLOCKS!

No, they're not an old-fashioned flower! They're an extremely modern cookie combination—neither pie crust nor cookie. But perfect with sherbet, with afternoon tea, at an evening party or as a table dessert. Write for the free recipe for "FOUR O'CLOCKS." Other free recipes you'll want are:

- California Candied Lemon Peel . . . Free
- Queen's Escalloped Oysters . . . Free
(A grand party dish for 12)
- Christmas Candies which never fail . . . 5 cents
- Bridge Bites for the Fall Months . . . 5 cents
- Penny Saving Meat Dishes 5 cents,

Address your letter to Anita Blake, Hollywood Magazine's Foods Editor, 529 South 7th Street, Minneapolis, Minnesota. And DON'T FORGET TO ENCLOSE A STAMPED, ADDRESSED ENVELOPE.

A Date With Rochelle Hudson

(Continued from page thirty)

● **MENTION OF WILL ROGERS** made us pause. His loss is so personal to all of Hollywood, and particularly to Rochelle who played in many of his pictures.

She recalled his many kindnesses as we drove along.

"There was that time when a reporter had me saying disparaging remarks about small towns," she mused. "I have to start way back to explain this story. When I first came to Hollywood in 1930, the publicity man assigned to my picture asked me where I was born. I told him Oklahoma. Next I knew I was reading that I had been born in Claremore, Oklahoma, Will Rogers' home town. No one bothered to publish a correction, and that's the way it stood.

"Some month's ago an interviewer asked me about Claremore. What was it like? I said my memory of it was somewhat prejudiced by the odor of the mineral water there—'radium water' they call it. It perfumes the place with the most terrible smell!"

Must be H'S, I thought, remembering my chemistry.

"Well, it came out in the papers that I had discussed Claremore in a more than uncomplimentary vein, and I was suddenly a quite notorious lady. Will Rogers went to bat for me. 'Don't you mind, honey,' he said, and he put something in his column to kid about it."

Rochelle had just finished speaking of the beloved Rogers when we arrived at the Coconut Grove.

Jimmy Manos, the maitre-de-hotel, who knows all the stars that glitter in the Hollywood heavens, led us to a table. Little whispers of admiration trailed in the wake of Rochelle: "It's Rochelle Hudson!" "Isn't she beautiful!" I walked on air behind this poised and charming girl.

And then—to dance with her!

Pardon me if I seem to be raving, but can't you imagine what it would be like to dance with Rochelle, in the Coconut Grove, to the music of Eddie Duchin? Such music, too! He makes a piano want to dance.

Rochelle dances with feathery grace. She studied dancing with the thought of a career as a ballerina, as you may know.

As for the dinner, I remember little of it except that Rochelle adores asparagus with hollandaise sauce. As we dined she told me something about her adventures in pictures. The cast had a lot of fun making *Way Down East*, despite the discomfort of snow scenes in midsummer.

Slim Summerville kept them in an uproar most of the picture, but all the comedy won't appear in the film, I judged.

● **THIS IS THE** picture that made Lillian Gish famous in the old silent days, remember? Janet Gaynor was to take the talkie lead, but an accident removed her from the cast and Rochelle, who has been in constant demand, was Winfield Sheehan's choice to replace her.

Rochelle is like neither Lillian Gish nor Janet Gaynor—her personality is definite, vital, assured, while one thinks of wistfulness in connection with Lillian and Janet.

A patter of applause interrupted us. Ruby Keeler's kid sister, Marjorie, was in the spotlight on the dance floor to do



Winding up the evening at the Trocadero, Rochelle Hudson and Mr. Acker are greeted by Lloyd Pantages, who covers Hollywood for the Hearst papers with a famous column

a tap dance. How her little heels flew! She looks very much like Ruby, and her dimpled smile is particularly like her sister's.

A few minutes later Marjorie Keeler came over to chat with Rochelle. She was quite excited over plans for her first radio broadcast. Brother-in-law Al Jolson was giving her a spot on his program.

Marjorie recalled when she worked with Rochelle in *Harold Teen*, and the fun they had together in that picture. "I went to see it three times one day," she said, "because I had a close-up in the picture."

After our demi-tasse, which is a much more fashionable than a satisfying manner of serving coffee, we called for the Ford and went jaunting.

The first stop was at Lamaze cafe on Sunset. It's one of those cozy little night spots where the genial host always has something entertaining up his sleeve. Marcel Lamaze twinkled at Rochelle and kissed her hand, making me infernally jealous, as he intended. Then, to calm my savage spirits, he summoned his troubadours and talented violinist.

● **MELODIOUS VOICES** and throbbing violin made romantic music for a happy hour, with Rochelle joining in on the songs she knew.

I hope she sings in a picture soon—so that you can enjoy her clear, sweet voice as we did. Vi Bradley, the singer, entertained next. She is the wife of Robert Andrews, formerly from Minneapolis and now a writer at Warners. His latest is *Little Big Shot*, he told me.

At last we bade Marcel and his enchanting place farewell, and drove on to The Trocadero for one last dance.

And now it was time to play "Home, Sweet Home" for Rochelle, for she must rise early tomorrow to start work on the new picture which Darryl Zanuck bought for her.

So it was we drove back to Beverly Hills at a discreet hour, and thus ended my date with Rochelle Hudson. But I'm afraid it will be hard to concentrate on such drab affairs as metallurgy this winter, when I remember those happy hours doing the night spots with Hollywood's newest and brightest star.

Capsule Guide

Tumbling Tumbleweeds—(Mascot)—A western picture that deserves mention because of the cowboy songs and the nice work of the Sons of the Pioneers, one of the best hillbilly groups on the radio.

Ariane (British International)—It's another triumph for Elisabeth Bergner. The story argues whether or not the man will marry the girl he once lived with. Bergner is good, so the film has to be.

Alice Adams—(RKO)—Katharine Hepburn steps forward again with another fine performance that should keep her tops with all her fans. Her vivaciousness is something of a marvel. Recommended.

Stéamboat Round the Bend—(20th Century-Fox)—It's Will Rogers' last production, completed just before his fatal northern trip. If you want to keep a lasting memory of a lovable American character, by all means see this film.

The Crusades—(Paramount)—Cecil B. DeMille offers another spectacle, and it's among his very finest. You will enjoy the human characterizations provided by Henry Wilcoxon, Loretta Young and Alan Hale.

Diamond Jim—(Universal)—It's the life story of the famous Diamond Jim Brady. You will leave the theatre praising the amazing work of Edward Arnold. Binnie Barnes and Jean Arthur rate next honors. Heartily recommended.

Special Agent—(Warner Brothers)—Is something of an afterthought to the current group of government agent films. There are two excellent reasons why the film is not a flop: George Brent and Bette Davis.

Forbidden Heaven—(Republic)—Charles Farrell finds a new partner in Charlotte Henry, the Alice in Wonderland girl who has much of Janet Gaynor's winsome wistfulness. Tears and laughter mingled in a touching romance of penniless people taking refuge in Hyde Park, London, beautifully photographed, makes this an oddly moving picture. Beloved Beryl Mercer is at her best.

Shanghai—(Wanger-Paramount)—The ladies will have more praise for Charles Boyer as the Mongol-Russian financier of the Orient. His futile love affair with Loretta Young is the whole story. Film is obscure at times but finishes up nicely.

China Seas—(M-G-M)—Clark Gable, Wallace Beery, Jean Harlow, Rosalind Russell and Lewis Stone in a grand picture. *Enough said—go!*

Curly Top—(20th Century-Fox)—Here is Shirley Temple at her very best—a picture that will please the most devout opponents to child acting. Shirley sings, clowns, and imitates to perfection. John Boles and Rochelle Hudson hold the remainder of the honors that Shirley hasn't garnered up. Standing room only.

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Charm School

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SAFETY
this
Proven
Easy
Way!



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48
POUNDS**

● At last! You can reduce **SAFELY**—no dangerous drugs! Now it is no longer necessary to be the slave of ugly fat. Here's a quick and easy method to lose excess weight, using a basic formula developed, thoroughly tested and proved by physicians at a nationally renowned research institution. So delightful to take, too—just like eating candy!

Why continue to endure hated fat, with all its embarrassment and humiliation? Others are finding it so easy to have alluring, slender figures, so why not you? This amazing new method not only makes fat vanish, pound after pound, but you look years younger and feel better in every way! This has been the experience of women everywhere, with SLENDRETS (Wafers), the new SAFE way to slenderness.

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You can help yourself to beauty
while doing your housework, if
you'll try these hints

by MAX FACTOR

YOUR HOME Is in a sense a stage—your personal stage. Small or large, it should be the background for *you*, for the particular type of good looks that is yours.

You know women—and so do I—who think beauty is for the street alone or for very special occasions. They'll tell you, "Heavens, I haven't time to fix up around the house!" And as a result their life is just about one-tenth as happy and interesting as it might be. . . .

Every stodgy idea like that ought to be thrown out the window. The truth is, and the most capable housewives have found it out, that it's quite as easy to look well around home as to look dingy. And think of the psychological effect. Whether you live in Alabama or Missouri or Alaska it's the same; just the sight of the woman-of-the-house with a freshly clean face, smooth hair and manicured nails calms the family like nothing else in the world. It's a sort of symbol that everything is all right, all's well at home!

So—come this November, toss out the stuffy stay-at-home drudge ideas. The weather may be overcast but don't let your viewpoint be! Get a fresh one. *One of the greatest aids to beauty is a contented mind.* Force yourself not to let small things worry you. If you can't remedy them, let them go. Don't fret—it only ruins the digestion and subsequently the complexion! But maybe you can do something to liven things up. With the kitchen walls, for instance. . . .

● **PERHAPS THEY'VE BEEN** reflecting a color unbecoming to you. That's the answer to more than one girl's sense of depression! Change them to a shade that accents your own coloring. Then make use of this valuable



Tala Birell believes that a calm spirit and proper environment go hand in hand with the beauty kit and skin care

trick—every clever business woman does. She keeps a beauty kit handy in her desk for quick repairs. Why shouldn't a housewife keep one in her kitchen?

The best place for it is on a shelf right below a mirror that's been hung in the best possible light. In a twinkling you can "fix up" when you hear hubby's key in the door or when the bell rings suddenly. A light dusting of powder over cheeks too flushed from a warm stove; a bit of eye shadow—it can be done deftly even though you are in a hurry.

This kitchen handy kit should contain besides the eye shadow and powder, rouge and lipstick, cream for the hands, and a face cream to quickly remove that spot of soot in an emergency, and a small bottle of eau de Cologne. A little eau de Cologne will not only ease that tired feeling but it will wrap you in a subtle fragrance that's most enticing.

Make-up too, should be light in the house for daytime wear. Your own color naturally heightens with the exercise.



JOAN

Why so fussy about
cleaning your face?
It's late.

LOTTY

I never leave stale
make-up on all night.

JOAN

What's the harm
in that?

LOTTY

Don't you know
stale make-up left
clogging the pores
causes ugly Cosmetic
Skin? Lux Toilet
Soap's made to
guard against it.



THE lather of Lux Toilet Soap is ACTIVE. That's why it protects the skin against the enlarged pores and tiny blemishes that are signs of Cosmetic Skin. If your skin is dull or unattractive, *choked pores* may be the unsuspected cause.

Don't risk this modern complexion trouble! Guard against it the easy way thousands of women find effective.

***Cosmetics Harmless if
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Lux Toilet Soap is especially made to remove from the pores every trace of stale rouge and powder, dust and dirt. 9 out of 10 screen stars have used it for years because they've found it *really works*.

Why not follow their exam-

ple? Use all the cosmetics you wish! But before you put on fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night—give your skin this gentle care that's so important to loveliness—and charm!

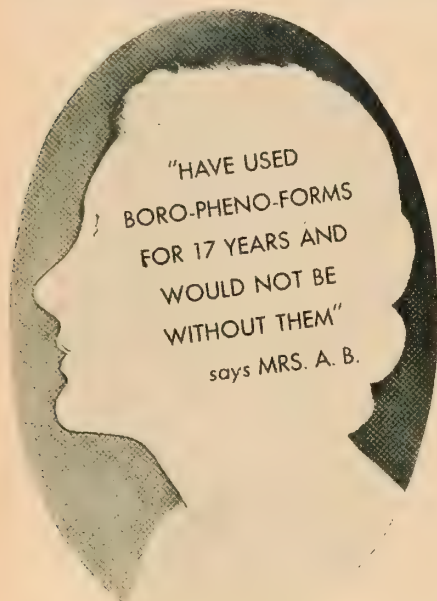
Margaret Sullavan

Star of Universal's "NEXT TIME WE LIVE"



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I AVOID COSMETIC
SKIN BY REMOVING
MAKE-UP WITH
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IN HOLLYWOOD WITH PEGGY WOOD



THOSE OF US who knew Will Rogers — and that means the world itself—feel a deep loss in the tragedy of his death. But those of us who knew him personally are doubly grateful for that privilege now. And all of us are grateful to the many living records, his films, his sayings, where we may refresh that memory again and again.

Ever since the days with Fred Stone and Dave Montgomery in *The Lady of the Slipper*, when Will Rogers used to come to see Mr. Stone, I have known and loved him. Later when I was starring in *The Clinging Vine*, a musical comedy which had to do with a girl who owned a paint business, I suddenly discovered the country was dotted with paint clubs who wanted me to make speeches—it was just before a presidential campaign, so I made it my business to unofficially stump the country with "Will Rogers for President."

I believe—in fact, I know—that I was the first to propose the idea and I wish you could have seen the response. At first, everyone thought it was a great joke. Finally, when I had succeeded in impressing them with my seriousness, I was invariably greeted after the speech by men whose minds had suddenly been stimulated by the idea . . . all of them felt Will Rogers was just what America needed.

Mr. Rogers didn't know about this until long after—mind you, this was in 1923 . . . but I had the pleasure of telling him myself when we met up one evening in the Savoy Grill in London. "Aw, go on!" was his characteristic reply. I wish I had!

A quick hop to New York and back last month was exciting. Myrna Loy was there. She autographed literally reams of slips, until her right hand refused to work any longer. And then, bless her, she wrote with her left. She was a great joy to the girls (of all ages). They were dumbfounded and delighted to find out she has freckles.

The summer theatres in and around New York were very gay. If you are

one of those ambitious stage aspirants, this is your haven. Moving picture representatives see all these summer productions, and are always on the spy for new talent.

Rose Hobart, who seems to have forsaken pictures for good, was appearing in the Red Barn production I saw in Locust Valley. She was beautifully dressed, one frock in particular I liked. Of black satin with a biege wool coat, the belt was a wide swathe of black satin as if the dress showed through. She carried black accessories and wore a black satin hat. It was the perfect thing for the play and the perfect thing for early Fall wear.

The stage settings were even better than some you see in New York. Quite a change from the days when Henry Fonda, now Hollywood's new sensation, had to plan and paint a whole production at Mount Kisco for about thirty dollars! I can see him now, stripped to the waist, working in the blazing sun, painting away for dear life, learning his lines with the other hand, so to speak, if he was to be in the next week's production!

Hot to unbearable stuffiness though it was at the Tavern Club, that eyrie of Chicagoans thirty stories in the air by Lake Michigan, Anna May Wong was cool and composed as ever, and up to the next minute sartorially. I wonder how anyone else could wear with such utter becomingness the little red hat she had perched on her lovely head? It was like an upsidedown funnel without the spout, if you know what I mean.

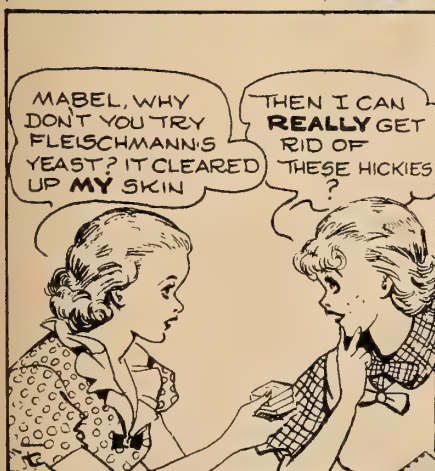
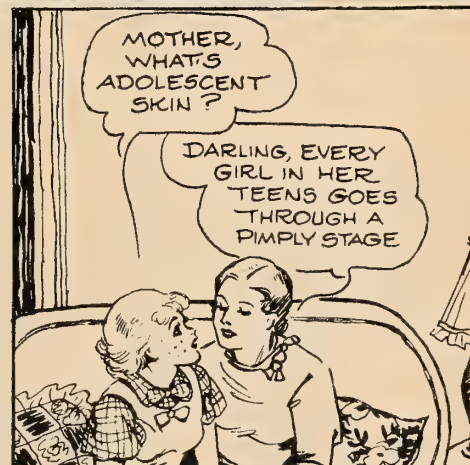
Those women who are becoming so admirably air-minded have their other problems now. What to wear to keep from getting "mussed." One has to be ingenious about it, and Elissa Landi, who flew to New York with me was all of that, I thought. Her dress was black, tailored taffeta. Imagine anything more immune from the ravages of sitting for hours!

HOLLYWOOD



**DON'T ASK MABEL—
HER SKIN GIVES ME
THE WILLIES!**

**Read
how
Mabel
won lots
of new
dates**



**Don't let adolescent
pimples humiliate YOU**

Between the ages of 13 and 25, important glands develop. This causes disturbances throughout the body. Harmful waste products get into your blood. These poisons irritate the skin—and pimples pop out on the face, chest and back.

Fleischmann's Yeast clears those skin irritants out of your blood. And the pimples disappear!

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals, until your skin has become entirely clear. Start today!

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—clears the skin

**by clearing skin irritants
out of the blood**

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The Man Who Never Grew Up

(Continued from page thirty-five)

there's a pair of skates waiting for you."

"Stream line?" asks Davy.

"Stream line, pal," says Norman. Davy shoved out his little fist. "O.K. pal, I'll do my stuff, but I don't know about that little Virginia kid over there"—pulling himself up to his full three feet.

"Leave that to me," advised Norman and added warningly, "but don't you tell Virginia that I promised you a pair of skates."

When Davy got busy rehearsing his lines, the wily director got busy with Virginia, who was vaguely playing with a missing front tooth.

"Virginia, I understand you have some doll house," began Taurog.

"I got the biggest and bestest. . ."

"O. K., O. K." agreed the director, "I know you have, honey, but I know where there's the biggest and prettiest doll in Hollywood waiting for you. That is, if you get into this scene and do your stuff."

Virginia's eyes widened, "O-o-oh! I'll do it all right, Uncle Norm, but I don't know about that little boy."

"Leave that to me," said Uncle Norm, "but don't you dare tell Davy that I'm giving you a doll."

Well, the kids kept their agreements, but the moment the scene was over, they started frolicking around the set, singing, "We gotta secret, we gotta secret."

"Hey, Virginia. . . Davy," shouted Uncle Norm, "you didn't tell each other what I told you not to?"

As they were shaking their heads in the negative he added: "O. K. Davy, what did I promise you?"

"A DOLL!" shouted Davy, in his excitement, and to the director's consternation and our amusement, Virginia added between skips:

"SKATES! I get some stream-line skates."

Even the kids got a real laugh when they realized their mistakes, but Uncle Norm got even. When his assistant brought the prizes on the set, he gravely presented the skates to Virginia and the doll to Davy. Their stricken faces were worth the price, but they lost no time in straightening things out.

A story about Norman Taurog wouldn't be complete without a story about Jackie Cooper. They are inseparable.

I happened to be visiting Norman Taurog at his home in Beverly Hills one day recently when Jackie busted in, smartly dressed as a West Point cadet.

"How do you like me, Uncle Norm?" he shouted, pivoting around the study. Talk about rags to riches. Before Uncle Norm could reply, Jackie topped his "début," by carefully dusting off a chair with the plume of his hat, explaining "Don't want to get my pants dirty."

After exchanging winks and getting our pants straightened out, I said, "By the way, Jackie, what are you going to be when you grow up? Are you planning to keep on acting?"

"Gee, I'd like to, but shucks, I'm afraid they'll forget me by then," retorted Jackie. "I did want to be an aviator, but if I stay in pictures I guess I'll be a director." I ventured surprise.

"You know where I got the idea?" demanded Jackie. "Uncle Norm took me

[Continued on page 47]

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MIRIAM HOPKINS

in Samuel Goldwyn's
"BARBARY COAST"

Max Factor's Make-Up
Used Exclusively

Miriam Hopkins

Reveals Her
Beauty Secret



..and Another Woman Becomes Beautiful

MIRIAM HOPKINS and Janet Ross met in Hollywood for the first time since their school days together. Only a few years had passed, but what a change it had made in the two girls! Miriam Hopkins was lovelier than ever, charming, poised. Janet was dull-looking, self-conscious, awkward.

"Please tell me," asked Janet, "is there anything an average girl like me can do to be more attractive?"

Of course there was! The first step to beauty was to obtain expert advice, so Miriam Hopkins took Janet to Max Factor, the Hollywood genius of make-up. To her delight and amazement, Janet learned that the secret of beauty which had dramatized the loveliness of Miriam Hopkins could be used by anyone.

"Color harmony make-up will reveal the beauty in your face just as it does with screen stars," Max Factor told Janet. "You shall see for yourself what powder, rouge and lipstick in your color harmony shade will do."

With the instinct of a true artist, Max Factor selected and applied the colors that would bring out in the dull little face before him, the priceless and elusive thing called beauty. Rachele powder to enliven the skin and give it satin-smoothness, Blondeen rouge to give alluring lifelike color to the cheeks, Vermilion lipstick to accent the youthful tone of the lips. Color harmony powder, rouge, lipstick...the living portrait was finished...and another woman experienced the joy of seeing for the first time, beauty in her own face!

Would you like to see what an amazing change color harmony make-up will bring about in your face? If you are a blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead, there is a color harmony make-up that will transform you into a radiant new being...Max Factor's Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. At all leading stores.



Would you like Max Factor to give you a personal make-up analysis, and send you a sample of your color harmony make-up? Would you like an illustrated booklet on "The New Art of Society Make-Up?" Mail the coupon and all these will be sent to you.

Janet Ross

Tells Her Own Story About
COLOR HARMONY MAKE-UP

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"MAX FACTOR'S ROUGE is creamy-smooth, and blends so perfectly that the lovely tones appear to be my own coloring. It keeps its true color in any light because the color harmony shades are light-tested.

"MAX FACTOR'S SUPER-INDELIBLE LIPSTICK is moisture-proof, so I apply it to the inner as well as the outer surface of the lips giving them an even, harmonized color that is really lasting."

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP—Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick in Color Harmony



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Send Please Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade; also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page Illustrated Instruction book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up"... FREE.

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COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
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Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEAD
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
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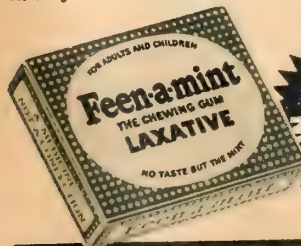
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and I forgot
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THE CHEWING-GUM LAXATIVE

Topper's Film Reviews

(Continued from page eleven)

STREAMLINE EXPRESS—(Republic-Mascot)—The idea was to offer a Grand Hotel on wheels, from coast to coast in twenty hours aboard a train as wide as a barn and two stories high. The interiors are so magnificent that they fill up a good-sized ship. The story itself is hardly worth the setting, but Victor Jory does a good piece of comedy. Vince Barnett garners a few laughs. Ralph Forbes, Evelyn Venable, Sidney Blackmer and a few others are taken for a ride on the monstrous train.



THE GAY DECEPTION—(20th Century-Fox)—Francis Lederer leads off the cast in a gay, amusing story about a big-time hotel. Things get going when Frances Dee comes to the city with her lottery winnings with the sole idea of shooting the works. Lederer, a foreign prince in disguise, is working in the hotel in an attempt to decide if the management is capable of handling a chain in his own country. The story develops rapidly, with Miss Dee emerging with one of the best comedy performances of the year. You can't go wrong on this one.



HERE'S TO ROMANCE—(20th Century-Fox)—Nino Martini stops the show with some grand grand opera! If you are a Grace Moore fan, you can't help but get a thrill out of the fine music in *Here's to Romance*. Martini's voice is one of the grandest that has ever reached the screen. The utter simplicity of the singing by Madame Schumann-Heink is both thrilling and touching. Additional orchids go to Madame Maria Gambarelli for her dancing and to Anita Louise for a pleasing performance.



TWO FOR TONIGHT—(Paramount)—They didn't do right by our Bing Crosby when they produced this one. It's a passable film that manages to keep almost out of the rut. Joan Bennett isn't given half a chance to display her talents, and Bing doesn't get any super song hits to sing. Since he never did lay claim to being a maestro at acting, Bing doesn't exactly score a hit. Nevertheless, the film will please most of his followers.

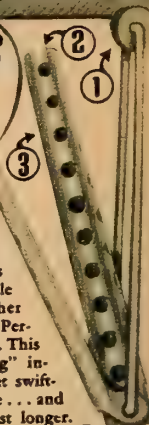


HARMONY LANE—(Republic-Mascot)—Based upon the life of Stephen Foster, *Harmony Lane* emerges as a touching musical film brimming with such old favorites as *Oh, Suzanna*, *Swanee River* and *Old Black Joe*. Douglass Montgomery excels as Foster. Clarence Muse, in ordinary life leader of a fine choir of negro voices, plays the rôle of Old Black Joe. His flock of musicians do the darkie singing acts to perfection. Adrienne Ames and Evelyn Venable handle the two feminine rôles nicely.



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HOLLYWOOD

The Man Who Never Grew Up

(Continued from page forty-four)

to the preview of Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Gee, it was a swell picture. When we came out of the theater, everybody was crowding around Uncle Norm sayin' what a swell picture it was, and what a great director he was, and they were all congratulating those other kids, too. 'Course they were swell, too.

"You know somethin'. Nobody took a tumble to me at all. A few fellas I knew said 'hello, Jackie,' and nothin' else at all.

"When Uncle Norm and I were ridin' home in his car, I made up my mind to become a director."

When I told the story to Taurog later, he grinned.

"You know what I did and what Jackie really said to me in the car? I framed our friends to sort of ignore Jackie at this preview. It was a tough job, too, because the studio gang think Jackie is a regular fellow. Well, after it was all over, and we were on our way home, Jackie said, 'Uncle Norm, that was a swell picture. You know, when I grow up I want to be a director like you. The public sure does forget us actors in a hurry.'"

Like nephew, like uncle.

"I was a stage kid," admitted Taurog. "My mother put me on the stage in New York when I was nine years of age. Until I was sixteen I played many juveniles, including one in 'The Good Little Devil' with Mary Pickford. When she made the picture with Biograph I went with her. That's how I got my start in pictures.

"But when I got near the awkward age, I found out that nobody wanted me as an actor.

"That's why I've worked ever since my teens to become a director."

Maybe Jackie is right, at that.

Clark Gable, a Nice Mugg

(Continued from page thirty-three)

yourself in each part you portray?

A. How would it be if you were to find yourself a nice lake for purposes of jumping in?

● THOSE ARE just samples. Try asking him sometime and see what he says.

What I just said above about answering questions about himself goes for every-one and every time. BUT once in a while he lets his hair down and turns loose a little. Not often—just once in a great while. And you've got to be on the job every minute or you'll miss it. It's something that happens to his eyes. He sort of opens the door and lets you in for a minute—and when he does it's great.

He's a nice guy, that Gable. A mugg—sure—but a nice mugg. I've known that Gable for several years. Met him at parties—on sets—at lunch—dinner—the track—riding—all sorts of places and under all sorts of conditions. I've never seen him paw the ground over a little thing. I've never heard him put anyone on the pan—children, dogs, horses and drunks come to him readily—yes, and sober grown-ups too.

Yes, sir, that Gable is a nice guy!

NOVEMBER, 1935



"I have . . . REDUCED MY HIPS 9 INCHES with the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE"

. . . writes Miss Jean Healy



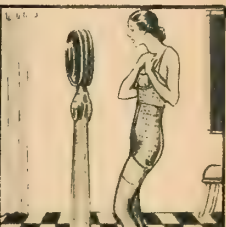
"I read an 'ad' of the
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"The massage-like
action did-it...the
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"In a very short time
I had reduced my hips
9 INCHES and my
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REDUCE

YOUR WAIST AND HIPS

3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS OR

...it won't cost you one penny!

WE WANT YOU to try the Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere. Test them for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then if without diet, drugs or exercise, you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, they will cost you nothing!

Reduce Quickly, Easily and Safely!

● The massage-like action of this famous Perfolastic Reducing Girdle and Brassiere takes the place of months of tiring exercises. You do nothing, take no drugs, eat all you wish, yet, with every move the marvelous massage-like action gently reduces surplus fat, stimulating the body once more into energetic health.

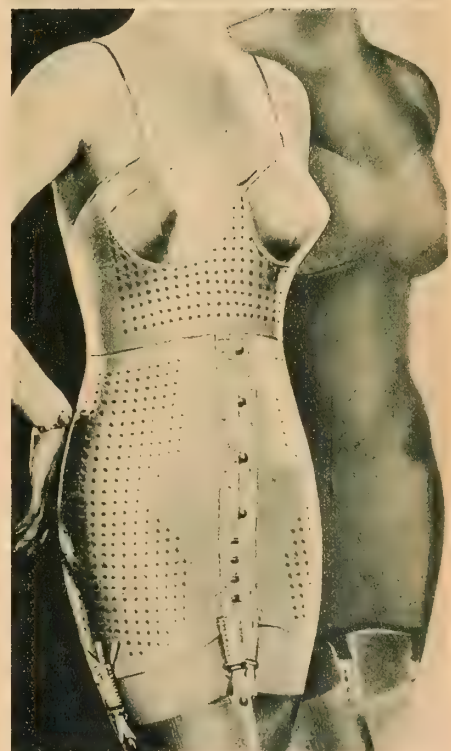
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● And it is so comfortable! The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breathe normally. The inner surface of the Perfolastic is a delightfully soft, satinated fabric, especially designed to wear next to the body. It does away with all irritation, chafing and discomfort, keeping your body cool and fresh at all times. There is no sticky, unpleasant feeling. A special adjustable back allows for perfect fit as inches disappear.

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A Woman's Dangerous Age

(Continued from page thirty-two)

me from stagnating. And I believe that all women should have some work or interest outside themselves during their early twenties. I learned that you have to develop into a real personality during those years, or else become just another pretty girl who has faded. You have to grow up—or else grow old!

"Too many women have just one ambition during their twenties. They want marriage. Then they settle down and become housewives and let their own characters go. Marriage is important, naturally, but it shouldn't submerge any woman's personality. It should not wholly consume her life.

"I tried to keep the canvas broad. To forget the temporary problems of love and a career, and see the panorama of my whole life stretching out before me."

She stirred restlessly on the studio couch, slim and lovely in her tailored brown pajamas. The gold of her hair blends with her creamy brown arms, tanned from a series of hilarious tennis matches with her friend, Bing Crosby.

"Right now," she told me, "I'm looking forward to my thirties—with delight instead of with loathing. I believe *thirty the most wonderful age for a woman*. All the best stage stars—all the famous women of history—have been at their best in their thirties. Then a woman has become mellow and dignified. In her clothes, her manner, and even the way she walks, she has gained a certain importance. Her years of worry and self-doubt should be over—if she has gained experience, *grown*, during the dangerous twenties!

"Lots of women may question this, but I definitely regard the teens and twenties as a darned dull time, even if it is fashionable to look back regretfully on the days when you were sweet sixteen! I look back regretfully—because I'm ashamed of some of the fool things I did!

● "I WENT through the jazz-mad age with a vengeance, and spent almost every night dancing at the Coconut Grove. Dancing was all I thought of, and to be a superb dancer was the tops, in my estimation. I'd have laughed at the idea of becoming a mere dramatic actress!"

She smiled reflectively. "It took me years to live down my reputation of being 'the Charleston Kid,'" she said thoughtfully. "That's what I mean when I say the early twenties are dangerous. You think you know what you want. You think you've had some experience with life. Really, you're fooling yourself. You can't know until you've lived and acquired wisdom!

"How many divorces come about," she demanded suddenly, "just because girls rush into marriage during their early twenties? I don't know the statistics, but there are plenty. Girls haven't had time to develop their personalities. They don't even know the kind of men they really want!

"My ideas of men," she admitted, "have changed every few years. I like a different sort of man now than I did when I was eighteen or twenty. Every girl is bound to change as she grows and develops. Now I'm more appreciative of

Deformed or Injured Back

Thousands of Remarkable Cases

A Man, helpless, unable to stand or walk, yet was riding horseback and playing tennis within a year. An Old Lady of 72 years, suffered for many years, was helpless, found relief. A Little Child, paralyzed, was playing about the house in 3 weeks. A railroad man, dragged under a switch engine and his back broken, reports instant relief and ultimate cure. We have successfully treated over fifty-nine thousand cases in the past 30 years.

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Every sufferer with a weakened, injured, diseased or deformed spine owes it to himself to investigate. Doctors recommend it. Price within reach of all.

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Simply apply Dr. Dennis' cooling, antiseptic, liquid D. D. D. Prescription. Quickly relieves the itching torture of eczema, eruptions, rashes and other skin afflictions. Its gentle oils soothe the irritated and inflamed skin. Clear, greaseless, and stainless—dries fast. Stops the most intense itching instantly. A 35c trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or money back.

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sweetness and thoughtfulness in a man. I know that good looks and surface charm isn't everything. I have acquired a balance that comes only with experience.

● "I'm Not blaming my own divorce," she added quickly, "on my age, even though I was twenty-two when I married Bill Powell and twenty-four when we separated. I didn't rush into it, but gave it eight months of serious consideration. That we failed was simply the result of two completely incompatible natures. It might have happened to me at sixteen—or at forty!"

"But I think, perhaps, that I have been too independent—another failing of the twenties. Girls of that age are so eager to take on responsibilities. They rush into business and into marriage so earnestly—so intensely! Perhaps that's one reason why so many marriages of the twenties smash.

"I had a lot of knocks, naturally. They were good for me. I was thrown out of one studio," she admitted humorously, "and I made plenty of bad pictures. But it's better to have your grief and hardships at that age, when you can learn by them, than to have too much early success!

"Failure, divorce, and hardships needn't be fatal if you learn by them. I believe any sort of experience can be valuable to a woman if she realizes that she still has to grow and develop—to gain an entity in her own being!"

We thought Carole's amazing career, from her first "discovery" at fifteen amid a blazing whirlwind of publicity, through her days as a Mack Sennett bathing beauty, until now when she is one of the most brilliant dramatic actresses of the screen. Her smashed romance with William Powell. Her friendship with Russ Columbo, tragically broken by his death.

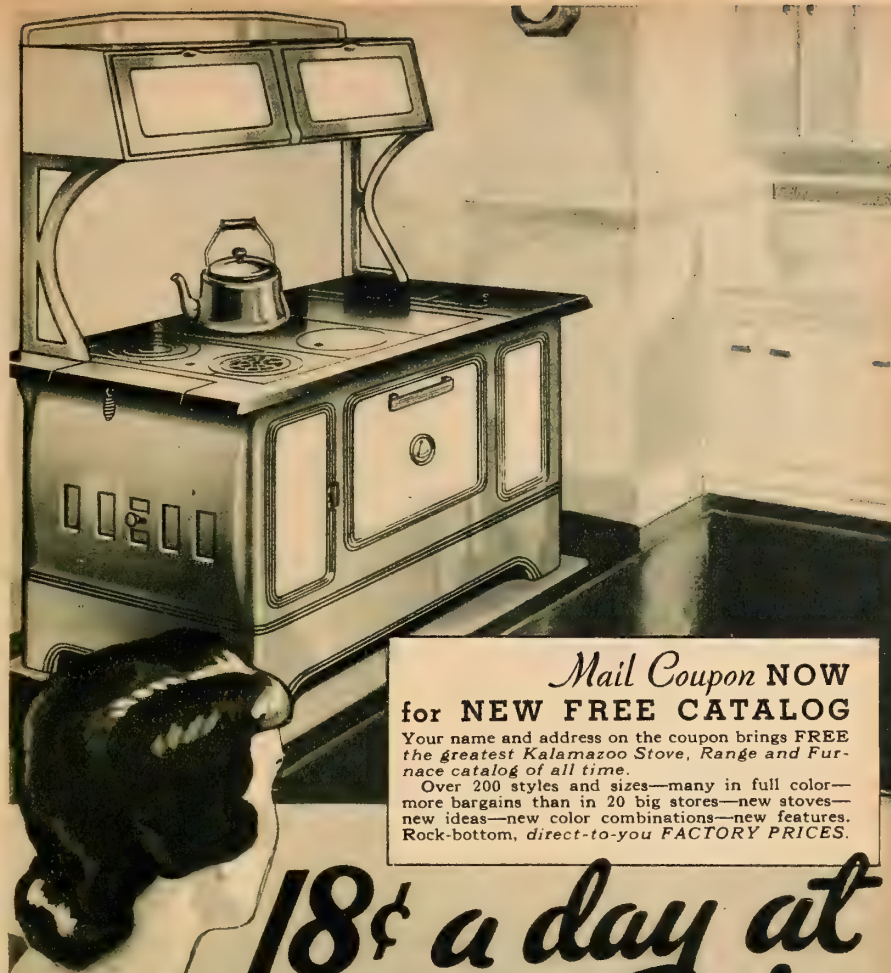
At any point in her career she might have stopped—jelled into the personality of a hey-hey dancing girl. Remained always a mere beautiful clothes-horse. We mentioned several former stars who had done just that. She asked me not to print their names.

Instead Carole has gone on—developed into a woman of poise and charm who can be very gay or thoughtfully serious, who can appreciate the broadest joke or the most subtle flash of wit, who is attracted by men of brilliant intellect—men like Robert Riskin, the playwright, who often takes her out.

"The dangerous early twenties were a time of preparation," she told me. "I'm glad I have crammed all sorts of experiences into them. I'm still learning—still trying to grow and develop. I'm just beginning to live!"

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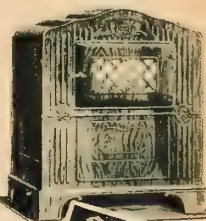
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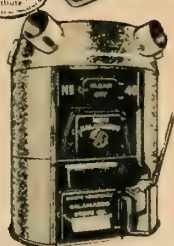
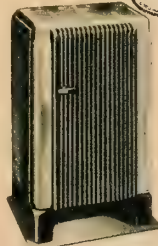
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10 Rules for Love from Mae West

(Continued from page twenty-four)

hustle around for you! The more he
fetches and carries the more he likes it.
The minute you begin to pamper him
he'll begin to pout and look around for
someone else.

"Know more than one guy at a time!
Keep a flock of 'em around . . . the more
the merrier! Remember . . . COMPETI-
TION! He'll get jealous? SURE! He
loves being jealous!"

● **LAY OFF** the diets! Don't be afraid of
gaining a few pounds. I never did
meet a fella that didn't like curves.
Curves and a good-natured disposition go
together . . . they're easy goin'! They
don't holler and nag if cigar ashes get
spilled on the new parlor rug, or if he
forgets to scrape his feet outside on a
muddy day, or if he has a passion for
thick steaks and mashed potatoes. A
dieting woman won't eat mashed pota-
toes and it gets her goat to see anyone
else enjoying them. Nothing interests the
dieting one so much as keeping her figger
. . . not even keeping her man! But, re-
member, I said 'curves' . . . that doesn't
mean humps or bumps in the shape of a
coupla spare tires!

"DON'T two-time! Play the game
straight or don't play it at all! Keep other
men for a background . . . but STOP
RIGHT THERE! I don't know why, but
a jane that cheats at love becomes
declassé, like a man that cheats at cards!
"Leave the past alone! What a guy
don't know doesn't hurt him!"

"What happened last year, or five years
ago, is nobody's business but your own.
You couldn't make him understand it
anyway!"

● **MAE PAUSED** for breath and to look
around for approval.

She was met with a stony silence.

"Axioms of the nineties!" someone mut-
tered . . . maybe it was I.

"The gal of the nineties generally got
her man . . . and held him! That's more
than you can say of the modern woman.
Look at the divorcees!" she retorted.

"I take my nineties seriously . . . I love
'em. Other stars who played in stories
of the nineties didn't! I dressed my 1890
gal beautifully . . . they dressed theirs in
ridiculous clothes. They emphasized the
comic angle . . . the result . . . a cari-
cature! A tin-type! To me the nineties
were the most glamorous period in Ameri-
can history. I tried to put some of the
color of that time into my plays. I think
the women of the nineties were the most
fascinating women in the world. Take
Lillian Russell for instance! There are no
Lillian Russells today!"

"The gal of the nineties dressed to
please men not to please herself. She
wore ruffles, trains, big plumed hats and
carried parasols and amethyst-studded
gold mesh bags. She had hips and a bust
and was proud of 'em. She rustled when
she walked. She left a FEW things to the
imagination! Sex was a mystery in those
days and women typified the mystery . . .
their femininity was their trump card!
Today NOTHING is left to the imagina-
tion. Consider the advertisements in the
magazines! The bathing suits! Women
have become sorta sexless! It's getting
harder to tell the girls from the boys!"

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Harry Carr's Shooting Script

(Continued from page eighteen)

thinking that Charlie has slipped away; but theirs is not the right reason. There are no adored heroes on the screen any more (except Shirley). There are too many of them. America's sweetheart has become a harem.

Prejudices

There is one actress against whom I am frank to say I am prejudiced as an artiste although I like her personally; and this prejudice is based on one scene which had such an effect on my mind that I have never been able to efface it.

The actress is Ann Harding; and the scene was in a picture whose title I have forgotten. Anyhow, there was a scene in which her lover thought she was crying and she was really laughing. That kind of scene gets my goat anyhow and Miss Harding made about the worst mess of it that any one could accomplish without years of special research and investigation. Her shoulders heaved as though she had a flea down her back.

Whatever part she has taken since, I have never been able to get that out of my mind.

And Anyhow

When I was with Griffith in the movies, my long suit was acting. I had been studio manager, scenario editor, production advisor. When we parted, D. W. told me with candor that I was the worst studio manager he had ever had in his long career. But on the other hand, I was the best judge of acting he had ever met.

Well then . . . I will give Mary Pickford's house and Charlie Chaplin's studio to any one who can prove to me that he ever saw a girl cry to the point of shoulder heaving—and remained standing up. Brethren when they cry standing up, they just cry softly—kind of leak. When a passion of tears wracks them, they fling themselves on something—usually a he-shoulder.

The talented Ann ought to see a girl cry some time; she would learn a lot.

Janet Grows

The Farmer Takes a Wife shows a Janet Gaynor who is growing. With every picture she has more power and strength and technique.

There was a day when her sugary sweetness filled me with an almost intolerable desire to crowd a lemon pie all over her countenance. But the girl is getting good. I must confess that even in her saccharine days there was something about her that hinted of latent and untouched springs.

Tops

There aren't many girls in whom I can find similar potentialities.

My special screen passion is Claudette Colbert. She raises my temperature like a steam boiler every time I see her on the screen—and I like her off the screen too.

But with blinding tears I shall have to acknowledge the truth; that Claudette has risen as high as she is ever likely to get. Her great charm is a placidity of spirit that does not promise further depths.

NOVEMBER, 1935

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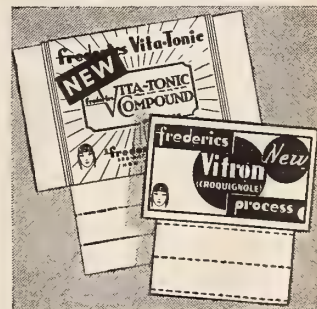
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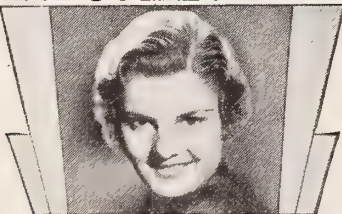
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Mickey, Maestro of Mischief

(Continued from page nineteen)

in the *Dream* I wandered into an office over at M-G-M one day and there, across a mahogany desk, as dignified and endowed with aplomb as a bank president, was Mickey. He was waiting for someone and so was I so we waited together. Our conversation was something like this:

"It is a very nice day, don't you think?"—this from Mickey, pleasantly.

"It is, indeed," I agreed.

"I am waiting to keep an appointment to go over a new script," he vouchsafed. "That should be interesting."

"Yes. Of course, there have been so many pictures in my life that I get used to them. I've played in more than a hundred-and-fifty," he told me.

"That is a lot of pictures," I said. "You are not able to do much of anything else, are you?"

He considered. "Well, no and yes. Naturally, I can't be working all of the time. There is school to consider. My education is not yet complete. Also, I go in for sports rather extensively."

Although a little disconcerted at finding a twelve-year-old boy capable of such grown-up discourse, I tried to play up.

"You are interested in sports?" I asked.

"Yes, especially tennis. I should like to take up tennis very seriously if anything should happen to my career."

"What could happen?"

"Nothing that I can see. But I know how Hollywood is. You never can tell what is waiting 'round the corner. An actor gets the breaks one day. The next, for some inexplicable (yes, that is the word he used) reason, he's through."

● HERE, It occurred to me that a young man so contemplative of life and fate must also have given a thought or two to love. I asked him...

"Ever been in love?" I inquired.

"Yes," he said, unhesitatingly. "I am in love right now. Her name is Barbara. She lives in Pasadena. She is a lovely girl. I don't have much time to see her, of course, but we correspond regularly."

"I don't suppose you're thinking of marriage, yet?"

"Well, no, not yet. But I do think it is a good thing for a man to marry young. (Words of wisdom from a twelve-year-old.)

The phone rang, then, and I rose to go. "Goodbye, Mickey," I said. "It has been nice seeing you."

"Goodbye," he said, offering his hand. "It has been nice seeing you, too. I have enjoyed our talk very much."

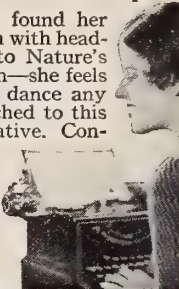
And that was the Mickey I saw that day, before he became acquainted with "Puck"—a likable, polite, considerate boy in years but a poised young man withal. And he puzzled me—distracted me, too, although I didn't know exactly why. He was happy, of course. Few boys had gone so far toward success. But I couldn't get it out of my mind that he was missing something. Had this Mickey ever drawn a tick-tack across a window on Hallowe'en? I wondered. Or tied a little girl's braids to a school desk? Or sent a comic valentine? Had he ever been a real, honest-to-goodness boy?

Not long ago, there came to Hollywood a genius of the drama by the name of Max Reinhardt. A *Midsummer Night's*

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HOLLYWOOD

Dream, Shakespeare's magnificent brief for nonsense, was scheduled at the Hollywood Bowl and Mickey Rooney was selected to play "Puck," living symbol of mischief.

● **DRAMA SURROUNDS** this choice. Reinhardt had produced the *Dream* nine different times, but never before had allowed a boy to play Puck. He had always considered the rôle too difficult for an adolescent player. Too subtle. When someone suggested Mickey Rooney for this production, the great master shook his head.

"I don't think a boy could do it," he said.

"But you'll give him a chance?" Mickey's champion pleaded.

"All right. . ."

So they dressed up small, bright-eyed, gamin-faced Mickey in horned cap, fur trousers and a tail, gave him some lines to say and some business to do . . . Set the stage for the try out.

I wonder if you can picture the scene of this try-out. The great Bowl stage empty save for two or three *Dream* characters sound asleep amid a few hastily assembled props. Row upon row of vacant seats stretching up the slopes of the amphitheater, their vast void broken only by a dozen spectators. Puck entering mischievously. Sprinkling fairy love potion on the eyes of the sleepers. Watching them awaken and fall in love with the wrong people as result of his prank. Holding his sides and choking with laughter . . . Reciting those famous lines: "O, what fools these mortals be."

Only—he wasn't reciting. He was talking and acting as any prankish boy would do if given the opportunity to play such a joke. He was having a marvelous time. His antics weren't stage business. They were real. . . .

● **THAT TRY-OUT** didn't last long. A figure rose from among the spectators. An authoritative voice spoke:

"He will do," said Max Reinhardt. "He is remarkable." He knew that Mickey Rooney wasn't playing Puck. He knew that he *was* Puck.

A *Midsummer Night's Dream* made local history when staged in the Hollywood Bowl and it was a logical sequence that Warner Brothers, recognizing its tremendous film potentialities, should make it into one of the most outstanding pictures ever screened. Again, Max Reinhardt directed and again he chose Mickey Rooney to play the rôle of Puck. Mickey was, in fact, the only player in the Bowl cast to also play in the picture. Reinhardt insisted upon him.

So—you'll be seeing him. Perhaps you have already. You'll see for yourself what a grand time he has. You'll watch him mix up these fool mortals and rock with mirth at their discomfiture. You'll see a boy having unadulterated fun being bad in a not too bad way, and you'll love it!

And, if you've read this story, you may be seeing something else. . . . The miracle of a boy reclaiming his birthright . . . Having the gay, irresponsible, irrepressible time every boy should have. You will see a boy who didn't grow up too fast, after all.

When Reinhardt left Hollywood, he gave Mickey a picture of the *Midsummer Night's Dream* film cast. And on the bottom was written in German:

"If Shakespeare had lived to see you, Mickey Rooney, he would have recognized in you his ideal Puck."

Now, you know why. . . .

NOVEMBER, 1935



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Today, a million escape this regular martyrdom, thanks to Midol. A tiny tablet, white and tasteless, is the secret of the eighth woman's perfect poise at this time. A merciful special medicine recommended by the specialists for this particular purpose. It can form no habit because it is *not* a narcotic. And that is all a million women had to know to accept this new comfort and new freedom.

Are you a martyr to "regular" pain? Must you favor yourself, and save yourself, certain days of every month? Midol might change all this. Might have you your confident self, leading

your regular life, free from "regular" pain. Even if you didn't receive complete relief from every bit of pain or discomfort, you would be certain of a measure of relief well worth while!

Doesn't the number of those now using Midol mean something? It's the

knowing women who have that little aluminum case tucked in their purse. Midol is taken any time, preferably before the time of the expected pain. This precaution often avoids the pain altogether. But Midol is effective even when the pain may have caught you unaware and reached its height. It's effective for hours, so two tablets should see you through your worst day. Get these tablets in any drug store — they're usually right out on the toilet goods counter. Or you may try them free! A card addressed to Midol, 170 Varick St., New York, will bring a plainly wrapped trial box,

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Ann Sothorn Has Lost Herself!

(Continued from page twenty-eight)

knick-knacks that Linda, but not Ann Sothorn, would approve.

"I tore away from the studio for two hours the other day to buy a dinner dress I just had to have for an engagement that night," she recalls. "I was still in make-up, and my mind—far away from the shopping problem of the moment—was back on the sound stage concerned with the troubles of poor Linda Henry. I bought a dinner dress. Yes, but what do you suppose it was? Eyelet batiste, and a mass of ruffles from top to toe—and I was to dine in a restaurant. It was impossible. I had to send it back."

The sentence of selflessness which her eminence in cinemaland has imposed upon Ann Sothorn, the obligation to be always someone other than herself, is a fate, the blonde young actress believes, which every woman shares.

The modern business woman, she is convinced, must forego her own life at least for the eight hours a day when she is at her desk, becoming for the while the sort of woman her employer thinks he hired. She must play the part of an efficient human machine, and what's more, Ann believes, she must dress the part. No matter how much she prefers being fluffily feminine, the girl who wins success in the business world must choose costumes which are tailored and trim. She is not a woman during her vigil at the desk, but a reliable automaton, whom no personal problem disturbs and no office crisis flutters.

● AND THE GIRL whose job is to be a homemaker and a wife—does she think she can be herself? Ann doesn't. She, too, has a part to play, the part of the girl her husband idealized as his wife when he proposed.

But it's a nuisance, nevertheless, to be always someone else.

Ann says she drove her family crazy while she was doing the Mimi rôle in *Folies Bergere*. Mimi was a little terma-gant; well, so was Ann. And there was more stamping of feet around her house while that picture was in production than ever before—or since.

Ann visited the Trocadero during the Mimi period. She says she danced all evening as Mimi would have danced, and if you take her word for it she completely disgraced her escort.

"I was all Mimi,—heart and soul," she declares. "All except the curls. Left those at the studio, or I never should have been invited."

In *Let's Fall in Love*, her first picture for Columbia studios, Ann was called upon to hark back to her Scandinavian forebears for the color and swing of her part. Here she was the Swedish circus concession attendant who becomes a great screen star. Although she is of Swedish descent, Ann was totally unfamiliar, until this picture came along, with the intimacies of Swedish life. She learned to know and enjoy Swedish food, and Swedish dishes have graced the menu at her home ever since.

"It's not that I'm weary of the Swedish cuisine—although I'll admit my appetite for it is approaching a phobia—but it worries me," the star laments.

"It's just that I'm never, never Ann Sothorn."

—PAULINE SWANSON

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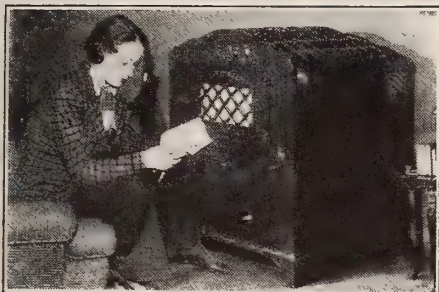
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GADGET GOSSIP



● EVELYN VENABLE, shown above, has spent considerable time with her husband, Hal Mohr, in furnishing her new home. They have been particularly careful about selecting the proper heating apparatus for their home because of the expected blessed event. Franklin stoves, manufactured by the Kalamazoo Stove people, seem to be the favorite of the stars.

• • •

● ACCORDING TO Sally Blane, this is the best method of mending broken glass. She dissolves half an ounce of isinglass in a little spirits of wine, then adds to this mixture a tablespoon of water and warms it slowly over the fire till it forms a transparent glue. She then spreads it nicely on the edges of the broken glass, and unites them. In a few minutes the joining will be firm.

• • •

● DID YOU KNOW that a perfectly swell way to keep your silver and glassware bright and clean, is to use a little ammonia in the water in which you wash them? Irene Ware always uses this method in keeping her glassware and silver clean.

• • •

● MRS. JOE PENNER has found that if she uses a little bluing in the water in which she washes her cutglass ware, she makes them shine like new. For best results, dry the cutglass with a soft piece of cheesecloth and polish with tissue paper.

• • •

● WHILE WE ARE speaking of cutglass, it might be well to mention that when washing cutglass or china, be sure to put a heavy Turkish towel on the bottom of the dish pan. This will prevent any breakage. John Mack Brown's cook suggested this one.

• • •

● LAURA LA PLANTE has discovered a good way to make her fancy handkerchiefs last just twice as long. She says that handkerchiefs that have scalloped edges will not pull out if they are crocheted. She uses a fine thread and hook to do this.

NOVEMBER, 1935



Dorothy Page and Pinky Tomlin as they appear in Universal's tuneful film, "King Solomon of Broadway".



Edward Arnold and Jean Arthur as they appear in "Diamond Jim". A Universal Picture.

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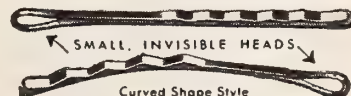


Dorothy Page, leading lady in "King Solomon of Broadway". A Universal Picture.

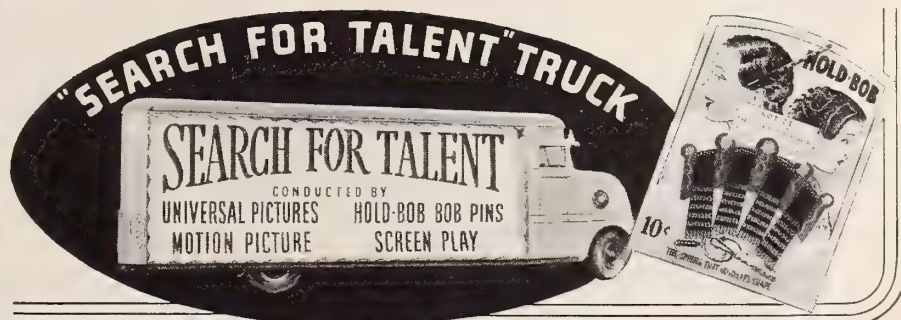
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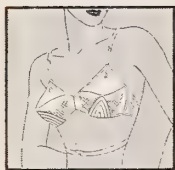
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The Truth About Mary Astor

(Continued from page twenty-five)

her. She is so much more fun than directors permit her to be on the screen. You actually forget the cool perfection of her features in listening to her laugh. Warm, spontaneous laughter it is that sweeps you along.

Her house is probably the cheeriest white house in town. It flanks a flower-strewn patio and sunlight floods through the windows. There are canaries and a sleepy, very fat cat and two dogs—and Marylyn Hauoli Thorpe.

Yes, the baby. A flaxen-haired, chubby three-year-old with enormous blue eyes and a gay, trusting smile. Her first name is a combination of her mother's and father's. The second was given her by the Kanaka boys in Honolulu right after she was born. They stayed up all night trying to select a good one. And they did. "Hauoli"—to sing with joy.

She is being brought up by her mother and very frequently Dad comes to take her with him for his daily call at the big hospital. This is an *Event*. She's queen of the nursing staff there just as she's queen of her home. If there is any unhappiness in the world Marylyn has yet to find it out. Both parents have seen to that.

● BUT IF MARY ASTOR has nothing to say about the adverse publicity given her private life, it's something else again where her professional life is concerned! This, she feels, is the public's business.

"What I do in pictures and what I'd like to do are two different things," she told me. "People write in that I'm cold on the screen, that my love scenes are about as warm as an icebox... I suppose it's because I am given that type of rôle to play—and I have that type of face. To be frank, I feel a little silly in emotional parts. Possibly it's because all the emotion and warmth is gone when you finally get to working in front of the camera after rehearsing ten times..."

"The thing I want to do most is—comedy."

Comedy... For the woman who has known more tragic reality than any other star. At fourteen she was a sensitive youngster starting out in the studios, frightened and almost too beautiful. At home there was the strictest sort of discipline. No parties. No young exciting times. Until she was twenty-three most of her free hours were spent studying. Studying piano, dancing, painting—everything but life. Then she got that in large doses.

There was the thrill of her marriage to Kenneth Hawks, a man of culture and fine broad outlooks whom she adored. He was killed in an airplane accident before they had been married eighteen months... Then came a severe illness from shock and, worst of all, the lawsuit her parents brought against her for non-support. She, who had supported them since she was a child—who had bought them a palatial home only to find it impossible to keep up during the depression. People who didn't know the whole situation labelled that "ingratitude" on her part. Just as later they accused Mary of deserting her child.

● IT IS TRUE that legally the baby belongs to Dr. Thorpe. But—let me go back a moment. Four years ago Mary

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HOLLYWOOD

Astor wanted nothing else on earth but security. Refuge. She thought she would find it in marriage to the doctor who had saved her life. Marriage, however, is never a refuge. It has to be based on companionship, mutual interests. The world of the theatre and the world of medicine are too far apart for that. They are alien not only in conflicting hours but in their demands on the people who live in them. Mary and Dr. Thorpe discovered that too late.

Now, the gossips guzzle over an actress' reputation one way or another, but with a physician the slightest rumor can ruin him professionally. Mary knew that. And is it so extraordinary for a woman with her ideal if she insisted, nominally, at least, the courts give the child to him? It would look far better to a fastidious clientele. What their private arrangement is in bringing up Marylyn is strictly their own concern.

But, brave as she is, I think Mary was unprepared for the avalanche of criticism that followed. With everything else she has gone through during the last half dozen years, it's enough to embitter anyone. Yet—

"Oh, how I want to do comedy!" she was saying, face alight. "I'd like to make people laugh a lot and leave the theatre with a pleasant glow. Edward Everett Horton gave me a chance at a wise-cracking part on the stage once. It was the best sport I've ever had. The audience on the other side of the footlights giggling and roaring and having a general good time at the sallies. I lost my dignity completely in the play—and loved it.

● "I TELL YOU what I think, Jerry," she said suddenly, "anyone who knows what—real tragedy is—Well, they don't go around showing it. You see, they've learned how senseless it is to take themselves seriously . . .

"I used to love Constance Talmadge's work because she seemed to be kidding herself along as well as everyone else. Making believe life was honestly just a bowl of cherries. She made people feel kind of sparkly inside, all pepped up. That's what I would like to do. Broad comedy that borders on farce. The nearest I've ever come to that was when I played Julia in *Holiday*—which wasn't very close, of course. But I doted on that rôle. I went to see a revival of the play six months ago in New York and I wept all the way through it. The lines we thought so smart and clever at the time seem so out-dated now. Afterwards I went for a walk and I saw something that reminded me of this movie business. . . .

"It was late afternoon and the 'lighting effects' of the sunset were lovely on the Union Club. It has a grand air, that club. Very exclusive and elegant and ritzy. Sitting in a huge plate glass window was an old man. I was just thinking how aristocratic he looked when he put up his hand and began thumbing his nose at the street in general!

"To me, Hollywood is like that. Capable of being inspiringly artistic and grand—and then it makes a gesture that disillusion. That is the reason you can't open up your heart in this business. It would probably be flung back at you.

"Look—" she grinned like a small child but her eyes were opaque. "Have you seen my opal ring? Yes, I know it is supposed to be ominous. But I'm daring fate! It's my bad luck piece . . ."

You can't down a trouper like that!

NOVEMBER, 1935

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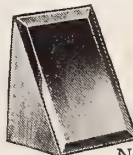
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Hugh O'Connell's Bachelor Supper

(Continued from page thirty-eight)

Add enough cream to moisten and a heaping tablespoon of butter. Put in casserole and keep covered while cooking. Take off the cover the last 20 minutes to let brown over top. Should cook 1 hour in an oven of 350 degrees Fahrenheit.

Including the hash, his menu was:

Chilled Tomato Juice Cocktail
 Baked Hash Lemon Carrots
 Chef's Salad
 French Rolls with Orange Marmalade
 Pistachio Ice Cream
 Orange Angel Food Cake

Perhaps you are interested, too, in his chef's salad which, like his hash, is in a class by itself. It is made this way:

CHEF'S SALAD

Tear hearts of lettuce into good size pieces. Chop together with hearts of celery, small bunch of watercress and chickory and mix together. Add to this three tomatoes quartered and serve with the following dressing:

Rub the salad bowl with garlic. Take the juice of one lemon and one-half cup of Italian olive oil. Beat for a few minutes with an egg beater. After the dressing has thickened slightly, add the vegetables and mix thoroughly.

Garnish with chopped parsley and hard boiled eggs.

Serve at table from bowl. This will serve six persons.

Also, Hugh must have remembered when he was a baby and how he always had to eat spinach and carrots because they were good for him. Anyway, including carrots on his menu for the sake of health, he dolled them all up so they constituted not only a dish good for you, but just plain good, as well!

This is the way he fixed them:

Cut carrots in slices or straws and cook until tender. Then saute, using one tablespoon butter and a teaspoon each of chopped parsley and lemon juice to each cup of carrots. Serve in a vegetable dish.

The orange angel food cake was one of the star features of the menu. Hugh can make it himself.

This is the recipe:

ORANGE ANGEL FOOD CAKE

5 eggs (separate yolks and whites)
 1½ cups sugar
 ¼ teaspoon salt
 Scant ½ teaspoon baking powder
 ½ cup orange juice
 1½ cups flour
 Scant ¾ teaspoon cream of tartar

Beat yolks, add orange juice. Beat with beater until foamy. Then add sugar gradually, beating it well. Add flour and baking powder. Whip whites slightly, then add cream of tartar and beat until stiff. Then add to mixture. Bake in funnel pan 60 minutes in an oven 350 degrees Fahrenheit. Cover with following frosting:

Two cups powdered sugar, 1 heaping teaspoon butter. To this add 2 tablespoons of hot water. Beat all together well with a fork. Add orange juice until it is of consistency to spread smoothly. Cover entire cake and sprinkle the frosting with shredded cocoanut.

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HOLLYWOOD

Memories of Will Rogers

(Continued from page thirty-one)

controversial subjects. His criticisms were so friendly and humorous that few could take exceptions to them.

Rogers had many close friends in Hollywood. Fred Stone, the great stage actor, was one of the closest. Another was Irvin Cobb, the humorist. Guinn (Big Boy) Williams was one of his younger friends, and a fellow player on the polo field.

Guinn, profoundly affected by the humorist's tragic death near Point Barrow, dwells heavily on personal reminiscences.

There was the time, for instance, when he accompanied Rogers to a theater in San Francisco. Rogers had taught many cowboys how to twirl a rawhide, including Chet Beyers, who holds a world championship. Therefore they were considerably interested when a lasso tosser came on the stage.

"The young punk came out on the stage and began twirling a rope and using Bill's patter," Williams said. "I began to burn. Then this ham tosser began saying uncomplimentary things about Bill. That was too much. I started out of my seat and was going up on the stage to take a poke at him.

"Bill grabbed me and sat me down abruptly. In a fatherly sort of way he calmed me and kept me from committing mayhem. But I was still fuming when we left the theater. I turned to him and asked him why he had let the rat get away with the things he said.

"What he said didn't bother me," Bill replied. "But what did get me mad was that he did all his tricks backward. I was the one that showed that fellow how to use a rope!"

Rogers picked up "Big Boy" Williams when he was 19. Guinn insists that if it hadn't been for Rogers, he might still be just a \$5 a day extra. "He changed my whole life for me," Guinn recalls, "and you can't help loving a guy for that."

It was Rogers who taught Williams how to play polo. And today "Big" is one of the best players on the west coast. Not only that, but he has built up a profitable business breeding, training, and selling polo ponies.

Williams began to talk about Will Rogers' many speeches.

"Bill didn't like to be so overworked," "Big Boy" said. "A few years ago the speeches got to be a nuisance. He never had any time home with his family. In self-defense, he began charging for his work. One day a guy called him up and asked him to talk, and he said he would for a thousand dollars. He got the money.

"Figuring that if he was really going to discourage this sort of thing, he had better raise the price, he asked two thousand dollars next time. He got that, too. He finally raised the ante so high that he drove off the excess customers and he was happy again. A lot of the remaining speeches were done without charge at charitable affairs."

The home life of the Rogers family was ideal. Mrs. Rogers and the three youngsters, Will Jr., Mary, and Jim, are a typical American family, just as happy and carefree as they would have been if Will had had a ranch in Oklahoma and was making a modest living.

Not only did they all get along in perfect harmony, but they made everybody

[Continued on page 60]



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Memories of Will Rogers

(Continued from page fifty-nine)

who came to their home perfectly at ease. When one walked into the ranch home in Santa Monica canyon, it was easy to see that peace, quiet, and joy prevailed under that roof. In his home life, Will Rogers was a lot like the fellow you saw on the screen—a grand fellow with fine, wholesome loved ones around him.

Will and Mrs. Rogers entertained princes and paupers in that home. Plenty of important people have wandered in and out, yet at the same time, the door was wide open to those less fortunate.

There was the day, for instance, when one of the worst junks on record drove up in front of the home. It was an ancient Ford touring car that had lost its top somewhere along the way. A lantern was hanging out the rear end instead of a tail light. The back seat was full of frying pans, blankets, battered suitcases and other junk.

As it coughed to a shaky halt in front of the place, a lanky cowboy piled out. He was dusty and dirty. Bill was on the front porch to meet him.

"Wal, Bill," said the visitor. "Het shore has been a long time since I seen you!"

"Yep," replied Rogers, "it's been all of twenty-five years. Come in, Joe, and make yourself at home."

"Joe" was just another pal of olden days. He would have been forgotten by other people. But Will Rogers always remembered his friends of the past, whether they were gay young blades from Broadway, pompous senators or governors, and just plain cowhands off the range.

There was the time they were throwing a benefit polo game for some worthy charity that Bill knew about. He had helped arrange it, in fact. When it was about half over, he wandered through the gate. There was a woman taking tickets.

"How much?" asked Rogers.

"For you, Mr. Rogers," replied the woman, "it's free."

"Fine," said Bill. He pressed a piece of paper into her hand and went on in. She looked at the paper and found it was a check for \$250.

To the day of his death, Will Rogers never made any plans known for his retirement. He often told friends that he had no idea when the world would stop laughing either with him or at him. He preferred just to go on through life allowing the world to accept him as he was. And the world did keep laughing, until that little plane faltered and fell at the end of the world, up by the Arctic circle.

Some time ago Rogers wrote a foreword for the late Charles Russell's book, *Trails Plowed Under*.

Russell, a Montana cowboy-artist, asked for the foreword but died before Rogers had written it. So America's favorite humorist wrote the foreword in the form of a letter:

"There ain't much news here to tell you. You know the Big Boss sent a hand over and got you quick, Charlie. But I guess He needed a good man pretty bad. I hear they been workin' short handed over there pretty much all the time. I guess it's hard for Him to get hold of good men. They're jest scarce anywhere. . . .

"I bet you Mark Twain, and Bill Nye, and Whitcomb Riley and a whole bunch of those old joshers was just waiting for you to pop in with the latest ones . . .

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ALLCOCK'S HOLLYWOOD

"Well, I can't write you anymore, Charlie, the darn paper is all wet. It must be rainin' in this old bunkhouse.

"Of course we all are just a-hanging on here as long as we can. I don't know why we hate to go, we know it's better there.

"Maybe it's because we haven't done anything that will live after us when we're gone.

"From your old friend, Will."

Haven't done anything that will live after you, Will?

Why do you suppose those hundred thousand people trudged through Forest Lawn to glimpse your flower-covered bier? Why did another fifty thousand attend memorial services for you and Wiley Post that same summer day? Why did millions bow their heads in reverent tribute? And why did those massive thunder clouds form a halo over the towering Sierra Madre mountains behind your casket?

You said the words for us in that letter, Will. Maybe the Big Boss needed some more good men. You died with your boots on, like all good cowboys want to. And maybe Bing Crosby sized up the situation pretty well when he sang on that memorial radio broadcast:

*Home, home on the range;
Where the deer and the antelope play.
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word,
And skies are not cloudy all day.*

From Pearls and Gold To Pictures

(Continued from page twenty-seven)

Tahiti gave Flynn an itching foot.

He applied for and was given a district supervisor's post in the mountains of New Guinea. It was a pretty big assignment for a youth, but Flynn had a level head. New Guinea is the world's third largest island, off Australia, and is one of the last frontiers. Few explorers dare penetrate the tangled jungles and the vast mountain ranges—the native headhunters have too strong a liking for white men's heads. But there's gold in there; oodles of it. Gold brings white men tough enough to buck frontiers, and sufficiently attached to their heads to argue the matter with little dark skinned Papuans itching for trophies.

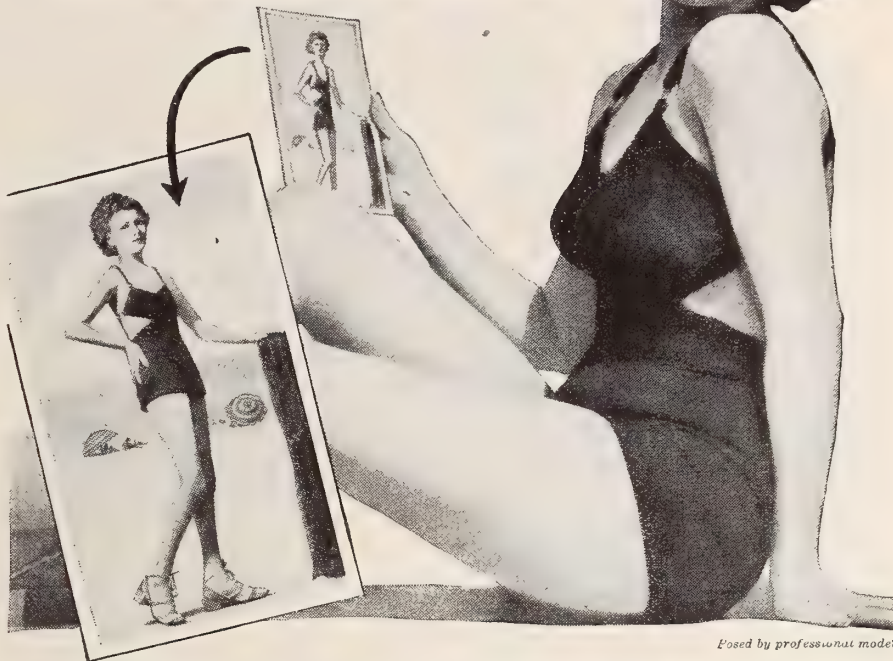
Flynn's job was to keep peace and to stamp out child murder as practiced by the aborigine. Whenever twins are born in a tribe, one is eliminated. That's the custom, and you know how stubborn natives are about customs. They'd leave the last born twin on a river bank for a croc, but Flynn figured a way around that.

He told the chief that the next time that happened the chief would be neatly trussed and left out to form a dessert for the crocodile. For awhile that worked, until doomed twins took to falling off cliffs when mothers weren't looking. Flynn had to revise the threat to include cliffs, and after a chief or two had been picked up from rocky gorges with considerable more sense knocked into him, Flynn thought he had it solved. But when babies took to napping with snakes and dying of bites, Flynn admitted he was licked.

[Continued on page 62]

NOVEMBER, 1935

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From Pearls and Gold to Pictures

(Continued from page sixty-one)

Accordingly he decided to find some of that gold himself. The fever of rich strikes was in the air. Those who kept their heads intact on their shoulders were cleaning up. Way back in one of the valleys, Errol Flynn made a strike of his own. They've named the river there after him; it's now on the revised maps.

● WITH POCKETS lined with gold he headed for the nearest metropolis—Sidney, Australia. There's a town! The young Irishman took it in his stride and when the whirl was over, his money was gone. Easy come, easy go!

But a chap who likes plenty of eggs and bacon can tighten his belt only so far. Flynn was a pretty fair boxer, was toughened by hardship, and weighed twelve stone eight. He decided to have a go at it with one of the traveling boxing shows that tour Australia.

For two pounds ten a week he toured the island, "getting the hell knocked out of me," which is a justified expression of just what happened to him. The troupe of boxers would line up on the stage and the barker would offer ten bob to the bloke who could stay three rounds with any of the fighters. Those tough Aussies usually picked out Flynn because he looked the easiest. But that slim, fair haired youngster was no cinch when you climbed into the ropes with him and went after the prize money. He learned enough in those months of taking every fighter that came along to warrant his entering the 1928 Olympics. Flynn reached the semi-finals in those bouts, boxing under British colors. Flynn also excels at tennis, and takes an occasional set from Frank Shields, who is one of the best in the business.

To go back, however—boxing gave him a stake to buy an ancient cutter lying in the harbor of Sidney. The ship was fifty years old and regarded as useless, but Flynn found some daring souls willing to risk their lives on it. He boned up on navigation, and set out with his crew. They headed for the pearl beds off New Guinea but the whole adventure was a financial flop.

There was nothing for it but to turn actor again. Flynn's own statement that he gave the worst performance of *Othello* ever seen on the London stage may be taken with a pinch—a small pinch—of salt. After all, he had been on the stage only three months when he played that difficult rôle. Flynn made a hit with his next attempt—a good part with Herbert Marshall in *Another Language*, and followed this up with *The Constant Nymph*.

A Warner Brothers scout couldn't pass up this bet, and Flynn was signed to come to Hollywood. On the boat he discovered that Lili Damita, whom he had bowed to at several London parties, was a fellow passenger. It was such a pleasant voyage that they decided to continue it through life on a matrimonial bark of their own.

Otherwise there isn't much of a story about Errol Flynn. Not much! And whatever he may do in pictures, he has two unusual qualifications for a Hollywood actor. He is the only one who has a river named after him, and he has never seen a baseball game.

—JACK SMALLEY



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HOLLYWOOD

A Hollywood Husband Makes Good

(Continued from page twenty-nine)

my ambition more quickly than I would without her. Perhaps I am a bit peculiar, but I couldn't be happy being married to a woman who earns more than I. Such being the case, there is only one thing for me to do—get out and hustle and exceed her earnings. Frankly, I hope some day to become a director. I have been shaping myself for such a position for years. As a cameraman I can't expect or hope to increase my present earnings, so I *must* advance in position in order to keep abreast of my wife."

"I know he will do it, too," declared Evelyn, who had listened very attentively while her husband talked. "Hal and I have not gone into this marriage blindly. We realized long before we were married that a lot of people would expect us to fizzle in a short time. But we are going to fool them. I have as much faith in Hal as he has in me—"

"And that's a lot, honey," interrupted Hal.

● **HIGH UP** in the Hollywood hills they have a little home that might be described as "a dream place." Nothing pretentious, yet a spot that is perfectly heavenly. When the sun has sunk beyond the haze of the majestic Pacific, and twilight steals softly over the hills, one can sit in their living room and look down upon the twinkling lights of Hollywood far below and imagine oneself living in a world apart from films and struggle and thwarted ambitions. And Hal may well feel proud, for he had this home ready for his bride before he asked her for her hand.

But what of this ambitious husband's plans? Has he succeeded where other husbands of famous wives have failed? Perhaps the best way to answer this question is to quote from a Los Angeles newspaper of a few days ago. Here's the quote:

"Warner Brothers Studios yesterday handed Hal Mohr a year's contract calling for his services as a cameraman, director and supervisor."

The newspaper story went on to explain that Mohr had been given this contract because of his marvelous work in photographing *A Midsummer Night's Dream*; that he is scheduled to do the camera work on *Captain Blood* and several other films, and then would be promoted to the position of a film director, with the possibility of becoming a supervisor before the expiration of a year.

As Mohr photographed the Shakespeare film after he was married to Evelyn, it looks as though the smiling gentleman really meant what he told us that day when he said he would never be "Mr. Evelyn Venable." Truly, he has hewed to his own line and has kept pace with his wife.

● **AND NOW** for the rest of this little story—There have been a lot of heavy conferences between Hal and a flock of builders during the past few weeks. Neither Hal nor Evelyn would reveal the secret. Now we know what it is all about.

First—Hal has purchased the two lots

[Continued on page 64]

NOVEMBER, 1935

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Dennison Crepe

A Hollywood Husband Makes Good

(Continued from page sixty-three)

adjoining their home. On one he will
construct a tennis court; on the other a
swimming pool. They will be ready by
December seventh. They will be his
first wedding anniversary present to
Evelyn.

Carpenters are now busily engaged in
adding two more rooms to the Mohr
house. One will be a nursery. The other
a bedroom for a nurse. Oh, yes—Evelyn
is going to have an anniversary present
for Hal, but it will be presented to him
one month before the anniversary. Her
present to him will be either a bouncing
baby boy or a blue-eyed baby girl.

"I wouldn't be mad if she gives me
both," says Hal.

At which point Bing Crosby and
Richard Dix chime in with:

"Don't be an imitator!"

That's just what Hal isn't. He is an
individualist. He is a Hollywood husband
who has made good!

—HAL HALL

My Daughter, Jean Harlow

(Continued from page twenty-three)

to give them up. She was afraid he was
going to take them from her and she
actually cried. She wanted her light and
her sign. She still has them.

Jean has four pets, a dog, two yellow
Persian cats and a white bunny. The
cats are twins and look so much alike
that she cannot tell them apart so she
has never named them. They have
first right to any place in the house. Jean
calls them every night before she goes
to bed and insists that they either sleep
in her room or mine and on the best
pillow! The bunny was given her by
a property boy at the studio as an Easter
gift and no one in the house can feed
that bunny but Jean herself.

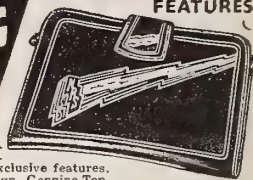
● JEAN IS very thoughtful of other
people. As a child, I never had to
ask her or tell her to share her toys with
other children. So even today with all
the things she must do, she never forgets
the nice little things nor is she ever too
busy to show her appreciation to other
people for what they do for her.

Just a short while ago when I was
in Kansas City with my mother who was
very ill at the time, Jean did so many
things that showed her thoughtfulness.
Mr. Bello decided to visit me and the
moment Jean knew of his intentions, she
made all the arrangements for his reser-
vations and transportation, even to hav-
ing his berth made up with his head
toward the rear of the train, European
fashion.

On several occasions I have heard peo-
ple discuss Jean in my presence without,
of course, knowing that I was her mother;
and those people have apparently gath-
ered the idea from her screen rôles, that
Jean is bold. That is very far from the
truth; in fact, she has an inferiority com-
plex. Whenever Jean meets people, she
becomes panicky. She goes through the
ordeal with grace, but on many occa-
sions I have found that she was so

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nervous that her hands were dripping with perspiration.

● **ONCE A GIRL** asked me if Jean was overbearing with her servants. Not one bit! Each has his or her work to do and if something additional must be done, Jean asks them politely and almost apologetically to do it. The result is that they adore her and try to think of ways and means of pleasing her. If one of them is ill, Jean is deeply concerned and sends her own doctor to them. Whenever a picture of hers is being previewed, she obtains tickets for them all and gives them the evening off.

I suppose many of the young girls who read this article will want to know about Jean's wardrobe. Jean has no particular interest in clothes, except that she be well groomed and dainty. I am sure she has fewer clothes than most girls her age. She wears dark colors, largely blue and black, for street, and white for evening. Her dresses are always the simplest in line that she can buy; and once she finds a frock which she really likes, and that is very seldom, she wears it with different accessories until I wonder it doesn't fall off her in ribbons.

She has only one extravagance—pajamas. She has a dozen or more of them in various colors and materials. That sounds like a great many pajamas but if you knew what a battle it is to get her out of them and into a dress and how seldom I succeed, you would think she probably needed more.

● **HER LINGERIE** is not made of satin nor silks, as one might suppose. I believe, I have said before, that Jean is fastidious. She has everything that she possibly can in white. Her room, her hangers, her drawers with the little white sachet powders, her shoe-trees, and all the other little things that a girl likes to have in her room.

But to get back to her lingerie, Jean prefers fine white linen, which are very plainly tailored, and I might add that she doesn't care for lace, particularly on her underthings and nighties.

She is very neat about her room and particularly about her wardrobe drawers. Her hand bags are all wrapped in tissue paper before she puts them away. Her gloves are never worn but once without being cleaned. As they come back from the cleaners they are tied in pairs with tiny white ribbon and filed neatly in their particular drawer. Her handkerchiefs and stockings are treated the same way.

When a girl reaches stardom in pictures, it is almost a necessity to have a personal maid. Jean has one, Blanche. However, Jean can and does do many things herself. If she comes out of the pool and her hair is damp, which it always is, it couldn't help but be if you should ever see her swim. I might add, Jean taught herself to swim. She doesn't wait for Blanche to fix it, but does it herself. She always has waved the top of her own hair, and now she rolls the ends up on her fingers and secures it with pins. When she dresses to go out, many times she forgets to tell Blanche. However, I know because she keeps running in and out of my room like a little girl dressing for her first party, and saying, "Do I look all right, Mommie?" And perhaps you have already guessed the answer. She always does look all right, because, after all, though she may be a screen personality to you, she is just a daughter to me.

NOVEMBER, 1935



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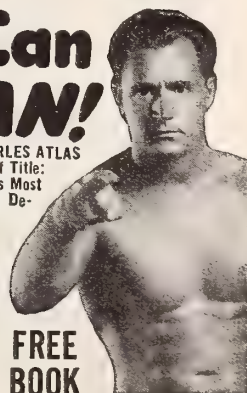
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Star Gazing IN HOLLYWOOD

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CAROLE LOMBARD

● CAROLE is playing in "Hands Across the Table," with Fred MacMurray and Ralph Bellamy. We drop in with the F. S. Reinhardts from Minneapolis for a chat, to find her trundling Ralph around in a wheelchair, for a scene in the flicker.

Enter Fieldsie, Carole's Secretary: Carole, I give up. I can't find a black, male dachshund anywhere.

Carole: But we've got to!

Ralph Bellamy: Try Frank Morgan—he knows all about dachshunds.

We: What's this all about?

Carole: Well, the nephew of a friend of mine lost his dachshund, and he is broken-hearted. I've got to locate one just like it before the boy discovers that his pet is dead.

Fieldsie: I found one that fits the description except—it's a girl.

Carole: (looking pained) What a help you are!

Director: Ready, Miss Carole. Ready, Mr. Bellamy.

—CUT!

EDDIE CANTOR

● EDDIE is preparing his next Sam Goldwyn production. After many months of this he is so bursting with preparations that any moment he will pop. With him is "Parkyakakas," (Harry Einstein) for twenty years a Boston business man whose flair for dialect jokes finally brought him to Eddie's attention, a radio job, and now a picture career.

Eddie: Look, Parkyakakas, I want to have you meet a man who works for the Fawcetts.

Parkyakakas: Which you say? I am joos awork here.

Eddie: Fawcetts, I said. You know them.

Parkyakakas: Oh, sure! (beaming) We got 'em! One of 'em say "Cold," one say "Hot," out of the "Cold" we getta the hot water, out of the "Hot" we getta the cold water. But it no matter. We got no hot water in da house.

Eddie: No, you don't understand. I am talking about the Fawcett Magazines. Why did I ever take up with such a dummy!

Parkyakakas: I no dummy. I got a



Blanche Yurka, playing a French revolutionist in *Tale of Two Cities*, greets a new-comer to pictures, pretty little Jinx Falkenburg. She was named Jinx for good luck

job in da movies. I'm play in "Buttered Toast."

Eddie: Why, they aren't making any picture called "Buttered Toast."

We: (Whispering) Maybe he means "Barbary Coast."

Parkyakakas: Ya! Tha's it. I'm playing in the "Barbary Coast."



It's a gag—Parkyakakas feels the pulse of Eddie Cantor while Benny Holtzman, Eddie Rubin and Janet Cantor look despairingly at their patient

Eddie: What do you play in "Barbary Coast"?

Parkyakakas: I'm da barber!

—CUT!

JOE PENNER

● ANOTHER comedian of the radio and flickers whose thoughtful generosity has made him universally beloved is Joe Penner. Joe is forever doing things for other people, particularly children. While he was here making his second starring picture for Paramount, "Collegiate," this tale came to light.

The scene is at an informal gathering, with Joe and his beautiful wife present. One of the guests informs Joe that her seven-year-old son would give anything to meet his idol, and Joe suggests she have the lad brought over. Ensues the following conversation:

"The Lady: Hello, sonny—do you want to meet Joe Penner?"

The Boy: Oh, gee yes! (Pause) But mama, Joe would ask me if I want to buy a duck, and I can't afford one just now!"

The next day a delivery man unloaded a waddling, quacking replica of the famed Goo-Goo at the lad's residence, with an autographed photo, signed by Joe himself.

A friend happened to be present one night when a fan letter from a boy in a Boston hospital finally caught up with the traveling Penner. Plaintively, this sick lad asked why Joe hadn't answered his last letter. Had it gone astray? Joe knew that it must have. He reached for the phone, and when the hospital across the continent had finally answered the call, Joe talked with his unseen, unknown friend, unmindful of mounting phone tolls. That's the rare quality which makes Joe Penner the adored idol of countless children—and grown ups, too.

JUST JINX

● Intrigued by such an unusual name as "Jinx", we asked the young lady whose picture is on this page how she came by it, and whether M-G-M, where she's starting in pictures, will let her keep it:

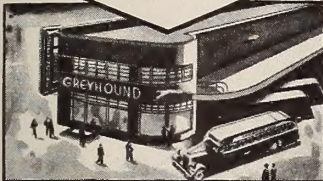
It's a good luck name, says Jinx, but she wants to ask our fans if they think she should change it. What's your opinion? Write the Star Gazer.

—JACK SMALLEY,
Managing Editor.

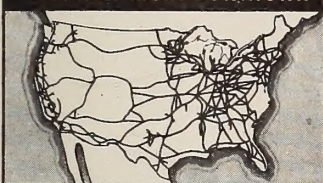
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SERVES HUNDREDS OF TOWNS NOT
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GREYHOUND LINE

MOST FREQUENT SCHEDULES



LIBERAL STOPOVER PRIVILEGES



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DOLLARS SAVED, EVERY TRIP



GREYHOUND *fits into* THE FALL PICTURE

GREYHOUND will fit into your plans for Fall travel as hand fits glove! If you enjoy the languor of Fall sunshine, the brightness of Fall foliage—then the broad highways offer the one way for you to travel.

Greyhound buses, following these highways, discover every bit of beauty, every breathtaking panorama that Autumn has to offer. Yet there is no sacrifice of speed or comfort.

When time is limited, you will actually find hours saved through more frequent schedules, prompt to the minute. If dollars mean something to you, here's where you'll save them—several on every trip.

So first of all, Greyhound is the practical, commonsense way to travel—but second it reveals Fall beauty found in no other transportation.

PRINCIPAL GREYHOUND INFORMATION OFFICES

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PHILADELPHIA, PA. . . Broad St. Station
CHICAGO, ILL. . . . 12th & Wabash
NEW YORK CITY . . . Nelson Tower
BOSTON, MASS. . . . 230 Boylston St.
WASHINGTON, D. C. . . . 1403 New York Ave., N. W.
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SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.
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Mail this coupon to the nearest information office listed above, for bright pictorial folder, rates, and schedules on any trip you may be planning. Jot down the place you wish to visit on the margin below.

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FRANK FARKAS

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WITH THIS LUSCIOUS NEW RED
FROM THE SOUTH SEAS**

Alive and alluring as flame . . . yet soft as the note from a thin silver chime. Dashing and gay as Hawaii's wild Hibiscus flower; vivid and daring as a grass skirt on Fifth Avenue . . . still as easy to wear as the most elusive perfume. It's the brighter red you have dreamed of and hoped for — in indelible lipstick, but has never been available because it would turn purplish on the lips. Now, Tattoo has found a way to give it to you without even a hint of purplish undertone. You'll find it the same luscious, appealing red on your lips as it is in the stick. See "Hawaiian." Tattoo your lips with it . . . *if you dare!*

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Your favorite toilet goods dealer invites you to test, on your own skin, all five shades of TATTOO at the Tattoo Color Selector, illustrated here and readily found wherever fine toilet goods are sold.

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